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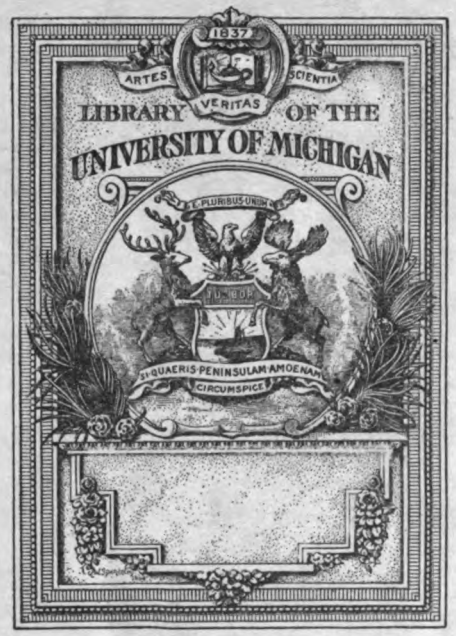
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THE STRAND MAGAZINE

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1903

THE

STRAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly

EDITED BY

GEORGE NEWNES

Vol. XXV.

JANUARY TO JUNE

London:

GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, & 12, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, AND EXETER STREET, STRAND

1903

"'I AM MARSHAL BLUCHER. GO ON! GO ON!' CRIED THE IMPATIENT OLD MAN."

(*See page* 11.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxv. JANUARY, 1903 No. 145.

The Adventures of Etienne Gerard.

By A. Conan Doyle.

IV.—BRIGADIER GERARD AT WATERLOO.

I.—The Adventure of the Forest Inn.

OF all the great battles in which I had the honour of drawing my sword for the Emperor and for France there was not one which was lost. At Waterloo, although, in a sense, I was present, I was unable to fight, and the enemy was victorious. It is not for me to say that there is a connection between these two things. You know me too well, my friends, to imagine that I would make such a claim. But it gives matter for thought, and some have drawn flattering conclusions from it. After all, it was only a matter of breaking a few English squares and the day would have been our own. If the Hussars of Conflans, with Etienne Gerard to lead them, could not do this, then the best judges are mistaken. But let that pass. The Fates had ordained that I should hold my hand and that the Empire should fall. But they had also ordained that this day of gloom and sorrow should bring such honour to me as had never come when I swept on the wings of victory from Boulogne to Vienna. Never had I burned so brilliantly as at that supreme moment when the darkness fell upon all around me. You are aware that I was faithful to the Emperor in his adversity, and that I refused to sell my sword and my honour to the Bourbons. Never again was I to feel my war horse between my knees, never again to hear the kettledrums and silver trumpets behind me as I rode in front of my little rascals. But it comforts my heart, my friends, and it brings the tears to my eyes, to think how great I was upon that last day of my soldier life, and to remember that of all the remarkable exploits which have won me the love of so many beautiful women, and the respect of so many noble men, there was none which, in splendour, in audacity, and in the great end which was attained, could compare with my famous ride upon the night of June 18th, 1815. I am aware that the story is often told at mess-tables and in barrack-rooms, so that there are few in the army who have not heard it, but modesty has sealed my lips, until now, my friends, in the privacy of these intimate gatherings, I am inclined to lay the true facts before you.

In the first place, there is one thing which I can assure you. In all his career Napoleon never had so splendid an army as that with which he took the field for that campaign. In 1813 France was exhausted. For every veteran there were five children—Marie Louises as we called them, for the Empress had busied herself in raising levies while the Emperor took the field. But it was very different in 1815. The prisoners had all come back—the men from the snows of Russia, the men from the dungeons of Spain, the men from the hulks in England. These were the dangerous men, veterans of twenty battles, longing for their old trade, and with hearts filled with hatred and revenge. The ranks were full of soldiers who wore two and three chevrons, every chevron meaning five years' service. And the spirit of these men was terrible. They were raging, furious, fanatical, adoring the Emperor as a Mameluke does his prophet, ready to fall upon their own bayonets if their blood could serve him. If you had seen these fierce old veterans going into battle, with their flushed faces, their savage eyes, their furious yells, you would wonder that anything could stand against them. So high was the spirit of France at that time that every other spirit would have quailed before it; but these people, these English, had neither spirit nor soul, but only solid, immovable beef, against which we broke ourselves in vain. That was it, my friends! On the one side, poetry, gallantry, self-sacrifice—all that is beautiful and heroic. On the other side, beef. Our hopes, our ideals, our dreams—all were shattered on that terrible beef of Old England.

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You have read how the Emperor gathered his forces, and then how he and I, with a hundred and thirty thousand veterans, hurried to the northern frontier and fell upon the Prussians and the English. On the 16th of June Ney held the English in play at Quatre Bras while we beat the Prussians at Ligny. It is not for me to say how far I contributed to that victory, but it is well known that the Hussars of Conflans covered themselves with glory. They fought well, these Prussians, and eight thousand of them were left upon the field. The Emperor thought that he had done with them, as he sent Marshal Grouchy with thirty-two thousand men to follow them up and to prevent their interfering with his plans. Then, with nearly eighty thousand men, he turned upon these "Goddam" Englishmen. How much we had to avenge upon them, we Frenchmen—the guineas of Pitt, the hulks of Portsmouth, the invasion of Wellington, the perfidious victories of Nelson! At last the day of punishment seemed to have arisen.

Wellington had with him sixty-seven thousand men, but many of them were known to be Dutch and Belgian, who had no great desire to fight against us. Of good troops he had not fifty thousand. Finding himself in the presence of the Emperor in person with eighty thousand men, this Englishman was so paralyzed with fear that he could neither move himself nor his army. You have seen the rabbit when the snake approaches. So stood the English upon the ridge of Waterloo. The night before, the Emperor, who had lost an aide-de-camp at Ligny, ordered me to join his staff, and I had left my Hussars to the charge of Major Victor. I know not which of us was the most grieved, they or I, that I should be called away upon the eve of battle, but an order is an order, and a good soldier can but shrug his shoulders and obey. With the Emperor I rode across the front of the enemy's position on the morning of the 18th, he looking at them through his glass and planning which was the shortest way to destroy them. Soult was at his elbow, and Ney and Foy and others who had fought the English in Portugal and Spain. "Have a care, Sire," said Soult. "The English infantry is very solid."

"You think them good soldiers because they have beaten you," said the Emperor, and we younger men turned away our faces and smiled. But Ney and Foy were grave and

"'HAVE A CARE, SIRE,' SAID SOULT. 'THE ENGLISH INFANTRY IS VERY SOLID.'"

serious. All the time the English line, chequered with red and blue and dotted with batteries, was drawn up silent and watchful within a long musket-shot of us. On the other side of the shallow valley our own people, having finished their soup, were assembling for the battle. It had rained very heavily, but at this moment the sun shone out and beat upon the French army, turning our brigades of cavalry into so many dazzling rivers of steel, and twinkling and sparkling on the innumerable bayonets of the infantry. At the sight of that splendid army, and the beauty and majesty of its appearance, I could contain myself no longer, but, rising in my stirrups, I waved my busby and cried, "Vive l'Empereur!" a shout which growled and roared and clattered from one end of the line to the other, while the horsemen waved their swords and the footmen held up their shakos upon their bayonets. The English remained petrified upon their ridge. They knew that their hour had come.

And so it would have come if at that moment the word had been given and the whole army had been permitted to advance. We had but to fall upon them and to sweep them from the face of the earth. To put aside all question of courage, we were the more numerous, the older soldiers, and the better led. But the Emperor desired to do all things in order, and he waited until the ground should be drier and harder, so that his artillery could manœuvre. So three hours were wasted, and it was eleven o'clock before we saw Jerome Buonaparte's columns advance upon our left and heard the crash of the guns which told that the battle had begun. The loss of those three hours was our destruction. The attack upon the left was directed upon a farmhouse which was held by the English Guards, and we heard the three loud shouts of apprehension which the defenders were compelled to utter. They were still holding out, and D'Erlon's corps was advancing upon the right to engage another portion of the English line, when our attention was called away from the battle beneath our noses to a distant portion of the field of action.

The Emperor had been looking through his glass to the extreme left of the English line, and now he turned suddenly to the Duke of Dalmatia, or Soult, as we soldiers preferred to call him.

"What is it, Marshal?" said he.

We all followed the direction of his gaze, some raising our glasses, some shading our eyes. There was a thick wood over yonder, then a long, bare slope, and another wood beyond. Over this bare strip between the two woods there lay something dark, like the shadow of a moving cloud.

"I think that they are cattle, Sire," said Soult.

At that instant there came a quick twinkle from amid the dark shadow.

"It is Grouchy," said the Emperor, and he lowered his glass. "They are doubly lost, these English. I hold them in the hollow of my hand. They cannot escape me."

He looked round, and his eyes fell upon me.

"Ah! here is the prince of messengers," said he. "Are you well mounted, Colonel Gerard?"

I was riding my little Violette, the pride of the brigade. I said so.

"Then ride hard to Marshal Grouchy, whose troops you see over yonder. Tell him that he is to fall upon the left flank and rear of the English while I attack them in front. Together we should crush them and not a man escape."

I saluted and rode off without a word, my heart dancing with joy that such a mission should be mine. I looked at that long, solid line of red and blue looming through the smoke of the guns, and I shook my fist at it as I went. "We shall crush them and not a man escape." They were the Emperor's words, and it was I, Etienne Gerard, who was to turn them into deeds. I burned to reach the Marshal, and for an instant I thought of riding through the English left wing, as being the shortest cut. I have done bolder deeds and come out safely, but I reflected that if things went badly with me and I was taken or shot the message would be lost and the plans of the Emperor miscarry. I passed in front of the cavalry therefore, past the Chasseurs, the Lancers of the Guard, the Carabineers, the Horse Grenadiers, and, lastly, my own little rascals, who followed me wistfully with their eyes. Beyond the cavalry the Old Guard was standing, twelve regiments of them, all veterans of many battles, sombre and severe, in long blue overcoats and high bearskins from which the plumes had been removed. Each bore within the goatskin knapsack upon his back the blue and white parade uniform which they would use for their entry into Brussels next day. As I rode past them I reflected that these men had never been beaten, and, as I looked at their weather-beaten faces and their stern and silent bearing, I said to

myself that they never would be beaten. Great heavens, how little could I foresee what a few more hours would bring!

On the right of the Old Guard were the Young Guard and the 6th Corps of Lobau, and then I passed Jacquinot's Lancers and Marbot's Hussars, who held the extreme flank of the line. All these troops knew nothing of the corps which was coming towards them through the wood, and their attention was taken up in watching the battle which raged upon their left. More than a hundred guns were thundering from each side, and the din was so great that of all the battles which I have fought I cannot recall more than half-a-dozen which were as noisy. I looked back over my shoulder, and there were two brigades of Cuirassiers, English and French, pouring down the hill together, with the sword-blades playing over them like summer lightning. How I longed to turn Violette, and to lead my Hussars into the thick of it! What a picture! Etienne Gerard with his back to the battle, and a fine cavalry action raging behind him. But duty is duty, so I rode past Marbot's vedettes and on in the direction of the wood, passing the village of Frishermont upon my left.

In front of me lay the great wood, called the Wood of Paris, consisting mostly of oak trees, with a few narrow paths leading through it. I halted and listened when I reached it, but out of its gloomy depths there came no blare of trumpet, no murmur of wheels, no tramp of horses to mark the advance of that great column which with my own eyes I had seen streaming towards it. The battle roared behind me, but in front all was as silent as that grave in which so many brave men would shortly sleep. The sunlight was cut off by the arches of leaves above my head, and a heavy damp smell rose from the sodden ground. For several miles I galloped at such a pace as few riders would care to go with roots below and branches above. Then, at last, for the first time I caught a glimpse of Grouchy's advance guard. Scattered parties of Hussars passed me on either side, but some distance off, among the trees. I heard the beating of a drum far away, and the low, dull murmur which an army makes upon the march. Any moment I might come upon the staff and deliver my message to Grouchy in person, for I knew well that on such a march a Marshal of France would certainly ride with the van of his army.

"I LOOKED BACK OVER MY SHOULDER, AND THERE WERE TWO BRIGADES OF CUIRASSIERS, ENGLISH AND FRENCH, POURING DOWN THE HILL TOGETHER."

Suddenly the trees thinned in front of me, and I understood with delight that I was coming to the end of the wood, whence I could see the army and find the Marshal. Where the track comes out from amid the trees there is a small cabaret, where woodcutters and waggoners drink their wine. Outside the door

of this I reined up my horse for an instant while I took in the scene which was before me. Some few miles away I saw a second great forest, that of St. Lambert, out of which the Emperor had seen the troops advancing. It was easy to see, however, why there had been so long a delay in their leaving one wood and reaching the other, because between the two ran the deep defile of the Lasnes, which had to be

"Madman!" he cried, "why are you here? What are you doing?"

"I am seeking Marshal Grouchy."

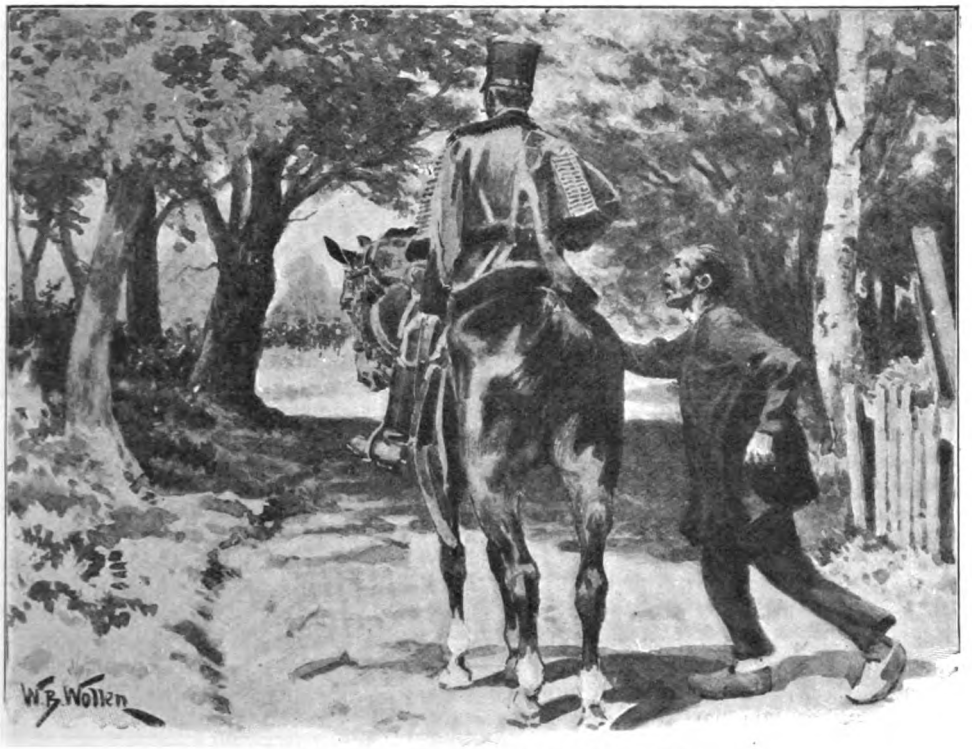
"You are in the heart of the Prussian army. Turn and fly!"

"Impossible; this is Grouchy's corps."

"How do you know?"

"Because the Emperor has said it."

"Then the Emperor has made a terrible mistake! I tell you that a patrol of Silesian



"'MADMAN!' HE CRIED, 'WHY ARE YOU HERE?'"

crossed. Sure enough, a long column of troops—horse, foot, and guns—was streaming down one side of it and swarming up the other, while the advance guard was already among the trees on either side of me. A battery of Horse Artillery was coming along the road, and I was about to gallop up to it and ask the officer in command if he could tell me where I should find the Marshal, when suddenly I observed that, though the gunners were dressed in blue, they had not the dolman trimmed with red brandenburgs as our own horse-gunners wear it. Amazed at the sight, I was looking at these soldiers to left and right when a hand touched my thigh, and there was the landlord, who had rushed from his inn.

Hussars has this instant left me. Did you not see them in the wood?"

"I saw Hussars."

"They are the enemy."

"Where is Grouchy?"

"He is behind. They have passed him."

"Then how can I go back? If I go forward I may see him yet. I must obey my orders and find him wherever he is."

The man reflected for an instant.

"Quick! quick!" he cried, seizing my bridle. "Do what I say and you may yet escape. They have not observed you yet. Come with me and I will hide you until they pass."

Behind his house there was a low stable, and into this he thrust Violette. Then he

half led and half dragged me into the kitchen of the inn. It was a bare, brick-floored room. A stout, red-faced woman was cooking cutlets at the fire.

"What's the matter now?" she asked, looking with a frown from me to the innkeeper. "Who is this you have brought in?"

"It is a French officer, Marie. We cannot let the Prussians take him."

"Why not?"

"Why not? Sacred name of a dog, was I not myself a soldier of Napoleon? Did I not win a musket of honour among the Vélites of the Guard? Shall I see a comrade taken before my eyes? Marie, we must save him."

But the lady looked at me with most unfriendly eyes.

"Pierre Charras," she said, "you will not rest until you have your house burned over your head. Do you not understand, you blockhead, that if you fought for Napoleon it was because Napoleon ruled Belgium? He does so no longer. The Prussians are our allies and this is our enemy. I will have no Frenchman in this house. Give him up!"

The innkeeper scratched his head and looked at me in despair, but it was very evident to me that it was neither for France nor for Belgium that this woman cared, but that it was the safety of her own house that was nearest her heart.

"Madame," said I, with all the dignity and assurance I could command, "the Emperor is defeating the English and the French army will be here before evening. If you have used me well you will be rewarded, and if you have denounced me you will be punished and your house will certainly be burned by the provost-marshal."

She was shaken by this, and I hastened to complete my victory by other methods.

"Surely," said I, "it is impossible that anyone so beautiful can also be hard-hearted? You will not refuse me the refuge which I need."

She looked at my whiskers and I saw that she was softened. I took her hand, and in two minutes we were on such terms that her husband swore roundly that he would give me up himself if I pressed the matter farther.

"Besides, the road is full of Prussians," he cried. "Quick! quick! into the loft!"

"Quick! quick! into the loft!" echoed his wife, and together they hurried me towards a ladder which led to a trap-door in the ceiling. There was loud knocking at the door, so you can think that it was not long before my spurs went twinkling through the hole and the board was dropped behind me. An instant later I heard the voices of the Germans in the rooms below me.

The place in which I found myself was a single long attic, the ceiling of which was formed by the roof of the house. It ran over the whole of one side of the inn, and through the cracks in the flooring I could look down either upon the kitchen, the sitting-room, or the bar at my pleasure. There were no windows, but the place was in the last stage of disrepair, and several missing slates upon the roof gave me light and the means of observation. The place was heaped with lumber—fodder at one end and a huge pile of empty bottles at the other. There was no door or window save the hole through which I had come up.

I sat upon the heap of hay for a few minutes to steady myself and to think out my plans. It was very serious that the Prussians should arrive upon the field of battle earlier than our reserves, but there appeared to be only one corps of them, and a corps more or less makes little difference to such a man as the Emperor. He could afford to give the English all this and beat them still. The best way in which I could serve him, since Grouchy was behind, was to wait here until they were past, and then to resume my journey, to see the Marshal, and to give him his orders. If he advanced upon the rear of the English instead of following the Prussians all would be well. The fate of France depended upon my judgment and my nerve. It was not the first time, my friends, as you are well aware, and you know the reasons that I had to trust that neither nerve nor judgment would ever fail me. Certainly, the Emperor had chosen the right man for his mission. "The prince of messengers" he had called me. I would earn my title.

It was clear that I could do nothing until the Prussians had passed, so I spent my time in observing them. I have no love for these people, but I am compelled to say that they kept excellent discipline, for not a man of them entered the inn, though their lips were caked with dust and they were ready to drop with fatigue. Those who had knocked at the door were bearing an insensible comrade, and having left him they returned at once to the ranks. Several others were carried in in the same fashion and laid in the kitchen, while a young surgeon, little more than a boy, remained behind in charge of them. Having observed them through the cracks in

the floor, I next turned my attention to the holes in the roof, from which I had an excellent view of all that was passing outside. The Prussian corps was still streaming past. It was easy to see that they had made a terrible march and had little food, for the faces of the men were ghastly, and they were plastered from head to foot with mud from their falls upon the foul and slippery roads. Yet, spent as they were, their spirit was excellent, and they pushed and hauled at the gun-carriages when the wheels sank up to the axles in the mire, and the weary horses were floundering knee-deep unable to draw them through. The officers rode up and down the column encouraging the more active with words of praise, and the laggards with blows from the flat of their swords. All the time from over the wood in front of them there came the tremendous roar of the battle, as if all the rivers on earth had united in one gigantic cataract, booming and crashing in a mighty fall. Like the spray of the cataract was the long veil of smoke which rose high over the trees. The officers pointed to it with their swords, and with hoarse cries from their parched lips the mud-stained men pushed onwards to the battle. For an hour I watched them pass, and I reflected that their vanguard must have come into touch with Marbot's vedettes and that the Emperor knew already of their coming. "You are going very fast up the road, my friends, but you will come down it a great deal faster," said I to myself, and I consoled myself with the thought.

But an adventure came to break the monotony of this long wait. I was seated beside my loophole and congratulating myself that the corps was nearly past, and that the road would soon be clear for my journey, when suddenly I heard a loud altercation break out in French in the kitchen.

"You shall not go!" cried a woman's voice.

"I tell you that I will!" said a man's, and there was a sound of scuffling.

In an instant I had my eye to the crack in the floor. There was my stout lady, like a faithful watch-dog, at the bottom of the ladder, while the young German surgeon, white with anger, was endeavouring to come up it. Several of the German soldiers who had recovered from their prostration were sitting about on the kitchen floor and watching the quarrel with stolid, but attentive, faces. The landlord was nowhere to be seen.

"There is no liquor there," said the woman.

"I do not want liquor; I want hay or straw for these men to lie upon. Why should they lie on the bricks when there is straw overhead?"

"There is no straw."

"What is up there?"

"Empty bottles."

"Nothing else?"

"No."

For a moment it looked as if the surgeon would abandon his intention, but one of the soldiers pointed up to the ceiling. I gathered

"THE YOUNG SURGEON PUSHED OPEN THE TRAP-DOOR AND CLIMBED INTO THE LOFT."

from what I could understand of his words that he could see the straw sticking out between the planks. In vain the woman protested. Two of the soldiers were able to get upon their feet and to drag her aside, while the young surgeon ran up the ladder, pushed open the trap-door, and climbed into the loft. As he swung the door back I slipped behind it, but as luck would have it he shut it again behind him, and there we were left standing face to face.

Never have I seen a more astonished young man.

"A French officer!" he gasped.

"Hush!" said I, "hush! Not a word above a whisper." I had drawn my sword.

"I am not a combatant," he said; "I am a doctor. Why do you threaten me with your sword? I am not armed."

"I do not wish to hurt you, but I must protect myself. I am in hiding here."

"A spy!"

"A spy does not wear such a uniform as this, nor do you find spies on the staff of an army. I rode by mistake into the heart of this Prussian corps, and I concealed myself here in the hope of escaping when they are past. I will not hurt you if you do not hurt me, but if you do not swear that you will be silent as to my presence you will never go down alive from this attic."

"You can put up your sword, sir," said the surgeon, and I saw a friendly twinkle in his eyes. "I am a Pole by birth, and I have no ill-feeling to you or your people. I will do my best for my patients, but I will do no more. Capturing Hussars is not one of the duties of a surgeon. With your permission I will now descend with this truss of hay to make a couch for these poor fellows below."

I had intended to exact an oath from him, but it is my experience that if a man will not speak the truth he will not swear the truth, so I said no more. The surgeon opened the trap-door, threw out enough hay for his purpose, and then descended the ladder, letting down the door behind him. I watched him anxiously when he rejoined his patients, and so did my good friend the landlady, but he said nothing and busied himself with the needs of his soldiers.

By this time I was sure that the last of the army corps was past, and I went to my loop-hole confident that I should find the coast clear, save, perhaps, for a few stragglers, whom I could disregard. The first corps was indeed past, and I could see the last files of the infantry disappearing into the wood; but you can imagine my disappointment when out of the Forest of St. Lambert I saw a second corps emerging, as numerous as the first. There could be no doubt that the whole Prussian army, which we thought we had destroyed at Ligny, was about to throw itself upon our right wing while Marshal Grouchy had been coaxed away upon some fool's errand. The roar of guns, much nearer than before, told me that the Prussian batteries which had passed me were already in action. Imagine my terrible position! Hour after hour was passing; the sun was sinking towards the west. And yet this cursed inn, in which I lay hid, was like a little island amid a rushing stream of furious Prussians. It was all-important that I should reach Marshal Grouchy, and yet I could not show my nose without being made prisoner. You can think how I cursed and tore my hair. How little do we know what is in store for us! Even while I raged against my ill-fortune, that same fortune was reserving me for a far higher task than to carry a message to Grouchy—a task which could not have been mine had I not been held tight in that little inn on the edge of the Forest of Paris.

Two Prussian corps had passed and a third was coming up, when I heard a great fuss and the sound of several voices in the sitting-room. By altering my position I was able to look down and see what was going on.

Two Prussian generals were beneath me, their heads bent over a map which lay upon the table. Several aides-de-camp and staff officers stood round in silence. Of the two generals one was a fierce old man, white-haired and wrinkled, with a ragged, grizzled moustache and a voice like the bark of a hound. The other was younger, but long-faced and solemn. He measured distances upon the map with the air of a student, while his companion stamped and fumed and cursed like a corporal of Hussars. It was strange to see the old man so fiery and the young one so reserved. I could not understand all that they said, but I was very sure about their general meaning.

"I tell you we must push on and ever on!" cried the old fellow, with a furious German oath. "I promised Wellington that I would be there with the whole army even if I had to be strapped to my horse. Bülow's corps is in action, and Ziethen's shall support it with every man and gun. Forwards, Gneisenau, forwards!"

The other shook his head.

"You must remember, your Excellency, that if the English are beaten they will make

for the coast. What will your position be then, with Grouchy between you and the Rhine?"

"We shall beat them, Gneisenau; the Duke and I will grind them to powder between us. Push on, I say! The whole war will be ended in one blow. Bring Pirsch up, and we can throw sixty thousand men into the scale while Thielmann holds Grouchy beyond Wavre."

Gneisenau shrugged his shoulders, but at that instant an orderly appeared at the door.

"An aide-de-camp from the Duke of Wellington," said he.

"Ha, ha!" cried the old man; "let us hear what he has to say!"

An English officer, with mud and blood all over his scarlet jacket, staggered into the room. A crimson-stained handkerchief was knotted round his arm, and he held the table to keep himself from falling.

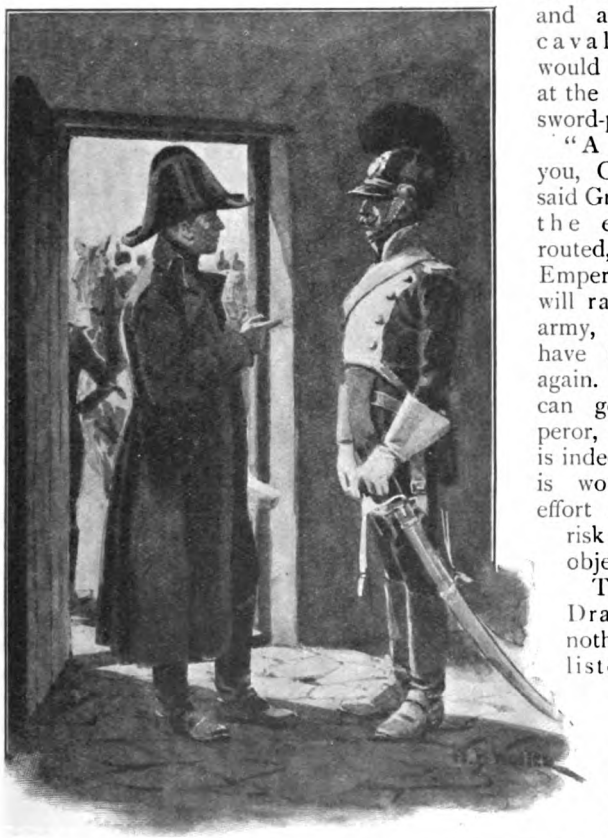
"My message is to Marshal Blucher," said he.

"I am Marshal Blucher. Go on! go on!" cried the impatient old man.

"The Duke bade me to tell you, sir, that the British Army can hold its own and that he has no fears for the result. The French cavalry has been destroyed, two of their divisions of infantry have ceased to exist, and only the Guard is in reserve. If you give us a vigorous support the defeat will be changed to absolute rout and——" His knees gave way under him and he fell in a heap upon the floor.

"Enough! enough!" cried Blucher. "Gneisenau, send an aide-de-camp to Wellington and tell him to rely upon me to the full. Come on, gentlemen, we have our work to do!" He bustled eagerly out of the room with all his staff clanking behind him, while two orderlies carried the English messenger to the care of the surgeon.

Gneisenau, the Chief of the Staff, had lingered behind for an instant, and he laid his hand upon one of the aides-de camp. The fellow had attracted my attention, for I have always a quick eye for a fine man. He was tall and slender, the very model of a horseman; indeed, there was something in his appearance which made it not unlike my own. His face was dark and as keen as that of a hawk, with fierce black eyes under thick, shaggy brows, and a moustache which would have put him in the crack squadron of my Hussars. He wore a green coat with white facings, and a horsehair helmet—a Dragoon, as I conjectured, and as dashing a cavalier as one would wish to have at the end of one's sword-point.



"IF WE CAN GET THE EMPEROR, THEN THE WAR IS INDEED ENDED."

"A word with you, Count Stein," said Gneisenau. "If the enemy are routed, but if the Emperor escapes, he will rally another army, and all will have to be done again. But if we can get the Emperor, then the war is indeed ended. It is worth a great effort and a great risk for such an object as that."

The young Dragoon said nothing, but he listened attentively.

"Suppose the Duke of Wellington's words should prove to be correct, and the French army should be driven in utter rout from the field, the Emperor will certainly take the road back through Genappe and Charleroi as being the shortest to the frontier. We can imagine that his horses will be fleet, and that the fugitives will make way for him. Our cavalry will follow the rear of the beaten

army, but the Emperor will be far away at the front of the throng."

The young Dragoon inclined his head.

"To you, Count Stein, I commit the Emperor. If you take him your name will live in history. You have the reputation of being the hardest rider in our army. Do you choose such comrades as you may select—ten or a dozen should be enough. You are not to engage in the battle, nor are you to follow the general pursuit, but you are to ride clear of the crowd, reserving your energies for a nobler end. Do you understand me?"

Again the Dragoon inclined his head. This silence impressed me. I felt that he was indeed a dangerous man.

"Then I leave the details in your own hands. Strike at no one except the highest. You cannot mistake the Imperial carriage, nor can you fail to recognise the figure of the Emperor. Now I must follow the Marshal. Adieu! If ever I see you again I trust that it will be to congratulate you upon a deed which will ring through Europe."

The Dragoon saluted and Gneisenau hurried from the room. The young officer stood in deep thought for a few moments. Then he followed the Chief of the Staff. I looked with curiosity from my loophole to see what his next proceeding would be. His horse, a fine, strong chestnut with two white stockings, was fastened to the rail of the inn. He sprang into the saddle, and, riding to intercept a column of cavalry which was passing, he spoke to an officer at the head of the leading regiment. Presently after some talk I saw two Hussars—it was a Hussar regiment—drop out of the ranks and take up their position beside Count Stein. The next regiment was also stopped, and two Lancers were added to his escort. The next furnished him with two Dragoons and the next with two Cuirassiers. Then he drew his little group of horsemen aside and he gathered them round him, explaining to them what they had to do. Finally the nine soldiers rode off together and disappeared into the Wood of Paris.

I need not tell you, my friends, what all this portended. Indeed, he had acted exactly as I should have done in his place. From each colonel he had demanded the two best horsemen in the regiment, and so he had assembled a band who might expect to catch whatever they should follow. Heaven help the Emperor if, without an escort, he should find them on his track!

And I, dear friends—imagine the fever, the ferment, the madness of my mind! All thought of Grouchy had passed away. No guns were to be heard to the east. He could not be near. If he should come up he would not now be in time to alter the event of the day. The sun was already low in the sky and there could not be more than two or three hours of daylight. My mission might be dismissed as useless. But here was another mission, more pressing, more immediate, a mission which meant the safety, and perhaps the life, of the Emperor. At all costs, through every danger, I must get back to his side. But how was I to do it? The whole Prussian army was now between me and the French lines. They blocked every road, but they could not block the path of duty when Etienne Gerard sees it lie before him. I could not wait longer. I must be gone.

There was but the one opening to the loft, and so it was only down the ladder that I could descend. I looked into the kitchen and I found that the young surgeon was still there. In a chair sat the wounded English aide-de-camp, and on the straw lay two Prussian soldiers in the last stage of exhaustion. The others had all recovered and been sent on. These were my enemies, and I must pass through them in order to gain my horse. From the surgeon I had nothing to fear; the Englishman was wounded, and his sword stood with his cloak in a corner; the two Germans were half insensible, and their muskets were not beside them. What could be simpler? I opened the trap-door, slipped down the ladder, and appeared in the midst of them, my sword drawn in my hand.

What a picture of surprise! The surgeon, of course, knew all, but to the Englishman and the two Germans it must have seemed that the god of war in person had descended from the skies. With my appearance, with my figure, with my silver and grey uniform, and with that gleaming sword in my hand, I must indeed have been a sight worth seeing. The two Germans lay petrified with staring eyes. The English officer half rose, but sat down again from weakness, his mouth open and his hand on the back of his chair.

"What the deuce!" he kept on repeating, "what the deuce!"

"Pray do not move," said I; "I will hurt no one, but woe to the man who lays hands upon me to stop me. You have nothing to fear if you leave me alone, and nothing to hope if you try to hinder me. I am Colonel Etienne Gerard, of the Hussars of Conflans."

"The deuce!" said the Englishman. "You are the man that killed the fox." A terrible scowl had darkened his face. The jealousy of sportsmen is a base passion. He hated me, this Englishman, because I had been before him in transfixing the animal. How different are our natures! Had I seen him do such a deed I would have embraced him with cries of joy. But there was no time for argument.

"I regret it, sir," said I; "but you have a cloak here and I must take it."

He tried to rise from his chair and reach his sword, but I got between him and the corner where it lay.

"If there is anything in the pockets——"

"A case," said he.

"I would not rob you," said I; and raising the coat I took from the pockets a silver flask, a square wooden case, and a field-glass. All these I handed to him. The wretch opened the case, took out a pistol, and pointed it straight at my head.

"Now, my fine fellow," said he, "put down your sword and give yourself up."

I was so astounded at this infamous action that I stood petrified before him. I tried to speak to him of honour and gratitude, but I saw his eyes fix and harden over the pistol.

"Enough talk!" said he. "Drop it!"

Could I endure such a humiliation? Death were better than to be disarmed in such a fashion. The word "Fire!" was on my lips when in an instant the Englishman vanished from before my face, and in his place was a great pile of hay, with a red-coated arm and two Hessian boots waving and kicking in the heart of it. Oh, the gallant landlady! It was my whiskers that had saved me.

"Fly, soldier, fly!" she cried, and she heaped fresh trusses of hay from the floor on to the struggling Englishman. In an instant I was out in the courtyard, had led Violette from her stable, and was on her back. A pistol bullet whizzed past my shoulder from the window, and I saw a furious face looking out at me. I smiled my contempt and spurred out into the road. The last of the Prussians had passed, and both my road and my duty lay clear before me. If France won, all was well. If France lost, then on me and on my little mare depended that which was more than victory or defeat—the safety and the life of the Emperor. "On, Etienne, on!" I cried. "Of all your noble exploits, the greatest, even if it be the last, lies now before you!"

"IN HIS PLACE WAS A GREAT PILE OF HAY, WITH A RED COATED ARM AND TWO HESSIAN BOOTS WAVING AND KICKING IN THE HEART OF IT."

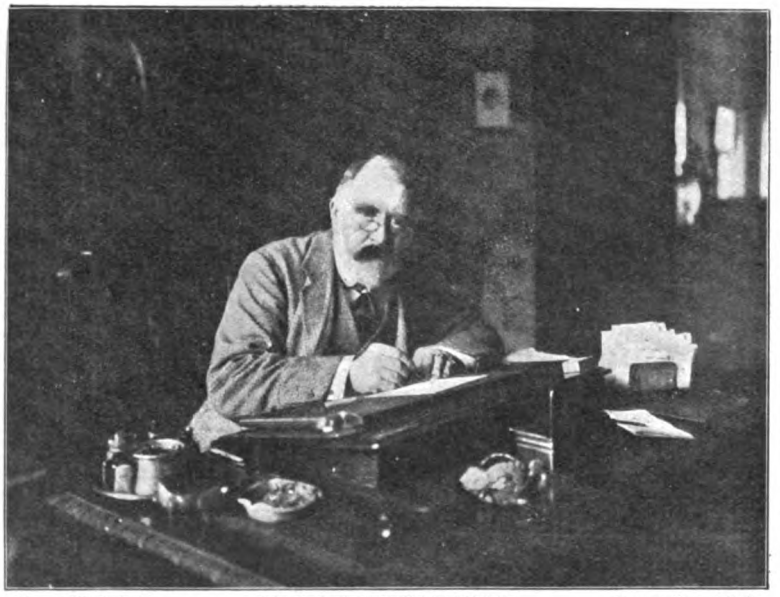
(*To be continued.*)

Illustrated Interviews.

LXXVIII.—MR. F. CARRUTHERS GOULD.

By Rudolph de Cordova.

TO the readers of The Strand Mr. F. C. Gould is an old friend, for it is now more than ten years since, on the invitation of Mr. H. W. Lucy, he began illustrating "From Behind the Speaker's Chair." Nor need I refer here to the fact that Mr. Gould is the most prolific cartoonist of our time, seeing that four times a week, and sometimes oftener, the *Westminster Gazette* publishes drawings on the political situation from his pen.



From a Photo. by] MR. F. C. GOULD IN HIS STUDIO. *[George Newnes, Ltd.*

"Political caricature," said Mr. Gould, as as he settled down to talk to the readers of The Strand through me, "has always been an instinct with me ever since the time I was a little boy, for I could not have been more than ten or eleven when I did my first. I cannot recall exactly what the subject was, but I remember it was in connection with a Parliamentary election in which the late Sir William Fraser was a candidate, and it must have been somewhere about the year 1855, for there was a General Election then, which resulted in Lord Palmerston becoming Prime Minister for the first time.

"In those days I lived in Barnstaple, where political feeling ran high and the contests were very keen. Those were the old days of the hustings and open votings, and personalities were much more pungent than they are now. Though I cannot recall my first cartoon, I remember that one of my earliest was connected with a well-known sort of primeval vehicle called the donkey fly, which was especially patronized by old ladies for evening parties. When the election to which I have referred came on there was naturally a great deal of competition on the part of the rival factions to get every vote; and my caricature showed the struggle to patronize the donkey and get possession of its owner's vote.

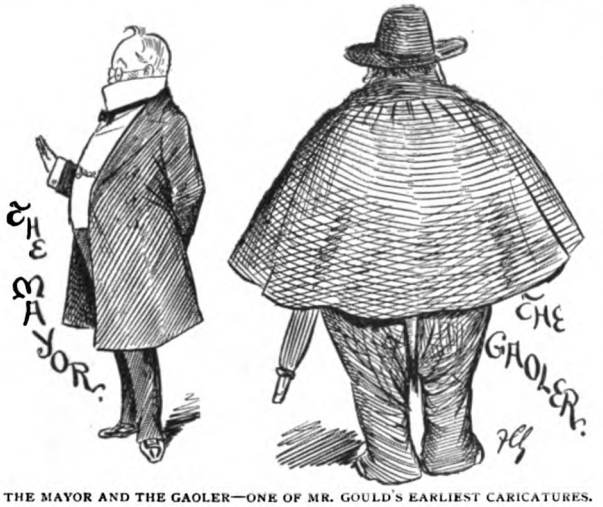
"At school, too, I indulged in caricatures, but cautiously as regards the man behind the cane. As a rule I used the incidents which occurred in my lessons, especially in my classical studies.

"One man on whom I used to practise my 'prentice art a great deal was the old gaoler of the town gaol in Barnstaple. He was a character, and with a youthfully brutal disregard for any feelings he may have had I used him as a model on which to work. I turned him into animals of all kinds, much to his exasperation. At last, when he could stand it no longer, he went to the mayor of the town and complained. 'Oh,' said the mayor, soothingly, 'he is only a youngster; you mustn't take any notice of it.'

"'That ain't the worst of it, sir,' replied the gaoler; 'he's been a-caricaturin' o' you, too.'

"My father being an architect I was always in the midst of paper and pencils and what I may call the machinery of drawing, but somehow I never took to architectural work. Nor did I ever intend to take up drawing as a profession. As a matter of fact, when I was sixteen I went into a bank, where I remained for four years. There I amused myself in spare intervals by caricaturing the customers as well as the different events in the town.

At twenty I came to London, and was still without any idea of art except as a hobby. I went into a stockbroker's office, and subsequently became a member of the Exchange, and remained one for over twenty years. I found the Stock Exchange a very fruitful ground indeed for personal caricature, and an excellent school, for there was every variety of personality and very marked individuality among the members. In addition, I had the advantage of very keen and very outspoken criticism. As time went on my drawings became very numerous, and at last I did a series of sketches and cartoons which were published for private circulation, and people tell me they may still be seen in many offices in the neighbourhood of Threadneedle Street and Throgmorton Street.



THE MAYOR AND THE GAOLER—ONE OF MR. GOULD'S EARLIEST CARICATURES.

"After some years I began in 1879 to illustrate the Christmas numbers of *Truth*. I need hardly tell you that I began in a very tentative way, or that then I had not that personal knowledge of the political characters with whom I dealt which is so necessary for the caricaturist. In those days I had to depend at first upon photographs, but now my studies are always, if possible, made direct from the men themselves, which I am able to do in the lobby and in the Press gallery of the House of Commons.

"In the earlier numbers of *Truth* my work was always in black and white; but later on—and I illustrated the Christmas numbers regularly until 1895—I used colour for the chief ones. That work, which gave me the opportunity of studying politics more closely than perhaps I should otherwise have done, was the outcome of consultation with the editor in much the same way as, it is generally understood, the cartoons in *Punch* are produced week by week.

"The illustration from one of the Christmas numbers of *Truth* represents the late Mr. H. S. Marks, R.A., as a sort of magician, who

THE CARTOON FOR THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "TRUTH," 1890.

has transformed the whole of society into birds. Among them may be seen Lord Salisbury as a dodo; Lord Halsbury, Sir F. C. Burnand, and Mr. Lucy as penguins; Lord Rothschild as a golden pheasant; Sir Henry Irving as a crane; Mr. Gladstone as an eagle; Sir William Vernon Harcourt as a secretary bird; Lord Wolseley as a gamecock; Lord Charles Beresford as a sea-gull; certain of the judges as adjutant birds; Sir George Lewis as a hawk; several society ladies as birds of various kinds suited to their style; and H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge as a turkey-cock.

BRINGING HIM UP TO DATE.

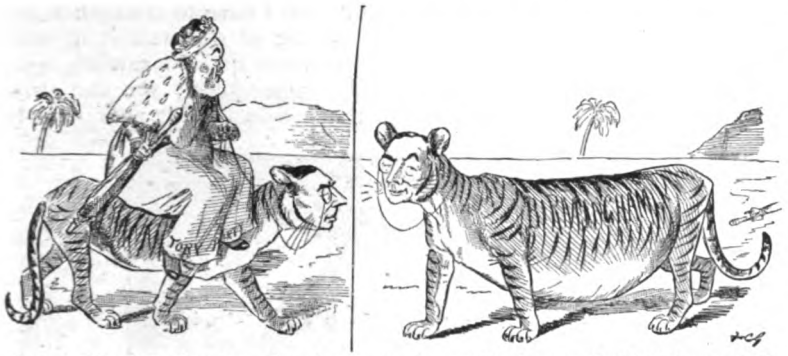
"My next public work was for the *Pall Mall Gazette* at about the time of the Parnell Commission. Then, when Mr. Stead left and Mr. E. T. Cook became the editor, I contributed a weekly cartoon on political subjects, though I was not regularly on the staff. When the *Pall Mall Gazette* was sold to Mr. Astor and Sir George Newnes started the *Westminster Gazette*, which practically took over the staff of the old *Pall Mall*, I continued as an outside contributor, doing Parliamentary sketch work as well until Mr. Cook went to the *Daily News*. Mr. Spender was appointed to succeed him, and I was appointed assistant-editor of the *Westminster*, though my principal work is the supplying of the cartoons, four of which at least appear every week."

JOHN BULL to Porter S-l-sb-ry: "Where are you taking him?"
Porter: "I ain't taking him anywhere."
John Bull: "Well, then, where's he taking you?"
Porter (indignantly): "He ain't taking me?"
John Bull: "Then, where is he going?"
Porter: "I don't know. He's eaten all his direction labels."

"Can you trace the exact circumstances which really developed you into a political caricaturist?" I asked.

"I can't," replied Mr. Gould. "To that question I must make the reply I always do: like Topsy, 'I growed.' My political caricaturing I take to be the doing of the thing for which I am best suited, even though I did not come to it until comparatively late in my life. It is strange, too, to consider how few men start out with the thing which they really can do best. As I have told you, I began life with quite different ideas; but even the time I spent on the Stock Exchange was not lost, as the caricatures I did there enabled me to get an experience which I otherwise should never have had. I do not know that it is often one's youthful ideals are realized, but it is certain that if I had had my choice when I was young I should have selected the work I am doing now, the developing of political ideas on a daily paper.

"It is the working on a daily paper which gives me the peculiar advantage I possess in dealing with politics. I do not profess to be a first-rate draughtsman, so the work done day by day has to depend on its presentation of an idea in a simple concrete form rather than on the perfection of the drawing or its wealth of detail. It is the doing of it red-hot day by day which gives it its value in helping to form public opinion. Indeed, the old Latin



Several Liberal speakers have, in reference to the coalition between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain, recited the verses:—

There was an Old Party of Niger | They finished the ride with that Party inside
Who smiled as he rode on a tiger: | And the smile on the face of the tiger.

"But the question is," said Mr. Chamberlain, "which has swallowed the other?"
Our artist gives what he takes to be Mr. Chamberlain's answer. But we dare say Lord Salisbury's is very different.

proverb, '*Bis dat qui cito dat*,' is peculiarly applicable to my work if I translate it, 'You give twice the impression if you give it quickly.'

"To do this three things are requisite: you must be interested in politics, you must have a very clear idea of the moral you are trying to convey, and you must have the faculty of giving a recognisable likeness of the people with whom you deal. This last had always been a strong point of mine, if I may say so myself. I could always remember the points of a face which make up what is called the likeness. That, however, is the faculty of perception rather than of execution, for one man may in a few lines present the spirit of a face, while another man, after spending many hours and an infinitude of labour, may not give anything like a likeness, though, as a piece of art, his work is immeasurably superior to the other.

"The caricaturist is apt to get into a groove and, after studying a man once, to make his conception a stereotyped thing, instead of realizing that with the passage of time a man changes in many important particulars. I long ago recognised this fact, with the result that I am never satisfied with my work, and I always want to do it better next time. You will the better appreciate what I mean by the change in a man if you take the personality of Mr. Balfour a few years ago and that of Mr. Balfour to-day. Then he was exceedingly thin, while of late he has been putting on flesh, so that the old pictures are out of date somewhat. Indeed, as the years go by, he shows in a very marked way a growing likeness to Lord Salisbury. This characteristic I have noticed in another way. In looking back over my old caricatures of Mr. Chamberlain they strike me as being very bad, for they are quite unlike him to-day, but people used to say at the time they were done that they were exceedingly like him. This shows that even unconsciously to ourselves men do change, though they don't appear to."

Everybody will remember that favourite nonsense rhyme:—

There was a young lady of Niger,
Who went for a ride on a tiger.
They returned from the ride
With the lady inside,
And a smile on the face of the tiger.

That little poem inspired the two drawings of Lord Salisbury as the maiden and Mr. Chamberlain as the tiger which are shown above, and you will note the change in the appearance of the animal after the ride was

OLD PILOT: "I wonder if I could have saved her?"

over, a drawing which was prophetic of the survival of Mr. Chamberlain.

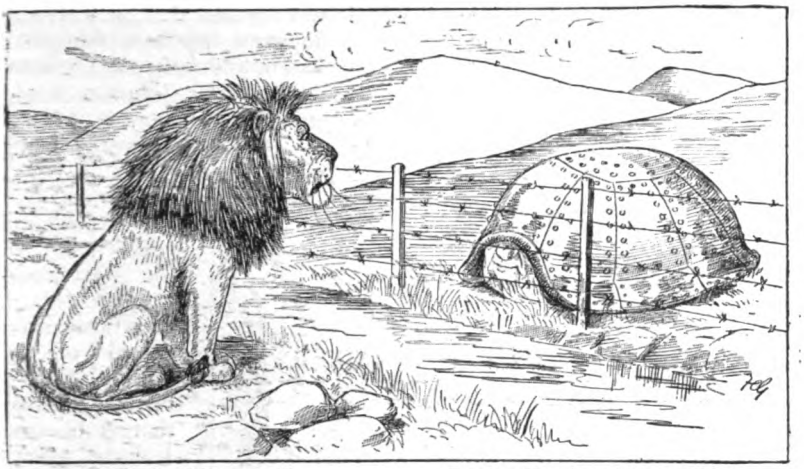
"How," I asked, "are your cartoons done?"

"The subject is naturally first selected. This I do in consultation with the editor, when we are discussing the attitude of the paper on the chief subject of the day. Sometimes a line in a statesman's speech, which lends itself to illustration, will be selected. When, however, there is no pictorial suggestion supplied in this way we sit down and work out the political situation from the point of view we desire to express. One has to bear in mind that the doing of a political cartoon is something like making a military fortification, for one has to protect the weak points. Very often, or, at all events, not infrequently, I find that the design I first make lays me open on some political point, and I have to strengthen that side of my picture or elaborate it in some way. Still, the more simple a cartoon is the better; for the more quickly you can strike the eye of the person looking at it, and he can see what you are driving at, the more effective your work is likely to be.

"W'AT sorter seasonin' d'ye sagashuate I'se gwinter cook you with?" sez Brer Fox, sezee.
Brer Rabbit up en say he don' wanter be cook-d 't all.
Brer Fox he grit his toof. "Youer gittin' 'way from de point, Brer Rabbit," sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"During the war, with which several of the cartoons naturally deal, I represent Mr. Kruger either as Brer Rabbit, who displayed so much 'Dutch rural simplicity,' or as a tortoise. The rabbit idea is, you will notice, carried out in two of the drawings which were published at the time when Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Milner were squeezing President Kruger towards the end of the negotiations. My reason for selecting the tortoise was that Mr. Kruger himself was very fond of using it as a simile, and on one occasion,

Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Alfred Milner: "Why do you keep on squealing 'Suzerainty'?"
Brer Rabbit: "I can't help squealing, you squeeze me so hard!"



THE LION: "Come out!" The Oom Tortoise: "Come on!"

speaking of the raiders, he said: 'You have got to wait till the tortoise puts his head out before you can cut it off.' One of the illustrations recalls the Tugela deadlock. The lion wanted the Kruger tortoise to come out, while the Kruger tortoise retaliated by challenging the lion to come on.

"My editorial work occupies me all the morning, but at about half-past twelve I begin my drawing, and an ordinary cartoon takes a good three hours' hard work. I draw one afternoon for the next morning's paper, but when I go down to the House the sketches I draw in the evening appear in the next day's paper, as I send them off at once to be reproduced."

"Do you think that the influence of caricatures in politics is increasing?" I asked.

"Undoubtedly I do," said Mr. Gould. "They have been playing a larger part in politics than they have ever done before. They do so by giving people who do not care to read very much, the situation at a glance. So great has been their effect that I have been told that some of my cartoons have had an influence at elections. The greatest compliment I have ever had paid to my work happened during the last General Election. One of my cartoons was enlarged and exhibited as a poster by the Liberal candidate. A Conservative happened to see the poster, tore it down, and proceeded to dance on it. This was a valuable hint, so the Liberals sent off for large supplies of that particular cartoon and posted them all over the town. When my cartoons are used in this way they are often reproduced in colour so as to make them more effective.

"It is not only in politics that the power of the cartoonist can be felt, for, since you compel me to talk of myself, and only of myself, I recall that certain of my work has been referred to in sermons. One such occasion was when a few years ago young Mr. Joseph Leiter tried to make a corner in wheat, and Archdeacon Wilberforce, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, referred to a drawing of mine which appeared on the subject in the *Westminster Gazette*, and pointed out how a caricature may be of great good when it deals with an evil which can often be best affected by satire.

"A caricature, indeed, should do in lines

LEITER'S CORNER IN WHEAT—A CARTOON WHICH WAS MADE THE SUBJECT OF A SERMON.

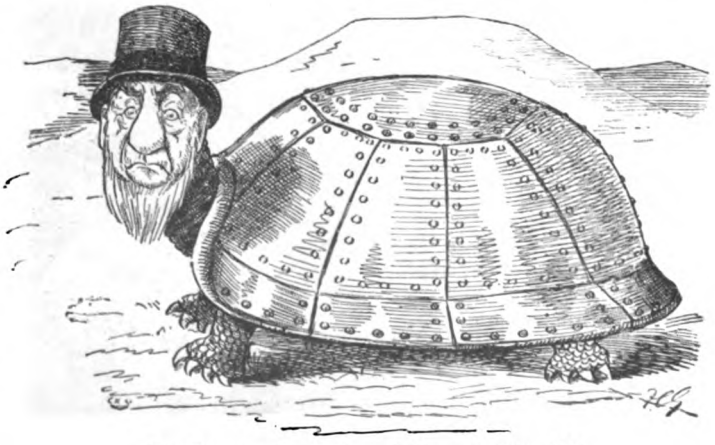
what a leader-writer does in words, but the draughtsman has the advantage over his comrade in that he can put his ideas so that they can be seen at a glance without the trouble of reading, and he can also lie in wait and find out the anomalies and contradictions in his opponent's arguments, and demonstrate them in a way which would not strike ordinary people in mere words, or, at all events, would not strike them so quickly.

CONDUCTOR OF THE MINISTERIAL OMNIBUS: "I am afraid, ma'am, there isn't room inside for all of you. How many of you are there?"
Passenger: "There's only me, and my little boy, and this kind gentleman (Mr. P-w-ll W-ll--ms), and my little dog. You really must make room, Mr. Conductor; some of the gentlemen must get outside."

"You want to know the effect of one's work on the people we caricature? Well, so far as I can tell, I have never yet found anyone who resented it. One great reason is that one keeps malice out of one's drawing, as, in my opinion, the introduction of anything malicious would cause the caricaturist to lose his point. If a statesman thinks a wrong has been done him in a cartoon I have found he resents it less than if a wrong argument had been used against him in words, or if he had been misrepresented in that way. As an example of the attitude of the people caricatured towards the caricaturist, I may refer to the fact that on one occasion Mr. Chamberlain sent me his photograph with 'From the real Chamberlain to the author of the fictitious Chamberlain' written on the back. You may have heard that in acknowledging the receipt I wrote that 'it is difficult to discriminate between the two.' I assure you I never wrote that or anything of the kind. Someone, perhaps, thought I ought to have said it, and fathered the witticism on me. 'Sir,' Dr. Johnson would have said, 'in order to be facetious it is not necessary to be rude.'

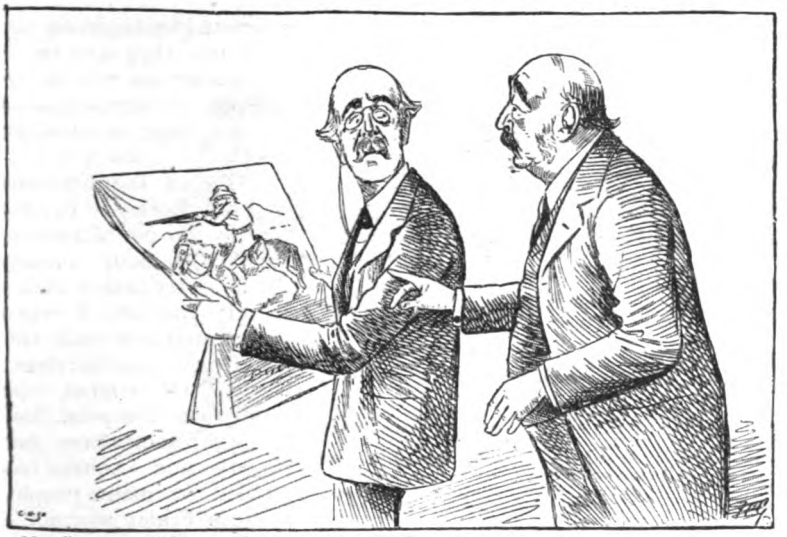
"Personally, I may express my appreciation of the great courtesy which I have always received from my political opponents. Perhaps that is because I have always remembered what Izaak Walton said, 'Put your worm on the hook as if you loved him,' and I have always done that with regard to those opposed to me politically.

"Yes, since you will force this admission, I must admit that several politicians have collected my cartoons, and I am told that Lord Rosebery has many of them. His favourite is, I believe, the family 'bus, which came out during the election of 1895, and represented Lord Salisbury as the 'bus conductor and Mr. Chamberlain as a lady who



THE TORTOISE LOOKS OUT.—"WHO SAID 'BOBS'?"

wanted to get in, and when told there was no room declared that some of the gentlemen inside must get out to make room for her and her party. The original of that cartoon Lord Rosebery has.



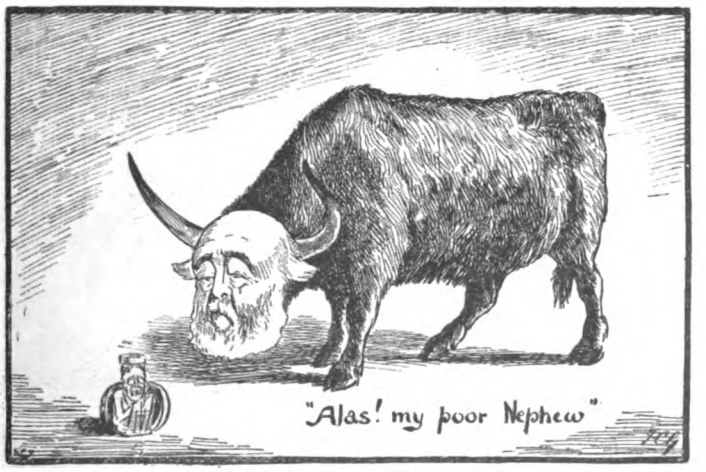
MR. BALFOUR: "Fancy, Ridley! they've actually got horses!"
Sir M. W. Ridley: "And look, Arthur, they've got rifles too! What a shame to deceive us!"

"The political cartoonist, of course, needs a wide field of reference, for he must find a great many pegs on which to hang his ideas, so as to get the necessary variety in their presentation. Thus in reading any book, no matter what, I keep my eyes open to the possibilities of adaptation. The turning of men into animals has always been a favourite device for pointing a moral, and I follow good precedents when I use Reynard or Brer Rabbit or other natural history folk-lore models.

"A good parody of a well-known picture is, as a rule, popular if not too intricate, and I have often used this method, as in the political Struwwelpeter, in which I collaborated with Mr. Harold Begbie. Another form of parody, or rather adaptation, is my 'Froissart's Modern Chronicles,' which closely follows the style of the chronicles of Sir John Froissart. From the time I was quite a little boy this was one of my favourite books, partly on account of its adventures and partly on account of its pictures, and it occurred to me that it would be quaint and interesting to write modern political history in the fourteenth-century atmosphere and style. To parody well you must saturate yourself with the original, otherwise the spirit is lacking. I was pleasantly surprised to find that the book had a far greater success than I had anticipated, for I did not know that Froissart was remembered to any great extent in these days, though one or two good editions of his work have been brought out lately."

"I suppose," I interposed, "you frequently get ideas for cartoons from contributors?"

"Frequently," replied Mr. Gould, "I am inundated with them, but I find they are only rarely of any use. In the first place, the sense of one's own initiative is a valuable incentive, and I should, perhaps, lose to some extent the spirit of the work if it did not come from within myself. In the next place the kindly contributors of suggestions often have no sense of proportion. I can give you an example of this. I do not remember the occasion which inspired it,



(WITH APOLOGIES TO BOVRIL.)

THE LONE, LONG FURROW.
Lord Rosebery is here shown ploughing his lonely furrow, which was his own simile, and naturally suggested Robinson Crusoe.
"I must plough my furrow alone. That is my fate, agreeable or the reverse, but before I get to the end of the furrow it is possible that I may find myself not a one."—Lord Rosebery at the City Liberal Club, July 19th, 1901.
Mr. Gibson Bowles on Monday evening in the House of Commons, *àpropos* of Lord Rosebery's position, from Cowper's lines on Alexander Selkirk :—

I am out of humanity's reach, | Never hear the sweet music of speech—
I must finish my journey alone; | I start at the sound of my own.

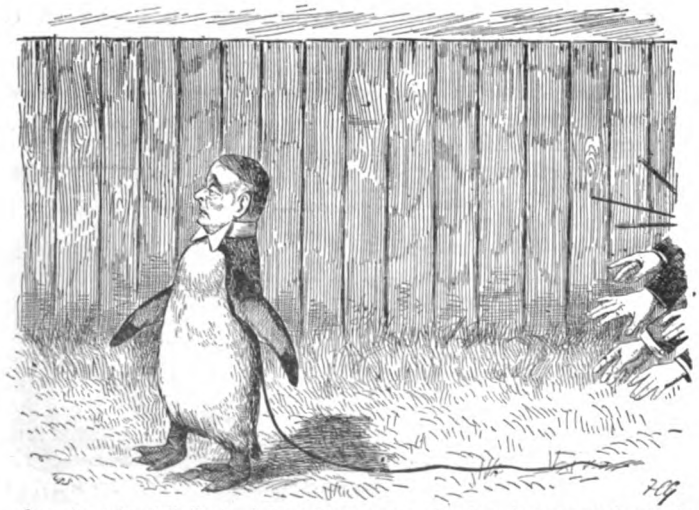
(Our artist declines to say whose is the footprint on the sand.)

but I remember the suggestions. The background was to be Westminster Abbey, one portion of which was to be a butler's pantry, showing the Dean polishing pieces of plate, each of which was to have a label on it. If you will consider for a moment, without going any farther, the fact that the labels were to be large enough for what was written on them to be distinctly visible, you will see at once how difficult it would be to get in much to indicate Westminster Abbey. That, however, was not the end of the puzzle problem, for outside the Abbey there was to be a pantechnicon van with a label on the side. But the van was to be drawn at the same time in such a way that you could also see the inside of it, and on rows of shelves there were to be jars, also plainly labelled. The whole idea was a shrieking nightmare of distorted proportions and lunatic asylum perspective.

"Many of the suggestions, again, which I receive take the old conventional form of people with circular heads and triangular bodies, and with balloons issuing from their mouths inscribed with complicated legends. All these suggestions I gratefully acknowledge as prompted by kindness, but as a rule they are either so obscure as not to be obvious, or so obvious as to encourage actions for libel.

"One of the drawings of Lord Rosebery depicts him in the act of ploughing the famous furrow. As he described it as his lonely furrow, I have represented him as Robinson Crusoe on his desert island. Of course, the mysterious footprint had to appear somewhere, that solitary one which has puzzled so many people, because Friday was not a one-legged man. But whose footprint it is that appears in the cartoon I leave to imagination. Some have said it is Mr. Haldane's, and others that it is Mr. Perks's.

"Another picture is one of a sort of gymkhana or 'all animals race' series, in which each competitor has to be in charge of a different animal. In this one Lord Rosebery won't be led by anyone, though there are a large number of willing hands stretched out to grasp the guiding-string."



ONE of a series of "all animals" gymkhana races. Rosebery is represented going by himself, although many hands are eager to get hold of the string.
"The Penguin starts on his own account in the 'all animals' race, and he doesn't want anyone to hold the string."

Mr. Gould invariably goes abroad during his holidays, but he does not forget to take his eyes or his pencil with him, in witness whereof I am permitted to call attention to the exquisitely humorous drawing of four Brittany peasants taking each other home with a good deal of "the clang of the wooden shoon."

"THE CLANG OF THE WOODEN SHOON."

The room in which Mr. Gould received me is, it is perfectly safe to say, unique. It was carried out from his own design, and some of its decoration is the work of his own hands. He calls it his Froissart room. The ceiling is divided into panels, and the intersections are ornamented with coats-of-arms of the Knights of the Garter of the fourteenth century mentioned in Froissart, whilst a plaque on the wood-canopied mantel represents the "Combat des Trentes," which is also mentioned in Froissart. The distinctive decoration of the room is the frieze, which is an adaptation of the Ellesmere figures of the Canterbury Pilgrims. The background is a warm terra-cotta, and on it the figures are superimposed. Instead of being painted on the wall, they were drawn and coloured on paper by Mr. Gould himself. They were then cut out and pasted in their place. This method, in addition to its simplicity, gives a clearness and sharpness which could not have been so well obtained in any other way. The "Pilgrims," who occupy the whole of one side of the room, represent the chief members of His Majesty's Government in the days before it was reconstituted. The leading figure, as one might expect, is that of the Right Honourable Joseph Chamberlain on a galloping steed or "a pushful horse," as Mr. Gould humorously describes it. He is followed by Lord Salisbury, after whom comes Mr. Balfour, carrying a golf club. Then comes the Duke of Devonshire, looking more than three parts asleep, the condition in which he is invariably represented by the caricaturists, and, happiest of happy touches, he is seated on a heavy and somnolent horse. The Lord Chancellor, looking like the Wife of Bath, follows the Duke and is succeeded by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, holding tightly to his Exchequer bag and looking very "black" over his shoulders at the Minister of War, who is following close behind him with an eye clearly directed to the money-bags.

MR. GOULD'S BOOK-PLATE—FROM A DESIGN BY HIMSELF.

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A Girl Who Couldn't.

By Richard Marsh.

I AM almost perfectly happy; but an unfaltering regard for the strict truth compels me to state that I am not quite. I wish I could conscientiously say that I was. But I cannot. I am aware that when a girl is engaged—especially when she is just engaged—her happiness ought to be flawless. And mine was until——

However, perhaps I had better come to the point.

It is not my fault if I cannot do everything. I can do some things. When I turn the matter over in my mind systematically, I feel justified in asserting that I can do a good many things. It is a well-known scientific fact that a Jack of all trades is master of none. Therefore it seems to me to follow as a matter of course that, because I can do the things which I can do, I cannot do the things which I cannot do. Nothing could be simpler or more obvious. We cannot all of us be Admirable Crichtons. And it is just as well that we cannot. And yet, merely on that account, I have lately suffered—well, I have suffered a good deal.

Nothing could have given me greater pleasure than the knowledge that Charlie had a mother and two sisters. When Mrs. Godwin—that is, his mother—wrote and said that Charlie had told her about the understanding he and I had come to—that she would very much like to know her dear son's future wife, so would I spend a few days with her in her cottage on the Thames, I was delighted. There was a note from each of his sisters, Bertha and Margaret, echoing their mother's words, and that also was very nice. I sat down then and there and replied to them all three, arranging to go to them on the Tuesday following. I had to go without Charlie. He was to have gone with me; and, of course, I had looked forward to our journey together in the train. But, at the last moment, he telegraphed to say that business detained him in town; would I go down without him, and he would join us on the morrow. I went without him. And on the whole I think I bore up very well, especially considering that, just as the train was starting from Paddington, a woman got into my carriage with two dogs, a parrot in a huge cage, bundles of golf clubs, hockey clubs, tennis rackets, fishing rods, and goodness only knows what besides; her belongings filled the whole of her own side of the compartment and most of mine. The last of them was being hustled in as the train was actually moving. As she was depositing them anywhere and anyhow—I never saw anyone treat her belongings with scantier ceremony—she observed:—

"I cut that rather fine. Don't believe in getting to the station before the train is ready to start; but that was a bit of a shave."

It was a "bit of a shave"; the marvel was that she succeeded in catching the train at all. I, disliking to be bustled, had been there a good twenty minutes before it started, so, although she might not have been aware of it, there was a flavour of something about her remark which was very nearly personal.

It was only after we had gone some distance that the dogs appeared—not a little to my amazement. One of them—which came out of a brown leather hand-bag—was one of those long-bodied, short-legged creatures which always look as if they were deformed. The other—a small, black animal, with curly hair—she took out of the pocket of the capacious coat which she was wearing. Directly she placed it on the floor of the carriage it flew at me as if filled with a frenzied desire to tear me to pieces. While it was doing its best to bark itself hoarse its owner removed a green cover from the parrot's cage, whereupon the bird inside commenced to make a noise upon its own account, as if with the express intention of urging that sooty fragment to wilder exertions. That compartment was like a miniature pandemonium.

"Don't let them worry you," remarked the mistress of the travelling menagerie.

But as she made not the slightest attempt to stop their worrying me I did not quite understand what she expected I was going to

"'DON'T LET THEM WORRY YOU,' REMARKED THE MISTRESS OF THE TRAVELLING MENAGERIE."

do. When the black dog got the hem of my skirt into its mouth and began to pull at it with its tiny teeth I did remonstrate.

"I'm afraid your dog will tear my dress."

"Not she! It's only her fun; she won't hurt you."

I was not afraid of the creature hurting me, but my skirt. The mistress's calmness was sublime. Suffering her minute quadruped to follow—without the smallest effort to control it—its own quaint devices, she was serenely attaching a new tip to a billiard-cue which she had taken out of a metal case. As if she felt that her proceedings might impress me with a sense of strangeness, she proffered what she perhaps meant to be an explanation.

"Always tip my own cue. I've got a cement which sticks, and I like my tip to be just so. If you want to be sure of your cue, tip it yourself."

Presently my Liliputian assailant passed from unreasonable antagonism to a warmth of friendship which was almost equally disconcerting. Springing, after one or two failures, on to the carriage seat, it deposited itself in the centre of my lap, nearly knocking my book out of my hands; and without a with your leave or by your leave, but with the most take-it-for-granted air imaginable, prepared for slumber. Perceiving which the short-legged dog, descending, in its turn, to the floor of the carriage, began to prowl round and round me, sniffing at my skirts in a manner which almost suggested that there was something about me which was not altogether nice. All of a sudden the parrot, which had been taking an unconcealed interest in the proceedings, discovered a surprising, and hitherto wholly unsuspected, capacity for speech.

"Don't be a fool!" he said.

Whether the advice was addressed to me or to the short-legged dog, I could not say. But it was so unexpected, and was uttered with so much clearness, and was such an extremely uncivil thing to utter, that I quite jumped in my seat. The lady with the billiard-cue made a comment of her own:—

"That bird's a magnificent talker, and that's his favourite remark."

When we stopped at my station, a girl, coming up to the carriage door, began showering welcomes on my companion and her creatures with a degree of fluency which pointed to an intimate acquaintance with all of them.

"Halloa, Pat, so you've come! Halloa, Tar!"—this was to the small black animal. "Halloa, Stumps!"—this was to the short-legged dog. "Halloa, Lord Chesterfield!"—this was to that excessively rude parrot, who promptly acknowledged the greeting by rejoining:—

"Don't be a fool!"

Then, seeing that I was only waiting for the removal of some of the impedimenta to enable me to get out, the girl exclaimed:—

"Are you Nelly Heywood?" I admitted that I was. "I'm Bertha Godwin; awfully glad to see you. This is Miss Patricia Reeves—commonly known as Pat. Great luck your coming down together in the

same compartment ; you'll be as intimate as if you'd known each other for years."

I was not so sure of that. More, I doubted if Miss Patricia Reeves and I ever should be intimate, as I understood intimacy. Still worse, I was disposed to be dubious if Miss Reeves's bosom friend could ever be mine.

A pony phaeton was waiting outside the station with another girl in it. This proved to be Margaret Godwin. She welcomed Pat—and Pat's etceteras—with as much

"SHE AND BERTHA IMMEDIATELY SET OFF AT WHAT STRUCK ME AS BEING A GOOD FIVE MILES AN HOUR."

effusion as her sister had done. There was a discussion as to what was to happen. Since the phaeton would hold at most three, somebody would have to walk. Miss Reeves insisted on being the someone, and she and Bertha immediately set off at what struck me as being a good five miles an hour. Until then I had supposed myself to be no bad pedestrian for a mere girl, but when I saw the style in which those two were covering the ground I was glad that I had been permitted to ride.

Margaret conversed on matters of which I, for the most part, knew little, and up to that moment had cared less. She talked of golf, inquiring, in an offhand sort of way, what my "handicap" was ; evidently taking it for granted that, in common with the rest of the world, I had a "handicap." I do not know what I answered ; because, as it happened, not only was I without that plainly desirable appurtenance, but I did not even know what she meant. Hitherto golf had not come into my life at all. But, fortunately, she chattered on at such a rate that she was able to pay no attention to what I said ; so that it did not matter what I answered. It appeared that she had recently been playing a "tie," or a "match," or a "game," or a "round," or a "skittle," or something — I do not know which it was, but I am almost certain it was one or the other—with a Mrs. Chuckit—I am sure of the name because it was such an odd one—in which, it seemed, she had met with an unparalleled series of disasters. From what I could gather she had been "stymied" and "bunkered" and "up" and "down" and "holed" and "foozled" and "skied" and "approached" and "driven," and all sorts of dreadful things. At least, I believe they were dreadful things ; and, indeed, from the emphatic way in which she spoke of them, I am convinced they were. One thing of which she told me I am sure must have been painful. She said that she got into a hedge—a "beast of a hedge" she called it—though how, or why, she got into it she did not explain ; and that no sooner did she get out of it—"which took some doing," so it shows it must have been painful—than back she went "bang into the middle" of it again, which seemed such a singular thing for anyone to do that, had she not been speaking with such earnestness and such vigour, I should almost have suspected her of a desire to take advantage of my innocence. Then, she admitted, she had lost her temper, which was not to be wondered at. If anyone had thrown me or "got" me into a hedge anyhow, I should have lost mine right straight off. The moral of it seemed to be that "the last hole cost her seventeen" ; though seventeen what—whether pounds or shillings—she did not mention, nor what manner of hole it could have been that she should have been so set on getting it at apparently any price. It was all double Dutch to me. But she rattled on at such a rate that I hoped to be able to conceal my ignorance, for I felt that if she

discovered it I should drop in her estimation like the mercury in the thermometer which is transferred from hot water into cold. Suddenly, however, she began to ask me questions which sent cold shivers up and down my back. What cleeks had I got? Whose "mashie" did I use? Did I care for a "heelless" cleek?

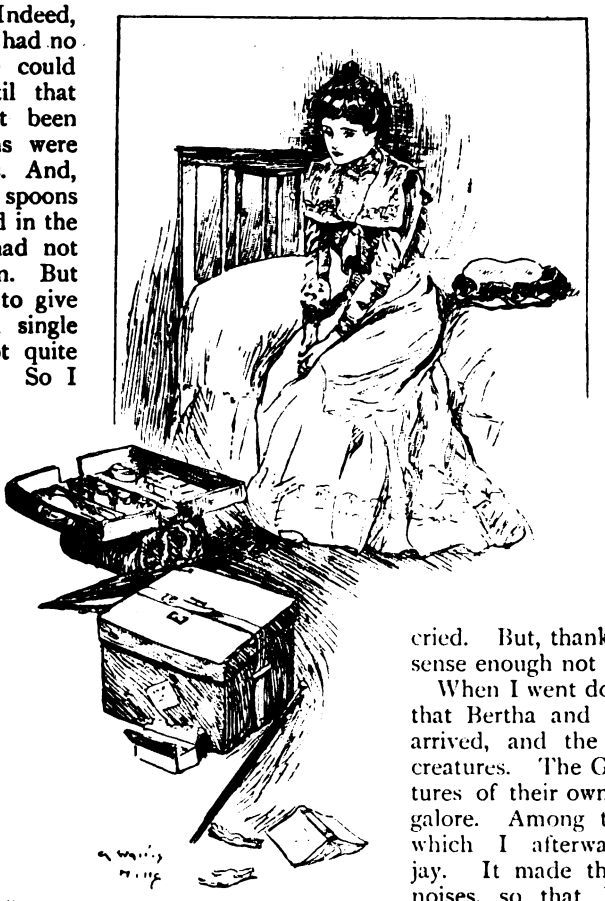
I fumbled with the inquiries somehow, until she put one which I had to answer.

"Do you do much with a brassey spoon?"

She looked at me with her grey eyes, which made me feel as if I was in the witness-box and she was cross-examiner. I did not do much with a "brassey spoon." Indeed, I did nothing. I had no idea what anyone could do. In fact, until that second I had not been aware that spoons were ever made of brass. And, anyhow, what part spoons of any kind played in the game of golf I had not the dimmest notion. But I was not going to give myself away at a single bound; I was not quite so simple as that. So I thought for a moment, then I answered:—

"I suppose that I do about as much as other people."

As a non-committal sort of answer I thought it rather neat; but I was not so clear in my own mind as I should have liked to have been as to what was the impression which it made upon Margaret. She looked at me in a way which made me wonder if she suspected.



"I CANNOT SAY THAT WHEN I GOT INTO MY BEDROOM I FELT VERY ECSTATIC."

Luckily, before she was able to corner me again we came to the house. In the hall a lady met us whose likeness to Charlie was so great that it affected me with something like a shock. She was his replica in petticoats. In his clothes she might easily have passed as his elder brother. It was Mrs. Godwin. She took both my hands in hers—standing in front of her relatively I was a mere mite—and looked me up and down.

"There isn't much of you, and you're ridiculously young."

"The first fault, I am afraid, is incurable. But the second I can grow out of. Many people do."

She laughed, and took me in her arms—literally lifted me off my feet—and kissed me. It was humiliating, but I did not seem to mind it from her; I had a sort of feeling she was nice. As I looked at her I understood how it was that she had two such athletic daughters. Charlie had never struck me as being particularly athletic, though he was so big and broad. But as I talked to his mother I began to realize with a sinking heart how little I knew of him after all.

I cannot say that when I got into my bedroom I felt very ecstatic. Without an unusual degree of exertion I could have cried. But, thank goodness! I had sense enough not to do that.

When I went down to tea I found that Bertha and Miss Reeves had arrived, and the luggage and the creatures. The Godwins had creatures of their own—dogs and birds galore. Among the latter was one which I afterwards learnt was a jay. It made the most ridiculous noises, so that I felt that Lord Chesterfield was justified in fixing it with his stony gaze and in observing, with serious and ceaseless reiteration:—

"Don't be a fool!"

The conversation immediately got into channels which I would much rather it had kept out of. Bertha began it.

"Nelly, you've just come in time. There's going to be a sing-song on the island to-

night, and as I'm getting up the programme I hope you'll turn out to be a gem of the first water. What'll you do?"

I did not know what a "sing-song" was. Bertha explained: "A sing-song? Oh, a kind of a sort of a concert, informal, free and easy, don't you know. All the river people turn up on the island—they bring their own illuminations—then some of us do things to amuse them. Will you give us a banjo solo?"

"I'm afraid I don't play the banjo."

"Not play the banjo? I thought everyone could make a row on the banjo. Can't you play it enough to accompany your own singing?"

"I'm afraid I don't sing."

"Don't sing? Then what do you do?"

"I bar recitations"; this was Miss Reeves.

"I don't care what you bar," retorted Bertha. "I'm going to recite—at least, I'm going to do a sort of a sketch with George Willis."

"I don't call that reciting."

"It wouldn't make any difference if you did."

I was rapidly beginning to learn that these people had a candid way of addressing each other which, to a stranger, was a little alarming.

"The question is, Nelly, what shall I put you down for? Will you give us a dance?"

"A dance? I don't know what you mean."

"A cake-walk, or a skirt-twirl, or a few steps—anything."

"Do you mean will I dance, all by myself, in front of a lot of strangers?"

"Yes; why not? Everybody does, if they can."

"I cannot, thank you."

"Then what can you do?"

"I have no parlour tricks."

"No what?"

"I have no parlour tricks."

I ought to have been warned by the tone in which Bertha put her inquiry; but I did not notice it until it was too late. Directly I had repeated my assertion I realized that I had said something which it would, perhaps, have been better left unsaid. They all exchanged glances in that exasperating way which some people have when they wish to telegraph to each other something which is not precisely flattering to you. Miss Reeves laughed outright; Bertha drummed with her fingers on her knee; Margaret observed me with her keen grey eyes; while Mrs. Godwin spoke.

"Isn't that one of those things, Nelly, which one would rather have expressed differently? Because, hereabouts, we rather pride ourselves on our capacity for what you call parlour tricks, and were not even aware that they were 'parlour tricks' in the opprobrious sense which you seem to suggest. I have always myself tried to acquire a smattering of as many of what I fancied were the minor accomplishments as I could, and I have always endeavoured—sometimes at the cost of a good deal of money—to induce my girls to acquire them, too. I have never felt that a woman was any the worse for being able to do things for the amusement—if not for the edification—of her friends."

I had not been so snubbed since I had been long-frocked, and to think that it should have been by Charlie's mother! I fancy that I blushed in a perfectly preposterous manner, and I know that I went hot and cold all over, and I tried to wriggle out of the mess into which I had got myself.

"I only wish I could do things, but I can't. I never have been among clever people, and I'm so dreadfully stupid. Hasn't Charlie told you?"

"Charlie has told us nothing, except—you know what. But Charlie himself is a past-master of all sorts of parlour tricks. Don't you know so much of him as that?"

Of course I did; I resented the suggestion that I did not. I was commencing to get almost cross with Charlie's mother. I was perfectly aware that there was nothing which Charlie could not do, and do well, better than anyone else. But it had not occurred to me that therefore his relations, and even his acquaintances, were all-round experts also. And I was not by any means sure that I appreciated the fact now, if it was a fact. It was not pleasant to feel that in what were here plainly regarded as essentials I should show to such hideous disadvantage. I should practically be out of everything; and no girl likes to be that, especially when her lover's about. Before long Charlie would be comparing me to everybody else, and thinking nothing of me at all.

It is possible that my doleful visage—I am convinced that it had become doleful—moved Margaret to sympathy. Anyhow, she all at once jumped up, and—I have no doubt with the best will in the world—by way of making things easier for me promptly proceeded to make them worse.

"Come along, Nelly, let's have some tennis. Run upstairs and put your shoes on."

"My shoes? What shoes?"

"Why, your tennis shoes."

"My tennis shoes? I—I'm afraid I haven't brought any tennis shoes."

"Not brought any tennis shoes? But, of course, you do play tennis?"

The question was put in such a way as to infer that if I did not then I must be a sorry specimen of humanity indeed. But, as it happened, I did play tennis; at least, after a fashion. We had what was called a tennis-lawn at home, the condition of which may be deduced from the fact that I had never imagined that it would be inadvisable to play on it in hobnailed boots if anyone so desired.

"Of course I play; but—I haven't brought any particular shoes. Won't these do?"

I protruded one of those which I had on. Margaret could not have seemed more startled if I had shown her a bare foot.

"Those! Why, they've got heels."

Miss Reeves went a good deal farther.

"And such heels! My dear girl"—fancy her calling me her dear girl! Such impertinence!—"sane people don't wear those Royal roads to deformity nowadays; they wear shoes like these."

She displayed a pair of huge, square-toed, shapeless, heelless, thick-soled monstrosities, into which nothing would ever have induced me to put my feet. I said so plainly.

"Then I'm glad that I'm not sane. Sooner than wear things like that I'd go about in my stockings. I don't believe that mine are Royal or any other roads to deformity—they fit me beautifully; but, at any rate, yours are deformities ready-made."

I did not intend to allow myself to be snubbed by Miss Reeves without a struggle. She was no relative of Charlie's. But she might just as well have been; because, with one accord, they all proceeded to take her part.

"My dear Nelly," said Margaret, speaking as if hers were the last words which could be said, "you are wrong. In shoes like yours you're a prisoner. You mayn't be conscious of it, and you won't be till you try others. Then you'll find out, and you'll be sorry that you didn't find out before. I want to be mistress of my feet; I don't want to be their servant. I wear shoes like Pat, and nothing would induce me to wear any other kind; I know better."

"And I," echoed her mother and sister.

There they were, all three displaying—with actual gusto—shoes which were facsimiles of those worn by Miss Reeves. They were probably the productions of the same expert in ugliness.

"THEY WERE ALL THREE DISPLAYING SHOES WHICH WERE FACSIMILES OF THOSE WORN BY MISS REEVES."

"You won't be able to do anything really comfortably till you wear them too; then you'll tell yourself what a goose you were not to have gone in for them ages ago. But you'll find Charlie'll soon win you into the ways of wisdom."

Charlie would! I should like to see

Charlie even dare to try. If I could not wear, without argument, shoes to please myself, then——

I imagine that Margaret perceived, from the expression of my countenance, that she had gone a little too far, because she said, in quite a different tone of voice :—

"Never mind about shoes. Play in those you have on, and I'll tell Jackson to give the lawn an extra roll in the morning."

If I had been wise I should have taken the reference to Jackson as a hint and slipped out of playing. But my back was a wee bit up, and I was a little off my balance, so I played. Of course, I made a frightful spectacle of myself. It did make me so wild.

"I HAD TO DODGE WHEN I SAW HER COMING."

Bertha and Margaret said they would play Miss Reeves and me — which I did not like, to begin with. Under the circumstances I felt that one of them might have offered to take me as a partner. They might have seen that I was commencing to regard Miss Reeves as if she were covered with prickles. Besides which, considering what I imagined I had come there for, and the position which I was shortly to occupy in the family, it did seem to me that they ought not to have paired me with a stranger. But, as they evidently preferred to play together, they plainly did not think it worth their while to study my tastes for a moment. So I was as sugary to Miss Reeves as I could be.

"I am afraid you have a very bad partner," I observed.

"I don't mind," she was kind enough to reply. "I expect you're one of those dark horses who are better than they choose to make out."

I tried to be, but I failed ignominiously. I do declare that I am not always so bad as I was then. But, as I have said, I was a little off my balance, and all I could do was to make an idiot of myself. Bertha served first; my partner suggested I should take her service. I took it; or, rather, I didn't take it. Bertha sent the balls so fast that I could scarcely see them; and then there was such a twist on them, or whatever you call the thing, that I could not have hit them anyhow. I did not hit them; not one.

"What horrid balls!" I murmured, when Bertha had made an end.

"You seem to find them so."

My partner spoke with such excessive dryness that I could have hit her with my racket. When it came to her turn to serve she asked me a question :—

"Won't you stand up to the net and kill their returns?"

No, I would not stand up to the net and kill their returns. I did not know what she meant; but I knew that I would not do it. And I did not. She herself played as if she had been doing nothing else all her life but play lawn-tennis. She was all over the place at once. I was only in her way, and she treated me as if I was only in her way. I had to dodge when I saw her coming or she would have sent me flying; more than once she nearly did. It was a painful fiasco so far as I was concerned; I have a dim suspicion that we scored nothing. When the game was finished she looked me up and down.

"Bit off your game, aren't you?"

"I'm afraid I am," I muttered.

I was too cast down to do anything else but mutter. There was a look in her eyes which, unless I was mistaken, meant temper. And she was such a very stalwart person that I had a horrible feeling that, unless I was very careful, she might make nothing of shaking me.

"Perhaps you're stronger in singles. I should like to play you a single; will you?"

"Thank you; some—some other time."

"Shall we say to-morrow?"

We did not say to-morrow. I would not have said to-morrow for a good deal. Margaret came to my rescue.

"You play Bertha. Nelly and I'll look on."

We looked on, while they performed prodigies. I had never before seen such playing. The idea of my associating myself with them was preposterous. As we watched Margaret was not so loquacious as I should have desired. In her silence I seemed to read disapprobation of the exhibition of incompetence which I had given. Moreover, when she did speak her remarks took the form of criticisms of the play; approving this stroke, condemning that, with a degree of severity which made me wince. It was impossible to sit beside her for many seconds without realizing that she regarded lawn-tennis with a seriousness of which—in that connection—I had never dreamed. Obviously, with her, it was one of the serious things of life.

Suddenly she hit upon a theme which was not much more palatable to me than lawn-tennis had been—in such company.

"Let's play ping-pong—you and me?"

"Ping-pong?" My heart sank afresh. It seemed in that house that games were in the air. "Wouldn't you rather sit here and watch them playing tennis? I like to watch them."

I would rather have watched anyone play anything than play myself. But Margaret was of a different mind.

"Oh, no—what's the fun of it? One gets rusty. Let's do something. Of course, ping-pong's not a game one can take really in earnest; but there's a tournament in the school-room on Wednesday, and I ought to keep my hand in. Come along and let's have a knock up."

We went along. She did not give me a chance to refuse to go along. She led the way.

"Of course you do play?"

"Well, I have played. But I'm quite sure that I don't play in your sense."

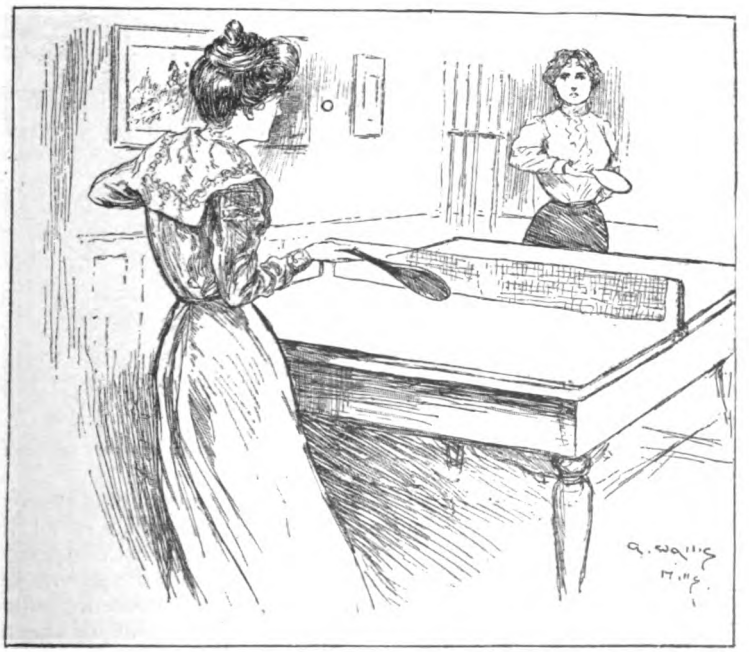
"Oh, everyone plays ping-pong; the merest children even. I maintain that it's nothing but a children's game."

It might be. In that case she would soon discover that I was past the age of childhood.

"Have you brought your bat?" I had not. "It doesn't matter. We've got about thirty different kinds. You're sure to find your sort among them."

A ping-pong board was set up in the billiard-room. On a table at one side were enough bats to stock a shop. I took the one she recommended, and we began.

Ping-pong is a loathsome game. I have always said it, and always shall. At home we played it on the dining-room table. The



"THAT WRETCHED LITTLE CELLULOID BALL WHIZZED OVER THE NET LIKE LIGHTNING."

boys made sport of me. They used to declare in derision that I played "pat-ball." I should have liked some of them to have played with Margaret. She would have played with them, or I err. I thought the serves had come in with disgusting swiftness at lawn-tennis: they were nothing compared to her serves at ping-pong. That wretched little celluloid ball whizzed over the net like lightning; and then, as I struck at it blindly, expecting it to come straight towards me, like a Christian thing, it flew off at an angle to the right or left, and my bat encountered nothing but the air. On the other hand, when I served, she smashed my ball back with such force that it leapt right out of my reach, or anyone's, and sometimes clean over the billiard-table. I had soon had enough of it.

"Hadn't we better stop?" I inquired, when, for the second time in succession, she had smashed my service nearly up to the ceiling. "It can't be very amusing for you to play with me."

A similar reflection seemed to occur to her. Resting her bat on the edge of the board, she regarded me in contemplative fashion.

"What is your favourite game?" she asked.

For some occult reason the question made me blush; so far, that is, as my state of heat permitted.

"AS I SURVEYED THE RESULT IN THE MIRROR MY SPIRIT BECAME CALMER."

"I'm not good at any; so I suppose I haven't a favourite game. Indeed, I don't think I'm fond of games."

"Not fond of games?" Her tone was almost melancholy, as if my admission grieved her. "That is unfortunate. We're such a gamey crowd; we are all so keen on games."

Her bearing so hinted that I had been the occasion to her of actual pain that it almost moved me to tears.

When I got up into my room to dress for dinner I was a mixture of feelings. It would not have needed much to have made me sneak down the stairs, and out of the house, and back to the station, if I had been sure of getting safely away. I could not say exactly what I had expected, but I certainly had not expected this. Charlie had always made such a fuss of me that I fear I had taken it for granted that, under the circumstances, his people would make a fuss of me too. Instead of which they had received me with a take-it-for-granted air, as if they had known me for years and years, and then had promptly proceeded to make me feel so unutterably small that I was almost inclined to wish that I had never been born.

I hated to be made to feel small. I hated games. I hated—during those moments in which I was tearing off my frock I nearly felt as if I hated everything. But just in time it was borne in to me how wicked I was. It was not their fault if I was a little donkey; it was my own. They were not to blame if I had allowed my education to be neglected, and had not properly appreciated the paramount importance of tennis and ping-pong and golf, and all the other—to my mind—somewhat exasperating exercises which came under the generic heading of "games." But as I proceeded with my toilette and surveyed the result in the mirror my spirit became calmer. At least, they none of them

looked better than I did. I might not be such an expert, but I certainly was not uglier than they were. And that was something. Besides, I was young, and strong, and healthy, and active. If I set myself to do it, it was quite within the range of possibility that I might become a match for them even at tennis and ping-pong. I did not believe that I was such a duffer as I had seemed.

No one could have been nicer than they were when I went down into the drawing-room—Miss Reeves actually was so nice that she took my breath away. They stared as I entered; then broke into a chorus.

"Well," began Bertha, with that outspokenness which seemed a family characteristic, "one thing's sure and certain, you'll be the beauty of the family. We shall have to show you as an illustration of what we can achieve in that direction. You look a perfect picture."

"A dream of loveliness," cried Miss Reeves. "Now, if I were a man you're just the sort of girl I'd like to marry. Even as a mere girl I'd like to kiss you."

She put her hands lightly on my bare shoulders and she did kiss me—on both cheeks and on the lips—there and then. It was most bewildering. I had not looked for that sort of thing from her. But Mrs. Godwin's words warmed the very cockles of my heart:—

"If you're as delightful as you look, my dear, that boy of mine ought to be a very happy fellow."

No woman had ever spoken to me like that before. It filled me with a lovely glow—made me even bold. I went close up to her and I whispered:—

"I should like to make him happy."

Then she drew me to her and she kissed me, laughing as she did so. It was really a most peculiar position for a person to be in. But I forgave them for making such an object of me at tennis.

After dinner Mrs. Godwin said:—

"Bertha, Margaret, and I will go over to the island in the dinghy, we being on this occasion the chief exponents of parlour tricks, and responsible for all the other performers of the same; and then, Pat, you and Nelly might follow in the punt."

At Mrs. Godwin's mischievous allusion to "parlour tricks" they all looked at me and laughed; but by now I was beginning to get used to their ways. I laughed too. A little while before I should have objected to being again paired off with Miss Reeves; but my sentiments were also commencing to change towards her. Mrs. Godwin went on:—

"We shall have to see that all things are ready and in order, so that you will have fifteen or twenty minutes before you need appear."

We saw them off; the garden ran right down to the water's edge. Then Miss Reeves proposed that, since there was no need to hurry, we should get into the punt and dawdle about upon the river till it was time to join them. The idea commended itself to me, although I was regarding the punt—which was moored alongside—with some misgivings. Incredible though it may sound, I had never seen such an article before.

But then I had never before been within miles and miles of the Thames except over London Bridge, and that kind of thing. I had never been in a boat in my life, whether large or small, on sea or river. Such was my ignorance that I had not been aware that women ever rowed, especially in little weeny boats all alone by themselves. The workmanlike manner in which Bertha and Margaret had rowed off with their mother had filled me with amazement; they had gone off with nothing on their heads or shoulders, or even their hands. They had a heap of wraps in the bottom of the boat; but it had not seemed to occur to them that it was necessary to put them on. True, it was a lovely evening and delightfully warm; but there were lots of other boats about, and it did seem odd that three ladies should start off in a boat all alone by themselves in exactly the same costume in which they had just been sitting at dinner.

"Hadn't I better put something on?" I inquired of Miss Reeves, who showed symptoms of a desire to hurry me into the punt before I was ready.

"Why?" she rejoined. "It'll be hot all through the night. You don't feel chilly?"

"No; I don't feel chilly, but——"

I looked about me at the strangers in the other boats in a way which she was quick to understand. She was shrewd enough.

"My dear Miss Heywood——" she paused. "I mean, my dear Nelly—I must call you Nelly, I really must—up here one regards the Thames as one's own private river. It's the mode to do, and to dress, exactly as one pleases. In summer, on the upper reaches of the Thames, one is in Liberty Hall. Step into that punt, if it pleases you, just as you are; or, if it pleases you, smother yourself in wraps; only do step in. Are you going to pole or am I?"

"To pole?"

She eyed me quizzically.

"Don't tell me that you don't know what to pole means."

"But I don't. How should I, when I never saw a punt before this second?"

"Dear me, how your rudiments have been neglected! Poling, you uninstructed child, with the stream and the right companion on a summer evening is the poetry of life. Jump inside that boat and I'll give you an illustration of the verb to pole."

She gave me one; a charming illustration, too. Certainly, lying on the bottom of that punt, amid a pile of cushions, while it moved smoothly over those glittering waters, under that cloudless sky, was delicious. And the ease with which she sent us along—just dipping the long pole into the stream, while the gleaming drops of water fell off the shining shaft.

"Well," she asked, "how do you like my illustration?"

"It's lovely. I could go on like this for ever, just looking at you. It shows off your figure splendidly." She laughed. "And it doesn't seem to be so difficult either."

"What doesn't seem difficult?—poling? It isn't. You only have to put it in and take it out again. Nothing could be simpler."

Of course, I knew that she was chaffing me, and that it was not quite so simple as that. But, all the same, I leaned to the opinion that it was not so very hard. And I resolved that when Charlie came, and he was there to teach me and to take a genuine interest in my education, I would try my hand. I suspected that I might look rather decent poling him along.

It was very jolly on the island. There were crowds of people, some of them gorgeous, some in simple skirts and blouses, but scarcely any of them wore hats—the men looked nicer than I had ever seen men look before. I came to the conclusion that the river costume did suit men. The "parlour tricks" were excellent; I became more and more ashamed of myself for having spoken of them as parlour tricks. Bertha and Margaret and Mrs. Godwin were splendid. I believe that the people would have liked them to have kept on doing things all night long. And no wonder. If I had only been a hundredth part as clever I should have been as proud as a peacock. Everything would have gone off perfectly, and I should have had one of the pleasantest evenings of my life, if it had not been for my stupidity.

When all was over I found myself in the punt with Margaret. She was kneeling at one end, arranging her music and things. Although it was pretty late there was a full moon in an unclouded sky, so that it was almost as light as day. All at once I discovered that we had got untied or something, and were drifting farther and farther from the land.

"We're going," I exclaimed.

"That's all right," said Margaret. "Pole her clear."

Evidently she, engrossed in affairs of her own, took it for granted that I was no novice—in that part of the world novices seemed to be things unknown. There were lots of boats about us; people were making laughing remarks about our being in the way; the pole was lying in the punt; Miss Reeves had handled it as if it were a feather. Here was an earlier opportunity to try my hand than I had anticipated; but surely until Margaret was disengaged I could act on her instructions and "pole clear." So I picked up the pole.

Two things struck me instantly: one, that it was much longer than it had seemed; and the other, that it was a very great deal heavier. But I had been so hasty that, before I realized these facts—though I realized them rapidly enough—the end of it was in the water. Down it went with a jerk to the bottom. Had I not hung on to it with sudden desperation it would all of it have gone. I wished it had! For while I clung to it I all at once perceived that, in some mysterious way, the boat was running away from underneath me. It was the most extraordinary sensation I had ever experienced, and so startling, and it all took place with such paralyzing swiftness. Before I understood what was really happening—before I had time to scream or anything—I found that I was actually pushing the punt away with my own feet—that I was standing on the edge of it—and, splash! I was in the river.

There was no water to speak of. It was quite shallow; only a foot or two deep. I was out again almost as soon as I was in. But I was soaked to the skin. And the worst of it was that I knew that not a creature there sympathized with me truly. All round me people were laughing outright—at me!—as if it were quite a joke. I could not see where the joke came in. Although Mrs. Godwin and the girls and Miss Reeves pretended to sympathize with me, I felt persuaded that even they were laughing at me

"THE BOAT WAS RUNNING AWAY FROM UNDERNEATH ME."

in their heart of hearts. More than once I caught them in a grin.

I did feel so wild with myself when I got between the sheets! All the same, I slept like a top. I seemed to have only been asleep a minute or two when I was disturbed by a knocking at my bedroom door.

"Who's there?" I cried.

"Come for a dip!" returned Margaret's voice.

"A dip?" I shuddered; she had roused me from the loveliest dream. "Where?"

"Why, in the river, child! It's a perfect morning for a swim!"

"In the river— for a swim? But I can't swim."

"I'm coming in," she cried. And in she came, rushing across the floor, putting her strong arms underneath my shoulders, raising me from the pillow. "I don't believe you can do anything, you little goose. But you're a darling all the same."

She kissed me three or four times, then dropped me, scurried back across the floor and out of the room.

I sighed and, I believe, I turned over and went to sleep again.

When I got down to breakfast I found that they had all been about for hours. There was a letter from Charlie lying on my plate. He wrote to say that he was coming down by the first train.

"You might go and meet him," suggested Mrs. Godwin. "Can you drive?"

They all grinned, but I did not mind; not a tiny bit.

"Can I drive?" I retorted, scornfully. "Why, I've driven since I was a little thing."

"And, pray, how long ago is that? Anyhow, if you can drive you might go to meet him by yourself."

I did, in the pony phaeton; it was lovely. When Charlie came out of the station my heart jumped into my mouth; especially when he took his hat off and kissed me in front of all the people. It was so unexpected.

As I drove him back I told him what an absolute duffer I was. He declared that, as for my not being able to do things, he would show me how to do them all, and he guaranteed—but I knew there was a twinkle in his eye—that soon I would do them better than anyone else. And I should not be surprised if he does teach me how to do some things. He has taught me such a deal already.

So, as I observed at the outset, although I am not quite, I am almost perfectly happy. And, after all, that is something, particularly as I dare say I shall be quite happy before very long.

By M. E. Braddon,

Author of "Fenton's Quest," "Run to Earth," "Hostages to Fortune," etc.

THERE are two evenings that will remain in my memory, vivid pictures of things that are past, so long as I have power to remember. One is the night of July 3rd, 1902, when Sir Henry Irving received the Indian Princes on the stage of the Lyceum, with a lavish splendour that well became the Oriental magnificence and the old-world dignity of his guests; while the other occasion is a night in the far-away forties, when on that same stage, which Sir Henry's army of stage-carpenters, upholsterers, gas-men, confectioners, and charwomen so rapidly transformed into a banqueting-hall, I watched, with childish wonder and delight, the transformation of pumpkin and mice to a fairy chariot drawn by a team of milk-white ponies; Cinderella's coach, glittering with gold, garlanded with roses. And Cinderella, a slim little person in a brown stuff frock, was Mrs. Keeley, then in her zenith; and I was a small child in white muslin and blue sash, and pig-tails like those of Miss Morleena Kenwigs. Those two nights were my first and last at the Lyceum Theatre; and between them lies a gulf of more than half a century.

As this little paper is to be purely egotistical, and to record my personal impressions of the theatre which is soon to disappear from our new London, I may be allowed to say that the Lyceum has never been to me quite as other theatres, but always something special—*etwas Apartes*—prettier, more artistic, more elegant, more altogether delightful; the house that never brought disappointment or satiety. Perhaps one of the particular charms of this theatre in the days of my youth consisted in the fact that I never knew it perverted from its legitimate function, never degraded by a miscellaneous entertainment, or turned to base educational uses by an orrery; while at the St. James's, in my early childhood, I had groaned under the infliction of Ethiopian serenaders and German conjurers, and had been too often taken to other theatres in the off-season, to hear Henry Russell, or to see live rabbits boiled in a hat, when I was pining for the enchantment of pantomime or play.

I began my career as a member of the playgoing public at an unusually early period, for I was born a deadhead, and my childhood was spent in that golden age for playgoers when the editors of important London newspapers had the disposal of a large number of free admissions to the best seats in the best London theatres. What the limit of those free admissions may have been I know not; but I can recall bulky double letters containing six dress-circle tickets, or ivory plaques which admitted two, and might be kept for a week; and I do not think my mother was ever refused the favour she asked from a nephew who was not only the ablest of editors but also the kindest of men. Theatre tickets in our family meant not £ s. d. but J. T. D.; and it is needless to say that J. T. D. was approached somewhat often on this subject; for let it be known by your friends that you are able to obtain orders for the play, and only those overworked daughters of the horse-leech can afford a parallel in rapacity. Rarely did my mother make the familiar request on her own account, but often and very often for the pleasure of other people; and, when a batch of dress-circle tickets had been obtained for

London friends, I, as a small child from the suburbs, was sometimes slipped in among them.

And so it happens that on one well-remembered night I am sitting in the dazzling circle at the beautiful theatre, and Keeley and Harley are acting the famous chapter in "Martin Chuzzlewit," where Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig are first convivial and anon quarrelsome over the little black teapot, a duologue that had been arranged for the two famous comedians. It is a long bill, for the performance begins with a comedy, of which I remember nothing; and then there is a ballet by Madame Somebody's troupe of children, that appealed more to my imagination, and has lived longer in my memory; and then come Sairey and Betsey, Sairey very short and stout, a little ball of a woman, and Betsey gaunt and thin; and from recrimination they pass to personal assault, with a trifle of clowning, such as even illustrious comedians will sometimes delight in, and the table is knocked over, and Sairey rolls upon the stage, speechless and irresistibly comic, and the scene is done; and then, oh then, comes the crowning glory of the night, Planché's burlesque of "Cinderella," so lightly touched, so elegant, so unlike modern burlesque; and Cinderella is Mrs. Keeley, and Alfred Wigan is the Prince; and the wicked sisters are not two bouncing low comedians, tumbling about in flounced petticoats, and knocking each other through cheval glasses, and showing an inordinate length of leg at every possible opportunity, redolent of the music-halls they lately adorned. Cinderella's wicked sisters in that night of the far-away forties are two of the prettiest women on the London stage. Even their names have an odour of elegance, Rondeletia and Patchoulia, after the fashionable perfumes of the hour; and they appear at the Prince's ball in *débardeur* costume, with velvet trousers, silk shirts, and powdered hair, and dance a *pas de trois* with the Prince. I can see the figures moving before me as I write, the smiling faces, the waving arms—and all are dead and gone! One—was it Rondeletia or Patchoulia?—was famous for her beauty and her grace; but she early vanished from "those garish lights" to a domestic life of tranquil happiness, which never courted the tumult and glitter of "smart" society.

CHARLES MATHEWS, WHEN MANAGER OF THE LYCEUM.
From a Photo. by Heath and Beau, Regent Street, W.

There is a gap in time between that night in Fairyland and a night of thrilling melodrama, when for the first time at a London theatre a play in seven acts, or tableaux, occupied the whole evening—a daring experiment which, I believe, was hardly a managerial success. The play was "The Chain of Events," an adaptation from the French, and altogether a noteworthy production from a spectacular point of view, including a scene of tempest and shipwreck, a picturesque French market-place, in which Madame Vestris and Miss Laura Keene, a handsome and clever young American actress, appeared as market-women; a fountain of real water, a night scene in Paris, and a ballet with Rosina Wright as *première danseuse*, and other stage pictures that years have dimmed, though the marked individuality of Charles Mathews as a light comedy villain, casual, offhand, *spirituel*, audacious, time has not blurred.

Of other productions during the Mathews management of the Lyceum I remember only "The Island of Jewels," a burlesque in which Julia St. George and Madame Vestris were the stars. Madame played a Prince of Fairyland, perhaps one of that accomplished *comédienne's* latest impersonations, when the dark menace of a fatal disease was overshadowing the brilliant and strangely chequered career.

Following on the grace and elegance of

the Mathews period came the era of Charles Dillon, and that admirable actor's performance of Belphégor the Mountebank, with pretty little Marie Wilton as the Mountebank's almost dying son, an impersonation so natural and so pathetic as to secure immediate recognition from the critics and the public, a *début* which placed the young actress at once in the foremost rank. The play was only a melodrama, and an adaptation "at that"; but the London of these modern days would, I think, welcome even a foreign melodrama if it told as tender and pathetic a story as "Belphégor the Mountebank."

MISS MARIE WILTON (LADY BANCROFT) WHEN APPEARING AS BELPHEGOR'S SON AT THE LYCEUM.
From a Photo. by Window and Grove.

On Charles Dillon's too brief occupation of the Lyceum succeeded the still shorter reign of Madame Celeste, who began her season with an adaptation of "The Tale of Two Cities." I was far away in the north of England during these two managements; and my next memory of the Lyceum is Falconer's eminently successful, but to me, personally, eminently boring, Irish drama, "Peep o' Day, or Savourneen Deelish"; and then came a new life, a new brilliancy, new fashion, and vast popularity for my beloved Lyceum, under the management of Charles Fechter, an actor in whose talents the artistic and literary world of London took a keen interest. His Hamlet was the most talked about of all his impersonations, but I must own to not liking him in "The Duke's Motto" or in "Bel Demonio," his manner of rolling large brown eyes round the auditorium, as if in search of admiring glances from other eyes, and his self-conscious attitudinizing, being altogether antagonistic to my idea of a great actor. It was not indeed until I saw him in "Ruy Blas" that I was able properly to appreciate his dramatic power. Well do I remember that performance, which was on the occasion of the manager's benefit, and the illustrious audience that had gathered to do honour to their favourite actor, among whom one figure stands out before all others, vivid in the light of genius that all the world loved. Conjured by memory from time and death, I can see the strong features, the animated countenance, the erect figure of Charles Dickens, standing up in his box, with his daughters at his side, to applaud his friend and *protégé*, as the curtain fell upon the tragic story.

MME. CELESTE WHEN SHE PRODUCED AT THE LYCEUM "A TALE OF TWO CITIES"

Fechter appeared also as Robert Macaire in the afterpiece, with dear Johnny Toole as his accomplice and *âme damnée*.

After that benefit performance of "Ruy Blas" and "Macaire," I remember the production of "The Long Strike," a drama of factory life, by Dion Boucicault, in which that admirable comedian, Widdicombe, surprised the West-end by his powerful acting in a highly dramatic scene; and I can recall the *première* of "Ravenswood," with Fechter as the gloomy Edgar, and Carlotta Leclerque as Lucy, very lovely, though somewhat plumper than one's ideal Lucy Ashton.

CHARLES FECHTER AS HE APPEARED IN "HAMLET" AT THE LYCEUM.
From a Photo. by J. and C. Watkins.

Kate Terry, whose charm as the heroine in "The Duke's Motto" had been an important factor in the success of that world-famous melodrama, was no longer adorning those boards, and was, indeed, on the eve of her happy union with Mr. Arthur Lewis.

In the autumn of 1868 the Fechter management had ended like a tale that is told; and the popular actor-manager, after a season at the Adelphi, was astonishing Paris by his performance of the villainous Obenreizer in "No Thoroughfare," a sensational play, founded on the popular Christmas story by Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins, which had been transferred from the Strand to the Boulevard. The Lyceum stage was then occupied by a powerful melodramatic actor, new to London, Herr Daniel Bandmann, whose German accent was by no means distasteful to a public that had so lately doted upon the Franco-German Fechter. He was young, and his handsome stage face and tall, slim figure were admirably adapted to the adventurous hero of Bulwer Lytton's romantic play, "The Rightful Heir," a new version of an early and unappreciated drama by the author of "The Lady of Lyons" and "Richelieu." Herr Bandmann was supported by his pretty and talented young wife, Miss Milly Palmer, who had made her mark as an *ingénue* in domestic drama.

HENRY IRVING, TAKEN WHEN HE WAS MAKING HIS FIRST SENSATION AT THE LYCEUM IN "THE BELLS."
From a Photo. by Elliott and Fry.

From the production of "The Rightful Heir" to a night in the summer of 1871, I have no memory of the Lyceum; but the details of the latter evening are as fresh in my mind as if it were only yesterday, when Colonel Bateman—the popular American lessee—ushered us to our box, expatiating by the way upon the marvellous success of "this young fellow" in "The Bells." Lord Lytton had seen the play upon the previous night, the manager told us, and he had pronounced the young actor's performance "a revelation." I believe that was the first time I heard that particular use of the impressive substantive, which has since had such a hard life in journalism.

"The Bells!" Through the mist of years the thrilling sound comes back to my ear, with all it held of mystery and wonder in that first night when the story of the play was still unknown. When did the opening of a tragic drama ever catch the attention of an audience better than that quiet dialogue in the tavern, the easy, casual talk about the murdered Jew, the severe weather recalling "the Polish Jew's winter"? And then there came the opening of the inn door, a glimpse of the snowy landscape in the moonlight, and the sudden entrance of the young actor, rapid, alert, every nerve vibrating with passionate life. Such acting was, indeed, a revelation! Fine acting there had been, and of the finest, before Henry Irving took the town by storm; but not since Edmund Kean's Shylock had the town seen the same creature of fire and light, the tragic force that lives in every word and every breath, and makes up the sum of that indefinable essence we call genius. That there was luck in the choice of the Erckmann-Chatrian story no one can

doubt, for never were player and play better fitted. The mysterious and the uncanny have been ever the chords that resound deepest and fullest to Henry Irving's touch. That impersonation of the undetected murderer, conscience-harrowed, supremely wretched, yet facing the world with a bold front, was indeed a revelation. Such impressions are unforgetable.

Many a brilliant "first night" do I remember within those walls—"Richelieu," "Romeo and Juliet," "Much Ado," "Twelfth Night," "Eugene Aram," "Charles I.," "Faust"—but perhaps best of all "Hamlet"; for in Sir Henry Irving's "Hamlet" I saw the first Prince of Denmark in whom the note of "unhappiness" was clearly struck, all previous Hamlets that I remembered having exhibited a certain masterfulness and swagger, and a sense of elation in having so fine a part to play, which the spasmodic assumption of abysmal gloom could not undo. Here was a man bowed to the dust by the galling consciousness of horrible things that he had no power to undo or to avenge: the despairing son of a foully-murdered father, the embittered son of a frail and faulty mother, the lover to whom love was a forbidden joy. Yet withal, even while wandering in this labyrinth of woe, the Royal upbringing, the Royal habit of mind, are firmly indicated. The man is every inch a Prince.

MISS ELLEN TERRY AND MRS. STIRLING IN "ROMEO AND JULIET" AT THE LYCEUM.

But the fiat has gone forth. The most famous actor of the last half-century is to find another stage. Will Drury Lane prove too spacious for the perfect exhibition of those subtle gifts? It is not the theatre one would choose for Hamlet, Mephistopheles, Charles I., but for Richard or for Shylock it may serve Sir Henry Irving as well as it served Edmund Kean; and there or elsewhere the town will follow the actor-manager whose career at the doomed Lyceum has been for thrice ten years the most potent influence in the dramatic world.

Illegalities of Football.

By C. B. Fry.

Illustrations from Photographs by George Newnes, Limited.

A WARNING, gentle reader! Please do not read this tale and then attend League match or Cup tie hoping to see a peep-show of the misdemeanours here described; that way lies disappointment. Indeed, you well might follow a dozen first-class games without detecting a solitary example of the graver sins. The peccadilloes and naughty ways unveiled below are collected from over fifteen years of football—good, bad, and moderate—and most of them, by far, come from the very moderate and the bad. In search of brazen law-breaking you must haunt the third or fourth-rate match in a rowdy district, where the players would sometimes atone for defect of skill and science by mere excess of roughness and deceit. The unscrupulous expert is not, alas! unknown to high-class football; but in general, as any competent authority will tell you, the better the player the more honourable the play. In games prowess and law are brothers, hand in hand; the law is, in truth, the verbal expression not only of what a game should be, but of what, with skilful play, it is. The law-breaker does but confess his own incompetence.

Another warning! Some players unite wisdom of serpent with innocence of dove. In fine, you will not reproach my friend George Molyneux, the International, and myself, who posed together for these pictures, and Harry Wood, the Southampton captain, who kindly supervised, with practising the wickedness we seem to know.

Law X. is the great one of the Association code, hatching a brood of precepts: "Thou shalt not trip thine opponent. Thou shalt not kick him. Thou shalt not jump at him. Thou shalt not push or hold him. Thou shalt not charge him in the back. Thou shalt not, unless in goal, handle the ball on purpose."

Tripping is defined as intentionally throwing, or attempting to throw, an opponent by the use of the legs, or by stooping in front of or behind him. But this stooping, technically known as ducking, is really not a trip, but an illegal method of charging, and falls properly under that head. Formerly the referee had no option in penalizing a trip; now, more rationally, he is permitted to distinguish between intentional and unintentional. As may readily be understood, when one player has the ball at his feet, dribbling it, and another is attempting to hook the ball away, the second player, with the best intentions in the world, may miss the ball, either by his own maladroitness or by the elusive skill of the possessor, and, instead of hooking away the ball, may drag his opponent's legs from under him. In fact, this very often happens. To distinguish is not easy. A good referee passes over many apparently intentional trips in the case of a player whom he knows to be thoroughly honest and sportsmanlike. Similarly, players who have earned themselves a reputation for unfairness are often penalized for trips they by no means intended. Character tells here as everywhere. But since a trip, even if unintentional, is a real drawback to the player who suffers it, there is no injustice in the award of a compensating free kick. A player, noted for consummate skill, was once suspended for fighting on the field. He explained it thus: "I jist drew Tam's fuit fra' under him, wi' the ball; he wa' awfu' scaert, an' I jist said 'Com' an.'" He had red hair.

Of intentional tripping the motive is simple: your opponent is effectually out of action when prone on the ground. A wing sprinter is away, and I so plant my foot as forcibly to obstruct one of his legs for just an instant; in that

1.—NOT A TRIP, BECAUSE THE BALL IS PLAYED.

brief instant he bites the turf. Q.E.D. or F. But players fall by Newton's law quite fairly. Often a man is apparently tripped when really he is not tripped at all. If one man is going fast with the ball at his feet and another plants his foot firmly against the ball, the first man having his feet brought to rest by the obstructing ball often continues his original state of uniform motion—on to the turf. This, though annoying, is, however, not a trip; for the tackler has played the ball and not the man (1).

2.—THE HOOK-FOOT TRIP.

There are several species of trips. Perhaps the commonest is by the "hooking foot," and is effected rather like the interlocking of sticks at hockey (2). It can be done to your opponent when he is standing still. I remember an opponent who hooked me over six times in a game, each time after I had kicked the ball far down the field, and referee and players had followed it away and I stood watching. He came from behind. It was quite simple, and kindled a rowdy crowd to a frenzy of delight. But this trip is usually practised on a man as he runs. You hook him up in his stride. Another sort of trip is when you come up from behind and twirl your leg in front of your opponent's ankles after the manner of a wrestler. This is fairly common. But both these kinds are rather obvious and rarely escape punishment. The most artistic trip is when, running alongside your adversary heel to heel, you just give his back foot a snick, so that you either disturb his progress by imparting to him a rotary motion, or else cause him to knock his back foot against the other as he swings it forward; and he trips himself!

3.—THE ARTISTIC SNICK-TRIP

(3) Tableau! You need not use your foot; a touch with your shin or knee suffices for the gentle tap required. The most obvious trip of all, perhaps, comes from an abortive spread-eagle tackle, when the tackler shoots out one leg flat on the ground and performs a sort of splits in front of the man with the ball; but it has the disadvantage of looking like a trip even if you secure the ball. And, besides, the runner may jump your leg and leave you stranded in a very silly posture. Not to mention the free kick.

Pushing and holding and handling are contrary not only to the law, but to the special nature of the Association game, which consists in not using the arm below the shoulder-joint at all, whether to impede your adversary or to play the ball.

Pushing, in its most primitive form, consists simply in shifting your opponent out of the light or away from the ball with a straight shove of one or both arms. The triceps shove, I call it. In its grosser form, when *you* shove and

he goes over, it is too easily detected to be of value. But when there is a jumble and men are at close quarters there is many an opportunity of giving your opponent a push sufficiently strong to disturb his balance or throw him out of gear, without extending your arm in any obvious and eccentric manner. This sly pushing, I blush to relate, is not absolutely unknown among less scrupulous players. Many men, however, who naturally run with their arms stiff in front of them, cannot in running into you help impeding you with their arms as they come at you. This, though not intentional pushing, is really illegal. But some players I have known make a practice of impeding you with their arms. Suppose you are running side by side for the ball, they fling their near arm rigid and stiff across you, and thus prevent you from going ahead. The device keeps you just the fatal few inches behind in the race; you cannot get clear unless you part company with your unscrupulous opponent and make a wasteful *détour*. This case might be called the "barrier arm" (4). Jabbing with the elbow is another and rather painful form of pushing. Years ago I often met a famous forward who, when you ran neck and neck with him, each trying to ride the other off, kept pummelling you in the chest with his near elbow; he worked his fore-arm backwards and forwards like the piston of a locomotive. Whether on purpose or not I do not know, but he was never to my knowledge penalized. To these jabs I would have preferred one honest hack on the shins, and done with. Another species of push, in appearance very like the "barrier arm," but really different, I call the "lever push." Your opponent throws his arm across you and then presses back upon you, so that he not only drives you back but lifts himself forward. A very useful dodge when a player is jammed between two others; he cannot then legitimately use his weight in both directions; so he uses his arms one on each side, like a pair of oars, and rows himself forward. Your bodies are the fulcra, his body the weight, the muscles of his shoulder the power, and his arms two straight levers. An effective dodge, if the referee is behind, but easily discernible from in front. Another species of push is this: you charge a man or hustle him quite fairly with your shoulder, but as he yields way you continue your charge by following through with your upper arm, forcing it outwards against him. This illegality is only now and then detected.

4.—THE BARRIER ARM—A METHOD OF PUSHING.

The above are offensive pushes; there is also a defensive. Against one well-known player I defy you to drive your shoulder home; with clasped hands he makes for himself a protecting hoop, a sort of torpedo-net, of his two arms (5). Your shoulder always meets this semi-rigid, semi-elastic arm-hoop. He holds his fore-arms as a lady does when she challenges you, a strong man, to pull her finger-tips asunder. I have never seen him penalized for the trick, which, though harmless enough, is still illegal.

Another minor and harmless but none the less illegal practice, which falls under the head of pushing, is that of using your opponent's shoulders as a *point d'appui* as you jump up to head the ball.

All the players in an Association game should do their best to make themselves armless. Some players, quite unintentionally, are much too "armful." One

5.—DEFENSIVE PUSHING: THE ARM-HOOP.

brawny young professional, a very honest player, but clumsy and obstructive with his arms, was always being hauled up for pushing. He was heard to remark, "I'll have to git sawed off at t' shoulders, like them hancient Hammerzens!"

Holding is another "armful" failing which the footballer must learn to abandon; or else run away and play Rugby, where, as a method of detention, it is both valuable and legal. I do not remember ever seeing in "Soccer" a full-blown "Rugger" tackle, low or high, with two encircling arms round ankles, knees, waist, chest, or neck. But some years ago, when I had been playing Rugby all the season and came suddenly into an odd Association match, I surprised myself and a fleet outside-left by placing one arm round the front of his waist as he was slipping past me. And the referee saw and whistled! And the crowd saw and made cat-calls. "Gar'n back to Blackheath," was the mildest comment. But the Rugby one-hand grab, the sort that tears your jersey from waist to neck, though rare, is not unknown in Association; an effective, but not a finished or elusive, method of detention. A grab much less pronounced suffices to detain a man for the necessary instant. When players are hustling one another it is quite easy for one to grip the other, or, as often happens, both of them each other, by a fold of the shirt, or by the top rim of the knickers. You sometimes see two players, the ball just out of reach, neither of them apparently able to budge an inch towards it; as though both were retained on invisible wires like marionettes. In thronged positions this kind of holding often evades justice. I remember once being made rather ridiculous. Close to our goal the opposing centre-forward was dribbling the ball at his ease; four yards on one side was I, apparently glued to the chest of the opposing inside-left. The centre-forward scored at his leisure. I was helpless; the inside-left had inserted his right forefinger in my belt, and with flexed arm pinned me to his side (6). It looked as though both of us were hustling each other in a particularly useless way, considering the crisis. In reality I was pulling away from him with all my might. In a couple of seconds I struggled free; too late. This hold I call "the inserted finger"; it has a fair number of goals to answer for. Another sort of holding might be called "the vice" (7). Sometimes in a hustle it happens that one player's arm weaves beneath that of his opponent, and the latter has merely to press his own arm tight to his side in order to imprison the former's hand or wrist. And not the least subtle point in this artifice is that it often appears as though the injured party were either gripping or pushing the real delinquent. I remember once seeing an unscrupulous forward, who in a hustle was pushing an opponent at full arm's length, caught very neatly in the vice. His pushing hand happened to rest just under his opponent's armpit; the latter, closing on it, staggered out of the *mêlée*, dragging the shover after him and loudly claiming "foul." His prayer was answered; and the goal,

6.—HOLDING BY THE INSERTED FINGER.

7.—"THE VICE": A METHOD OF HOLDING.

which meanwhile had been scored, was neutralized. Of course, both players had sinned, but justice had its due. Artistic holding is very hard to detect, except by the parties immediately concerned; especially when two players fall together and the man underneath holds the one on top to prevent him rising. And both men on the ground, holding can be done not only with the hand but with the leg; for you can make of your own leg a "dead-fall," pressing down on one of your opponent's limbs (8). Once during a Corinthian tour, in a northern match, played on a quagmire where you could not see your boots (in fact, the players seemed to stand on feetless stumps), one of our half-backs and a hostile forward fell together, the latter across our comrade's legs. The game swept to the other end, eighty yards away. But there they remained wallowing, as though for pleasure, like buffaloes. Some minutes after the forward rejoined the game, his face as black as ink, rolling the whites of his eyes and using language. "The beggar," explained our half-back, "would not let me up, until I ducked him."

8.—THE DETAINING LEG, OR DEAD-FALL.

For football purposes the term "hand" covers the whole arm from shoulder-point to finger-tips. Handling the ball means playing it intentionally with any part of this elongated hand. Formerly the law gave a free kick whenever the ball, even by chance, hit a player's hand or arm: this was absurd, because such inadvertent touches in no way favoured the offending party. Nowadays the referee uses his discretion and only penalizes what he considers an intentional use of the football hand. On occasions sly work is done with an apparently innocent hand; but the new rule is far the better. Under the other, suppose near goal the ball bounded against your elbow, the other side enjoyed an undeserved free kick. It used to be argued that keeping your arms out of the way of the ball was part of the game. But often a man simply cannot avoid the ball, and a goal resulting from a free kick given for a useless and unintentional "hands" is most perverted justice.

The common case of intentional hands is when a player traps the ball with his hands as it passes him, or knocks it down into control as it bounces about. In a barrack near goal this trick often serves to arrange the ball for a shot. In a rush near goal the final touch is often more readily administered with hand or fore-arm than with head or boot. Such play is a special case of handling, known as "knocking on." You sometimes, too, see a wing-forward hook the ball back into play with his hand just as it bounces out across the touch-line (9). But the linesman usually sees this, and either signals the ball "in touch" or informs the referee of the handling, according as the ball was in or out at the moment it was struck. Before the penalty kick was instituted unscrupulous backs and half-backs were addicted to punching out from goal-mouth. The old free kick for "hands" near goal was not very dangerous, since the defenders always had time to pack the goal with an impenetrable phalanx.

9.—HOOKING IN FROM TOUCH.

10.—SHEER CARRYING: THE BRACKET FORE-ARM.

Now and then you see a player pass the ball to another with a "knock on"; but the trick is too palpable to be of any value. Sheer carrying is very rare; I have seen it only once. Then, from a *mêlée* near goal, the centre-forward, making a bracket of his fore-arms, gathered the ball at the top of its bounce and chivvied between the posts (10). In fine, he breasted a clever goal. Appeals were fruitless; the referee was miles away behind. As we returned, dissatisfied, for the kick-off, I said, "Well, you got a goal, but not by football." "Ye daftie," retorted the centre-forward, with an indulgent smile and a jerk of his thumb at the referee, "*he* couldna' see." That forward played for Scotland.

The goalkeeper, of course, may use his hands. But he may not, under pains of a free kick, actually carry the ball for more than two strides. Once upon a time he could run as far as he liked in his own half of the field, bouncing the ball up and down on his hand, dandling, or, to use the stricter slang, "babying" the ball (11). This shift, however, has now been brought within the meaning of the verb "to carry." If a goalkeeper hits the ball up into the air far enough to lose control of it; if, that is, he has to make a real effort for his second punch, he is not reckoned to have carried. Again, he is still at liberty to run as far as suits him in his own half of the field, bouncing the ball up and down on the ground, as a child plays with an india-rubber bouncy. But this procedure is risky, because the attacking players can get their feet to the ball bounced on the ground; whereas in a case of "babying" it is out of their reach.

11.—"BABYING" THE BALL.

12.—THE CALF-KICK: A RELIC OF BARBARISM.

"Thou shalt not kick thine opponent," seems almost an otiose commandment; included, one would think, under the general law forbidding dangerous

13.—"DOWN-SHINNING"—A SPECIES OF HACKING.

play. But in primitive football kicking, in the limited sense of hacking on the shins, was permissible; so the express law against it is, I suppose, a relic of barbarism. Kicking an opponent on purpose is a gross offence, which none but a very brutal player, or one irresponsible through temper, would perpetrate. Some years ago, when, though hacking was illegal, the laws were not so stringently enforced, an evil-minded opponent sometimes kicked you on the calf (12). This not only hurt, but almost paralyzed the limb. One of the greatest dribblers proved so slippery in a semi-final Cup tie that his northern opponents gave up trying to stop him and went for his calves. But the "calf-kick" against the man you cannot stop or catch, though not unhistorical, is barbarous in the extreme. If you want to get hacked, play in a local match with village yokels who do not know where they are slinging their heavy, untimely boots! A shin of my acquaintance to this day bears the remains of a twelve-year-old goose-egg. Never again!

One form of hacking quite common, but not often recognised as illegal, is what I call "down-shinning" (13). When one player—for choice a back—is kicking at the ball an opponent hastens up and extends his boot, apparently with the intention of smothering the ball as it is kicked, but really not aiming at the ball at all; for he holds his foot so that the kicker's leg, as it follows through after the ball, may strike against the knobbed sole. This is painful, and is responsible for many a bruised shin and many a beef-steak ankle.

Fair charging sometimes looks rather rough, but it is part of the game, when not of the unnecessary or bashing order. Referees nowadays are very down upon forcible charging, however fair; but this strictness is in the right direction. There are, in chief, two fair methods of charging—with the shoulders and with the hips. In one case you impinge upon your opponent with the point of your shoulder, your arm tight to your side (14). This method rarely hurts a man, however vigorously applied, though it may shake him up. It hurts most when both parties, like a pair of butting rams, stop dead on impact. In the other case you charge with the hip and upper part of the thigh, which you urge forward just at the moment of meeting (15). It hurts sometimes, for the hip-bone is very hard. Some men, especially Scotchmen, are bony points all over when you meet them. Don't charge that sort.

14.—A FAIR SHOULDER CHARGE.

Unfair methods of charging are ducking, kneeing, jumping, and charging in the back.

15.—A FAIR HIP CHARGE.

Ducking is now included under trips; but it resembles the trip only when you stoop low in front of a runner, for him to take a header over you. This you will not readily attempt, because the chances are his knee will catch you a painful dig as he strides it forward. The ducking charge (16) is usually brought to bear from sideways or behind, and is a distinct charge. Its superior efficiency over an upright method is that you catch your man lower and upset his balance more easily. But the duck is so obvious as to be a bad egg: you are sure to be penalized and you gain nothing except the old-fashioned advantage of, perhaps, hurting your man. The trick is almost obsolete.

16.—A DUCKING CHARGE FROM BEHIND.

17.—A JUMPING CHARGE.

Jumping means jumping at a player with feet or knees (17): it does not mean leaping into the air to head the ball. As a rule it is the trick of a funk who dislikes a fair straight charge; otherwise, it is a sheer attempt to do grievous bodily harm. It is obviously dangerous. The jumper lands on your thighs, or, worse still, in the pit of your stomach, with his knobbed boots or sharp knees. The jumping charge is happily rare, even among the roughest players. To jump without being seen taxes the wickedest ingenuity. The proper punishment for it, as for all intentionally dangerous play, is—"Off the field."

Kneeing is another dangerous practice which should be treated likewise. It consists of raising the knee as you meet your man and using it like the ram of a battleship (18). Unfortunately, unless very clumsily done, the risk of detection is small, because often only a sideways view discovers the malpractice. A knee hurts horribly; and some are sharp! And the worst of it is, it catches you either on the front of the thigh, producing the bruise of the big extensor muscles which is known as "a pope"—the bruise that makes you walk very old and slow for days—or else it takes you in the stomach or in the small of the back, poor places to receive a hard-pointed ram. No player would wilfully knee twice in a game were I the referee. A free kick does not meet my view of this offence.

Charging in the back (19) is a contentious point. The law is that you must not charge a man in the back unless he is not only facing his own goal but also wilfully impeding you. Formerly the second clause of the proviso was not in the law. It is, of course, quite right to make an offence of charging in the back; it is a dangerous charge. But, unfortunately, the law has in practice been interpreted to mean, "Thou shalt not touch with thy body, run into, or otherwise meet thine opponent in the back,

18.—KNEEING: A WICKED TRICK.

no matter how lightly." Consequently, unscrupulous players have come to play for being charged in the back. The ball is kicked in the air, two men of opposite colours are beneath it. Promptly both turn their backs on one another, each hoping the other, in his endeavour after the falling ball, will be found guilty of charging in the back. A free kick is cheap at the price. To my mind, a charge is a charge; an accidental and harmless rustle against a man's back is not a charge. Really, if a player purposely manœuvres to make another player run into his back, he ought to be cautioned for ungentlemanly conduct. Is he not making himself a stumbling-block for the innocent, that the innocent may offend?

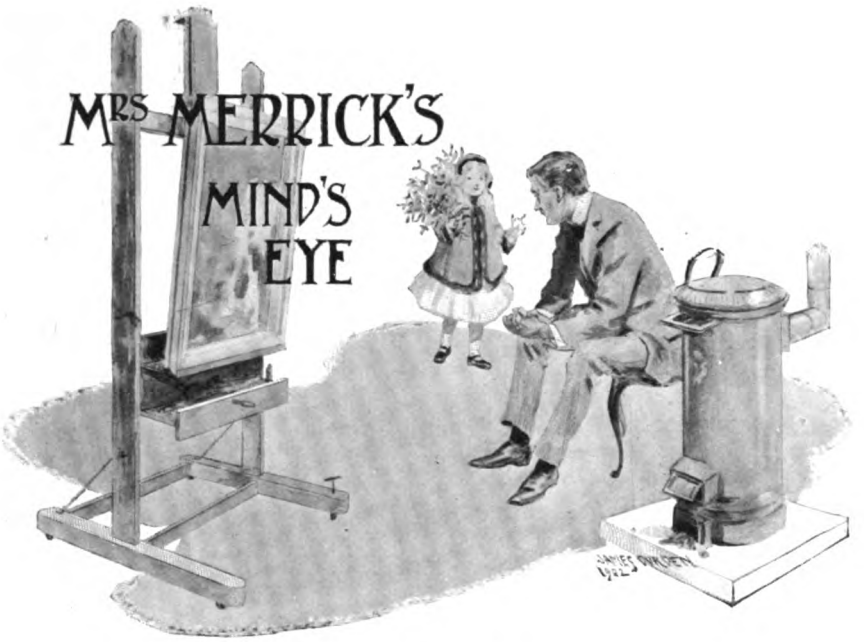
19.—CHARGING IN THE BACK.

The "throw-in from touch" involves several peccadilloes. The thrower must face the field squarely, keep some part of both feet on the touch-line, and deliver the ball fairly over his head with equal force of both hands. In my early football days the thrower might do what he liked provided he kept both hands on the ball and did not cross the touch-line. But with this freedom the thrower practically had a run-up, and could fling with one hand, using the other merely as a retaining dummy. Certainly, in this style, some half-backs learnt to project the ball a marvellous distance; in fact, with throwers like Hugh Wilson, of Sunderland, a throw-in from any point within some thirty yards of the corner flag was as good as a free kick. Wilson could drop the ball into goal-mouth. Hence the modern limitations. An illegal practice, which sometimes occurs now, is lifting one foot in a sort of one-legged jump at the moment of throwing; but the linesman, specially concerned to watch throws-in and with no other claim on his attention, rarely misses so patent an evasion of the law. Even now, however, the one-handed throw (20) sometimes escapes the eye of authority. To compass it the thrower takes the ball back over his head with a tortuous action of the arms, and in bringing it forward manages to use one hand alone; the front hand merely presses the ball against the other, with which the thrower is able to effect something between a sling and a put. But as the half-back who reveals a power of making noticeably long throws is watched with extra care, there is no great scope for his unlawful skill.

20.—THE ONE-HANDED THROW.

The goalkeeper is the Consul of football. His person is sacrosanct, or nearly so. He must not be charged unless either actually holding the ball in his hands or himself aggressively impeding an opponent. This, provided he does not stray outside the rectangular goal-area of twenty yards by six. In days when he was not thus protected it was common, while the ball was dropping from a lofty shot, to see the goalkeeper gazing aloft with a scared face and two imploring hands, aware by his sense of hearing that a heavy forward was charging full tilt at his defenceless chest. The picture was pathetic. W. R. Moon, the famous Corinthian goalkeeper, once came nobly out of such a quandary. The ball was dropping towards the extreme left-hand top corner of the net. Moon stood in the centre of his goal, gazing upwards, the while a thirteen-stone forward was rushing at him. Forward and ball arrived at the same moment, but Moon had slipped aside and fisted the ball out. We extricated a puffed and angry forward from the goal-net. Newton's First Law again! But Moon on this occasion outraged another law — the law of gravity.

MRS. MERRICK'S MIND'S EYE



By Winifred Graham.

MRS. MERRICK was very old, and Mrs. Merrick was blind; yet despite age and infirmity she absolutely teemed with romance. Enjoying her quiet country life, she still thrilled under the soft influence of Nature, revelling in the warmth and sunshine of summer, and welcoming the glad Yuletide with almost childish excitement.

She loved Christmas and New Year, and there glimmered an ever-glorious spark of youth in her soul, a fund of sympathy, which alighted especially upon the little people whose small feet stood by the brink of life's deep river.

Her particular friend, Evelyn Maurice, was the tiny, flaxen-haired daughter of an artist who sold sufficient works of art to keep his wife and child from absolute penury.

True, they were obliged to discard the velvet-limbed goddess Luxury, and Mrs. Maurice, who herself had been reared in comfort and ease, was forced to bring Evelyn up in an atmosphere of Spartan frugality. The child, healthy, happy, and light-hearted, knew nothing of the cares besetting her parents' path, of the scheming to make two ends meet, and the nipping chill to genius which Albert Maurice frequently experienced.

It was Christmas Eve, and Evelyn, with ruddy cheeks and eyes aglow, trotted off to Ivy Lodge, Mrs. Merrick's cosy domain.

A widow and childless, she lived alone, surrounded by old and faithful servants, who worshipped the very ground she trod on, and would tell such tales of her goodness that many a wondering eye followed the frail, white-haired lady as she drove through the pretty village of Biddlesthorpe.

Evelyn bore on her shoulder a bough of mistletoe, and the rosy little face looking up through the green made a picture to set an artist's pulses beating with a thrill at the sight of Nature's delicate handiwork.

She paused before starting on the doorstep of her own small house, glancing towards her father's studio. He loved the quaint, dull-green plant with its soft white berries, and she thought she must spare him a spray for his button-hole from the magnificent bunch she was bearing as a Christmas offering to Mrs. Merrick. Tapping gently on the door, she peeped in.

Albert Maurice was seated by the stove, coughing. He looked strangely pale and emaciated, as he turned at the sound of his child's light footfall.

On an easel that childish face lived again with its fluffy halo of hair, waist deep in golden corn, pushing her way through the ripe ears of grain and plucking at scarlet poppies. So vivid, so life-like, the canvas appeared, that the eye was forcibly attracted and held riveted by the spirited painting of sun-bathed youth in a field of splendour.

"Daddy, I've brought you a sprig of mistletoe for Christmas," cried the cheerful little voice, "and, oh! I *do* want to-morrow to come—because—because——"

She stammered in her excitement, unable to get the words out fast enough.

"Because?" interrogated her father.

"We're going to give mamma our present," pointing eagerly towards the picture of herself. "I didn't mind standing a bit, though my legs did ache, for I knew she'd be so pleased when Christmas morning came. You haven't let her see it, daddy? It is to be quite—quite a surprise!"

The man winced as he drew the little figure to his side.

"Baby," he said (for he always called her "Baby"), "I had to tell mamma about it after all, and she wants me to sell the picture—the picture of you, my sweetheart! The doctor came this morning, and he told her my cough was worse, that I must go abroad. She cried when he left, because she thought we should not be able to raise the money. To stop her crying I showed her the picture of you, and she blessed it, little one, with the tears still running down her cheeks. She said that perhaps it might save my life."

Evelyn looked very grave now, for the whole complexion of Christmas had altered. The thrill of expectation, the glory of the glad to-morrow, the mystic music of the festive season, faded to a minor key. The pink cheeks paled, and there was a nervous trembling of the rose-bud mouth.

"Poor daddy," whispered the child, putting her soft face against his. "You didn't want the picture to go away, but if mother would rather, and if it makes you well, we'll just forget about our Christmas surprise."

She was trying to make the best of things, this baby philosopher, who felt for the first time the ugly grip of poverty's hand, marring the bright prospect of surprising mother. Illness and death were but shadowy phantoms, beyond the limit of her knowledge or understanding—strange mythical demons without reality, bad dreams which would fade with the carrying out of the doctor's orders.

Kissing her father she stole away, still bearing her burden of mistletoe bravely on her shoulder. But it was now with a sorrowful tread she wended her way towards Ivy Lodge. Unconsciously the elasticity deserted those small feet.

A side-door leading from the garden generally remained unlocked, and the child had Mrs. Merrick's permission to come and go at will. No need for those little hands to ring a bell or sound a knocker; Evelyn's welcome was always assured. She had meant to creep in and surprise the old lady by kissing her suddenly under the mistletoe, but now the spirit of fun lay dormant, slumbering awhile under the influence of sorrow. Mrs. Merrick held out her hand lovingly, and drew the child into her arms, as Evelyn laid the bunch of mistletoe at the old lady's feet.

"I thought," explained the childish voice, "that perhaps you would like Maria to hang the mistletoe over your chair as it's Christmas Eve, and you will be able to see it—with your mind's eye."

Mrs. Merrick's "mind's eye" was always a subject of serious discussion with Evelyn. It was wonderful what that eye saw! Even father's pictures were appreciated and discussed when fully described, so that the mysterious orb had full opportunity of judging their merits or defects.

Mrs. Merrick used the expression casually once in connection with a sunset which Maria, her maid, pictured to her in glowing terms.

"I saw it with my mind's eye," she afterwards told Evelyn, and the term took a great hold upon the child's imagination. From that moment she talked to the old lady of this unseen eye in so quaint a fashion that Mrs. Merrick enlarged upon the idea with her usual love of fantasy and romance.

"What has your mind's eye seen lately?" Evelyn asked, nestling closer.

This was generally her first question when she wished to be entertained.

The old lady's voice sounded strangely weak as she replied, though a happy expression of absolute contentment beautified her features, making her look almost unearthly in the twilight.

"It saw Christmas, clad in the sparkling garments of nearly eighty years ago, when I was a small wee child, and looked upon life as a fairy tale. The world used to be very white at Christmas-time in those good old-fashioned days, and we sleighed half the

winter through, for the seasons kept in their right places then, and there was no 'shilly-shallying.'"

"I suppose," said Evelyn, wistfully, "you had surprises?"

Her mind was running on the picture; she still felt hurt and sore that mother's surprise was spoilt.

"Yes, yes, surprises by the dozen. The fairies came to visit us, and old Santa Claus filled our stockings to overflowing. Our mistletoe boughs grew presents as thick as berries on every sprig. Perhaps Santa Claus will come to you, my child, for I believe he still visits the earth, though I am told the twentieth-century children no longer believe in him. Often he is so frightened by their cynicism he passes in his reindeer carriage without stopping to fill their stockings. When this happens the parents are so sorry they sometimes impersonate him, and that is why so many modern girls and boys will tell you he does not exist at all."

"'SANTA!' SHE CALLED, 'SANTA, ARE YOU THERE?'"

Evelyn listened with breathless interest. She felt her heart-beats quicken, the blood mounted to her head. Her fingers tightened over Mrs. Merrick's withered hand.

"Perhaps," she gasped, her face lighting up with hope, "perhaps he would buy daddy's picture and give it to mother for a surprise after all."

Mrs. Merrick looked puzzled. Even with her mind's eye she could not follow the gist of Evelyn's speculations.

"When I was a child," she replied, "I always called to Santa up the chimney and told him what I wanted, and my reasons for wanting it. Why don't you try that plan now? Christmas Eve is the right time. Only speak loudly, for he is old and does not hear distinctly."

Tremulously, yet with an eagerness that made itself felt in every nerve of the blind woman, Evelyn crept on tip-toe to the fender, glowing with ruddy embers that sent bright flames crackling up the chimney.

"Santa!" she called — at first softly, but remembering the warning raised her voice — "Santa! are you there? Well, just listen, please, because I know you're a little deaf."

Mrs. Merrick bent forward, her hand behind her ear. The mind's eye, so dear to Evelyn, certainly saw at that moment a childish figure kneeling on the white hearthrug, a child whose wondering gaze turned upwards to the chimney.

"It's like this," continued the agitated voice, in piping accents; "daddy's ill and the doctor says he must go away, so he has to sell the picture he did of me, instead of giving it to mamma for a Christmas present. I'd be ever so glad if you would buy it, and put it in mamma's stocking if you happen to be our way to-night. Oh! I am afraid it would be much too big to go in a stocking, but you might just drop it through the window—that would do quite as well."

The fire hissed round a great log, and seemed singing in reply. An eerie sensation gripped Evelyn's heart: she fancied a grey

old man in a scarlet robe looked down at her from the dark tunnel above. Instinctively she drew nearer Mrs. Merrick for protection.

"Do you think he heard?"

The question was put in a whisper; the old lady nodded and smiled.

"I expect," she replied, "he will fancy you live here and stop at this house instead. I will hang my stocking up, and you had better come round to-morrow morning and take the stocking home if there should be anything in it. I have not hung up my stocking for more than half a century."

Mrs. Merrick's voice quavered; if her mind's eye could have shed a tear it would undoubtedly have done so at that minute. The other two eyes were hidden behind dark glasses, which Mrs. Merrick usually wore when she sat near the fire.

"Do you know, little one," she said, "I think I shall see soon."

Evelyn started—the words filled her with surprise.

"Really see—see everything?" she queried. "When will it be? Before New Year?"

Mrs. Merrick stroked the child's silky hair.

"I don't know; any day now—any day!"

"Oh! I am so glad. Mamma will be glad, and daddy thinks it's awful to be blind, though perhaps he doesn't remember about your mind's eye. Do you think you will see to-morrow, or on New Year's Day, or—or—even to-night?" The child spoke with breathless eagerness.

"The old year," murmured Mrs. Merrick, "will pass out with failing sight and feeble steps, while the New Year, young, bright-eyed, and sprightly, trips in, to remind us there is always a beginning, even at the end. Possibly, little one, the New Year will bring me sight; he will creep gently to my side and kiss my eyelids with his rose-bud mouth. Then I shall see the flowers again and the eternal beauty of a land where it is everlasting New Year."

Evelyn listened wonderingly, a great joy at her heart. The impersonation of a small, elf-like New Year, which would be born when the joy-bells rang, was as real to her as the mythical coming of a red-robed Santa Claus, only perhaps the tiny yearling stirred her pulses with a softer—a more mysterious thrill, that vague maternal spark which may slumber even in the breast of a child.

"HER YOUTHFUL SPIRITS ROSE AS SHE UNLATCHED THE GARDEN GATE."

Certainly Year New was full of possibilities—New Year held wonders untold!

The weather seemed to have taken Mrs. Merrick's remark to heart, for there was no "shilly-shallying" on Christmas morning. Crystal fingers hung from every twig, graceful icicles, companions in beauty to silvery evergreens, whose leaves were painted white with delicate hoar frost.

Evelyn, thrilled by the excitement of yesterday's memories, pilgrimaged to Ivy Lodge in search of Mrs. Merrick's stocking. Her sympathetic little soul divined that, in spite of this festive season, her parents were

not really happy, though they smiled when they caught the child's wistful eyes fixed upon them.

"Of course," Evelyn told herself, "father was fretting about the picture." Christmas had been spoilt by the doctor's decree—that man of medicine having appeared like the demon in the pantomime to mar the beauty of the fairy tale. Yet somehow Evelyn knew the fairies were abroad that morning, and her youthful spirits rose as she unlatched the garden gate, tripping with light feet across the threshold of Ivy Lodge.

Mrs. Merrick always stayed in bed till lunch, but Evelyn was allowed access to her room. The house seemed strangely quiet as the little figure entered.

No sign of the faithful Maria, who always stayed with her mistress when the other servants were in church.

Evelyn ran upstairs, humming a Christmas carol to herself.

"She is just like a little bird in the house," Mrs. Merrick had often remarked. "It makes me feel young again when I hear those small feet pattering over the floor."

With eager fingers the child carefully turned the handle of Mrs. Merrick's bedroom door. The blinds were drawn, and in the shaded light Evelyn could see the old lady lying with closed eyes upon the bed. Stealing softly to her side, she whispered cheerfully:—

"A merry Christmas, Mrs. Merrick!"

The old lady made no sign; evidently her sleep was deep and heavy.

The child held her breath, for just at that moment her eyes fell upon a bulging stocking, crowned by a bunch of bright-coloured crackers, slung to the bed-post by cherry ribbons. Attached to the crackers dangled a label with Evelyn's name written in a big, clear hand, which suspiciously resembled Maria's fist.

But Evelyn only knew that Santa Claus had called after all, and possibly she might find in the mysterious depths of the elongated receptacle some answer to her request of Christmas Eve.

"Mrs. Merrick! Mrs. Merrick!" she gasped, excitedly; "he sended—he sended it. Oh, look!—look!"

She forgot grammar, forgot caution, forgot even that her good old friend was blind and could not look, as she flourished the precious discovery in front of the sleeping woman. Surprised at still receiving no reply, Evelyn communed with herself for a moment, hugging the treasured stocking close to her palpitating little breast.

"Mrs. Merrick must be very tired to sleep so soundly!"

The child went close—close to the slumbering form, and, bending down, kissed the withered cheek. At the touch of those warm young lips the old lady stirred and a smile broke over her face.

"Dear little Evelyn," she murmured, "what have you found?"

She spoke drowsily, still smiling, as the eager voice explained that the stocking was full of parcels — really, really full to the top.

Mrs. Merrick felt a responsive note of joy in her heart, which gave to the glad season its full flavour of festivity and charm as she listened to the wonderful intelligence.

"Full to the top!" she said, half incredulously. "And for one tiny girl like you! Dear me, Santa must love you very much. Let me feel, to make sure. Yes, yes; quite overflowing, and no mistake. You must carry it home just as it is, for your parents will like to see what is inside. Run as fast as your legs can carry you, but don't drop the stocking on the way. There might be something very valuable inside. I heard Santa Claus come in last night, and I spoke a few words to him. He told me he had made a compact with the New Year, who is still lying curled up somewhere in the clouds, and together they decided to try and give everyone their greatest wish, either on Christmas or New Year's Day. I must have been dreaming, I think, for I saw such a beautiful country—a country of light."

Evelyn gazed at the unseeing eyes, reading Mrs. Merrick's thoughts. The child knew that she was hoping for that wonderful piece of good fortune of which they had talked the previous evening.

The old lady was evidently tired, for she dismissed her little visitor with another warm kiss, urging her to guard the stocking carefully on her way back.

Small need of this warning, for the two chubby hands grasped their prize in a fervent caress, while an almost agonizing eagerness to explore the contents gave wings to those swift feet. At the foot of the stairs she met Maria with a gentleman, the very same gentleman Evelyn vaguely associated with the demon in the pantomime.

"Gracious, child, you haven't been upstairs, surely, disturbing Mrs. Merrick at this hour in the morning?"

Maria's tone of censure in no wise perturbed Evelyn, for she remembered the deep sincerity of Mrs. Merrick's kiss.

"I went to fetch the stocking—the stocking that Santa Claus filled last night! I came early because Mrs. Merrick said perhaps she would be able to see soon. Do you think she will see by the New Year? It is her greatest wish, and—and she told Santa about it; you know, he has made a compact with the New Year."

"SHE DISMISSED HER LITTLE VISITOR WITH ANOTHER WARM KISS."

Evelyn was quite sure Maria and the doctor must also be in Mrs. Merrick's confidence. She looked up at them with her face all aglow, and such an expression of earnest inquiry in her innocent eyes that the doctor bent down and patted the little shoulder.

"Make your mind easy," he said; "your good old friend will soon 'receive her sight'—probably by the New Year."

He spoke reverently, and Maria, listening, wiped away a tear, at the same time smiling on the child, lest the sight of her emotion should dim the joy of that young heart.

The glad news rang in Evelyn's brain like music as she hastened homewards. What did the presents or anything matter, now that Mrs. Merrick would assuredly see? The child fancied every hungry little bird, peeping through frozen bushes, chirruped the good tidings.

The delightful anticipation made the prospect of New Year a thing of joy beyond all words, sending Evelyn's blood dancing through her veins with a thrill of grateful excitement.

She burst in upon her parents, and stammered out the cheerful tidings, her cheeks still flushed, her eyes sparkling. Mrs. Maurice looked inquiringly towards her husband. He put his fingers to his lips.

Why damp the child's high spirits by explaining the true meaning of the doctor's words? Why draw a cloud over the sun which shone so brightly for Evelyn at that moment?

As the child talked, telling of her visit to Ivy Lodge, she pulled the dazzling gifts of

Santa Claus from their snug resting-place, with fresh exclamations of surprise and delight for each attractive gift. Right at the bottom she espied an envelope and, holding it up, asked her mother to read the writing.

"It is addressed to daddy," said Mrs. Maurice.

Evelyn took the mysterious missive to her father, trembling suddenly with delirious hope.

"I told Santa about your picture," she gasped. "I told him up the chimney. Perhaps this is an answer. Oh! please open it quickly, daddy—quickly!"

Albert Maurice broke the seal; apparently he had caught the child's infectious excitement, for his hand also trembled.

From out the envelope some crinkly paper fluttered. Mrs. Maurice, who was leaning over his shoulder, gave a little cry.

"Five hundred pounds!" she gasped; "a bank-note for five hundred pounds!"

"FROM OUT THE ENVELOPE SOME CRINKLY PAPER FLUTTERED."

Enclosed, a short letter explained.

"I wish," wrote the old lady, "to purchase the picture of Evelyn and present it as a Christmas offering to Mrs. Maurice. I am making the dear child my heiress, and beg that under the circumstances you will not allow pecuniary difficulties to hamper your movements, if the doctor thinks a change advisable for your health. I feel the end is near for me, and Evelyn has brightened my life, so that through her eyes I saw the world as a pleasant picture, a place of sunbeams. Your little girl may some day realize that she herself was 'Mrs. Merrick's mind's eye.'"

The writing, cleverly manipulated by means of a frame, wavered across the page, but the weakly-formed letters were in reality tinged with the beauty of kindness, shining like pure gold upon a letterpress of heartfelt love, of deep, unsullied devotion.

A tear fell on Albert's hand, and looking up he saw his wife struggling to conceal her emotion, that the child, playing on the ground with her toys, might guess nothing of the great issues at stake.

Evelyn only heard that glad exclamation: "Five hundred pounds!"

"When will we take daddy away?" asked the little voice; and already it seemed that the land of summer was miraged in Mrs. Maurice's eyes.

"Oh! soon—very soon—within a few days, darling," she answered, softly. "We shall watch him growing better every hour; won't that be splendid?"

"Yes," murmured the child, with a deep sigh of content; "we *shall* have a happy New Year, sha'n't we, mother?"

"A New Year," replied Mrs. Maurice, "to be remembered all our lives; a New Year of blessings untold! You do not know what it means at present, but some time, when you are older——"

"Santa really didn't make any mistake," broke in Evelyn. "He meant the stocking for me, though he left it at the wrong house! Wasn't that funny of Santa?"

The child laughed light-heartedly, and the sound of her laughter heralded the coming of brightness, leaving the dark night of poverty in shadowy mists behind.

For it so happened that, as the bells rang out to herald the birth of the New Year, Mrs. Merrick reached that land which travellers in this earthly valley see only with their mind's eye.

TAPSTERS.

BY LEONARD LARKIN.

"HO! Tapster!" cried the inn-frequenting gentlemen in the old drama; and it would seem that sometimes the tapster didn't come quickly enough, and was soundly rated in consequence. A deal of things have changed since then, and nowadays the tapsters come upon us unbidden, much too quickly and much too often, spite of dodging. For, of course, when I headed this article "Tapsters" I didn't intend to write about barmen, but about the numberless persons who persistently try to "tap" whomsoever they can run to earth; the verb "to tap" implying an attempt to extract coin of the realm in exchange for nothing—unless you count a purely ornamental promise.

All sorts of fraternities are banded into clubs and associations nowadays, and there are a number of seedy gentlemen hanging about the Strand and Fleet Street, not to mention other places, who might well join forces under the title of the Persevering Society of Woodpeckers; for they tap everybody, hopeful or hopeless, so industriously and persistently that I am sure not one of them would draw the line even at the hollow beech tree celebrated in the song; indeed, when things are a little slack I sometimes observe them trying to tap each other, and after such a desperate attempt as that—well, a hollow beech tree, or even a solid boot-tree, would seem almost promising.

Tapsters are not all of that sort, of course. Some tap without offering any promise at all, and some tap for charitable purposes. And the promise, too, when there is one—the promise is not always the same. At one end of the scale is the ingenious and insinuating "Please, Mr. Jones, can you give mother change for a shilling, and she'll send in the shilling next week?" of the little girl in the shop, and at the other end the plain and unsophisticated "This 'ere fist's a month in 'orspital, an' this 'ere other one's sudden death; if you don't stand a quart you'll 'ave 'em both!" of the hooligan bandit. Between these two promises lies a vast field for variation and diversity, and great opportunity for the exercise of imagination. The tapster newly begun business—and in this particular trade it is often the novice who does best, being unsuspected—the budding tapster of old acquaintance, only just come down in the world, and wearing a suit of clothes good enough for the pretence, will ask you, casually, if you have change for a fifty-pound note about you. Probably you haven't. At this the tapster will seem startled, surprised, annoyed, and puzzled. He will say that one can't pay a cabman with a fifty, and that it would be unwise to trust the man with it to get change; which is true enough. He will meditate on his difficulties for a moment, and then, struck with a sudden and brilliant idea, he will say, "Ah! I tell you what! *Lend* me a sovereign. See?"

In these circumstances I advise you not to see; but if see you must, then see the fifty-pound note.

There is a more impudent sort of tapster than this—the well-dressed tapster who never saw you before in his life, but pretends he is an old friend. "Halloa, old chap!" cries the tapster; "who'd have thought of seeing you? Why, you've been a stranger ever since——. But there, I'm in a hurry now. Where will you be this evening?"

Perhaps you weakly confess that you will be in your rooms, wondering the while how you can have forgotten the name of this old acquaintance.

"Good!" cries the tapster, heartily. "I'll run round and look you up. We'll talk over old times together. Good-bye till then." The tapster turns as though going, but hesitates, and feels his waistcoat-pocket. "By the way," he bursts out, rushing back at you hurriedly, "lend me a sovereign till I see you this evening. I've come out without a cent!"

The thing is done with such a bewildering dash that sometimes it succeeds; the victim, perhaps conscious of a bad memory for faces, perhaps persuaded that he really does remember seeing the tapster somewhere else, parts with the coin before he has time to collect his sober senses. And yet the remedy is so easy; so easy that I applied it myself—and I am not what is called a ready-witted man—on the only occasion on which the dodge was tried on me. I was in a hansom, and the tapster, with every demonstration of delight in the recognition, rushed into the road waving his stick, and so stopped the cabman.

"Why, how *do* you do?" cried the tapster, grabbing at my hand. "Are you going to the club?"

It was a good guess, though easy, for it was just about lunch-time. I didn't remember the face, but there are a great many men in a club, and at that time I had never heard of the tapster's dodge. "Yes," I said, "when I have made a business call."

"That's capital. I've got something rather good to tell you about, but I'm in a hurry now. How long will you be there?"

"Till about half-past two, I think."

"That'll do—I'll be there by two. Ta-ta! But—I say, lend me half a sovereign till then, will you?"

I think my eyes opened a trifle wider. "Till you come to the club?" I asked.

"Yes; at two."

"And will you bring the half-sovereign then?"

"Of course I will!" My old acquaintance looked a little hurt.

"But," I asked, "*what club will you bring it to?*"

That was a "nobber." He tried to bluff with something like "Oh, you know—the old place"; but as several clubs are old places, and mine doesn't happen to be one of them, I expressed an apprehension that he might carry my half-sovereign to the wrong club. Whereupon, with an uneasy grin, he dropped off the step of the cab and I saw him no more. He has not been to the club yet.

There is a kind of tapster who preys on young journalists green to Fleet Street. He haunts tavern snuggeries in the back settlements of that neighbourhood, and he subsists wholly on taps (of two sorts)—or at least on what proceeds from them. He patronizes his victims with an affable swagger that is thought to be Bohemian, and they begin by supposing him editor of the *Quarterly Review*. When that illusion fails it is succeeded by a sort of vague impression that he writes the first leader every night in the *Times*; and when at last it becomes apparent to the greenest comprehension that he performs no more exhausting labour than an occasional gentle tapping, varied by the intermitting elevation of a pot slightly above the level of the chin, then they fall back on the conviction that he is an unfortunate genius, neglected by an inappreciative world, and probably the victim of professional jealousy. But the tapster goes on tapping and tapping, and the taps in the tavern go on running in the hopeless task of alleviating his thirst; and at last, in some bewildering medley of taps that the Cock Lane Ghost might envy, the green young journalist stumbles on the truth and grows suddenly less green than before.

But meantime he has gaped at many wonderful tales told by the tapster. "What! Didn't know Tennyson? Well, that sounds odd to an old stager like me. We all used to know old Tennyson. Pity you didn't know me before he died—I'd have introduced you; interesting chap, rather. Well, when I was sporting editor of the *Saturday Review*, Tennyson used to do the prize-fights for the *Athenæum*. There was a big fight once up in the wilds of Hertfordshire—Nubbly Bits and Patsy Smuggers, and as good a set-to as ever I saw. It seems the police were put on the track, and the party got chased about from one place to another—Tennyson nearly got caught once—so that it was pretty late when they were thrown off the scent and the fight was brought off at last. Well, when the fight was over—I won a fiver off Tennyson over Nubbly Bits, and

"WHAT! DIDN'T KNOW TENNYSON?"

precious angry he was to lose—we were miles off a railway station. Both our papers were going to press next day, and in those times the *Athenæum* was very particular about having its fights up to date. All the other press-chaps started off at the double for the railway, but Tennyson hung back and I stayed with him. I knew he had some game on, but I couldn't guess what it was. When he found he couldn't shake me off he confessed that he had a time-table in his pocket, from which he knew that the other fellows, having to go eight miles across country, would be sure to lose the last train, which went in an hour. As for him, he had spotted two donkeys in a field, and he meant cutting straight for London and the *Athenæum* office on one of them. So, as he couldn't get his donkey without showing me the way, we shared those donkeys between us, and a ripping fine gallop we had in the moonlight, steeplechasing all the way to London. Tennyson got pounded up in a cemetery once, and I might have left him and had the scoop all to myself, but I thought that would be rather rough on him, the donkeys being his own idea. So I waited while he found a soft place in the hedge and backed his donkey through it, and off we went again. It cost me something, too, for Tennyson won his fiver back in a bit of a race we had along the Barnet road, through my donkey taking fright at a white pump and pitching me over his head. Tennyson had a bit of a cropper, too, through his donkey sitting down suddenly and letting him slide off behind, into a ditch. First time I ever pulled a Laureate out of a ditch, I give you my word of honour. Well, we turned up all right at last, and a precious fine stir we made at the *Athenæum* and *Saturday Review* offices, with our donkeys dead-beat and our clothes all plastered in mud, and Tennyson with only one boot, having left the other in the ditch. But he got most out of it, after all, for he used the idea of that donkey-ride for his celebrated poem, 'How We Brought the Good News from Aix to Ghent,' and made a pot of money out of it."

Here, perhaps, the green beginner would venture to hint that he had supposed Browning to be the author of the poem in question. But no greenhorn could ever floor the tapster. "Browning!" he would exclaim. "Not a bit of it. Don't you believe it. His name was put to it, of course, but he paid Tennyson for that—I said Tennyson made a pot of money out of it, you know. Browning often used to do things like that—half his poems are what he paid us chaps to do for him. But you didn't know Browning, did you? Old pal of mine, Browning. By the way, got half a crown about you?"

There are varieties even among the tapsters of Fleet Street. I have heard of one who boldly took on himself the name of an author whose first book had been immensely

successful, and went about tapping on the strength of it, sometimes on the plea that he couldn't get his royalties till next month, at others on the representation that his publishers had swindled him and were paying nothing. In consequence several innocent persons lent small sums to a distinguished novelist who never heard of the transactions.

The plain and open tapster who accosts you in the street purely to beg may generally be known by an amazing over-politeness in opening the conversation. He is the only person I know who begs pardon for taking the liberty of speaking to you, and by this sign you shall know him. They all begin by begging pardon for taking this not so very rare liberty, but only the duffers go on straightway to tap. The proficient tapsters approach the tap sideways, so to speak. Something like this, with a quick touch of the hat-brim :—

"BEG PARDON, SIR, I'M SURE I 'UMBLY BEG YOUR PARDON."

"Beg pardon, sir, I'm sure I 'umbly beg your pardon for takin' the great liberty of speakin' to you in a public thoroughfare like this, which I am quite aware it is a great liberty, sir, though trustin' you will kindly pardon the great liberty of a pore, 'ard-workin' man, sir, in takin' the great liberty of askin' if this street is the 'Aymarket, sir?" (Or the way to the Strand, or the day of the month, or something.)

You answer the question, but you don't stop the stream of apologetics. "Thank you kindly, sir," pursues the tapster, pouring out the words like Mr. Grossmith in a patter-song; "thank you kindly, sir, if you'll so far pardon the liberty of a pore, 'ard-workin' man, sir, in askin' the question, which unfortunately I was forced to take the great liberty, sir, through bein' out o' work eighteen months an' nothink to eat since last Toosday fortnight, sir, upon my word of honour, which nothink but the cries for bread of fourteen young children in arms would prevail on me, sir —so igstreme kind as you've bin to me, sir, which I shall never forget —to take the very great liberty, sir, in a public thoroughfare, of askin' which is the nearest work'ouse?"

If once more you give him information instead of coppers, you only provoke another speech of the same sort, for he can go on like that for a deal longer than you want to listen. It is only in the extreme that he will directly ask for money, though I fancy that it is merely caution that marks his guarded way, as they say in the lyric; for if accused of begging by some watchful policeman he can always plead that he was only asking a harmless question. And the questions are endless in variety. I give my solemn word that I was once buttonholed by one of these seedy tapsters with the apologetic request that I would tell him the number of stars on the national flag of the United States! This is a simple fact.

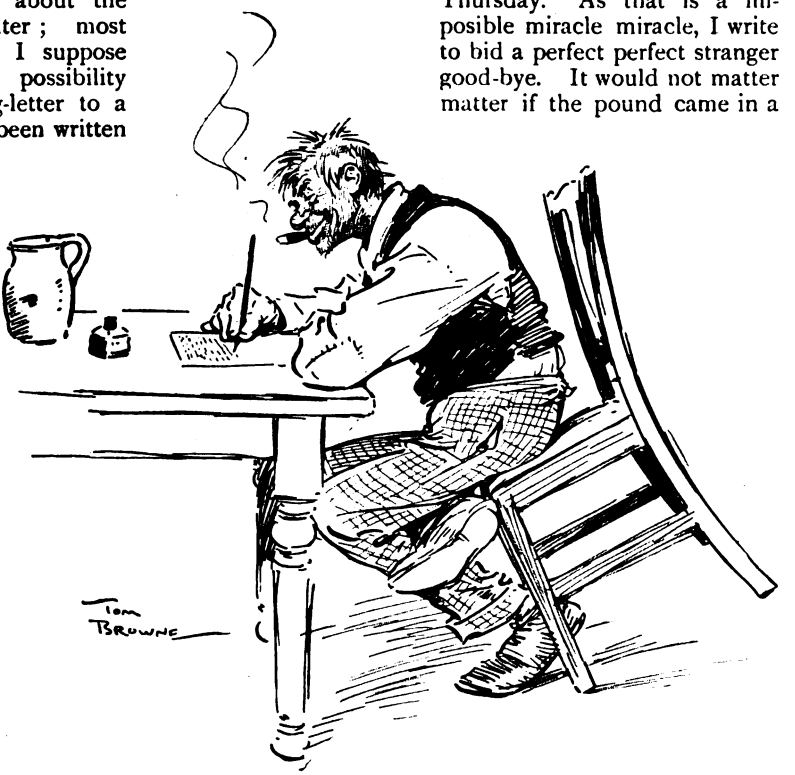
I was once approached by a snuffy old chap with a Latin quotation. I forget which it was —*spero meliora* or *explorant adversa viros*, or some familiar tag of the sort out of a phrase-book. He had an idea of overpowering me with his erudition, I fancy, but I could remember the phrase-book too. "*Ne plus ultra*," I said, with a significant wave of the

hand. "*Terra firma*," I added. "*Non compos mentis. Vox et præterea nihil. Ici on parle français.*"

That was beyond his depth. For an instant he looked puzzled and a trifle suspicious; then he broke into a ghastly, uneasy smile and evaporated.

The most industrious mendicant tapster I know has tried me half-a-dozen times in a month or so, but never seems to remember me—which is why I conclude him to be industrious, attempting many customers and forgetting them. He is a plausible young man, and he always catches me at the door of some office or near a building with offices in it. What he wants is not money—he would scorn to beg, as he has told me so often. No, he wants a situation, or some temporary work, in the office I am going into, or leaving; with something immediate on account to take home first to his starving wife—who is sometimes his mother, by the way, but that is a trifle. I always offer to go with him and personally prefer an application on his behalf for any extra clerical work that may be going at the police office in New Scotland Yard, but he never seems to jump at the chance. Perhaps he has been there already.

I need say little about the begging-letter writer; most people know him. I suppose there is a physical possibility that once a begging-letter to a stranger may have been written by a person in genuine distress, but I doubt if the possibility ever became a fact. It isn't done; and if it were the letter wouldn't draw a shilling—it wouldn't be planned artfully enough. My experience—and I have had one—shows that the more artistically pathetic the letter, the bigger the fraud. Perhaps those threatening suicide are the least deceptive. "Sir," writes the epistolary tapster. "What is it promps me to write to you? Nothing, I fear, but the raveings of a disorderd mind which will soon soon be in another world world. You are a stranger to me and never owed me a pound pound like so maney others, as I can certify with my dyeing pen. Maney of them in the days of my giddey prospearity had had a pound of me, and for want of such a pound pound I am about to comit the aweful crime of self self-destruction. Nothing can can save me, and I begg you will not interfere. O my happy happy yuth. Then I had had maney a pound, and welth and helth smiled on me, accumpanied by the highest education that money could procure. And now utterly alone alone in the cruel world world, and longing for human sympathey ere I leave it for ever ever, the cries of maney dear children, including twins, and their sainted mother mother dyeing of complicated lumbago, promps me to pour out my sole to a perfect stranger before comiting the aweful crime of self-destruction. O my happy yuth, when I had maney a pound! Nothing can save me, unless some angle angle from heaven was to send a pound pound before the nine o'clock post to-morrow evening, Thursday. As that is a imposible miracle miracle, I write to bid a perfect perfect stranger good-bye. It would not matter matter if the pound came in a



"I AM ABOUT TO COMIT THE AWEFUL CRIME OF SELF SELF-DESTRUCTION."

registered letter to this address, or a postal order order or stamps would save me me equally well. But why this this raveing? Nothing can save me. At nine o'clock (after the post post) to-morrow evening, Thursday, I shall comit the aweful crime of self-destruction at this adress, first-floor back, second bell on the door-post door-post. I begg you will not interfere."

And if you have an ounce of common sense you don't.

You will observe that the frequent repetitions of words are designed to give the appearance of forlorn and agitated distraction, but the duffer altogether overdoes the business. For you must not take this as a typical begging-letter—it is only a typical clumsy one. The most of them are far cleverer than this, with a pathos that would soften the heart of a grindstone—an inexperienced grindstone, that is. As for our friend, the intended suicide, you will probably hear from him again after the rash act. He will write to say that he has just been left a helpless widow with nine children, all under three years old, and is trying to get together a little money to start himself in business as a day-nurse.

Another form of begging-letter takes the form of a subscription list handed in at your front door, and headed with a beautifully written document like a lawyer's deed, beginning THIS IS TO CERTIFY, or WHEREAS, or something equally likely to catch the eye and give you an uneasy suspicion of a writ. The document sets forth how the bearer, or her husband (usually a woman calls), by a wholly unparalleled series of calamities, has been deprived of his horse and cart, his house, his ox, his ass, and everything that is his or was, and how certain eminent and distinguished clergymen, magistrates, mayors, and colonels, of whom you never heard before in your life, wish to conspire with you to buy him a complete new set. He was driving innocently home from market, perhaps, when the horse took fright at an unidentified balloon with a flag in it, dashed along the road and knocked over his invalid sister, who was coming to tell him that his father had just broken his leg and needed instant pecuniary assistance, kept on and knocked over the house and killed the ox and the ass inside, flew off at a tangent and totally destroyed a very expensive Lord Mayor's procession, which cost him his last farthing, spilt a few more people, and killed his youngest child, who happened to be in the way, and finally wound up in a total smash, in which the horse and cart and vegetables (he is usually a greengrocer) mutually and totally annihilated each other, leaving him a helpless invalid with quite a number of families dependent on him. It is all set out with such solemn circumstantiality, in such astonishing legal form, with "notwithstanding," and "aforesaid," and "hereinbefore mentioned," and "hereby," and "nevertheless," and "the said horse and cart," just like an indenture or mortgage, that nobody but a heartless cynic could refuse to believe it, every word. Personally, I am a heartless cynic.

It is rather a relief to turn to honester tapsters, who come on behalf of others—though there is a most embarrassing crowd of them. The number of people who want to give somebody else blankets, and coals, and nurses, and warm clothing, and orphanages, and hospitals, and convalescent homes, and old-age pensions, and sick-funds, and surgical appliances, and days in the country, and all at my expense, is positively distracting. If I went so presumptuously far as to rank myself as a charitable institution, and divided my total hard-earned yearly income among the lot of us equally, we should get about twopence farthing apiece. I don't think that would be a great assistance to any of them, and I feel I should have some difficulty in living on it myself. But if somebody must tap me I would rather it were some of these—though I wish they wouldn't apply personally. It used to be a terrible thing, living in accessible chambers as I used to do, to have to meet a constant procession of charitable ladies, who came in (they didn't always knock) to demand a subscription for some most deserving charity, and who received with a glassy stare of incredulity my plea that I couldn't possibly support fourteen charitable funds a day out of my slender lack of resources. They were quite terrible, some of these ladies; they pinned one with an air of having at last caught some slippery criminal who had defrauded them for years, but whom they were determined to make pay up now. They talked of my duty to my fellow-man and of the sin of hoarding my wealth; hoarding my wealth, great heavens! I assure you I have been accused of hoarding my wealth when it consisted entirely of five and fourpence halfpenny, and a tailor's bill for seven pounds ten.

Sensational Magical Illusions.—II.

THE MOST COMPLETE EXPOSÉ EVER PUBLISHED.

"THE PRISONER OF ZENDA" illusion is supposed to take place in a prison, and I have seen it presented in a dramatic manner with much effect. On the curtain rising a cell is seen in the centre of the stage in which a convict is sitting upon a plank seat in a dejected mood—being carefully guarded by a warder. His sweetheart pays him a visit, and, being assured of his innocence, promises to help him to escape, even if she has to pay the penalty by taking his place. The warder, overhearing this, promptly turns the lady out, and informs the prisoner of his intention to lock him in the irons against the wall of his cell. The prisoner pleads against it, but without avail. Members of the audience are invited to lock him up by means of padlocks attached to five steel bands which encircle his neck, both wrists, and ankles, making his escape impossible (Fig. 1). The audience sometimes find their own padlocks. The curtains are now drawn across the front of the cell, which is raised about two feet from the stage, and the warder paces up and down, keeping strict guard. After about one minute has elapsed the warder goes to the cell to see all is right, and on drawing the curtains aside is astonished to find that the prisoner has escaped, while in his place, firmly secured in the irons, is found his sweetheart. The warder sternly demands to know the meaning of this, inquiring, "Where is the prisoner?" The answer comes from the back of the hall: "Here, and free!" And the convict runs in from the auditorium.

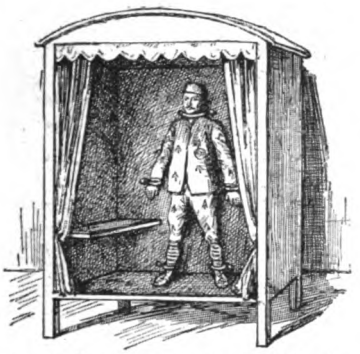
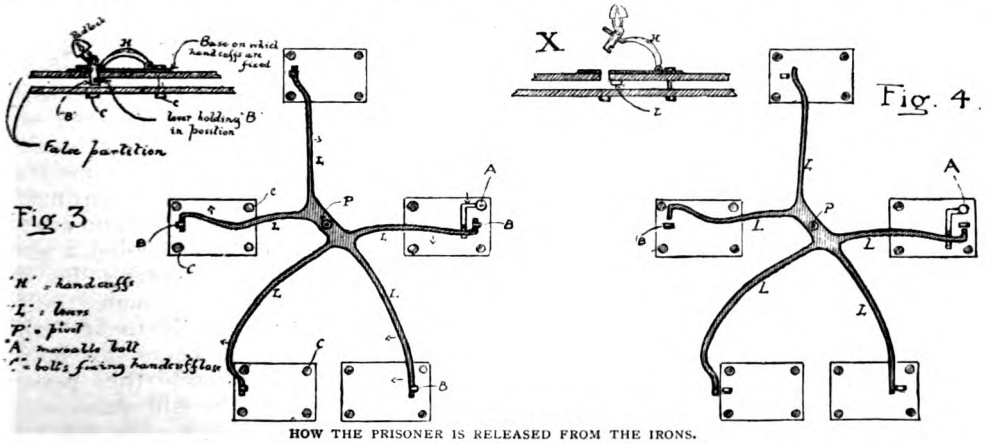


FIG. 1.—"THE PRISONER OF ZENDA" PADLOCKED AGAINST THE WALL.

The secret of this illusion is not centred in the locks, as one is led to suppose, but depends upon five lever bars at the back of the board to which the prisoner is locked. All are moved at one operation, by sliding one of the bolts about an inch (A, Fig. 3). All the fittings are fastened on to the board by a bolt at each corner. This movable bolt does not penetrate right through like the others, but only halfway, and is attached to one of the bars which moves the whole lever arrangement at the back, releasing the iron staples or hasps to which the steel bands are locked (Fig. 4), allowing the bands to be opened at the hinged end by bringing the staples up through the board with the padlocks attached (X, Fig. 4). The

FIG. 2.—THE PRISONER ESCAPING.



HOW THE PRISONER IS RELEASED FROM THE IRONS.

back of the cell is double, with the levers placed between the two quite concealed. The back also works upon pivots in the centre (Fig. 2), and directly the curtains are drawn, concealing the prisoner, the sweetheart gets through a trap in the scene behind on to a little platform at the back of the cell, turns the back half-way round upon its pivot, quickly moves the bolt, opens the bands, and releases the prisoner, who in turn places her in captivity, closes the bands, shuts back the bolt, and leaves all firmly secured as before. He turns the back round to its place again, quickly slips through the trap in the scene (Fig. 2), and round to the auditorium while the discovery is being made by the warder.

The Indian sack trick is generally performed by the aid of a trick sack, but the method described here is more interesting, for it will enable anyone to get out of any ordinary sack. The performer may be first tied with his hands behind his back and put into a large sack which he has not seen before, the mouth of the sack being then tied and the knots sealed. A screen is then placed in front of it for a few seconds, when the performer steps from behind it with the sack across his arm and free from the ropes which bound him, while the sack is found to be still securely tied and the seals unbroken. After untying the sack the rope is found inside with the knots still intact.

This is very mystifying; yet the only thing required is a little bundle about six inches long and four inches wide, tightly filled with straw. After the performer is in the sack the voluntary assistants proceed to close the mouth of it. The performer has already quickly freed his hands by the method presently described, and pushes his bundle up into the folds (Fig. 5), which is not perceived by the persons who are winding the cord round them. While the screen is being placed in front of him the performer quickly pulls the bundle down and pockets it. The cord around the neck has now become very loose, and it is an easy matter for him to slip his arm through the opening caused by the removal of the bundle and work the cord up over the sack (Fig. 6), open it, and get out. He then slips the cord over the mouth of the sack again, which fits snugly, the folds having been disturbed causing a tightness again, leaving absolutely no trace as to how the performer got out. It is all very simple and requires but little practice to cause a great surprise with this illusion.

FIG. 5.—THE SACK TRICK—HOW THE BUNDLE OF STRAW IS USED.

I shall now describe how the performer gets out of the ropes that bound him, which is a feat in itself, and which is performed in many of the cabinet tricks. It is generally known as the spiritualistic rope test.

The performer's hands are usually firmly tied behind his back, the spare rope being often used around the legs and body as well, so completely securing him that it seems impossible to extricate himself without aid; but this he always does, and in a few seconds only. The secret lies in the method by which he is tied at the start. The person tying him is unconsciously forced to start in the manner the performer wishes. The latter presents the left hand or wrist to be tied first. When this is done, he puts that arm behind his back and gives the spare rope above the knots a couple of twists, quickly covering it with the other wrist. The rope is now brought up over the right wrist, both being firmly tied together, with the palms of the hands upwards. When the performer is out of sight, he has only to reverse the hands with the palms downwards, and the twist is then undone, enlarging the circlet around the wrist, and allowing plenty of space to slip his hand easily through and release himself from any number of bonds, or to perform any trick in a cabinet or behind a screen. By quickly slipping his hand once more through the loop and twisting it to its original position the knots can be again examined and the performer found to be still quite securely bound.

FIG. 6.—HOW THE ROPE IS REMOVED.

The following series of illusions, though varied much in effect and method of presentation, all owe their success to a clever arrangement of plane mirrors, fixed at an angle of forty-five degrees with the object to be reflected. In one only is clear plate-glass used. This I will describe first; it is known as "Death to Life."

FIG. 7.—"DEATH TO LIFE"—THE LADY IN THE COFFIN.

In this illusion a pretty young lady is placed in an upright coffin facing the audience, and is seen to turn gradually to a skeleton, nothing apparently remaining of her beauty but the bones and skull. The audience are allowed to view this for a few moments, after which the skeleton gradually changes back to its original form of the pretty lady, who steps out of the coffin as full of life and smiles as when she entered it. This is but a new presentation of "Pepper's Ghost," and the illusion is caused by a "dissolving view" effect. The hall in which it is presented is darkened, the only lights being a row of incandescents on each side of the coffin, to illuminate the lady subject white, and the whole stage is draped in black, adding to its great brilliancy, as well as serving another purpose. The wings each side are also black, and behind one of these at right angles with the coffin is a skeleton, framed in a coffin exactly the size of the coffin in sight. This also has two rows of lights, to illuminate it when required. Crossing the stage at an angle of forty-five degrees with the back is a large sheet of clear plate-glass, well polished, its ledges being hidden by the wings and quite unnoticeable to the audience (A, Fig. 8). The lady takes her place in the coffin (Fig. 7), which is exactly the same height as the skeleton behind, and then the "change" is obtained by simply turning down the lights reflected upon her, and at the same time turning up the lights illuminating the unseen skeleton (B, Fig. 8), producing a reflection of it upon the glass (C, Fig. 8) in exactly the position to obscure the lady, who is now in darkness, and which appears to be in the same place as the lady really is. The distance between the real coffin and the glass is precisely the same as that between the glass and the skeleton behind. The illusion thus obtained is perfect, and similar in effect to a magic-lantern dissolving view.

"She" is an inspiration from the famous novel of that title, with a somewhat similar ending—"She" being consumed by fire. This illusion is presented with a large black screen around, with a black top to it, forming a dark chamber, giving it a gruesome effect. In the centre of this chamber is a fancy table, with four electric lights underneath

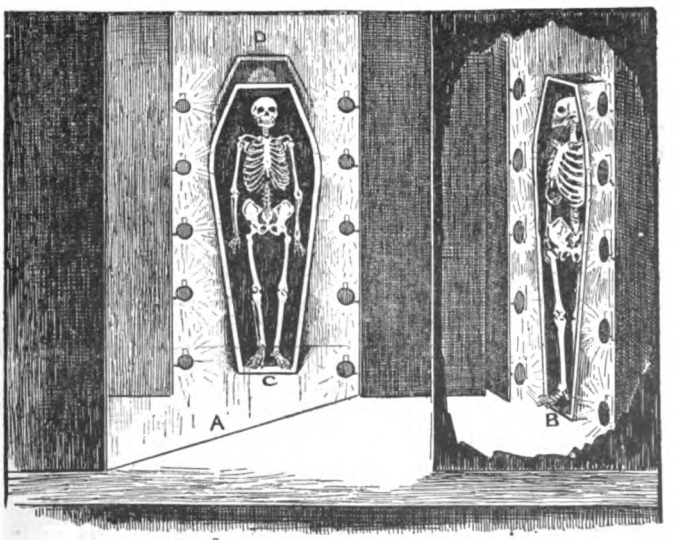


FIG. 8.—HOW THE ILLUSION IS WORKED.

FIG. 9.—"SHE."

FIG. 10.—THE REMAINS OF "SHE."

"to prove the absence of drapery or glasses," upon which a lady, dressed in prehistoric fashion, is placed (Fig. 9). Just above her head a circular canopy is suspended, which is lowered by the performer, unrolling from its lower edge and descending to the top of the table, thus forming a kind of tent entirely covering the lady. In a few seconds smoke is seen issuing from beneath it on all sides, which denotes that the destruction of "She" by fire is being rapidly carried out. The canopy is again drawn up and a ghastly spectacle is disclosed, for the lady has vanished, and in her place are seen only a few smouldering remains, including a skull and a number of bones (Fig. 10). If the lady could at this moment be seen, she would be found quietly resting in the wings, watching the audience's surprise unnoticed. A careful study of the illustrations will explain clearly the working of this illusion. Fig. 11, particularly, explains the whole mystery. This is due to the arrangement of two mirrors of the same height as the table, meeting behind the centre leg and running at an angle of forty-five degrees back to the corners of the screen. Across the top of the mirror, covering the triangular recess, is stretched the same material as that with which the back of the screen is covered, making it entirely unnoticeable. The sides of the screen reflect into the mirrors, forming a continuation of the back. The floor also is continued in reflection. There are two legs only to the table (besides the centre leg) and two lights only. These are reflected in the mirrors and form the completion of it as seen. Fig. 11 makes all this clear. When the canopy is lowered and while the performer is "arranging" it the lady drops a trap in the table by a movement of one foot and gently, but quickly, steps down behind the mirrors. She then places the skull and bones upon the table and, with a silent match, lights the methylated spirit which is on them, replaces the top of the table, bolts it, and creeps away under the black cover to behind the scenes. As soon as the performer hears the bolt slip over he can raise the canopy and show the result already described (Fig. 10). All this takes only a few seconds, and it seems incredible that the lady could have so completely vanished and for the smouldering remains to be placed in her stead in so short a time.

FIG. 11.—THE EXPLANATION OF THE MYSTERY.

The Sorceress of the Strand.

By L. T. Meade and Robert Eustace.

IV.—THE TALK OF THE TOWN.

THERE is such a thing as being haunted by an idea or by a personality. About this time Vandeleur and I began to have nightmares with regard to Madame Sara. She visited us in our dreams, and in our waking dreams she was also our companion. We suspected her unseen influence on all occasions. We dreaded to see her visible presence in the street, in the Park, at the play—in short, wherever we went. This sort of thing was bad for both of us. It began to get on our nerves. It takes a great deal to get on the iron nerves of a man like Vandeleur; nevertheless, I began to think that they were seriously shaken when I received, on a certain afternoon in late October, the following note:—

"My Dear Druce,—There are fresh developments in the grand hunt. Come and dine with me to-morrow evening to meet Professor Piozzi. New problems are on foot."

The grand hunt could, of course, only mean one thing. What was up now? What in the name of fortune had Professor Piozzi, the greatest and youngest scientist of the day, to do with Madame Sara? But the chance of meeting him was a strong inducement to accept Vandeleur's invitation. He was our greatest experimental chemist. Six months ago his name had been on everyone's lips as the discoverer of a new artificial lighting agent which, if commercially feasible, would take the place of all other means hitherto used.

Professor Piozzi was not yet thirty years of age. He was an Italian by birth, but spoke English as well as though it were his native tongue.

At the appointed hour I found Vandeleur standing by his hearth. A table in a distant recess was laid for dinner. He greeted me with a gleam of pleasure in his eyes.

"What is the new problem?" I asked. "It goes without saying that it has to do with Madame Sara."

"I am glad you were able to come before Piozzi put in an appearance," was Vandeleur's grave answer.

He paused for an instant, and then he burst out with vehemence:—

"I owe Sara a debt of gratitude. Hunting her as a recreation is as good as hunting a man-eating tiger. I am getting at her now by watching the movements of her victim."

"Who is the victim?" I interrupted.

"No less a person than Professor Piozzi."

"Impossible," I answered.

"Fact, all the same," he replied. "The Professor, notwithstanding his genius, is in many ways credulous, unsuspicious, and easily imposed upon."

"Nevertheless, I fail to understand," I said.

"Have you ever heard of the subtle power of love?"

As Vandeleur spoke he stared hard at me, then burst into an uneasy laugh.

"The Professor is in love," he said. "Madame's last move is truly prompted by genius. She has taken to exploiting one of the most extraordinary-looking girls who have electrified society for many a day. It isn't her mere beauty that draws everyone to Donna Marta; it is her peculiarity. She has all the ways of an unconscious syren, for never was anyone less self-conscious or more apparently indifferent to admiration."

"I have not heard of her," I said.

"Then you have allowed the talk of the town to slip past you, Druce," was Vandeleur's answer. "Donna Marta is the talk of the town. No one knows where she has sprung from; no one can confidently assert that this country or the other has had the honour of her nationality. She belongs to Madame Sara; she accompanies her wherever she goes, and Professor Piozzi is the victim."

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"Certain. He follows them about like a shadow. Madame is keeping more or less in the background for the present. Donna Marta is the lure. We shall next hear of an engagement between our young friend and this girl, whose antecedents no one knows anything about. Madame has an object, of course. She means mischief."

It was my custom never to interrupt Vandeleur when he was explaining one of his theories, so I sat back in my chair and allowed him to proceed without comment on my part.

"At the present moment," he continued, "I happen to know that the Professor has run to earth another of his amazing discoveries in the carbon compounds. No one

but himself knows what it is as yet, not even his assistants. Next week he is going to explode the bomb-shell in the scientific world at a lecture at the Royal Institution. Everyone will flock there on the tip-toe of expectation and curiosity. The thing is at present a dead secret, and the title of the lecture not even mentioned. He means to electrify the world. It is his little amusement to do this, as he did the Ethylene light affair. The man is, of course, a phenomenon, a genius, probably the most brilliant of our times. He is absolutely unsuspicious and absolutely unworldly. I am not going to see him ruin himself if I can help it."

"I perceive that you are in earnest," I said; "but how are you to prevent a man who is his own master from adopting his own methods, even in the subtle cause of love? Supposing your young Professor loves Donna Marta, how are you to stop him?"

"Time will prove how," he remarked; "but stop him I will."

The bell whirred, and the next moment Professor Piozzi entered. I looked at him with keen interest. From his photographs, reproduced freely in the illustrated papers, I had expected to see a young and good-looking man, with a keen, intelligent face; but I was scarcely prepared for his juvenile appearance. He was tall in figure, well made, somewhat slender; his hair was of a fair flaxen shade; his eyes were wide open and of a clear blue. He had a massive forehead, dark eyebrows, and a clean-shaven face. His whole appearance was that of an ordinary, good-looking, everyday sort of young man, and I examined his features with extreme curiosity, endeavouring to detect anywhere a sign of genius. I could not do so. The Professor's whole appearance was everyday; not a doubt of it. He was well dressed and had easy, courteous manners, and upon a finger of his left hand there gleamed a ring, a Royal gift from the King of his native land.

We sat down to dinner, and the conversation was light, pleasant, and sufficiently witty to cause the moments to fly. No one knew better than Vandeleur how to make a man feel at home in his own house, and I could see that Piozzi was enjoying himself in a boyish way.

It was not until the meal was nearly over that the Professor caused us both to start, and listen with extreme attention. He began to talk of Madame Sara. He spoke of her with enthusiasm. She was the cleverest woman in London, and, with one exception, the most beautiful. Her scientific attainments were marvellous. He considered himself extremely lucky to have made her acquaintance.

"The sort of knowledge you allude to," replied Vandeleur, in a very grave tone, "that scientific knowledge which Madame possesses, and which is not a smattering, but a real thing, makes a woman at times —dangerous."

"PROFESSOR PIOZZI ENTERED."

"I do not follow you," replied the Professor, knitting his brows. "Madame is the reverse of dangerous; she would help a fellow at a pinch. She is as good as she is beautiful."

Vandeleur made no reply. I was about to speak, but I saw by his manner that he would rather turn the conversation.

Once more we chatted on less exciting topics, and it was not until the servants had withdrawn that Vandeleur proceeded to unfold the real business of the evening.

"So you are going to astonish us all next week, Professor, at the Royal Institution? Is it true that you, and you alone, possess the key of the discourse that you are to give us?"

"Quite true," he replied, with a smile. "I cannot help having the dramatic instincts of my race. I love an artistic effect, and I think I can guarantee you English chemists a little thrill on Saturday week. My paper was ready a month ago, and since finishing it I have been having a pleasant time. Until a month ago your London was more or less a closed book to me. Now, Madame Sara and her young companion, Donna Marta, have been taking me round. I have enjoyed myself, not a doubt of it."

He leant back in his chair and smiled.

"That woman does plan things in a most delightful manner," he continued, "and whether she entertains in her own wonderful reception-rooms at the back of her shop in the Strand, or whether I meet her at the houses of mutual friends, or at the play, or the opera, she is always bright, vivacious, charming. Donna Marta, of course, adds her share to the delights. Yes, it is all happiness," continued the young Professor, rubbing his hands together in a boyish manner. "You English," he added, fixing his bright blue eyes on Vandeleur's saturnine face, "are so dull, so—I might add—*triste*. And yet," he added, quickly, "you have your charm. Oh, undoubtedly yes. Your sincerity is so marvellous, so—I ought to add—refreshing. One can rely on it. But Madame has also the sincere air, and yet to her are given the brightness and vivacity which come from living under bluer skies than yours."

The Professor's face was flushed; he looked from Vandeleur to me with eagerness. Vandeleur drew his chair a trifle closer. Then, without warning, as though he could not help himself, he sprang to his feet.

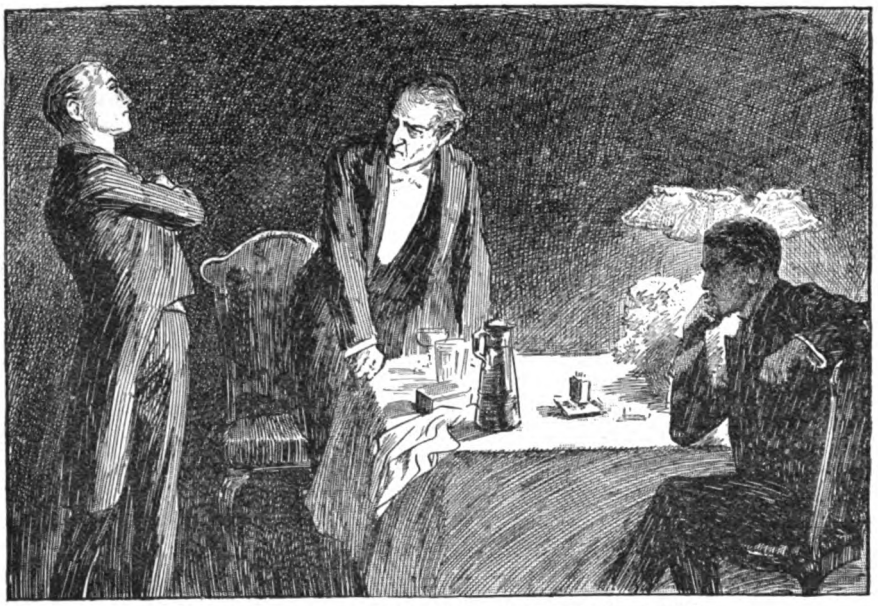
"Professor Piozzi," he said, "you have given our nation, perhaps unwittingly, a rare and valuable tribute. You have just spoken of our sincerity. I trust that we *are* sincere, and I trust also that, so long as England remains England, an Englishman's word will be his bond. The best inheritance an Englishman can receive from his forefathers is the power on all occasions to speak the truth. You are my guest to-night. I have the greatest respect for you; I admire your genius as I never thought to admire the genius of any man. It is most painful to me to have to say a word that may seem discourteous to you, an honoured guest, but my heritage as an Englishman forces me to speak the truth. You know what I am—an official criminal agent of the police. I will be quite candid with you. My invitation to you to-night was not purely the disinterested one of enjoying the honour of your company, but also to give you a warning with regard to Madame Sara and the young girl who accompanies her into society. They are both dangerous. I speak with knowledge. It is true that the girl herself is in all probability only the tool; but the woman——! Professor, I have met that woman before; so has my friend Druce. Our acquaintance with her has not been agreeable. May I proceed?"

The Professor's face had now turned almost crimson; his blue eyes were starting from his head; he kept clenching and unclenching his right hand as though he could scarcely contain himself. Vandeleur's words, however, seemed to force him into an attitude of attention. He listened as though mesmerized.

My friend then proceeded to give a vivid sketch of some of the episodes which had fallen to our share in the life of Madame Sara. He spoke slowly, with great emphasis and precision. He stated his case as though he were addressing a jury in a court of justice, scoring point after point with brevity and brilliance. When at last he ceased to speak the Professor was silent for half a minute, then he rose with a jerk to his feet. He was trembling, and his eyes flashed fire.

"Mr. Vandeleur," he said, "we are acquaintances of only a year's standing; in that time we have had some pleasant interviews. Your business is not an attractive one, even when confined to its official precincts; but to introduce it into private affairs is not to be tolerated. You exceed the limits of propriety in dictating to me as to the choice of the list of my friends. Please understand that from that list I erase your name."

He bowed stiffly, and walking across the room took up his hat and coat and slammed the door behind him.



"YOU EXCEED THE LIMITS OF PROPRIETY IN DICTATING TO ME."

I glanced at Vandeleur in amazement. His eyes met mine.

"The man must have his fling," he said. "I did what I did for the best, and am not sorry. He is in love with the mysterious girl, who has been brought to England, doubtless, for the express purpose of working his ruin. We must find out all we can about her as quickly as possible. Poor young Professor, I should like to save him, and I will, too, if in the power of man. His powers of research must not be lost to the glories of the scientific world."

"You must admit, Vandeleur," I said, "that you were a trifle harsh in your dealings with him. Granted that he is in love with Donna Marta, can you expect him to take your warning tamely?"

Vandeleur was silent for a minute.

"I do not believe my severe words will do any harm in the long run," he said, then. "The man is a foreigner; he has not an Englishman's knack of keeping his temper under control. He will cool down presently and what I have said will return to him. They will come to him when he is talking to Donna Marta; when Madame Sara is throwing her spells over him. Yes, I am not sorry I have spoken."

"What do you suppose Madame is after?" I interrupted. "What can be her motive? It is not money, for the man is not well off, is he?"

"Not a thousand a year. Bah! and he might be a millionaire if he would only use his ideas commercially. It is the old story—one man finds the brains and a hundred others profit by them. He is a walking test-tube, and doesn't care a sou who profits by his inventions."

"Then you think she is picking his brains?"

"Of course, and she will pick a plum, too, bang it off in England, scoop a million, and we have lost her."

"Good for society if we do lose her," I could not help remarking.

"By no means good for me," replied the detective. "I have staked my reputation on bringing this woman to book. She shall not escape."

Vandeleur and I sat and talked for some little time longer, then I left him and returned to my own rooms. I sat up a long time busy over several matters; but when I retired to rest it was not only to dream of Madame Sara, but of the fascinating young Donna Marta and the boyish-looking Professor.

I dined with Vandeleur on Wednesday evening, and little guessed then how soon events would hurry to a remarkable issue, in which I was to play a somewhat important part.

It is my custom to lunch at the Ship and Turtle, an hour that I always enjoy in the midst of my day's work, for I meet many old friends there, and our meal, as a rule, is a merry one.

One of my most constant companions on these occasions is a man of the name of Samuel Pollak, the senior partner in the firm of Pollak and Harman, patent agents, Bishopsgate Street. Pollak is one of those breezy, good-natured individuals who make a pleasant impression wherever they go. He is stout of build and somewhat rubicund of face, an excellent man of business and a firm friend. I have liked him for years, and am always glad when he occupies the same table with me at lunch.

On the Friday following Vandeleur's dinner Pollak and I met as usual. I noticed on his entrance into the lunch-room a particularly merry and pleased expression on his face. He sat down and ordered a quart of the most expensive brand of champagne. He insisted on my joining him in a bumper of the frothy wine, and after drinking his health I could not help exclaiming :—

"You seem pretty jolly this morning, Pollak. A successful flutter in Khakis?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" was the answer. "Better than a flutter, my boy. Certainties nowadays are what I am thinking of, and I have just bagged one, and a fat one."

"Capital. Tell me all about it," I answered. "What is the yarn, Pollak?"

He gave me a somewhat vague smile, which seemed to me to mingle a sort of contempt with amusement, and said, impressively :—

"A roaring commission, the biggest that has been in the market for the last ten years. Patent rights for every country on earth, and a hundred shares allotted gratis when the thing is floated. I tell you, Druce," he added, raising his voice, "if it comes off I retire with as near fifteen thousand a year as I want."

"You were born under a lucky star, there's no doubt of that," I answered, somewhat sharply, for Pollak's manner had never impressed me less favourably than it did this morning. He was evidently almost beside himself with excitement.

"I congratulate you, of course," I said, after a moment. "Ask me to the housewarming of your castle in Scotland, whenever that event comes off. But can't you give me a hint with regard to this magnificent affair? I am, as you know, a struggling pauper, and should like to have my share of the pickings if there are any at your disposal to give away."

"My lips are sealed," he answered at once. "I am sorry, for there is no one I should like better to help. But I think I am justified in telling you this—the City will hum when the news is out. It is immense, it is colossal, it is paralyzing."

"You excite my curiosity to a remarkable extent," I could not help saying. "Curiosity has a great deal to do with my trade, as you know."

He finished his glass of champagne and set it down. His eyes, as he fixed them on me, were full of laughter. I almost wondered whether he was amusing himself at my expense; but no, his next words were sane enough.

"There is another little matter I can inform you about, Druce, without breaking any confidence. I happen to know that the fortunate patentee is a friend of yours."

"A friend of mine?" I exclaimed. "An acquaintance, perhaps. I haven't three friends in the world."

"A great friend—an admirer, too," he went on.

"An admirer!" I repeated, staring across at him. "A devoted admirer! Who is he? Come, out with it, Pollak; don't keep me on tenter-hooks."

"Think over your list of admirers," he cried, tantalizingly.

"I will hazard a guess, then; but he isn't an admirer. Vandeleur," I said.

"Ha, ha!" he roared. "Better and better. She admires him, too, I believe."

"She!"

A strange thought seized me. I felt the high spirits which Pollak had infected me with depart as in a flash. I knew that in spite of every effort my face had altered in expression. Pollak gazed at me and said, in a tone of triumph :—

"I see that you guess. The cat is out of the bag."

He chuckled.

"Isn't it superb?" he added.

"Madame Sara!" I ejaculated, when I could find words.

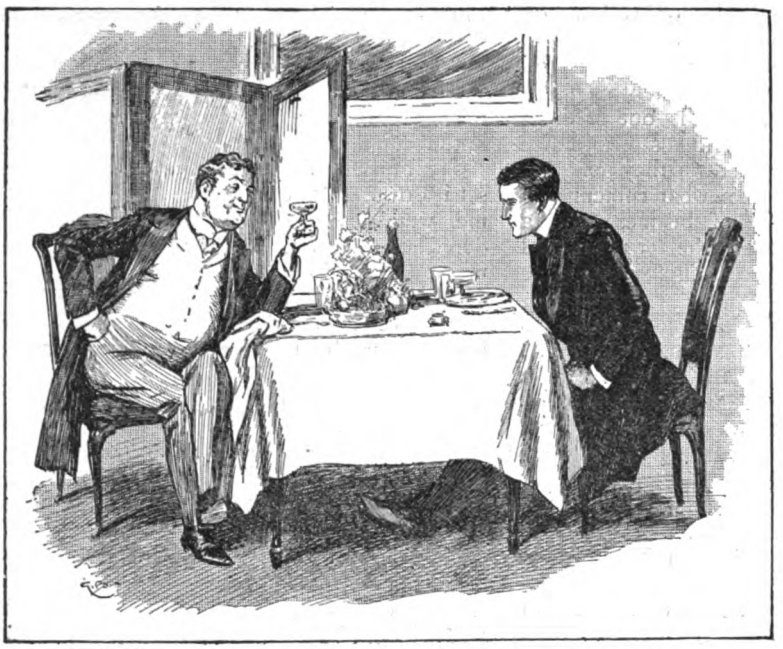
He burst into a fresh roar of delight.

"There's no harm in your knowing that much," he said. "But what's up? You look queer."

The change in my demeanour must have astonished him. I sat almost motionless, staring into his face.

"Nothing," I answered, speaking as quietly as I could. "The admiration you have remarked upon is reciprocal. I am glad that she has done so well."

"She is particularly pleased," continued Pollak, "on account of her young *protégée*, the lovely Donna Marta. The young lady in question is to make a very good match—



"AH! THERE ARE FEW WOMEN SO KIND, SO GREAT, AS MADAME SARA."

in a certain sense a brilliant one; and Madame wants to give her a wedding portion. Ah! there are few women so kind, so great, as Madame Sara. She has the wisdom of the ancients and some of their secrets, too."

I made no reply. The usual thing had happened so far as my good-natured friend was concerned. He was dazzled by the beauty of his client, and had given himself away, a ready victim to her fascinations.

"I see," he added, "that you also are under her spells. Who wouldn't yield to the power of those eyes? The young lady, Donna Marta, is all very well, but give me Madame herself."

With these words he left me. Never was there a more prosperous or happier-looking man. Little did he guess the thoughts that were surging through my brain.

Without returning to my place of business I took a hansom and drove to Vandeleur's office. My heart was full of a nameless fear. Pollak had let out a great deal more than he had any intention of doing. So Donna Marta was engaged. Engaged to whom? Surely not to the poor, infatuated young Professor? Pollak had said that in some respects the proposed match was a brilliant one. That might be a fitting description of a marriage with the young Professor, whose fame was attracting the attention of the greatest scientists in Europe. He was poor, certainly—but then he held a secret. That secret might mean anything—it might even revolutionize the world. Did Madame mean by this subtle trap to lure it from him? It was more than probable. It would explain Pollak's excitement and his attitude. In fact, the scheme was worthy of her colossal brain.

As I entered Vandeleur's room I was surprised to see him pacing up and down with his coat off, his brows knitted in anxious thought. He was evidently in the thick of a problem, and one of no ordinary magnitude. On the table lay a number of beakers, retorts, and test-tubes.

"Sit down," he said, roughly. "Glad you've come. See this?"

He held up a glass tube containing what appeared to be milk.

"Listen," he said. "You will see that my fears were justified with regard to Piozzi. Poor fellow, he is in the toils, if ever a man was. A hurried messenger came from his place to fetch me this morning. I guessed by his face that something serious had happened, and I went to Duke Street at once. I found the Professor in his bedroom, half dressed on his bed, cold, gasping, livid. He had breakfasted half an hour before. He murmured apologies for his treatment of me, but I cut him short and went straight to the case. I made a full investigation, and came to the conclusion that it is a case of poisoning, the agent used being in all probability cocaine, or some allied alkaloid. By the aid of nitrate of amyl capsules I pulled him round, but was literally only just in time. When I entered the room it was touch and go with the poor fellow. I believe if he had not had immediate assistance he would have been dead in a few minutes. I saved his life. Now, Druce, we have to face a fact. There has been a deliberate attempt

at murder on the part of someone. I have baffled the murderer in the moment of victory."

"Who would attempt his life?" I cried.

"Need you ask?" he answered, gravely.

Our eyes met. We were both silent.

"When I was with him this morning he was too bad for me to get any particulars whatever from him, so I know nothing of the motive or details; but I have discovered by means of a careful analysis that there has been introduced into the milk with which he was supplied some poisonous alkaloid of the erythroxylon group. Feeling pretty certain that the poison was conveyed through the food, I took away a portion of his breakfast—in particular I took some of the milk which stood in a jug on his breakfast-table. And here I have the result. I am going back there at once, and you had better come along."

Vandeleur had poured out his words in such a torrent of excitement that he had not noticed how unusual it was for me to visit him at this early hour in the afternoon. Now, however, it seemed to strike him, and he said, abruptly:—

"You look strange yourself. Surely you haven't come here on purpose? You can't possibly have heard of this thing yet?"

"No," I answered. "I have heard nothing. I have come on my own account, and on a pretty big matter too, and, what is more, it relates to our young Professor, unless I am much mistaken. I will tell you what I have to tell in the cab, Vandeleur; it will save time."

A hansom was summoned, and we were soon on our way to Duke Street. As we drove I told Vandeleur in a few words what had occurred between Pollak and myself. He listened with the intentness which always characterized him. He made not a single remark.

As we were entering the house, however, he turned to me and said, with brevity:—

"It is clear that she has tapped him. We must get from him what she knows. This may be a matter of millions."

On arriving at Piozzi's flat in Duke Street we were at once shown into his bedroom by his man-servant. Stretched upon the outside of the bed was the young Professor, wrapped in a loose dressing-gown. His face was ghastly pale, and there was a blue tinge observable round his mouth and under his eyes. He raised himself languidly as we entered.

"Better, I see. Capital!" said Vandeleur, in a cheerful tone.

A very slight colour came into the young man's face. He glanced at me almost in bewilderment.

"You know my friend Druce," said Vandeleur. "He is with me in this case, and has just brought me important information Lie down again, Professor."

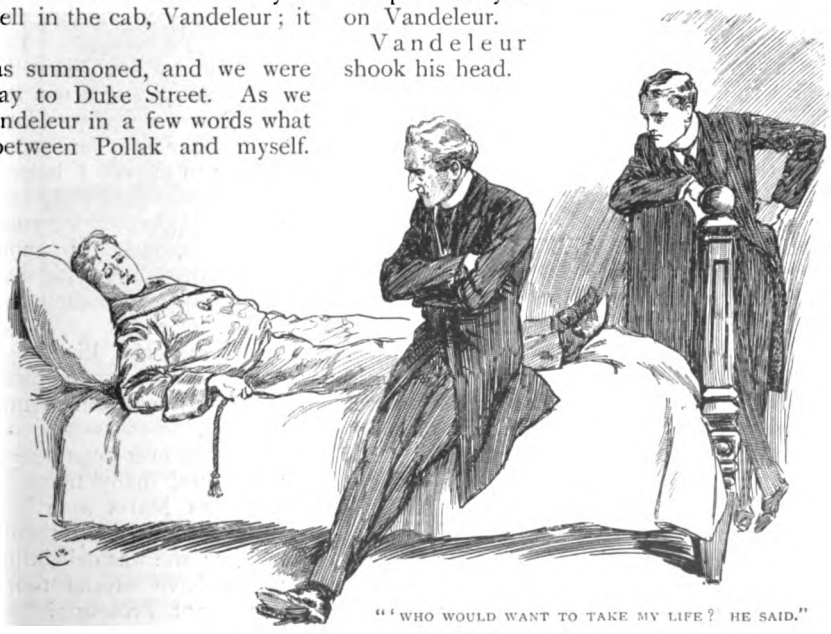
As he spoke he sat on the edge of the bed and laid his hand on the young man's arm.

"I am sorry to have to tell you, Mr. Piozzi, that this is a very serious case. A rapid qualitative analysis of what you took for breakfast has shown me that the milk which was supplied for your use has been poisoned. What the poison is I cannot say. It is very like cocaine in its reactions."

The sick man shuddered, and an expression of horror and amazement crossed his face.

"Who would want to take my life?" he said. "Poisoned milk! I confess I do not understand. The thing must have been accidental," he continued, feverishly, fixing his puzzled eyes on Vandeleur.

Vandeleur shook his head.



"'WHO WOULD WANT TO TAKE MY LIFE?' HE SAID."

"There was no accident in this matter," he said, with emphasis. "It was design. Deadly, too. You would not have been alive now if I had not come to you in the nick of time. It is our duty, Professor, to go carefully into every circumstance in order to insure you against a further attempt on your life."

"But I do no one harm," he answered, irritably. "Who could wish to take my life from me? It is impossible. You are labouring under a wrong impression."

"We will let the motive rest for the present," replied Vandeleur. "That the attempt was made is certain. Our present object is to discover how the poison got into the milk. That is the question that must be answered, and before Druce and I leave this room. Who supplies you with milk, Professor Piozzi?"

Piozzi replied by a languid motion towards the bell.

"My man will tell you," he said. "I know nothing about the matter."

The servant was summoned, and his information was brief and to the point. The Professor's milk was served by the same milkman who supplied all the other members of the mansion.

"It is brought early in the morning, sir," said the man, "and left outside the door of each flat. The housekeeper opens the house door for the purpose. I take it in myself the first thing on rising."

"And the can remains outside your door with the house door open until you take it in?" said Vandeleur.

"Yes, sir, of course."

"Thank you," said Vandeleur. "That will do."

The man left the room.

"You see, Professor," remarked my friend, after the door had closed upon the servant, "how simple the matter is. Anyone could drop poison into the milk—that is, of course, what somebody did. These modern arrangements don't take crime into account when the criminal means business."

The Professor lay still, evidently thinking deeply. I noticed then, for the first time, that a look of age had crept over his face. It improved him, giving stability and power to features too juvenile for the mass of knowledge which that keen brain contained. His eyes were full of trouble; it was evident that his meditations were the reverse of satisfactory.

"I am the last man to pretend not to see when a self-evident fact stares me in the face," he said, at last. "There has been an attempt made to poison me. But by whom? Can you tell me that, Mr. Vandeleur?"

"I could give a very shrewd guess," replied Vandeleur; "but were I to name my suspicions you would be offended."

"Forgive me for my exhibition of rage the other night," he answered, quite humbly. "Speak your mind—I shall respect you whatever you say."

"In my mind's eye," said Vandeleur, slowly, "I see a woman who has before attempted the life of those whom she was pleased to call her friends."

The Professor started to his feet. Notwithstanding his vehement assertion that he would not give way to his emotions, he was trembling all over.

"You cannot mean Madame Sara—you will change your mind—I have something to confide. Between now and last Wednesday I have been affianced to Donna Marta. Yes, we are to marry, and soon. Madame is beside herself with bliss, and Donna Marta herself—— Ah, I have no words to speak what my feelings are with regard to her. Madame of all people would be the last to murder me," he added, wildly, "for she loves Donna Marta."

"I am deeply sorry, Professor, notwithstanding your words and the very important statement you have just made with regard to the young lady who lives with Madame Sara, to have to adhere to my opinion that there is a very deep-laid plot on foot, and that it menaces your life. I still believe that Madame, notwithstanding your word, is head and centre of that plot. Take my statement for what it is worth. It is, I can assure you, the only thing that I can say. And now I must ask you a few questions, and you must have patience with me, great patience, while you reply to them. I beg of you to tell me the truth absolutely and frankly."

"I will," answered the young man. "You move me strangely. I cannot help believing in you, although I hate myself for allowing even one suspicious thought to fall on her."

Vandeleur rose.

"Tell me, Mr. Piozzi," he said, quietly, "have you ever communicated to Madame Sara the nature of your chemical discoveries?"

"Never."

"Has she ever been here?"

"Oh, yes, many times. Last week she and Donna Marta were both here. I had a little reception for them. We enjoyed ourselves; she was delightful."

"You have several rooms in this flat, have you not, Professor?"

"Three reception-rooms," he answered, rather wearily.

"And you and Donna Marta were perhaps alone in one of those rooms while Madame Sara amused herself in another? Is that so?"

"It is," he answered, reddening. "Madame and Donna Marta remained after my other guests had gone. Madame went into my study. She said she would sit by the fire and rest."

"Do you leave your notes locked up or lying about?"

"Always locked up. It is true the notes for my coming lecture were on that occasion on my desk."

"Ah!" interrupted Vandeleur.

"No ordinary person could make anything of them," he continued; "and even," he added, "if Madame could have read them, it surely would not greatly matter that she should know my grand secret before the rest of the world."

"Piozzi," said Vandeleur, very gravely, "I must make another request of you. Whether Madame knows your secret or not I must know it, and at once. Don't hesitate, Professor; your life hangs in the balance. You must tell me that with which you mean to electrify the Royal Institution to-morrow week, now, now at once."

"I WILL REVENGE MYSELF ON MADAME TO THE LAST DROP OF MY BLOOD."

The Professor looked astonished, but Vandeleur was firm.

"I must know it," he said. "I hold myself responsible for your life. Druce," he added, turning to me, "perhaps you can get the Professor to see the necessity of what I ask. Will you tell him that story which you related to me in the cab?"

I did so without a moment's delay. My words were as brief as I could make them. I told him about my interview with Pollak, his excitement, his revelation of the fact that the patentee whose patent was to be secured in all countries all over the world was no less a person than Madame Sara herself. In short, to my infinite delight I managed to convey my suspicions to his mind. His whole attitude altered; he became excited, almost beside himself. His nervousness gave place to unexpected strength. He started to his feet and began to pace the room.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed more than once. "If indeed I have been befooled—made a dupe of—but no, it cannot be. Still, if it is, I will revenge myself on Madame to the last drop of my blood."

"For the present you must only confide in me," said Vandeleur, laying a restraining hand on the young man's arm. "And now for your secret—it is safe with Druce and myself; we must know it."

Piozzi calmed down as suddenly as he had given way to rage. He seated himself on a sofa and began in a quiet voice: "What I have to say is simply this."

Then in terse language he poured out for Vandeleur's benefit an account of some process, interlarded with formulæ, equations, and symbols, absolutely beyond my comprehension.

Vandeleur sat and listened intently. Now and then he put a question, which was imme-

diately answered. At last Piozzi had come to the end of his narrative.

"That is it," he said; "the whole thing in a nutshell."

"Upon my word," said Vandeleur, "it is very ingenious and plausible, and may turn out of immense benefit to the world; but at the present juncture I cannot see money in it, and money is what Madame wants and means to have. To be frank with you, Professor, I see no earthly reason in her wanting to patent what you have just told me. But is there nothing else? Are you certain?"

"Absolutely nothing," was his response.

"Well," said Vandeleur, "I am puzzled. I own it. I must think matters over."

He was interrupted by a loud exclamation from the young man.

"You are wrong after all, Mr. Vandeleur," he cried. "Madame means to patent something else. Why should she not have a great idea in her head quite apart from me and mine? Ah, this relieves me—it makes me happy. True, someone has tried to murder me, but it is not Madame—it is not the lady whom Donna Marta loves."

His eyes blazed with delight. He laughed in feverish excitement.

After soothing him as best we could, and trying to get a half-promise that he would not see either Madame or the young lady until we met again, we left him.

As we were walking from the house Vandeleur turned to me and said:—

"I have been invited to a reception to-night at the house of our mutual friends the Lauderdales. I understand that both Madame and the young lady are to be present. Would you like to come with me? I am allowed to bring a friend."

I eagerly assented. We arranged when and where to meet, and were about to part when he suddenly exclaimed:—

"This is a difficult problem. I shall have no rest until I have solved it. Piozzi's discovery is ingenious and clever, but at present it is unworkable. I do not see daylight, but no loophole is to be despised that may give me what I want. Between now and our meeting this evening I will try to have an interview with Pollak. Give me his address."

I did so, and we parted.

We met again at a late hour that evening at the Lauderdales' beautiful house in Portland Place. Wit and beauty were to be found in the gay throng, also wisdom, and a fair sprinkling of some of the most brilliant brains in London. Men of note came face to face with one in every direction; but both Vandeleur and I were seeking one face, and one alone.

We found her at last, surrounded by a throng of admirers. Madame was looking her most brilliant and, I might add, her youngest self. She was dressed in dazzling white and silver, and whenever she moved light seemed to be reflected at every point. The brilliance of her golden hair was the only distinct colour about her. By her side stood Donna Marta, a tall, pale girl, almost too slender for absolute beauty. Her grace, however, was undeniable, and, although I have seen more lovely faces, this one had a singular power of attraction. When I looked at her once I wanted to look again, and when she slowly raised her luminous eyes and fixed them on my face I owned to a thrill of distinct gratification. I began to understand the possibility of Piozzi's giving himself up absolutely to her charms.

Her presence here to-night, in conjunction with Madame Sara, produced an effect which was as astonishing as it was rare. Each acted as a perfect foil to the other, each seemed to bring out the rare fascination of her companion.

Donna Marta glanced at me again; then I saw her bend towards Madame Sara and whisper something in her ear. A moment later, to my amazement, the great lady and the slender girl were by my side.

"Mr. Druce, this is an unexpected pleasure. May I introduce you to my young cousin, Donna Marta? Is your friend, Mr. Vandeleur, also here to-night?"

"He is; I will find him," I replied.

I darted away, returning in a moment with Vandeleur. He and Madame moved a few paces away and began to chat in pleasant tones, just as though they were the best friends in the world.

Meanwhile Donna Marta lingered near me. I began to talk on indifferent subjects, but she interrupted me abruptly.

"You are a friend of Professor Piozzi's?" she said, in a tentative voice. "Is he not present to-night?"

"No," I replied. It occurred to me that I would test her. "The Professor cannot be present, and I am sorry to have to give a grave reason for his absence, for doubtless Lady Lauderdale expected him to grace her reception."

"She did; he was to be one of the lions," she replied, bending her stately head, with its mass of blue-black hair.

"He is ill," I continued, raising my own eyes now and fixing them on her face.

She gazed at me without alarm and without confusion. Not the most remote emotion did she show, and yet she was engaged to the man.

"He was at death's door," I went on, almost savagely, "but he is better. For the present he is safe."

"I am sorry to hear of his illness," she answered then, softly. "I will — acquaint Madame. She also will be grieved."

The girl turned and glided away from me. I watched her as she went. The brief moment when she fascinated me had come to an end with that callous glance. But who was she? What did it all mean?

In the course of the evening Donna Marta again came up to my side.

"Mr. Druce," she said, abruptly, "you are Professor Piozzi's friend?"

"Certainly," I answered.

"Will you warn him from yourself — not from me — not on any account from me — to keep in the open on Saturday week? You must make the best of my words, for I cannot explain them. Tell the Professor, whatever he does, *to keep in the open.*"

"Donna Marta!" called Madame Sara's voice.

The girl sprang away. Her face was like death; but as Madame Sara's eyes met hers I noticed a wave of crimson dye her face and neck.

On my way home I told Vandeleur of the strange words used by Donna Marta. He shrugged his shoulders.

"It is my firm opinion," he said, "that the unfortunate girl moves and speaks in a state of trance. Madame has mesmerized her, I have not a doubt of it."

"You may be right," I said, eagerly. "And the state of trance may have been removed when she said those words to me. That would make a possible solution. But what can she mean by asking the Professor to keep in the open?"

"The girl evidently warns us against Madame Sara," he said, briefly, "and circumstances, all circumstances, seem to point to the same deadly danger. Where Madame goes Death walks abroad. What is to be done? But there, Druce," he added, with petulance, "the Professor's life is not my affair. I must sleep, or I shall lose my senses. Good-night, good-night."

"'I AM SORRY TO HEAR OF HIS ILLNESS,' SHE ANSWERED."

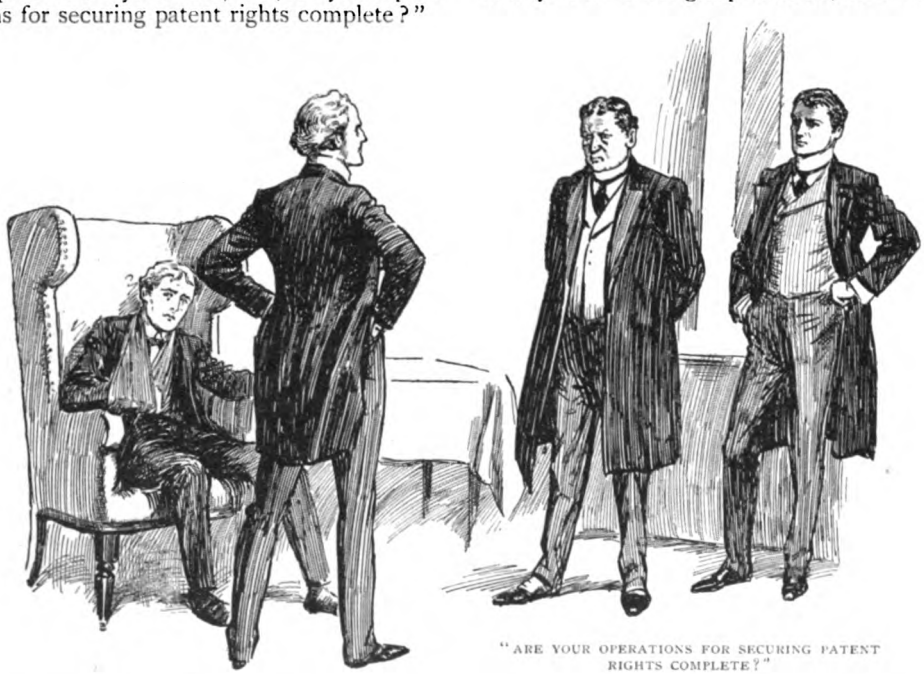
The next few days passed without any special occurrence of interest. I neither saw nor heard anything of Madame and her strange young guest, neither did I hear of the Professor nor did I see Vandeleur. I called on him once, but he was out, and the servant informed me that his master was particularly busy, and in consequence was hardly ever at home.

At last the day dawned which was to see Professor Piozzi in the moment of his glory. I had a line from Vandeleur by the first post, telling me that he had secured tickets for himself and for me for the lecture at the Royal Institution that night. Soon afterwards I found myself at Vandeleur's house. His servant opened the door, and with a look of

relief asked me to go up to the sitting-room without delay. I was expected, then, or at least I was wished for.

The first person I saw when I entered the room was my old friend Samuel Pollak, and gazing round in some amazement I also perceived the young Professor, buried in the depths of an arm-chair, his face ghastly and his arm in a sling.

"Ah, Druce," said Vandeleur, "you are heartily welcome. You have come in the nick of time. I was just about to clear up this extraordinary affair in the presence of Mr. Pollak and the Professor. Your advent on the scene makes my audience complete. Now, gentlemen, pray listen. The patent, Mr. Pollak, which you are negotiating for Madame Sara is, as you imagine, a secret. I don't ask you to tell me what it is, for I propose to tell you. But, first, are your operations for securing patent rights complete?"



"ARE YOUR OPERATIONS FOR SECURING PATENT RIGHTS COMPLETE?"

"I regret to say they are not, sir," replied Pollak.

"I thought as much, and may add that I hoped as much. Now, listen. The key to the specification of the patents is nothing more or less than the astounding discovery of the *chemical synthesis of albuminoids*. In other words, a means of manufacturing artificial foods in a manner which has long been sought by scientific men, but which has so far eluded their researches."

An exclamation of astonishment broke from Pollak, telling us that Vandeleur's guess was correct.

"The other day when you spoke to me, Professor," continued Vandeleur, fixing his eyes on the face of the younger man, "interesting as I thought your discovery, I could not apply it to commercial purposes, nor see why it was so necessary to secure patent rights for its protection. I felt certain, however, that there was such a solution, and it came to me in the small hours this morning. You did not grasp the deduction from your most interesting discovery. I take it to my credit that I have done so, and beyond doubt Madame, whether she be your friend or your foe, perceived the huge financial benefit which would accrue to those who could hold patent rights. It goes without saying that she read your notes, and at a glance saw what you have not grasped at all, and what I have taken days to discover. The attempt on your life is now explained, as is also the queer cab accident in Regent Street which you have just met with. Madame's object is either to murder you or to incapacitate you from giving your lecture to-night. She knows, of course, that when once you publicly proclaim your discovery a clever brain on the watch may deduce the financial value of it. Thus she sees the possibility of being forestalled or rivalled, for Mr. Pollak has just stated that the patent rights are not yet secured. Madame has

therefore determined that your lecture shall not take place, nor your idea be given to the world, until she has secured herself by patent rights beyond dispute. I shall take care to guard you, Professor, until you appear before the Royal Society at eight o'clock to-night. And I conclude, Mr. Pollak, that you, knowing at last the true facts of the case, will at once cancel all negotiations with Madame Sara. I presume, sir," he added, bowing to Piozzi, "that you will like him to negotiate the business in your name? A cursory inspection of it must mean an enormous fortune for you, for beyond doubt the chemical synthesis of aliments would prove the solution of many of the difficulties that now present themselves to the human race."

The Professor sat quite silent for a minute or two, then he rose and said, slowly :—

"I follow you, Mr. Vandeleur, and I see that your deduction is the right one as regards the financial importance of my discovery. How I did not see it sooner myself puzzles me. As to Madame Sara, I would rather not mention her name at present."

Vandeleur made no reply to this, and a moment later Pollak took his leave. I rose also to go.

"Come back and dine with us, Druce," said Vandeleur. "If Professor Piozzi declines to talk of Madame Sara, neither will I mention her name. We shall soon know the best or the worst."

The rest of the day passed without adventure. The dinner at Vandeleur's turned out somewhat dull. We were none of us in good spirits, and, without owning it, we were all anxious. As to the Professor, he scarcely spoke a word and hardly touched his food.

About ten minutes to eight o'clock we found ourselves at the Royal Institution. Several leading scientists were there to welcome the distinguished lecturer. I peeped from behind into the hall. It was packed from front to back. The platform was tastefully decorated with palms ; one of peculiar grace and size drooped its finger-like fronds over the table at which Piozzi was to stand. As I saw it I heard as distinctly as though the words were again being spoken :—

"Tell him whatever he does to keep in the open. Tell him—from yourself."

I had not done so. A momentary impulse seized me. I would go to Piozzi and ask him to have his table and chair moved to the centre of the platform. Then I reflected that such a proceeding would cause amazement, and that the Professor would probably refuse to comply. Again I looked into the hall, and now I gave a very visible start ; for in the front row, in brilliant evening dress, sat Madame Sara and her young cousin. Donna Marta's face, usually so pale, was now relieved by a crimson glow on each cheek. This unusual colour brought out her beauty to a dazzling degree. I noticed further that her eyes had a filmy expression in them. I remembered Vandeleur's words. Beyond doubt Madame had mesmerized her victim. As to what it all meant, I will own that my brain was in a whirl.

A few minutes passed, and then, amid a thunder of applause, Piozzi, pale as ivory, stepped on to the platform and walked straight to the table over which hung the graceful palm.

After a few words in which the young Professor was introduced by the President of the evening, the lecture about which so much curiosity had been felt began. Vandeleur and I stood side by side near one of the entrance doors. From where we stood we could see Piozzi well. Vandeleur's face was rigid as steel.

A quarter of an hour passed, and sentence by sentence, word by word, the young man led up to his crucial point — his great announcement.

"Look!" whispered Vandeleur, grasping my wrist. "What in the world is the matter with him?"

The Professor was still speaking, but his words came in thick and indistinct sentences. Suddenly he took hold of the table with both hands and began to sway to and fro. The next moment he ceased speaking, reeled, made a lunge forward, and, with a loud crash, fell senseless upon the floor. The scene of consternation was indescribable. Vandeleur and I both sprang forward. The unconscious man was taken into one of the ante-rooms, and by the immediate application of restoratives and a great draught of fresh air, caused by the open windows, he came gradually to himself. But that he was still very ill was evident ; his brain was confused ; he could scarcely speak except in gasps. A doctor who was present offered to see him to his house. We carried him to the first cab we could find. I whispered in his ear that I would call upon him later in the evening, and then I returned to the hall.

Vandeleur was waiting for me. I felt his grip on my arm.

"Come right up on to the platform," he said.

The excitement in his voice was only exceeded by the look on his face. Most

"HE REELED AND MADE A LUNGE FORWARD.

of the crowd had dispersed, knowing well that there would be no further lecture that night, but a few people still lingered on the scene. I looked in vain for Madame Sara and Donna Marta; they were neither of them visible.

"You see this," said Vandeleur, pointing to the great palm that towered over the table at which Piozzi had stood. "And you see this," he repeated, seizing one of the branches and shaking it.

The long, tapering, green leaves rattled together with an odd metallic sound.

"Look here!" said Vandeleur, and he pointed to the fine tips of one of the leaves. "This plant never grew. It is made—it is an artificial imitation of the most surprising skill and workmanship. The pot in which it stands has certainly earth at the top"—he swept away a handful—"but there below is a receptacle which is generating carbon monoxide gas."

He bent and broke one of the branches.

"Hollow, you see. Those are the tubes to convey the gas to the leaves, at the extremity of each of which is an orifice. Professor Piozzi was standing beneath a veritable shower-bath of that gas, which is odourless and colourless, and brings insensibility and death. It overwhelmed him, as you saw, and it was impossible for him to finish his lecture. Only one human being could have planned and executed such a contrivance. If we can trace it to her, she spends the night in Bow Street."

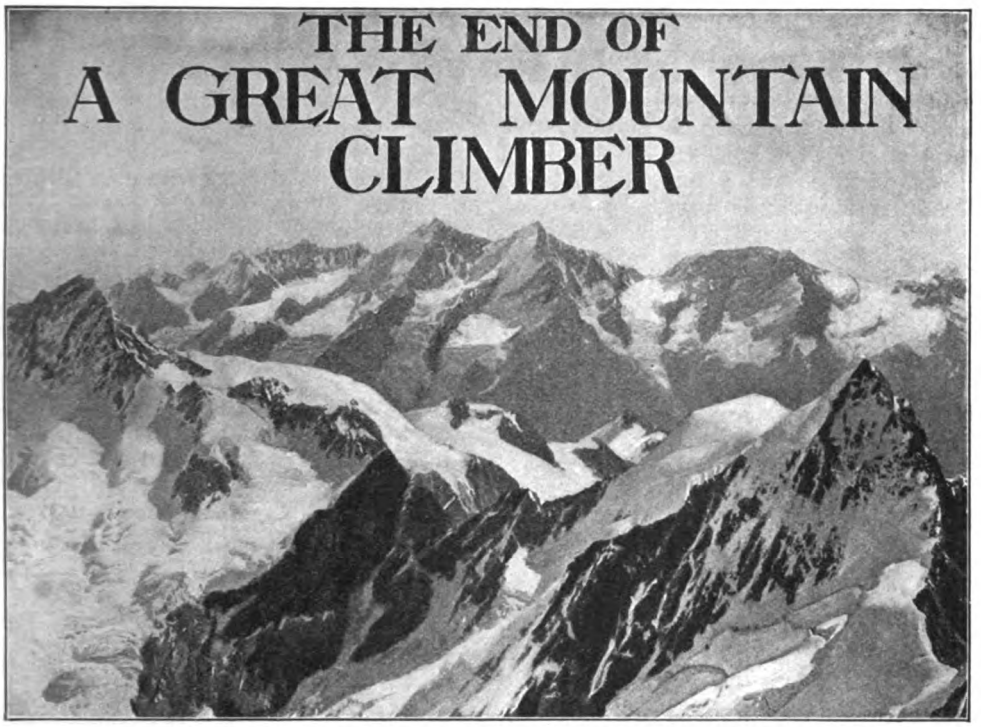
Our movements were rapid. The plant was taken to Vandeleur's house. The florist who had supplied the decorations was interviewed. He expressed himself astounded. He denied all complicity—the palm was certainly none of his; he could not tell how it had got into the hall. He had come himself to see if the decorations were carried out according to his directions, and had noticed the palm and remarked on its grace. Someone had said that a lady had brought it, but he really knew nothing definite about it.

Notwithstanding all our inquiries, neither did we ever find out how that palm got mixed up with the others.

We learnt afterwards that Donna Marta left London for the Continent that very night. What her subsequent movements were we could never ascertain. Doubtless, having acted her part in the brief rôle assigned to her, Madame would drop her from her life as she did most of her other victims.

There was, however, one satisfaction—the plot, on which so much hung, had failed. Madame was not successful. Professor Piozzi, his eyes opened at last with regard to this woman, took out his patent without an hour's unnecessary delay.

THE END OF A GREAT MOUNTAIN CLIMBER



From a] THE VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE DENT BLANCHE, WHERE THE ACCIDENT OCCURRED. *[Photo.*

By Harold Spender.

ON the evening of Wednesday, August 30th, 1899, we were walking up the long valley which leads from Sion to Evolena, south of the famous Rhone Valley, in the Canton Valais of Switzerland.

The carriage had surmounted the last zig-zag, and there lay before us a straight road to Evolena. It was past eight o'clock, and we should scarcely arrive before nightfall. The carriage had halted to take us up, since swifter progress was now possible, when a descending *einspänner* came rapidly towards us. There sat in it three men, who shouted as they passed:—

"*Four men killed on the Dent Blanche!*"

It was nine o'clock before we reached our hotel. We naturally inquired the circumstances of the accident from the guests sitting under the veranda, among whom was a friend whom I had known both in politics and athletics for some years, Mr. W. M. Crook. All they knew was that someone had received from Dr. Seiler, at Zermatt, a short time before, a telegram stating that a tourist and three guides had fallen from the Dent Blanche, and that a caravan of guides was starting from Zermatt to look for the bodies. He had added the grim request that four coffins should be prepared, and he had announced his intention of coming himself to Evolena. This was all. No names were mentioned, no particulars were given.

On receiving Dr. Seiler's telegram, Mr. Crook and his friends had been very much puzzled. "A tourist and three guides!" "Four bodies!" "Four coffins!" They knew of only one party on the Dent Blanche, but that consisted of five persons, who had intended to rope in two parties of three and two. This party consisted of three guides and two Englishmen, both schoolmasters in the City of London School, who had been climbing together for the last fortnight at Arolla. One was Mr. F. W. Hill, a mathematical master; the other was the science master, Mr. Owen Glynne Jones. If an accident had occurred, it would surely have been either five or three who had fallen—not four. So they dismissed the thought. But the fear recurred. The bodies had fallen, it was clear, on the Evolena side. And no other party had left the Evolena valley for the Dent Blanche that week. Perhaps the fifth body had not been seen. So at last, just to lull their fears, Mr. Crook sent off a telegram to Dr. Seiler: "Have Messrs. Jones and Hill arrived?"

Little time was left us for reflection. As we were sitting in the veranda a villager came up with a telegram. Mr. Crook tore it open, and read aloud the following message from Dr. Seiler:—

Mr. Hill arrived safely this morning, but Jones and three guides fell an hour and a half from the top on Monday morning.

Then it was true. The fall of four had happened in the party of five. By some miracle Mr. Hill had lived for more than two days on the mountain, and at last "arrived safely" at Zermatt.

But all this was for the moment swallowed up in our sense of the death of Owen Glynne Jones.

OWEN GLYNNE JONES
From a Photo. by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.

Glynne Jones was short, thick-set, near-sighted. On a casual meeting you would never have taken him for an athlete, but merely for what he also was—an earnest schoolmaster, a keen scientist, and a man of active intelligence. But mention mountains, and the man was transfigured. He would talk of the mountains with the passion of a worshipper; he would discuss for hours the smallest details of rock-climbing, and illustrate the subject on the nearest available object. I have seen him do a "chimney" climb between two trees, his back against one and his feet against the other; I have seen him do a "face" climb straight up the roughly-built wall of a Welsh barn, with no other support than the interstices between the stones; and one of his favourite occupations at his school was a "traverse" along the cornice of the big schoolroom, suspended by his finger-tips. For he had developed the most extraordinary strength in the most unusual muscles; the grip of his hands was like the grip of a climbing animal. This power, combined with a rare and cool daring, had set him, young as he was, at the head of English rock-climbers.

He subordinated everything else in life to the passion for the mountains, and the passion for climbing. His eagerness to climb a certain mountain in Wales had made him spend a week-end in achieving the victory. His passion for the Alps led him there in later years, both in summer and winter, and during the last year of his life his ambition stretched to the far-off Himalayas, which he had made every preparation to visit.

These passions had developed late, and Glynne Jones's marvellous performances were crowded into the last six years of a life which closed at the early age of thirty-two. He had entered upon his Alpine career by climbing the Dent Blanche in April—a season of the year when the high Alps had been hitherto considered impregnable. In the succeeding year he had climbed in every part of the Alps — the Oberland, the Pennines, the Eastern Alps of the Tyrol. The English Alps of Cumberland and Westmorland he had also conquered. Nothing seemed too difficult for his hand and eye; nothing too perilous for his daring and endurance. On that spring ascent of the Dent Blanche he had been thirty-six hours on the mountain. He had spent nearly forty hours in attacking a peak in the Dolomites. The older men shook their heads, but the younger climbers regarded him as their leader and hero. Indeed, it is not too much to say that he had founded a new school of climbing.

I have been often asked whether Jones had some secret of the trade whereby he adjusted the human body to the task of

perpendicular, as distinct from horizontal, movement. Well, man has four climbing weapons—two legs and two arms. Those are subdivided into ten toes and ten fingers. The first ten scarcely count, though it is as well to give them as much freedom as possible. The Pyreneans, for instance, always take off their boots at critical places; and in all mountain countries rock-climbers tend to use light shoes—rope-shoes or rubber-shoes—rather than boots. But though the toe in its natural freedom may become very prehensile, the finger is far more so. Now the secret of Jones's rock-climbing was his ingenious use of these climbing instruments provided by Nature. He was never rash or excitable; on the contrary, he was slow and level-headed. He would first bring to bear on a difficult rock all the ingenuity of a mathematician. When he passed from thought to action, his power lay in the perfect co-ordination of brain and muscle—the harmony of hand and eye—and, above all, in the complete and exquisite sympathy of movement between all parts of the climbing body. Mere energy and pluck—mere clearness of head, even—will not carry you very far. A thoughtless move—a false shifting of the wrong hand or the false precedence of foot by hand or hand by foot—may prove fatal. To Glynne Jones the clue to a difficult rock would sometimes be found in a single notch, where the hand or foot could find leverage to lift the whole body to a safe resting-place, sometimes in the skilful location of the body so that it could be supported by the knee and the back, without rest for either hand or foot. That is how he often threaded the apparently impossible gullies of the Welsh and Lake mountains.

But though Glynne Jones preached caution and care, he would not admit any limit to human skill and endurance. He was himself a peculiarly "safe" climber, because, after all, he knew his own limits; but to the young and ardent men around him he was doubtless a dangerous guide. His death, as we shall see, was due to no fault of his own; but he preached and practised a sport which could not be otherwise than on jesting terms with death.

But now to come back to the tragedy recorded in Herr Seiler's telegram.

Mr. F. W. Hill, whose narrative in the *Alpine Journal* necessarily forms the best evidence as to the incidents, says that it was Glynne Jones who wanted to climb the Dent Blanche by its western arête—a notably difficult undertaking, and one that has probably only twice been achieved.

Glynne Jones had discussed the possibilities of the undertaking with his own guide, Elias Furrer, of Stalden, and they had come to the conclusion that the conditions were never likely to be more favourable than in this August of 1899. Glynne Jones, therefore, asked Mr. Hill to accompany them, and to bring along with him his own guide, Jean Vuignier, of Evolena. Both guides knew their climbers very well; for Furrer had been with Glynne Jones on and off for five years, and Vuignier had climbed at Zermatt with Hill the year before. But Mr. Hill, who had promised to take his wife to Zermatt over the Col d'Herens, refused to go. Glynne Jones accordingly secured a second guide in Clemens Zurbriggen, of Saas-Fee, a young member of a great climbing clan. Vuignier, however, was so disappointed at his employer's refusal that Mr. Hill, finding that his wife made no objection, finally consented to join the party. Thus, with the addition of Mr. Hill and his guide, the expedition numbered five members. They left Arolla on Sunday morning, August 27th, with a porter carrying blankets. They intended to sleep on the rocks below the arête. Arriving at the Bricolla châlets, a few shepherds' huts high up the mountain, at four in the afternoon, they changed their minds, sent the blankets down to Arolla, and slept in the huts.

They started at three o'clock in the morning in two parties, the first consisting of Furrer, Zurbriggen, and Jones, roped in that order, and the second of Vuignier and Hill. They crossed the glacier and reached the ridge in good time. "It was soon very evident," says Mr. Hill in his narrative, "that the climbing was going to be difficult, as the rocks were steep slabs, broken and easy occasionally, but on the whole far too smooth." Rock-climbers do not particularly care how steep a rock may be so long as it is broken up into fissures which will give hold to the feet and hands. In the steepest mountains of the Dolomite region, for instance, the rocks are thus broken, and therefore mountains can be climbed easily which, from their bases, look absolutely inaccessible.

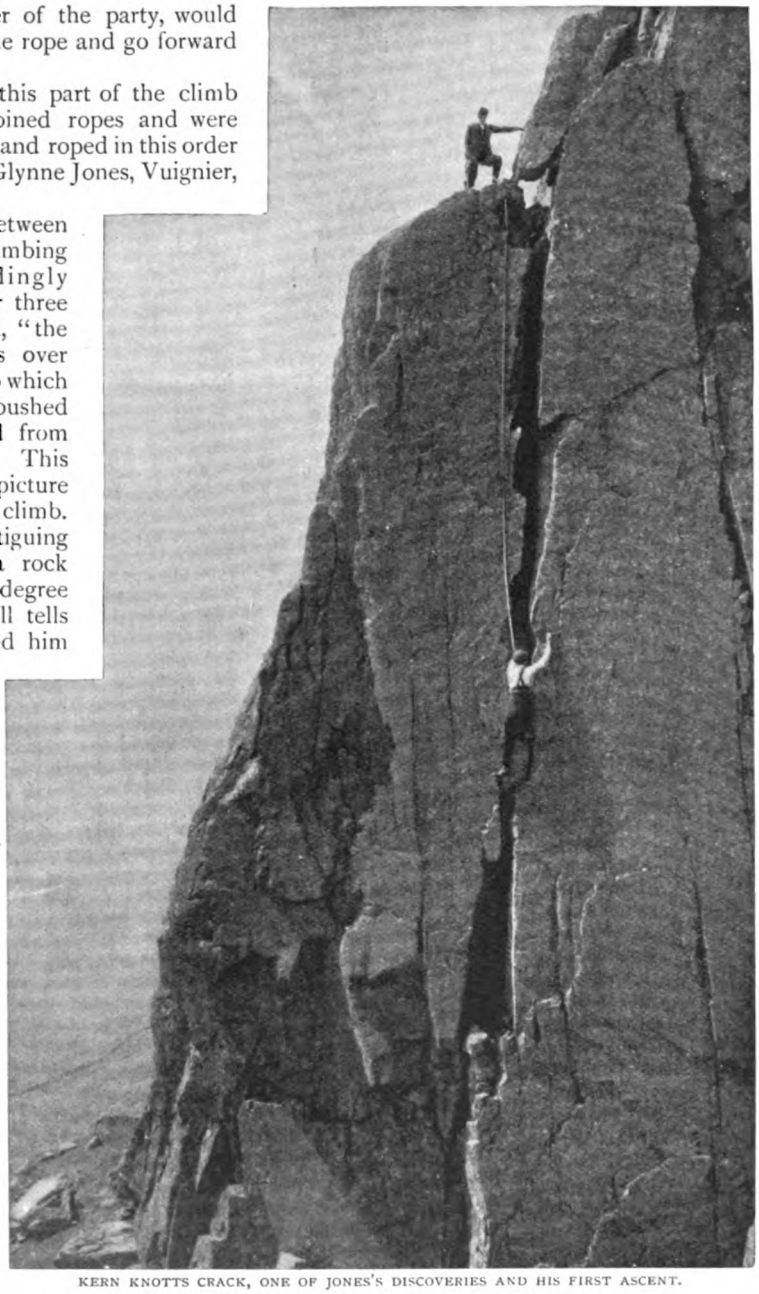
As they progressed up and along the ridge the climbing became more and more difficult. They had to go slowly and with extreme caution, and often they were in doubt as to the best way to proceed. Sometimes, indeed, there seemed no possible route. In these places Furrer, who seems to have been

accepted as the leader of the party, would detach himself from the rope and go forward to find a passage.

On entering upon this part of the climb the two parties had joined ropes and were now advancing as one, and roped in this order —Furrer, Zurbriggen, Glynne Jones, Vuignier, and Hill.

It is evident that between nine o'clock and ten climbing had become exceedingly arduous. "In two or three places," says Mr. Hill, "the only possible way was over an overhanging rock up which the leader had to be pushed and the others helped from above and below." This gives us a graphic picture of the nature of the climb. Nothing is more fatiguing than to climb over a rock which is in the least degree overhanging. Mr. Hill tells me that Furrer showed him his finger-tips at breakfast-time—9 a.m. — and that they were severely cut.

Yet no one must imagine for an instant that the party was in the least degree puzzled or vexed. There is nothing so exhilarating as the conflict with danger, and it generally happens in climbing a mountain that the party is merriest at the most difficult places. Mr. Hill, indeed, tells us that they were in the "highest spirits." "Climbing carefully," he says, "but in the highest spirits, we made good progress, for at ten o'clock it was agreed we were within an hour of the summit." It was at this point and time that the accident occurred.



KERN KNOTTS CRACK, ONE OF JONES'S DISCOVERIES AND HIS FIRST ASCENT.
From a Photo. by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.

They had been forced below the ridge by the difficulty of the rocks, and had come to a place where their obvious route lay up a narrow gully, or sloping chimney. On an ordinary day it is possible that they would have found no difficulty in going forward, but a few days before there had been rain, and probably snow, on these high rock summits. At any rate, the rocks were "glazed"; covered, that is, with a film of ice, probably snow melted and re-frozen, just sufficiently thick to adhere, and suffi-

ciently slippery to make the fingers "slither" over the rocks. If the climber cannot clear away the ice with his ice-axe, he must go round another way, and if the rocks are steep the first course becomes obviously impossible. That was the condition of affairs at ten o'clock on the morning of August 28th, 1899.

In a party of five roped together, with thirty feet of rope between each member, the amount of space covered by the party will obviously be forty yards; and it frequently happens that those who are roped last cannot see the leaders. Mr. Hill, as we have seen, was roped last, and by the time he reached the level of the other climbers Furrer had already turned away from the gully and was attempting to climb to the ridge by another route. To the left of the gully in front of them was a vertical rock face stretching for about thirty feet. Beyond this was a smooth-looking buttress some ten feet high, by climbing which the party could regain the ridge. When Hill came up with the rest, Furrer was already attempting to climb this buttress.

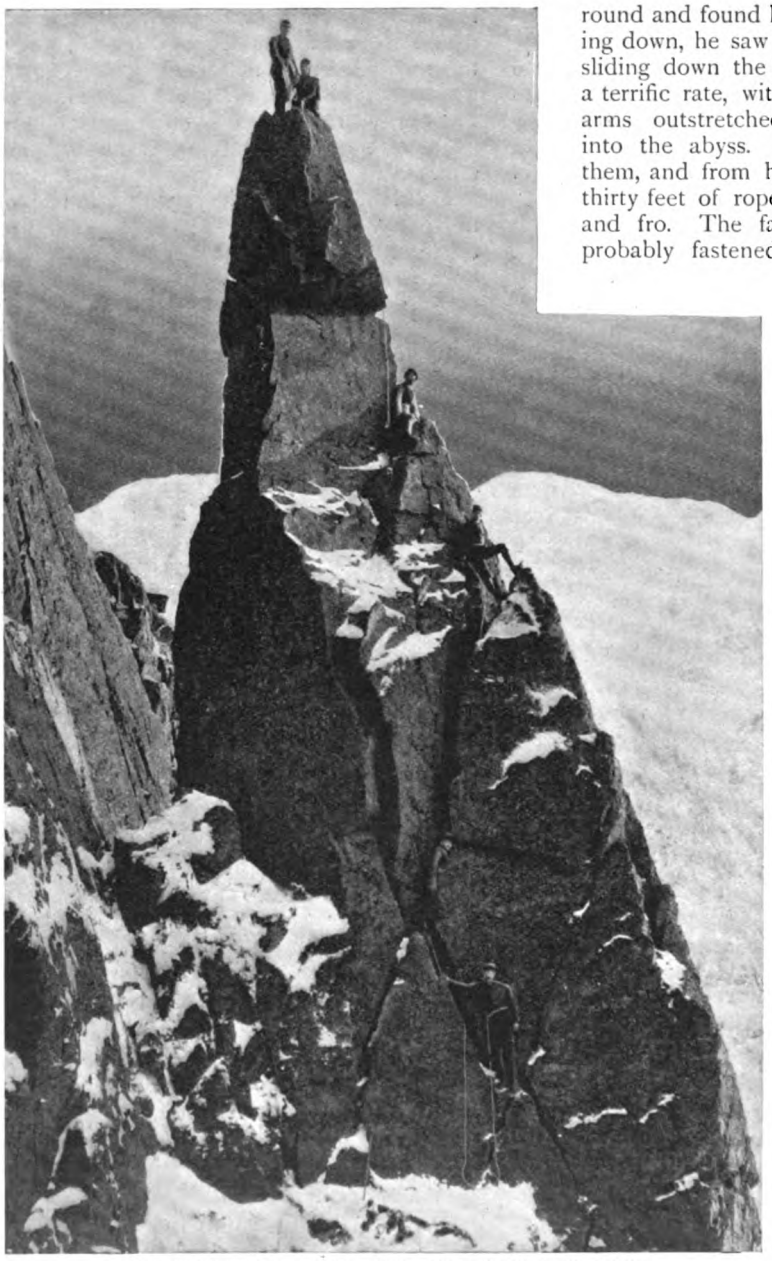
But the buttress was quite smooth, and Furrer was at a loss to find a hold. Unable to support himself, he called to Zurbriggen to place an axe under his feet for him to stand on. In this way he might be able to reach with his hands to the top of the buttress. There was nothing unusual in this method of procedure. In climbing difficult rocks, when the handholds are far up, it is frequently the custom to help the climber by placing an ice-axe under his feet. But in this case Furrer discovered that he could not climb the buttress with the help of Zurbriggen alone, and he would probably have done more wisely if he had abandoned the attempt. But, instead of that, he called Glynne Jones to help Zurbriggen in holding him up.

"Apparently," says Mr. Hill, "he did not feel safe, for he turned his head and spoke to Glynne Jones, who then went to hold the axe steady."

From Mr. Hill's own explanations the situation was as follows: The leading climber, Furrer, was grasping the rock face, standing on an ice-axe held vertically by Zurbriggen and Glynne Jones. These two were forced, in order to hold the ice-axe securely, to crouch down with their faces to the ground, and were, therefore, oblivious of what was going on above them. But the important point is that their four hands were occupied in holding the ice-axe, and that as they were standing on a narrow ledge, with a very sharp slope immediately below, these two men were in a helpless position. They were unready to stand a shock. Thus, at the critical moment, out of a party of five climbers, three had virtually cast everything on a single die!

Mr. Hill, standing level with the rest of the party, could see quite clearly what was happening. He was about sixty feet distant from them, the guide Vuignier being roped between them at an equal distance of some thirty feet from each. Furrer could now stand upright on the axe, which was firmly held by four strong hands, and could reach with his own fingers to the top of the buttress. It was a perilous moment. It is the rule with skilled climbers that you should never leave your foothold until you have secured your handhold. The natural issue would have been that Furrer, finding it impossible to secure on the smooth rock a steady grip with his hands, should have declined to trust himself. But the science of the study is one thing and the art of the mountain another. There are moments when a man does not know whether he has secured a steady grip or an unsteady, and the question can only be answered by making the attempt. If the party blundered at all, it was in allowing the second and third men to be so completely occupied with holding the axe that there was no reserve of power to hold up Furrer in case of a slip. But it is easy to speak after the event.

What Hill now saw was this: He saw Furrer reach his hands to the top of the buttress, take a grip, and attempt to pull himself up. But his feet never left the ice-axe beneath, for in the process of gripping his hands slipped. And then, as Hill looked, Furrer's body slowly fell back. It seemed, he has told himself, to take quite a long time falling. Furrer fell backwards, right on to the two oblivious men beneath him, causing them to collapse instantly, knocking them off their standing place, and carrying them with him in his fall from the ridge. "All three," says Mr. Hill in his narrative, "fell together." Instinctively he turned to the wall to get a better hold of the rock, and therefore did not see the next incident in the fatal sequence. Vuignier, as we have seen, was standing thirty feet from the first three, and the weight of three human bodies swinging at the end of the rope must have come directly on him. He was, apparently, taken by surprise, and immediately pulled off the rock. Hill heard that terrible



NAPES NEEDLE, GREAT GABLE—JONES AND COMPANION ON SUMMIT.
From a Photo. by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.

sound—the scuffle and rattle of stones that meant the dragging of a helpless human being into space—and he knew, or thought he knew, that his own turn would come in a moment; but as he clung there to the rock, waiting for the inevitable end, there was a pause. Nothing happened.

After a few endless seconds of time he faced round and found himself alone. Looking down, he saw his four companions sliding down the precipitous slopes at a terrific rate, without a cry, but with arms outstretched, helplessly falling into the abyss. Between him and them, and from his waist, there hung thirty feet of rope swinging slowly to and fro. The faithful Vuignier had probably fastened the rope securely round some point of rock to protect his master. The full weight of the four bodies had probably expended itself on the rock-fastening of the rope, and thereby saved the life of the fifth climber. Dazed and astonished to find himself still in the land of the living, Mr. Hill stood for some time watching his comrades fall, until, sickened, he turned away to face his own situation.

It was not very promising. He was without food, drink, or warm clothing. No man alone could climb down by the ridge up which those five experts had climbed in the morning. And in front lay a difficulty which had already destroyed his friends when attempting to overcome it by mutual help. It seemed impossible.

Perhaps it was fortunate that Hill was not only a mathematician, but a man of characteristic mathematical temperament—cool, unemotional, long-headed. Most men in his situation would have gone mad. Some would have waited right there till starvation overcame them or a rescue party arrived. But there was little or no chance of a rescue

party, and Mr. Hill was certainly not the man to wait for starvation. It was a curious irony that probably at that very moment there was a party on the summit of the Dent Blanche. Mr. Hill's party had seen two climbers on the south arête at half-past eight o'clock, and again about an hour later. At this moment they were probably at the summit. But Mr. Hill had no means of communicating with them, and the hour's climb which lay between him and them might as well have been the length of Europe. An hour later he himself heard a faint "cooey" (the party were probably on the way down)—a jovial, generous hail from men unconscious of any catastrophe.

Mr. Hill's immediate task was to regain the ridge and reach the summit. At the moment of the accident he was some sixty feet from the fatal buttress, and now wisely made no attempt to get near it. Instead, he moved to circumvent the glazed gully from its other side. After long and tedious efforts, lasting for a period of time which he cannot now even approximately estimate, he succeeded in his flanking movement, and finally with great labour and peril climbed back to the ridge by a slope of frozen snow and ice broken with rocks. It would be difficult to imagine anything more terrible than this lonely climb over ice-covered rocks, the painful cutting of steps up an almost precipitous wall, with a precipice many thousand feet deep at his back, down which the smallest slip would send him to certain death. But at last he regained the ridge, and the difficulties of ascent were now mainly overcome. In about another hour he found himself on the summit—a solitary, mournful victor. It was there he heard the shout from the other party. But he could not see them or make them hear, and so he made his way down with all reasonable speed, hoping to overtake them.

Hill had climbed the Dent Blanche in the previous year with a guided party, and therefore, to some extent, knew the route. Without much difficulty he was able to follow the ridge as far as possible down to the lowest *gendarme*, a pile of rock with a deep, narrow fissure. Then a sudden mist hid everything from view, and it was impossible to see the way off the *gendarme*. He tried several routes downward in the mist, but at last wisely resolved to wait till it lifted. While he was searching, a snow-storm and a cold wind came up. "They drove me," says Mr. Hill in his plain way, "to seek shelter in the lee of the rocks." There he tied himself with his rope, and, to avoid the danger of falling off in a moment of sleep, still further secured himself by an ice-axe wedged firmly in front of him—poor protections to a man absolutely without food or wraps, clinging to the side of an abyss in the searching cold and stormy darkness of mist and snow, wedged under the eave of an overhanging rock, and only able to sit in a cramped posture. But Mr. Hill was no ordinary man. If the Fates were asking for his life he determined to sell it dearly, sustained in his resolve by the thought of that waiting wife, unconscious of ill, below in Zermatt.

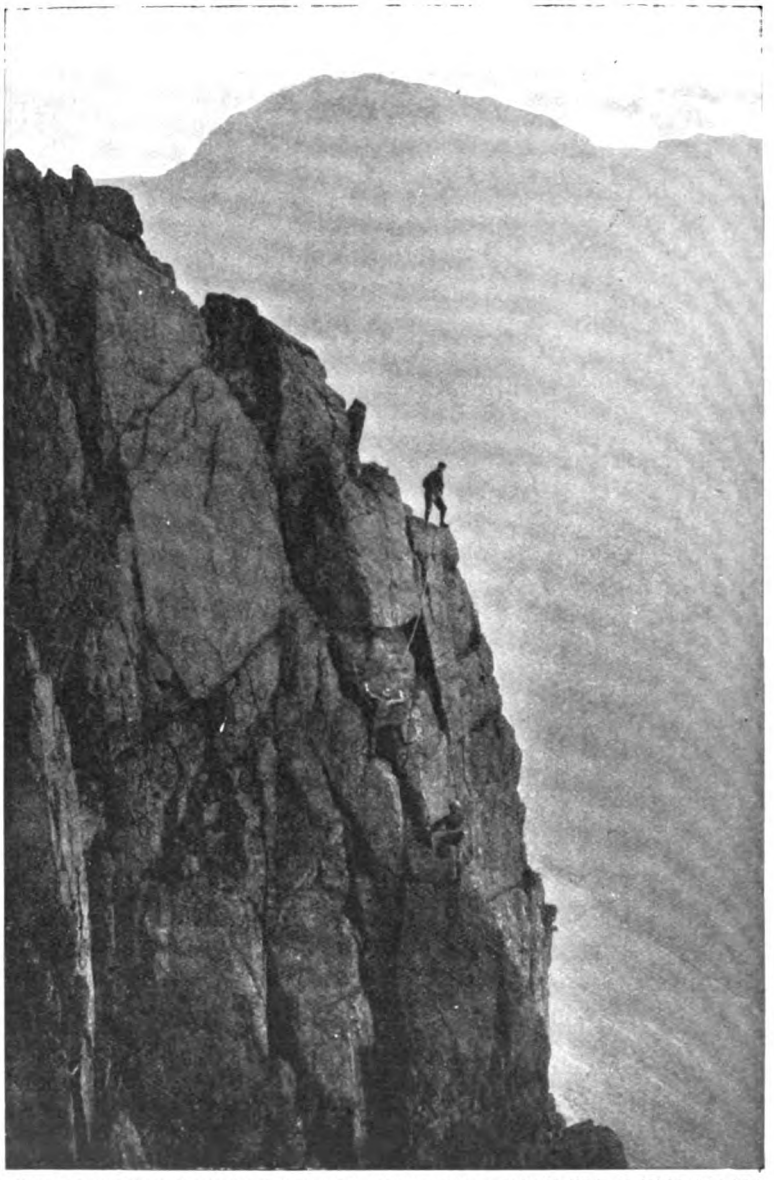
It must have been, at this time, past midday on Monday, August 28th. I can myself remember that snow-storm, as I saw it at this very time from the heights above the Lake of Geneva, surging up grey and cruel from the west, devouring the spaces of blue, and wrapping the distant hills in darkness. Little did I think at that hour of the friend up there among the heights without food or covering, seemingly forgotten of man.

The storm lasted all that Monday and Monday night, and Tuesday morning. All through those dreadful hours of darkness Hill sat in the cleft of rock, sleeping most of the time, but always half-frozen with the cold, and whenever he awoke obliged to beat himself to regain his natural warmth. Happily, he was well protected against the falling snow by the eave of the overhanging rock, but it covered his knees and boots, causing him intense cold in the feet.

At last, at midday on Tuesday, the mist cleared and the sun shone again in a sky of perfect blue. He could now resume his descent. To climb over snow-covered rocks in a roped party is difficult enough, but to do it alone is to risk your life many times over. But there was no alternative.

At last the rocks ended and the worst of the peril was over. He had reached the snow arête, where not even the heavy fall of snow had quite obliterated the tracks of those who had gone in front of him. These helped him to find his way. But the steps had mostly to be recut, and that must have been very fatiguing after his previous experiences. The next difficulty was the lower part of the Wandfluh, a bold wall of rock which leads down first to the Schonbuhl and then to the Zmutt glaciers, and which, at its base, ends in a steep precipice that can be descended only by one gully. Here Mr. Hill's memory failed him. He could not remember which was the right

gully. This was, perhaps, the most terrible trial of all. If he could find that gully his task was almost accomplished. The rest of the descent to Zermatt is little more than a walk. But hour after hour passed; he descended gully after gully, only to find himself blocked below by one precipice after another. In one of these attempts he dropped his ice-axe, without which he could never hope to return alive. Unless he could recover it he was a dead man. But, no, it was not quite lost. There it lay, far below him, on the rocks. Slowly and painfully he descended the gully to fetch it. At last he reached it. In this quest he wasted a whole hour!



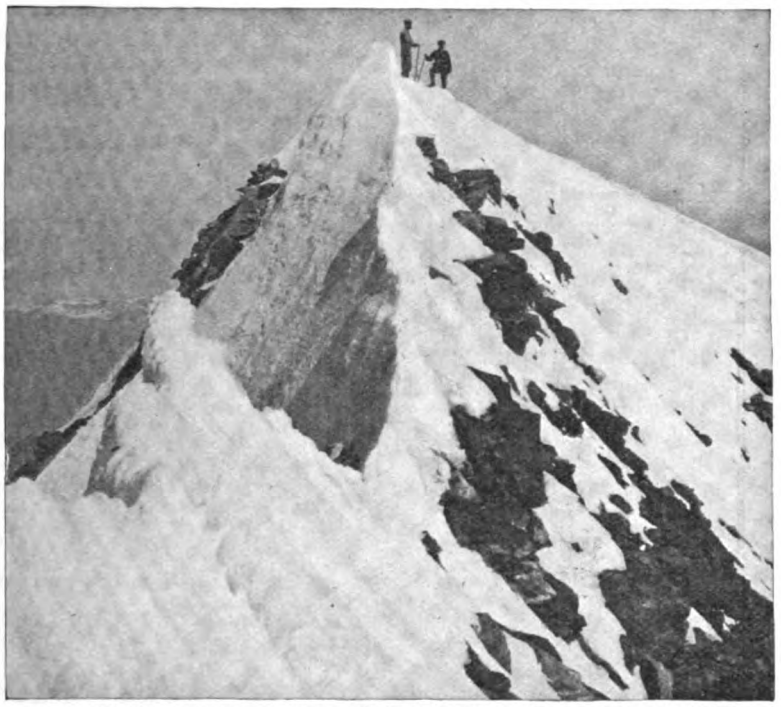
THE NEEDLE ARETE, GREAT GABLE—OF THE THREE FIGURES THE HIGHEST IS JONES AND THE LOWEST MR. HILL, THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF THE DENT BLANCHE ACCIDENT.
From a Photo. by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.

At last he discovered a series of chimneys to the extreme right of the Wandfluh and leading down to the glacier. Letting himself down these steep chimneys, he found himself at last, on Tuesday evening, on the high moraines of the Zmutt glacier. He must have reached the glacier about six o'clock, but he had only the sun to reckon by. Here the steep descent ends, and there is but a stony walk of two and a half hours down the glacier by a path which leads to the Staffel Alp Inn. The sun set while he was still on the moraine, and he has a vivid recollection of seeing the red "Alpengluh" on Monte Rosa. But as the darkness grew it became more and more difficult to keep to the path.

Here at last his marvellous strength began to fail him. He had no snow-glasses, and his eyes were suffering from the prolonged glare of the snow. A sort of waking trance fell on him. As he stumbled forward, over the stones of that horrible moraine, he imagined that his companions were still alive and with him. He kept calling to them to "come along." "It is

getting late, you fellows," he shouted; "come along."

At last he was brought up by a great rock. In the darkness he had wandered below the path. The rock entirely barred his way. He had a vague illusion that it was a châlet, and wandered round it searching for a door. At last he settled down by it in a semi-conscious condition. Then he must have fallen asleep, probably about ten o'clock. The sleep lasted about twelve hours, and was better than meat and drink. To most men it would have ended in death.



JONES AND COMPANION ON THE SUMMIT OF THE DENT BLANCHE AT A PREVIOUS ASCENT.
From a Photo. by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.

When he woke up at ten o'clock on Wednesday morning, in broad daylight, he soon saw that he had been sleeping quite near the path. A few minutes' scramble brought him back to it, and he soon came to a little wooden refreshment house about an hour below the Staffel Inn, which he had passed in the darkness. He went up to the woman at the hut and asked for some beer! He had only fifty centimes in his pocket; one of his dead companions had held the purse. He volunteered no complaint; but the woman was sympathetic, and soon found out whence he came. She then gave him a little milk and some dry bread—all she had. After a short rest he resumed his way to Zermatt, distant about half an hour, and reached the village at 11.30. As he was walking down the main street past the church he met his wife.

He told her simply what had happened. Then he had lunch. "I was now ravenous," he says, "and devoured a beefsteak, with the help of a glass of whisky and soda, and a bottle of champagne." Within an hour or two he was entirely recovered.

We received the news at nine o'clock, and by eleven we were threading our way in the pitch dark, lighted only by a few lanterns, up the valley towards the Dent Blanche. I need not dwell on that mournful search. We reached the Bricolla hut at half-past three o'clock in the morning, and then pursued our way through mist and rain up into that high region of glaciers and snow where our friends were resting. High up on the rocks above us we found their bodies, and brought them back to Handeres that evening. We were out on the mountains for twenty hours. On Saturday morning we buried Glynne Jones and his Evolena guide in the little country churchyard which lies above the village. It was an exquisite summer morning, and the sun shone down on us from a sky of unflecked blue. The storm had passed, and Nature seemed to speak of nothing but life. Far away at the head of the valley the spire of the Dent Blanche shone white and pure against the sky.

There in the Evolena churchyard we lowered his coffin into a rude grave, and before we left set up over it a rough cross to hold the place until we should have what men deem a more worthy memorial. But perhaps that rough cross in such a place was the best emblem that could be put up over the grave of Glynne Jones.

The Persecution of Bob Pretty.

By W. W. Jacobs.

THE old man sat on his accustomed bench outside the Cauliflower. A generous measure of beer stood in a blue and white jug by his elbow, and little wisps of smoke curled slowly upwards from the bowl of his churchwarden pipe. The knapsacks of two young men lay where they were flung on the table, and the owners, taking a noontide rest, turned a polite, if bored, ear to the reminiscences of grateful old age.

"'POACHING,' SAID THE OLD MAN, 'AIN'T WOT IT USED TO BE IN THESE 'ERE PARTS.'"

Poaching, said the old man, who had tried topics ranging from early turnips to horse-shoeing—poaching ain't wot it used to be in these 'ere parts. Nothing is like it used to be, poaching nor anything else; but that there man you might ha' noticed as went out about ten minutes ago and called me "Old Truthfulness" as 'e passed is the worst one I know. Bob Pretty 'is name is, and of all the sly, artful, deceiving men that ever lived in Claybury 'e is the worst—never did a honest day's work in 'is life and never wanted the price of a glass of ale.

Bob Pretty's worst time was just after old Squire Brown died. The old squire couldn't afford to preserve much, but by-and-by a gentleman with plenty o' money, from London, named Rockett, took 'is place and things began to look up. Pheasants was 'is favourites, and 'e spent no end o' money rearing of 'em, but anything that could be shot at suited 'im, too.

He started by sneering at the little game that Squire Brown 'ad left, but all 'e could do didn't seem to make much difference; things disappeared in a most eggstrordinary way, and the keepers went pretty near crazy, while the things the squire said about Claybury and Claybury men was disgraceful.

Everybody knew as it was Bob Pretty and one or two of 'is mates from other places, but they couldn't prove it. They couldn't catch 'im nohow, and at last the squire 'ad two keepers set off to watch 'im by night and by day.

Bob Pretty wouldn't believe it; he said 'e couldn't. And even when it was pointed out to 'im that Keeper Lewis was follering of 'im he said that it just 'appened he was going the same way, that was all. And sometimes 'e'd get up in the middle of the night and go for a fifteen-mile walk 'cos 'e'd got the tooth-ache, and Mr. Lewis, who 'adn't got it, had to tag along arter 'im till he was fit to drop. O' course, it was one keeper the less to look arter the game, and by-and-by the squire see that and took 'im off.

All the same they kept a pretty close watch on Bob, and at last one arternoon they sprang out on 'im as he was walking

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past Gray's farm, and asked him wot it was he 'ad got in his pockets.

"That's my bisness, Mr. Lewis," ses Bob Pretty.

Mr. Smith, the other keeper, passed 'is hands over Bob's coat and felt something soft and bulgy.

"You take your 'ands off of me," ses Bob; "you don't know 'ow partikler I am."

He jerked 'imself away, but they caught 'old of 'im agin, and Mr. Lewis put 'is hand in his inside pocket and pulled out two brace o' partridges.

"You'll come along of us," he ses, catching 'im by the arm.

"We've been looking for you a long time," ses Keeper Smith, "and it's a pleasure for us to 'ave your company."

Bob Pretty said 'e wouldn't go, but they forced 'im along and took 'im all the way to Cudford, four miles off, so that Policeman White could lock 'im up for the night. Mr. White was a'most as pleased as the keepers, and 'e warned Bob solemn not to speak becos all 'e said would be used agin 'im.

"Never mind about that," ses Bob Pretty. "I've got a clear conscience, and talking can't 'urt me. I'm very glad to see you, Mr. White; if these two clever, experienced keepers hadn't brought me I should 'ave looked you up myself. They've been and stole my partridges."

Them as was standing round laughed, and even Policeman White couldn't 'elp giving a little smile.

"There's nothing to laugh at," ses Bob, 'olding his 'ead up. "It's a fine thing when a working man—a 'ardworking man—can't take home a little game for 'is family without being stopped and robbed."

"I s'pose they flew into your pocket?" ses Policeman White.

"No, they didn't," ses Bob. "I'm not going to tell any lies about it; I put 'em there. The partridges in my inside coat-pocket and the bill in my waistcoat-pocket."

"The *bill?*" ses Keeper Lewis, staring at 'im.

"Yes, the bill," ses Bob Pretty, staring back at 'im; "the bill from Mr. Keen, the poulterer, at Wickham."

He fetched it out of 'is pocket and showed it to Mr. White, and the keepers was like madmen a'most 'cos it was plain to see that Bob Pretty 'ad been and bought them partridges just for to play a game on 'em.

"I was curious to know wot they tasted like," he ses to the policeman. "Worst of it is, I don't s'pose my pore wife'll know 'ow to cook 'em."

"You get off 'ome," ses Policeman White, staring at 'im.

"But ain't I goin' to be locked up?" ses Bob. "'Ave I been brought all this way just to 'ave a little chat with a policeman I don't like."

"You go 'ome," ses Policeman White, handing the partridges back to 'im.

"All right," ses Bob, "and I may 'ave to call you to witness that these 'ere two men laid hold o' me and tried to steal my partridges. I shall go up and see my loryer about it."

He walked off 'ome with his 'ead up as high as 'e could hold it, and the airs 'e used to give 'imself arter this was terrible for to behold. He got 'is eldest boy to write a long letter to the squire about it, saying that 'e'd overlook it this time, but 'e couldn't promise for the future. Wot with Bob Pretty on one side and Squire Rockett on the other, them two keepers' lives was 'ardly worth living.

Then the squire got a head-keeper named Cutts, a man as was said to know more about the ways of poachers than they did themselves. He was said to 'ave cleared out all the poachers for miles round the place 'e came from, and pheasants could walk into people's cottages and not be touched.

He was a sharp-looking man, tall and thin, with screwed-up eyes and a little red beard. The second day 'e came 'e was up here at this 'ere Cauliflower, having a pint o' beer and looking round at the chaps as he talked to the landlord. The odd thing was that men who'd never taken a hare or a pheasant in their lives could 'ardly meet 'is eye, while Bob Pretty stared at 'im as if 'e was a wax-works.

"I 'ear you 'ad a little poaching in these parts afore I came," ses Mr. Cutts to the landlord.

"I think I 'ave 'eard something o' the kind," ses the landlord, staring over his 'ead with a far-away look in 'is eyes.

"You won't hear of much more," ses the keeper. "I've invented a new way of catching the dirty rascals; afore I came 'ere I caught all the poachers on three estates. I clear 'em out just like a ferret clears out rats."

"Sort o' man-trap?" ses the landlord.

"Ah, that's tellings," ses Mr. Cutts.

"Well, I 'ope you'll catch 'em here," ses Bob Pretty; "there's far too many of 'em about for my liking. Far too many."

"I shall 'ave 'em afore long," ses Mr. Cutts, nodding his 'ead.

"Your good 'ealth," ses Bob Pretty, holding up 'is mug. "We've been wanting a man like you for a long time."

"I don't want any of your impidence, my man," ses the keeper. "I've 'eard about you, and nothing good either. You be careful."

"'I SHALL 'AVE 'EM AFORE LONG,' SES MR. CUTTS."

"I am careful," ses Bob, winking at the others. "I 'ope you'll catch all them low poaching chaps; they give the place a bad name, and I'm a'most afraid to go out arter dark for fear of meeting 'em."

Peter Gubbins and Sam Jones began to laugh, but Bob Pretty got angry with 'em and said he didn't see there was anything to laugh at. He said that poaching was a disgrace to their native place, and instead o' laughing they ought to be thankful to Mr. Cutts for coming to do away with it all.

"Any help I can give you shall be given cheerful," he ses to the keeper.

"When I want your help I'll ask you for it," ses Mr. Cutts.

"Thankee," ses Bob Pretty. "I on'y 'ope I sha'n't get my face knocked about like yours 'as been, that's all; cos my wife's so partikler."

"Wot d'ye mean?" ses Mr. Cutts, turning on him. "My face ain't been knocked about."

"Oh, I beg your pardin," ses Bob; "I didn't know it was natural."

Mr. Cutts went black in the face a'most and stared at Bob Pretty as if 'e was going to eat 'im, and Bob stared back, looking fust at the keeper's nose and then at 'is eyes and mouth, and then at 'is nose agin.

"You'll know me agin, I s'pose?" ses Mr. Cutts, at last.

"Yes," ses Bob, smiling; "I should know you a mile off—on the darkest night."

"We shall see," ses Mr. Cutts, taking up 'is beer and turning 'is back on him. "Those of us as live the longest'll see the most."

"I'm glad I've lived long enough to see 'im," ses Bob to Bill Chambers. "I feel more satisfied with *myself* now."

Bill Chambers coughed, and Mr. Cutts, arter finishing 'is beer, took another look at Bob Pretty, and went off boiling a'most.

The trouble he took to catch Bob Pretty arter that you wouldn't believe, and all the time the game seemed to be simply melting away, and Squire Rockett was finding fault with 'im all day long. He was worn to a shadder a'most with watching, and Bob Pretty seemed to be more prosperous than ever.

Sometimes Mr. Cutts watched in the plantations, and sometimes 'e hid 'imself near Bob's house, and at last one night, when 'e was crouching behind the fence of Frederick Scott's front garden, 'e saw Bob Pretty come out of 'is house and, arter a careful look round, walk up the road. He held 'is breath as Bob passed 'im, and was just getting up to foller 'im when Bob stopped and walked slowly back agin, sniffing.

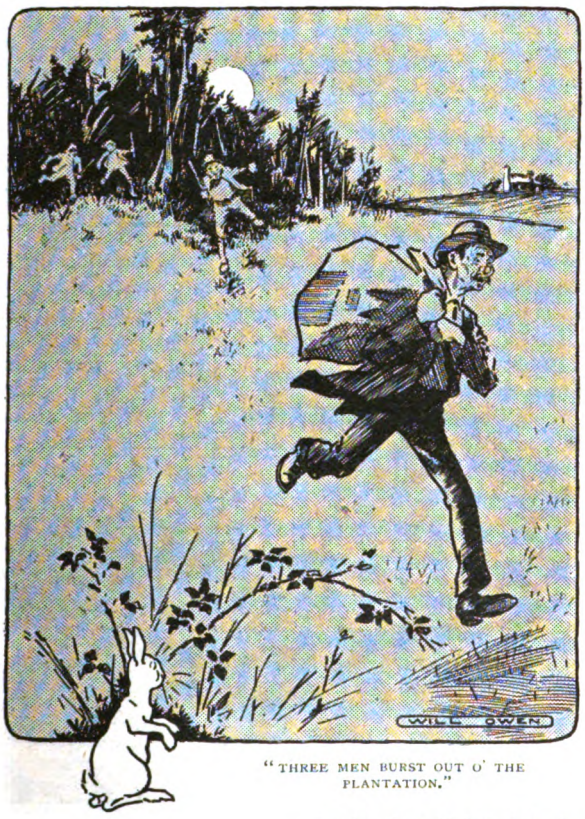
"Wot a delicious smell o' roses!" he ses, out loud.

He stood in the middle o' the road nearly opposite where the keeper was hiding, and sniffed so that you could ha' 'eard him the other end o' the village.

"It can't be roses," he ses, in a puzzled

voice, "becos there ain't no roses hereabouts, and, besides, it's late for 'em. It must be Mr. Cutts, the clever new keeper."

He put his 'ead over the fence and bid 'im good evening, and said wot a fine night for a stroll it was, and asked 'im whether 'e was waiting for Frederick Scott's aunt. Mr. Cutts didn't answer 'im a word; 'e was pretty near bursting with passion. He got up and shook 'is fist in Bob Pretty's face, and then 'e went off stamping down the road as if 'e was going mad.



"THREE MEN BURST OUT O' THE PLANTATION."

And for a time Bob Pretty seemed to 'ave all the luck on 'is side. Keeper Lewis got rheumatic fever, which 'e put down to sitting about night arter night in damp places watching for Bob, and, while 'e was in the thick of it, with the doctor going every day, Mr. Cutts fell in getting over a fence and broke 'is leg. Then all the work fell on Keeper Smith, and to 'ear 'im talk you'd think that rheumatic fever and broken legs was better than anything else in the world. He asked the squire for 'elp, but the squire wouldn't give it to 'im, and he kept telling 'im wot a feather in 'is cap it would be if 'e did wot the other two couldn't do, and caught Bob Pretty. It was all very well, but, as Smith said, wot 'e wanted was feathers in 'is piller, instead of 'aving to snatch a bit o' sleep in 'is chair or sitting down with his 'ead agin a tree. When I tell you that 'e fell asleep in this public-'ouse one night while the landlord was drawing a pint o' beer he 'ad ordered, you'll know wot 'e suffered.

O' course, all this suited Bob Pretty as well as could be, and 'e was that good-tempered 'e'd got a nice word for everybody, and when Bill Chambers told 'im 'e was foolhardy 'e only laughed and said 'e knew wot 'e was about.

But the very next night 'e had reason to remember Bill Chambers's words. He was walking along Farmer Hall's field—the one next to the squire's plantation—and, so far from being nervous, 'e was actually a-whistling. He'd got a sack over 'is shoulder, loaded as full as it could be, and 'e 'ad just stopped to light 'is pipe when three men burst out o' the plantation and ran towards 'im as 'ard as they could run.

Bob Pretty just gave one look and then 'e dropped 'is pipe and set off like a hare. It was no good dropping the sack, because Smith, the keeper, 'ad recognised 'im and called 'im by name, so 'e just put 'is teeth together and did the best he could, and there's no doubt that if it 'adn't ha' been for the sack 'e could 'ave got clear away.

As it was, 'e ran for pretty near a mile, and they could 'ear 'im breathing like a pair o' bellows; but at last 'e saw that the game was up. He just managed to struggle as far as Farmer Pinnock's pond, and then, waving the sack round his 'ead, 'e flung it into the middle of it, and fell down gasping for breath.

"Got—you—this time—Bob Pretty," ses one o' the men, as they came up.

"Wot—*Mr. Cutts?*" ses Bob, with a start.

"That's me, my man," ses the keeper.

"Why—I thought—you was——. Is that *Mr. Lewis?* It can't be."

"That's me," ses Keeper Lewis. "We both got well sudden-like, Bob Pretty, when we 'eard you was out. You ain't so sharp as you thought you was."

Bob Pretty sat still, getting 'is breath back and doing a bit o' thinking at the same time.

"You give me a start," he ses, at last. "I thought you was both in bed, and, knowing 'ow hard worked Mr. Smith 'as been, I just came round to 'elp 'im keep watch like. I promised to 'elp you, Mr. Cutts, if you remember."

"Wot was that you threw in the pond just now?" ses Mr. Cutts.

"A sack," ses Bob Pretty; "a sack I found in Farmer Hall's field. It felt to me as though it might 'ave birds in it, so I picked it up, and I was just on my way to your 'ouse with it, Mr. Cutts, when you started arter me."

"Ah!" ses the keeper, "and wot did you run for?"

Bob Pretty tried to laugh. "Becos I thought it was the poachers arter me," he ses. "It seems ridikilous, don't it?"

"Yes, it does," ses Lewis.

"I thought you'd know me a mile off," ses Mr. Cutts. "I should ha' thought the smell o' roses would ha' told you I was near."

Bob Pretty scratched 'is 'ead and looked at 'im out of the corner of 'is eye, but he 'adn't got any answer. Then 'e sat biting his finger-nails and thinking while the keepers stood argyfying as to who should take 'is clothes off and go into the pond arter the pheasants. It was a very cold night and the pond was pretty deep in places, and none of 'em seemed anxious.

"Make 'im go in for it," ses Lewis, looking at Bob; "'e chucked it in."

"On'y becos I thought you was poachers," ses Bob. "I'm sorry to 'ave caused so much trouble."

"Well, you go in and get it out," ses Lewis, who pretty well guessed who'd 'ave to do it if Bob didn't. "It'll look better for you, too."

"I've got my defence all right," ses Bob Pretty. "I ain't set a foot on the squire's preserves, and I found this sack a 'undered yards away from it."

"Don't waste more time," ses Mr. Cutts to Lewis. "Off with your clothes and in with you. Anybody'd think you was afraid of a little cold water."

"Whereabouts did 'e pitch it in?" ses Lewis.

Bob Pretty pointed with 'is finger exactly where 'e thought it was, but they wouldn't listen to 'im, and then Lewis, arter twice saying wot a bad cold he'd got, took 'is coat off very slow and careful.

"I wouldn't mind going in to oblige you," ses Bob Pretty, "but the pond is so full o' them cold, slimy efts; I don't fancy them crawling up agin me, and, besides that, there's such a lot o' deep holes in it. And wotever you do don't put your 'ead under; you know 'ow foul that water is."

Keeper Lewis pretended not to listen to 'im. He took off 'is clothes very slowly and then 'e put one foot in and stood shivering, although Smith, who felt the water with his 'and, said it was quite warm. Then

"BOB PRETTY POINTED WITH 'IS FINGER."

Lewis put the other foot in and began to walk about careful, arf-way up to 'is knees.

"I can't find it," he says, with 'is teeth chattering.

"You 'aven't looked," ses Mr. Cutts; "walk about more; you can't expect to find it all at once. Try the middle."

Lewis tried the middle, and 'e stood there up to 'is neck, feeling about with his foot and saying things out loud about Bob Pretty, and other things under 'is breath about Mr. Cutts.

"Well, I'm going off 'ome," ses Bob Pretty, getting up. "I'm too tender-'arted to stop and see a man drownded."

"You stay 'ere," ses Mr. Cutts, catching 'old of him.

"Wot for?" ses Bob; "you've got no right to keep me 'ere."

"Catch 'old of 'im, Joe," ses Mr. Cutts, quick-like.

Smith caught 'old of his other arm, and Lewis left off trying to find the sack to watch the struggle. Bob Pretty fought 'ard, and once or twice 'e nearly tumbled Mr. Cutts into the pond, but at last 'e gave in and lay down panting and talking about 'is loryer. Smith 'eld him down on the ground while Mr. Cutts kept pointing out places with 'is finger for Lewis to walk to. The last place 'e pointed to wanted a much taller man, but it wasn't found out till too late, and the fuss Keeper Lewis made when 'e could speak agin was terrible.

"You'd better come out," ses Mr. Cutts; "you ain't doing no good. We know where they are and we'll watch the pond till daylight—that is, unless Smith 'ud like to 'ave a try."

"It's pretty near daylight now, I think," ses Smith.

Lewis came out and ran up and down to dry 'imself, and finished off on 'is pocket-'andkerchief, and then with 'is teeth chattering 'e began to dress 'imself. He got 'is shirt on, and then 'e stood turning over 'is clothes as if 'e was looking for something.

"Never mind about your stud now," ses Mr. Cutts; "hurry up and dress."

"*Stud?*" ses Lewis, very snappish. "I'm looking for my trowsis."

"Your trowsis?" ses Smith, 'elping 'im look.

"I put all my clothes together," ses Lewis, a'most shouting. "Where are they? I'm arf perished with cold. Where are they?"

"He 'ad 'em on this evening," ses Bob Pretty, "'cos I remember noticing 'em."

"They must be somewhere about," ses Mr. Cutts; "why don't you use your eyes?"

He walked up and down, peering about, and as for Lewis he was 'opping round arf crazy.

"I wonder," ses Bob Pretty, in a thoughtful voice, to Smith—"I wonder whether you or Mr. Cutts kicked 'em in the pond while you was struggling with me. Come to think of it, I seem to remember 'earing a splash."

"He's done it, Mr. Cutts," ses Smith; "never mind, it'll go all the 'arder with 'im."

"But I do mind," ses Lewis, shouting. "I'll be even with you for this, Bob Pretty. I'll make you feel it. You wait till I've done with you. You'll get a month extra for this, you see if you don't."

"Don't you mind about me," ses Bob; "you run off 'ome and cover up them legs of yours. I found that sack, so my conscience is clear."

Lewis put on 'is coat and waistcoat and set off, and Mr. Cutts and Smith, arter feeling about for a dry place, set theirselves down and began to smoke.

"Look 'ere," ses Bob Pretty, "I'm not going to sit 'ere all night to please you; I'm going off 'ome. If you want me you'll know where to find me."

"You stay where you are," ses Mr. Cutts. "We ain't going to let you out of our sight."

"Very well, then, you take me 'ome," ses Bob. "I'm not going to catch my death o' cold sitting 'ere. I'm not used to being out of a night like you are. I was brought up respectable."

"I dare say," ses Mr. Cutts. "Take you 'ome, and then 'ave one o' your mates come and get the sack while we're away."

Then Bob Pretty lost 'is temper, and the things 'e said about Mr. Cutts wasn't fit for Smith to 'ear. He threw 'imself down at last full length on the ground and sulked till the day broke.

Keeper Lewis was there a'most as soon as it was light, with some long hay-rakes he'd borrowed, and I should think that pretty near arf the folks in Claybury 'ad turned up to see the fun. Mrs. Pretty was crying and wringing 'er 'ands; but most folk seemed to be rather pleased that Bob 'ad been caught at last.

In next to no time arf-a-dozen rakes was at work, and the things they brought out o' that pond you wouldn't believe. The edge of it was all littered with rusty tin pails and saucepans and such-like, and by-and-by Lewis found the things he'd 'ad to go 'ome without a few hours afore, but they

didn't seem to find that sack, and Bob Pretty, wot was talking to 'is wife, began to look 'opeful.

But just then the squire came riding up with two friends as was staying with 'im, and he offered a reward of five shillings to the man wot found it. Three or four of 'em waded in up to their middle then and raked their 'ardest, and at last Henery Walker give a cheer and brought it to the side, all heavy with water.

"That's the sack I found, sir," ses Bob, starting up. "It wasn't on your land at all, but on the field next to it. I'm an honest, 'ardworking man, and I've never been in trouble afore. Ask anybody 'ere and they'll tell you the same."

Squire Rockett took no notice of 'im. "Is that the sack?" he asks, turning to Mr. Cutts.

"That's the one, sir," ses Mr. Cutts. "I'd swear to it anywhere."

"You'd swear a man's life away," ses Bob. "'Ow can you swear to it when it was dark?"

Mr. Cutts didn't answer 'im. He went down on 'is knees and cut the string that tied up the mouth o' the sack, and then 'e started back as if 'e'd been shot, and 'is eyes a'most started out of 'is 'ead.

"What's the matter?" ses the squire.

Mr. Cutts couldn't speak; he could only stutter and point at the sack with 'is finger, and Henery Walker, as was getting curious, lifted up the other end of it and out rolled about a score of as fine cabbages as you could wish to see.

I never see people so astonished afore in all my born days, and as for Bob Pretty 'e stood staring at them cabbages as if 'e couldn't believe 'is eyesight.

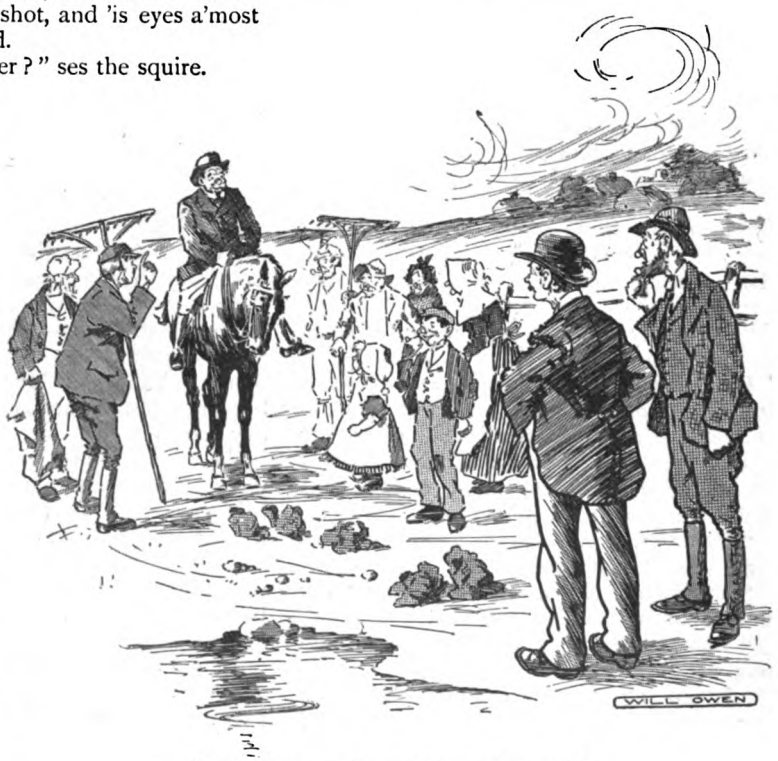
"And that's wot I've been kept 'ere all night for," he ses at last, shaking his 'ead. "That's wot comes o' trying to do a kindness to keepers, and 'elping of 'em in their difficult work. P'r'aps that ain't the sack arter all, Mr. Cutts. I could ha' sworn they was pheasants in the one I found, but I may be mistook, never 'aving 'ad one in my 'ands afore. Or p'r'aps somebody was trying to 'ave a game with you, Mr. Cutts, and deceived me instead."

The keepers on'y stared at 'im.

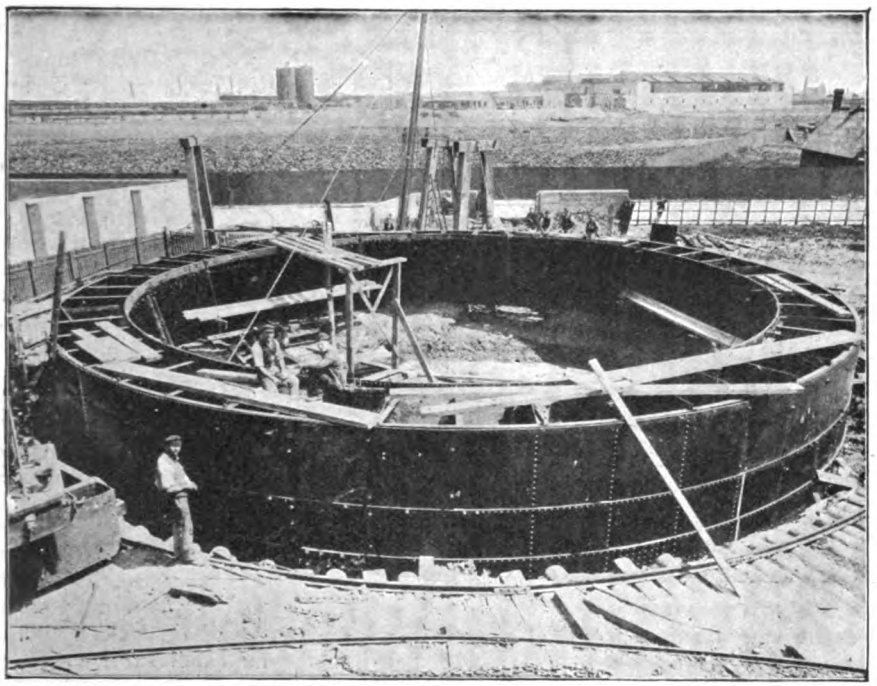
"You ought to be more careful," ses Bob. "Very likely while you was taking all that trouble over me, and Keeper Lewis was catching 'is death o' cold, the poachers was up at the plantation taking all they wanted. And, besides, it ain't right for Squire Rockett to 'ave to pay Henery Walker five shillings for finding a lot of old cabbages. I shouldn't like it myself."

He looked out of the corner of 'is eye at the squire, as was pretending not to notice Henery Walker touching 'is cap to him, and then 'e turns to 'is wife and he ses:—

"Come along, old gal," 'e ses. "I want my breakfast bad, and arter that I shall 'ave to lose a honest day's work in bed."



"'YOU OUGHT TO BE MORE CAREFUL,' SES BOB."



From a] THE LOWER OR CUTTING EDGE OF A BIG CAISSON. *[Photo.*

Caissons.

By E. S. Valentine.

A FEW years ago a German professor drove to the offices of a great firm of British ironmasters. He asked to see a member of the firm.

"Do you build caissons?" he inquired.

"We do," was the reply.

"Any limit as to size?"

The ironmaster paused for a moment; then, recognising that perhaps the national credit was at stake, answered decisively:—

"None whatever!"

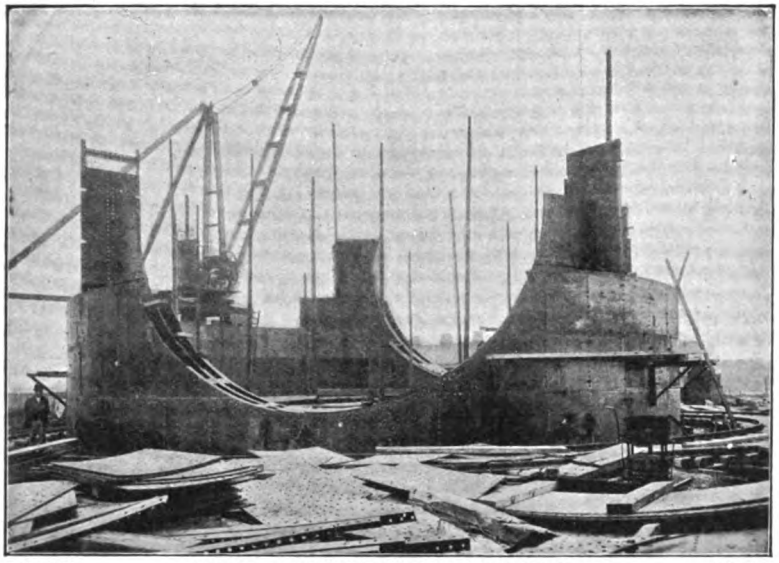
"Then," said the German professor, unfurling a huge scroll of diagrams, "I have carefully estimated that the geological strata in Kent is, after the first subterranean mile, the softest on the earth's crust. I want to get into a caisson, with provisions for seven hundred and thirty-one days, and sink to Kingyin, seven and a half miles from Rangoon, on the Gulf of Martaban. I have figured out the scale of weights, and I desire the dimensions of the caisson to admit of a certain thickness on account of the ball of flame in the middle of the earth."

The ironmaster did not wait to hear more; he immediately summoned a porter, and had the German professor escorted to the door. The fellow was mad, of course, stark, staring mad; and yet there was a grain more reason in his grotesque conception than most of my readers are possibly aware of.

A caisson is, literally, a box. There are various kinds of caissons known to that most romantic and intrepid of callings, modern engineering, but the general idea is that of a round tin can, turned bottom upwards, with a sharp "cutting edge." The sort the German had in his mind was a shaft caisson; and the principle of Nature which would cause it to sink into the earth by its own weight and that of super-incumbent ballast or tonnage is precisely the same that would cause the gradual subsidence of a lofty building if the latter were not fixed firmly upon masonry. In this connection a story is told by a well-known engineer of a parsimonious Western millionaire who was erecting a twenty-eight-story building on a very narrow plot of ground. He objected, he said, to so much money being wasted on foundation.

"What's the good of it? I ain't afraid of my skyscraper blowing over in a tornado!"

"Perhaps not," retorted the builder, "but if you refuse that extra twenty thousand I'll take a bet you can walk into your



From a] THE SAME CAISSON IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION. *[Photo.*

four or five thousand tons.

It is in pier-building that the caisson becomes an object of the deepest fascination, partly because it is then submerged in that treacherous element, water, and the lives of the "men in the box," *i.e.*, the caissoniers, are in the greatest danger. The caisson is lowered into the river, and in this instance sinks not only by reason of its own weight, but by the potent power of compressed air, far below the river's bed into the mud and slime, until it strikes rock-bottom.

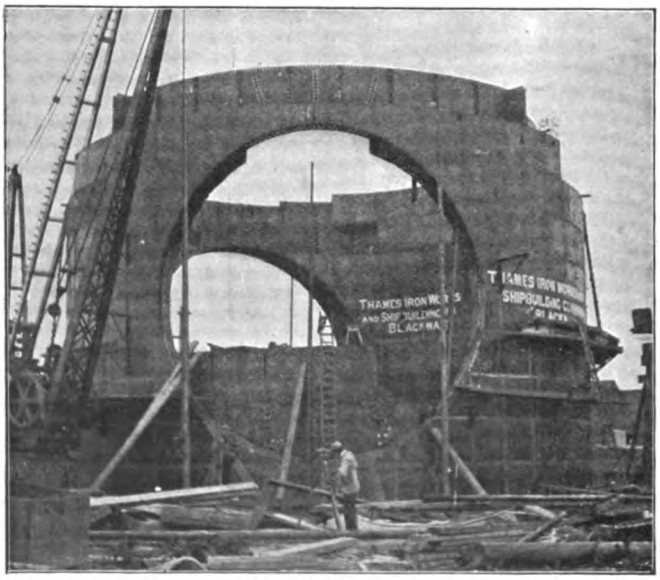
In such cases, as it sinks, this box, usually of wood as well as iron, bears within its limited compass—for this caisson may not measure above fifteen feet in diameter—seven human beings. The caisson is, when it is first lowered, completely enclosed, having a bottom as well as a roof, but the moment it strikes the river-bed, and the cutting-edge sinks into the mud, the weights of stone

twenty-eighth story on the street-level within a year!"

In other words, it would take twelve months for the "cutting edge" of the narrow steel-framed building to subside into the soil, and a month or so more entirely to disappear.

Caissons are now used for pier-building, for excavating under rivers, and also for the support of all huge structures whatever; and as we shall see, the life of the caissoniers, or compressed-air workers, who toil within them is one of the strangest and most trying in the world.

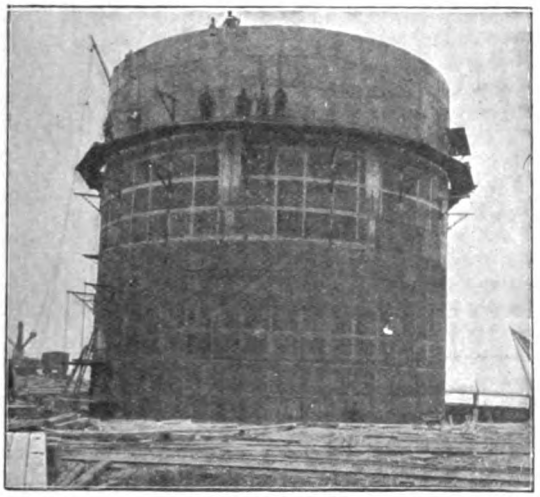
The caisson I have compared to a tin can, but, as a rule, it is somewhat larger than the most generous of householders could find room for in kitchen or scullery. An average caisson of the sort used in shaft excavations is some fifty or sixty feet in external diameter, say seventy feet high, and is built of steel and iron. It has an inner and an outer skin, and the space between—perhaps five feet—is filled with cement. These "skins" come closer near the bottom edge. This sort of caisson sinks by its own weight, increased by weights in cases where the ground is stiff or where the desired depth is great, until it weighs



From a] THE SAME CAISSON READY TO SINK. *[Photo.*

descend upon its roof, the bottom is knocked out by the seven men, working by oil lamp, torch, or electric light, and thenceforward they toil, with thousands of tons of stone piling upon them, shut out by a hundred feet from God's air and sunlight.

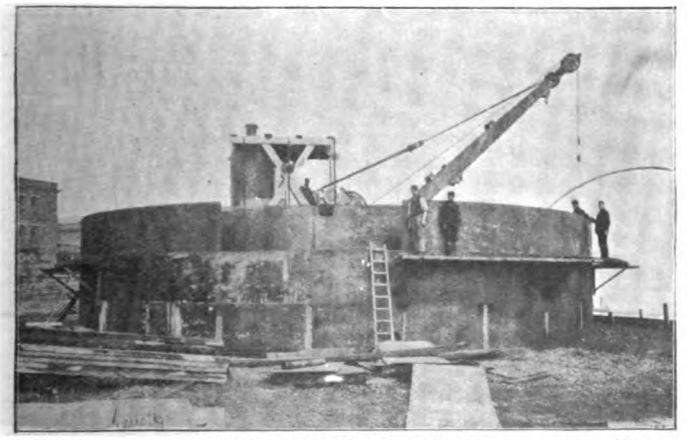
The sole connection they have with the world in which the rest of us live and breathe is a narrow iron pipe, through which they crawl or are borne upwards when they have finished their "shift" of work. It is through this pipe that the mud and rocks which they have excavated is borne to the surface, and through it also descends that force of air which prevents the water from welling upwards through the mud, filling the bottomless caisson, and drowning the hapless pressure-workers.



From a] A CAISSON SINKING. *[Photo.*

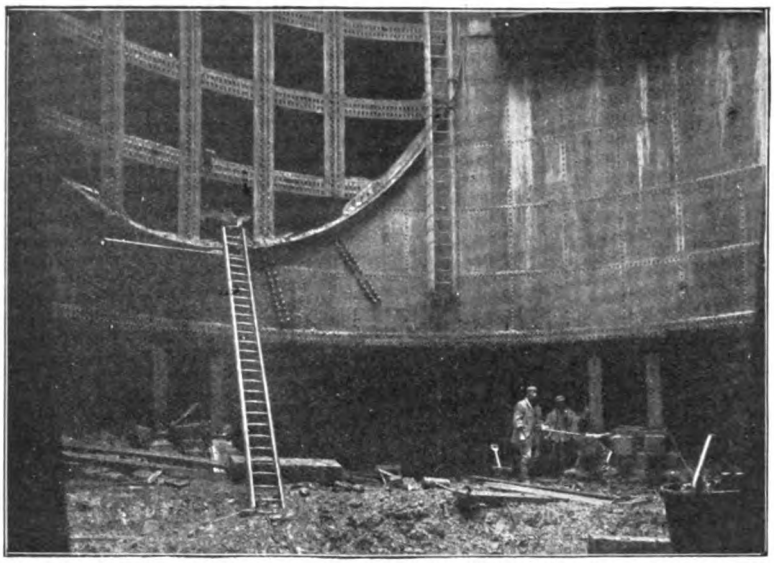
Compressed air has been in use now for industrial purposes for sixty years. The first time it was used in England was in the construction of the bridge over the Medway in 1850, when air was pumped into a hollow caisson to keep the water from flowing in. The deeper the caisson sinks the greater degree of air pressure is exerted until at last, at a depth of 100ft., these men working inside with shovel and pick are living in, are breathing, what is known to science as "three atmospheres" — that is to say, the pressure which is defying the river to enter their little submarine box is also pressing on their bodies to the extent of forty-six and a half pounds to the inch.

As the normal pressure on the human body is only fifteen pounds to the inch it may be asked: How can these men, these caissoniers, not only manage to live and work under a pressure of fifty, sixty, and even seventy pounds, yet even at the time be ignorant of anything unusual? The explanation is to be found in the construction of the human frame. If the surface of our bodies consisted of some perfectly rigid substance, and there were no means by which the external pressure could be communicated equally as well to the interior as to the exterior, the great weight of air would doubtless crush and destroy; just as if we take a delicate glass globe and exhaust the air from the inside, the outside pressure will break the glass. At the Blackwall Tunnel a large number of the incandescent electric light globes were broken in this way when taken into slightly compressed air. But, no matter how delicate the glass vessel, this will not occur if there exists any free communication between the interior and exterior and the compressed air can enter freely. A pin point pressed on an egg-shell will very readily puncture it, but if we apply a perfectly evenly distributed pressure to the whole surface of the shell it would withstand enormous pressures. In like manner the pressure on the exterior of the human body on entering compressed air is communicated directly to the air within the lungs, and indirectly to the whole of the contents of the body through the blood.



From a] THE SAME CAISSON STILL SINKING. *[Photo.*

Some faint

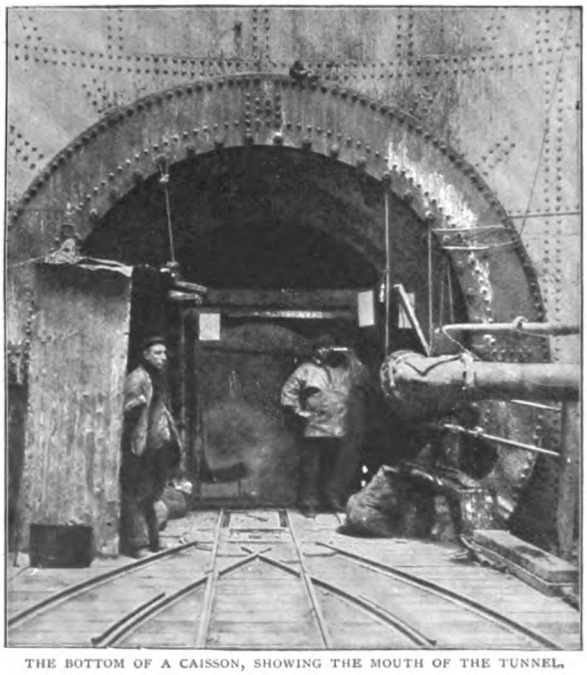


THE BOTTOM OF A CAISSON, WHERE THE MEN WORK UNDER ENORMOUS PRESSURE OF COMPRESSED AIR.
From a Photo.

presentiment of the time when air will be the great industrial agent of the future—when it will run our trains, work our engines, lift our shipping, and move our vehicles — flashes across the mind when one sits in this sinking caisson and feels the invisible combat between air and water and earth. It is air—closely packed in this box — but it is not air for breathing. It is thick enough to cut with a knife—nay, would it not dull the toughest knife? It is pumped in rhythmically, as a pendulum works in a clock; if it be not pumped in so, the clock stops, the relentless surge of waters advances, and the men inside the sinking caisson are doomed. They have not even time to say their prayers!

If a pressure-worker should be taken ill in this box, if he is injured by a drill or by his comrade's pick or by a charge of powder, he must crawl to the iron pipe and seek to scale its hundred feet. If he fails, he drops back into the bottom of the caisson to perish in what may truly be called "Davy Jones's locker." If he succeeds, and emerges into the ordinary thin atmosphere too suddenly he will be seized by cramps, by the dread caisson-disease, which may maim him for life. The pressure of three or four atmospheres has been removed too abruptly.

Think of it—being shut up like rats in a trap with the awful weight of that heaviest and most invisible of all things, air, gradually rising, as you sink, from forty to fifty, sixty, yes, even seventy and eighty pounds. And then the blood thickens and turns black; and the heart stops, and then when the gauge-tender far, far above at last turns off the superfluous current it is too late. Or if he has not turned on enough air, a new staff of pressure-workers descend to the box and find their ingress blocked by water, muddy water, ever rising—rising—until it runs a race with them to the summit of the tube up which they turn madly to escape. A caissonier who has had eleven years' experience of pressure-working told the writer of one incident which would furnish a weird and thrilling scene to Jules Verne.



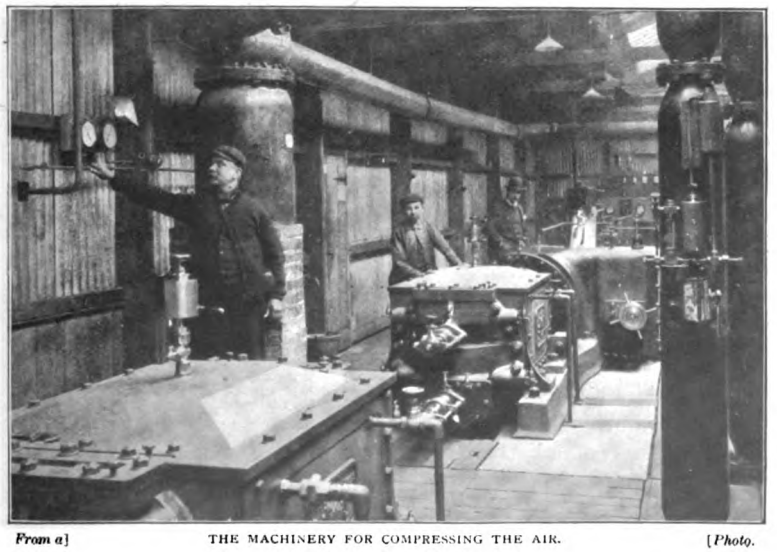
THE BOTTOM OF A CAISSON, SHOWING THE MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL.
From a Photo.

From a] MEN COMING OUT OF AN EMERGENCY LOCK. *[Photo.*

"There were five of us," said he, "in the box when one of my mates named Jim called out that he had struck something queer with his pick. 'Bless me if it ain't alive,' said he. We all crept over to see what the thing was, when it began to wriggle and squirm all over the caisson like a big eel, slapping one man on the belt and squirming under another's heels. Just then Jim's pick again hit something; the lights went out, and we thought he had cut the wire, and were laughing as we clambered up towards the air-lock, thinking it was no use working in the dark. But just then Jim cried out, 'Heavens, the air-pipe's broke. Run for your lives!' We ran, like crazy men, up the ladder, the water coming after us like a freshet. I got into the air-lock first and another man followed me. But the lock-keeper must have lost his head, for, without waiting for the others, he shut the gates. Perhaps if he hadn't done so, all five of us would have been drowned, the water rose so fast. Anyhow, that was afterwards his defence. When the pipe was repaired by a diver and the water forced back, the eel, or whatever the thing was, was gone from the caisson and the bodies of my three mates were there instead."

In the old days, to the terrors of water was added that of fire, because the interior of the caisson, being of wood and designed for merely temporary uses, occasionally caught fire from the effects of the powder explosion or one of the torches or lamps. It is fortunate that electric lighting has greatly diminished if it has not entirely abolished this evil.

After all these terrors it is perhaps astonishing to be told that any human beings can extract pleasure from such an employment, or that caissoning would be sought by any considerable number of men. But the truth is that old caissoniers in some way become hardened to the strain of working in three atmospheres,



From a] THE MACHINERY FOR COMPRESSING THE AIR. *[Photo.*

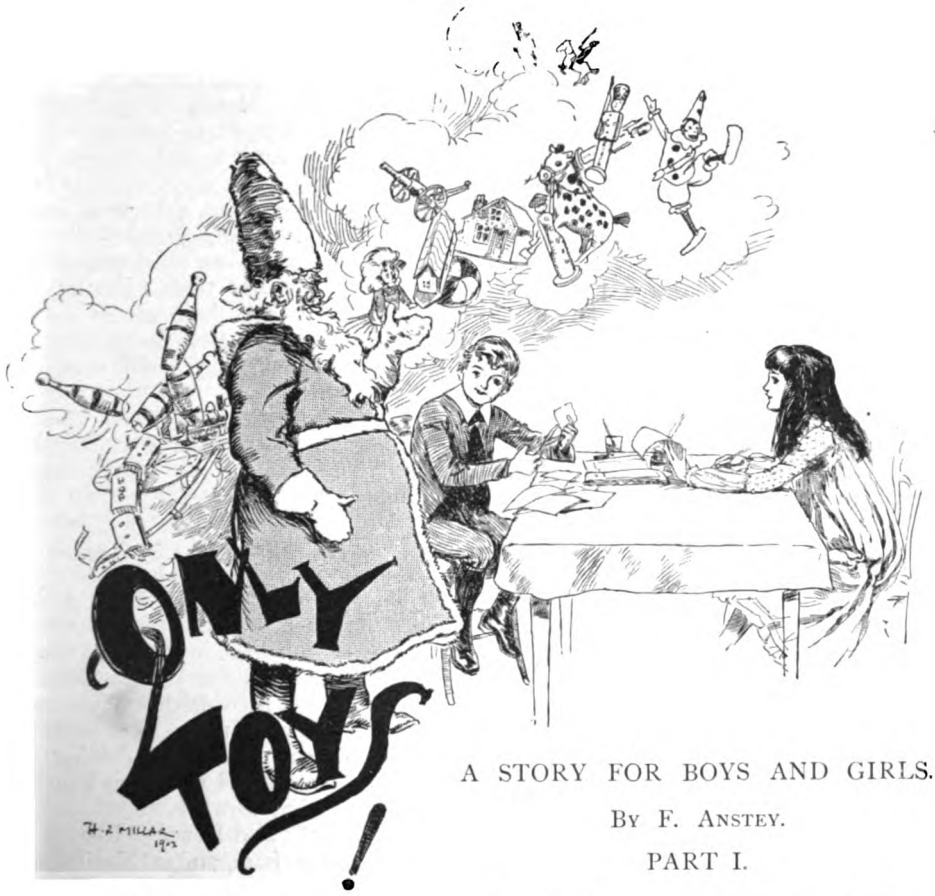
WATCHING THE GAUGE WHICH SHOWS THE PRESSURE OF THE AIR IN THE CAISSON. [*Photo.*
From a]

and can even, in a measure, laugh at caisson-disease or "the bends." It is amazing what amount of air-pressure their bodies will endure; some have boasted that they have stood a pressure of eighty pounds to the inch. As the ordinary pressure is fifteen pounds to the inch, thirty pounds in excess of this is known as "three atmospheres"; and this pressure ensues at sixty-five feet below the surface. Eighty feet down, the workers in the caisson are standing thirty-seven pounds, while at one hundred feet the pressure is forty-six and a half pounds. Fifty pounds is generally regarded as the maximum amount that a man can endure without being injured, perhaps for life. But it all depends, as I have said, on the degree of suddenness with which the man in the caisson is brought into contact with the normal atmosphere up above in the air-lock.

In the appended illustrations a shaft caisson may be seen in the act of sinking by its own weight. In the other illustrations the weights, consisting of iron segments, may be seen. One of these is of a caisson sunk for the Blackwall Tunnel, and containing the shield or engine for boring under the river. The filling of this caisson, drawing the shield into it from the dock, and lowering the latter to the bottom occupied about five days. The caisson itself was sunk close to the river-bank, and, the wet sand causing great friction, it was found necessary to weight it ultimately to such an extent that six and a half hundredweight per square foot of surface was placed upon the sinking caisson. The opening in the side of the caisson is for the tunnel to pass through.

A new use for caissons is to supply the foundations for huge buildings in lieu of stone. These caissons are of steel and are intended to be permanent, for the superstructure rests upon them. They are smaller, besides; much smaller. Nevertheless, the work is of an adventurous character, and the men who go down into the bowels of the earth in these caissons not only have to encounter thick air and to brave caisson-disease, but they have often to withstand intense heat. But although in caissoning there is a little more danger than most men seek, yet, on the whole, the lot of the men who toil below in the "little boxes"—the pressure-workers—is hardly more dangerous, perhaps, than ballooning or going to sea in an open boat or tunnelling through the Alps.

FEELING THE PULSE OF A BOY WHO HAS JUST EMERGED FROM THE TERRIBLE AIR-PRESSURE OF A CAISSON. [*Photo.*
From a]



A STORY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

By F. Anstey.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

HOW IRENE AND TORQUIL WERE MADE TO FEEL SMALL.

"HOW do you think this will do, Torquil?" said Irene, looking up from a short paper she was composing for the *Girls' Own Garland* on "How I Amuse Myself in the Holidays," and she proceeded to read aloud: "Of course, with so much to occupy us we have no time to spend on toys, which, Torquil says, are a babyish pursuit——"

"Except when they're exact models of things," corrected Torquil. "There's some sense in *them*. But none of *our* toys are models!"

Irene accepted the amendment dutifully. It took her some little time to get it all down. "Would you spell model with two 'd's' or only one?" she inquired, presently.

"Two, of course," said Torquil. "Or else, don't you see, you would have to pronounce it 'modle.' But I can't listen to any more till I've made up my mind how much the Isle of Wight ought to count."

He was ten and Irene nine, and they were sitting opposite one another at the school-room table on the top floor of a certain London house one afternoon, shortly after Christmas. She was engaged in the manner already described, while he was copying and colouring all the counties of England from an atlas before him upon sundry small bits of cardboard.

By-and-by he intended to cut them all out and play some sort of game with them. He was not quite sure what, because he had not invented more than one or two of the rules, but it would be something between "snap" and "bézique," and it would have the great merit of teaching you geography.

It will be guessed from this that both children were rather more grown up than

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many children are at their age. They had always been encouraged to take an intelligent interest in the world's affairs; their father and mother were both serious persons, and their governess (or rather Irene's, for Torquil now went to a day-school) was a highly-educated young lady who had distinguished herself at Girton. However, Miss Barlow was now away for her holidays, so the children were left to their own devices, and, as we have seen, were enjoying themselves in a creditably quiet and sedate fashion; in fact, possibly because they had had curried chicken and roly-poly pudding for dinner, they were not feeling so alert as usual.

They vaguely heard the "chink-chink-chink" of bells from some vehicle passing outside, but they were both too absorbed to be disturbed by it. Irene was trying to remember how she had meant to end that sentence about toys, and Torquil was beginning to realize that, if he was going to colour and cut out every separate county in the map of England, it would take a longer time than he had calculated. He *might* do without cutting them out, but then they wouldn't fit in like a puzzle, and it wouldn't make half such a good game.

So they were quite startled when a rich, jolly voice from the hearthrug said: "Why, how's this? Hard at work? In the holidays, too!" for they had not even noticed that anyone had entered the room.

Their visitor was nobody they had ever seen before; he was oddly dressed, for London, in a big fur cap and driving-gloves, and a long green robe edged with fur. He had a ruddy, weather-beaten face, with a white beard, and the eyes under his heavy white eyebrows were blue and sparkling.

"You don't mean to say you've been naughty?" he said, but in a tone that showed that he would not be greatly shocked if they had.

"We're not *very* often naughty," said Irene, "and we're not *working*—we're amusing ourselves."

"So *that's* your idea of amusing yourselves, is it?" said the stranger, after he had looked over their shoulders. "Of course," he added, "you've guessed who *I* am."

"I'm not quite sure," said Irene, "but I *expect* you're one of our uncles, dressed up as Father Christmas."

"Father Christmas indeed! Why, I'm Santa Claus."

"Well, whoever you are," said Torquil, "we're not a bit frightened, you know."

"Frightened! Of course not. As if any good children could be afraid of old Santa Claus, who brings all the toys, and comes down the chimneys on Christmas Eve and fills your stockings!"

"Not *ours*," said Torquil. "We don't hang them out. Mother doesn't approve of our being encouraged to believe things that aren't true. And it isn't Christmas Eve now."

"That's true. But, you see, I've been driving round leaving presents for all the children who were not good enough to have theirs at the proper time. Don't you hear my reindeer shaking their bells on the roof?"

"We hear bells," said Torquil, "but then lots of hansom cab-horses have *them*."

"Cab-horses don't run along the roofs," remarked the stranger.

"No more do reindeer," replied Torquil. "And you can't have come down the chimney *this* time because there's a fire."

"And, anyhow, you'd be all covered with soot," added Irene.

The visitor seemed to feel that they were having the best of it so far. "I see," he said, "you are uncommonly clever children. Too clever to believe in *me*, at all events!"

"We don't believe you're Santa Claus *really*, because Miss Barlow says there's no such person," said Irene.

"Oh, of course, if *Miss Barlow* says so. But answer me as if I really was Santa Claus. Haven't you any toys?"

"Oh, lots!" said Irene. "I've got a dolls' house, and a farm, and a Noah's ark, and any amount of dolls; and Torquil has quantities of soldiers, and a theatre, and a grocer's shop, and all sorts of clockwork things."

"People will go on giving us them!" explained Torquil, in rather an aggrieved tone.

"And where are all these toys?"

"In the day nursery, somewhere," said Irene.

"Do you play with them every day?"

"Well, no—not exactly *every* day."

"When did you play with them last?"

"I forget," said Irene, "it's so long ago. You see," she explained, "Torquil doesn't care for toys, and I can't very well play with them all by myself."

"And so all this time they've been neglected?"

"Oh, no—they're all right. They're put away most carefully, and they're nearly as good as new—except the mechanical tumbler we took all the quicksilver out of."

"To make a looking-glass with," put in Torquil, "only it wouldn't stick. We

found out what made him turn head over heels downstairs, though."

"Ah," said the stranger, "I felt sure the toys here were not being properly played with. I could tell from the way the smoke was coming out of the nursery chimney. So I thought I'd stop and look into it. Has it never occurred to you," he went on, gravely, "that toys have been created to be played with—not to be put on the shelf and taken no notice of? Oblige me by going into the nursery at once and playing with them."

"We can't go now," said Torquil, "we're too busy—we are *really*."

"Nonsense! It will do the toys good, and do you good too. Come, be off with you!"

"*Would* you mind going away and not bothering?" said Irene, in a politely long-suffering tone. "I suppose this is amusing *you*, but *we* don't think it at all funny."

"At least, you can tell me *why* you refuse to go in and play with the poor toys?" Santa Claus insisted.

"Because," replied Torquil, "if you really want to know, we're a good deal too big for that sort of thing now."

"Why, so you are," said the visitor, "to be sure. I forgot that. Shut your eyes tight."

"Why?" asked Torquil.

"Because I tell you to," was the answer, and both the children shut their eyes promptly; the stranger *might* be going to give them a present—he was queer enough for anything. "Open your eyes!" commanded their visitor, and they obeyed — to find themselves perched on the very edge of their chairs a long way from the carpet, and only just able to see each other's heads across an immense stretch of tablecloth. At first they could not imagine why the table and the tumbler of water, and the colour-box and inkstand, had all grown so enormous; but the next moment they saw the reason. The change was in themselves; they had suddenly become no bigger than middle-sized dolls!

"Oh!" they both cried, in dismay. "Then it really *is* Santa Claus after all!"

"If you hadn't been quite so clever," said Santa Claus, "you would have recognised me at once. Now, you see, you are about the same size as your toys, so you will be able to play with them all the more easily, on equal terms."

"But we *sha'n't!*" protested Torquil. "You forget that you've made us too small to take them out of their boxes even—and we're not nearly strong enough to set them up!"

"We never meant that we were too big in *size*, Santa Claus," urged Irene. "Please put us back again as we were, and we *will* go in and play with them. We *promise*."

"SANTA CLAUS ONLY LIFTED THEM BOTH VERY GENTLY AND SET THEM DOWN ON THE CARPET."

"We can't even get down from our chairs like we are," added Torquil.

But Santa Claus only lifted them both very gently and set them down on the carpet.

"I can't stay with you any longer," he said, opening the door. "Now run away into your nursery and enjoy yourselves with the toys. You will find them all out of their boxes already."

With that Santa Claus disappeared, whether up the chimney or not they could not see; but presently, as they stood forlornly on the threshold, they heard a cheerful jingle overhead, as if the reindeer were delighted to be off again.

"It's too bad of him to go and leave us like this!" said Irene, half crying. "I *do* think Santa Claus is a *most* disagreeable person!"

"It shows there are *some* things Miss Barlow doesn't know," said Torquil. "But Santa Claus may say what he likes. *I'm* not going in to play with the beastly toys!" The bells chinked more shrilly and nearer again, as if the sleigh had turned back. "At least," continued Torquil, hastily, "only till tea-time."

"Oh, what *is* the use of talking about tea?" cried Irene; "they'll never be able to cut bread and butter thin enough for us *now!*" By this time they were out of the schoolroom and Torquil, who had hurried on towards a row of tall pillars in front, came back looking scared.

"It was lucky I looked down," he said, "or I should have walked right over the edge of the landing—those big things are the banisters. I say, couldn't we get downstairs to the drawing-room and tell mother?"

"It would take so long," objected Irene, "and then nurse or Jane or somebody might come upstairs and tread on us without noticing. Besides, even *mother* couldn't do anything!"

"No, and there might be visitors calling," agreed Torquil; "and we should feel so funny coming in as we are. I suppose we'd better do as Santa Claus told us, after all."

And he led the way towards the green nursery door, which was so high that they could not see the top without cricking their necks. "There's *another* thing Santa Claus forgot!" said Irene, with some satisfaction. "How are we going to open the door when the handle's all that way up?"

"He's thought of that," said Torquil, gloomily; "it's ajar."

"We shall *never* be able to lift all those heavy tin soldiers of yours," complained Irene; "and we shall get *so* tired!"

"We must do the best we can," said Torquil. "Then, when Santa Claus comes back, we can tell him we *tried*, else he may keep us like this *always*, you know. Come along and play."

And he squeezed himself through the narrow opening first, and Irene followed, neither of them at all in the humour for play of any kind.

CHAPTER II.

QUEEN CLEMENTINA.

EXCEPT that the ceiling was infinitely higher, and the walls, windows, and furniture all seemed a long way off and very much larger, the nursery looked unchanged.

Away across the thick, soft drugget Torquil and Irene made out several objects that, in spite of their greatly increased size, they knew must be some of the toys they had not played with for so long.

There was a tall red and white mansion which Irene recognised as her dolls' house. It was a most superior one, with a staircase and doors to every room, but she seldom looked into it, having found that, when the furniture was once put in its place, there was nothing more to be done with it.

Close by was the toy theatre, with its green glazed calico curtain down. When he first had it Torquil had rather liked lighting the footlights, winding the curtain up and down, and changing the scenery, but the play that came with it was too stupid and old-fashioned to be worth performing, particularly with cardboard characters which required to be changed whenever they had to strike a fresh attitude.

A little farther on were the market, the livery stables, the infant school, the Noah's ark, the clockwork railway, and several other things which he—and Irene, too, under his influence—had long ago voted too babyish and unlike what they professed to be to be played with by persons with any regard for their own dignity. And it puzzled them to think how they could possibly play with them now.

"Torquil," whispered Irene, "isn't that one of your wooden soldiers over there? He's nearly as tall as *us* now, though."

Torquil looked round and saw a wooden Grenadier on a round stand, stiffly shouldering a bright pink musket. He had a shiny black hat, with a yellow half-circle in front, a scarlet body shaped exactly like an urn, bright blue trousers, and no trace of any feet.

"He's out of a box Aunt Margery gave me when I was quite a kid," said Torquil, eyeing him with no great favour. "I'm not going to play with *him*, anyhow."

"But he's *alive!*" said Irene, with a little gasp. "At least, he's *moving*. I do believe he's coming to play with *us!*"

And there was no doubt that the wooden soldier was slowly shuffling towards them. When he came nearer he called out "Halt!" which might have been alarming, seeing that he was the very last kind of toy one would

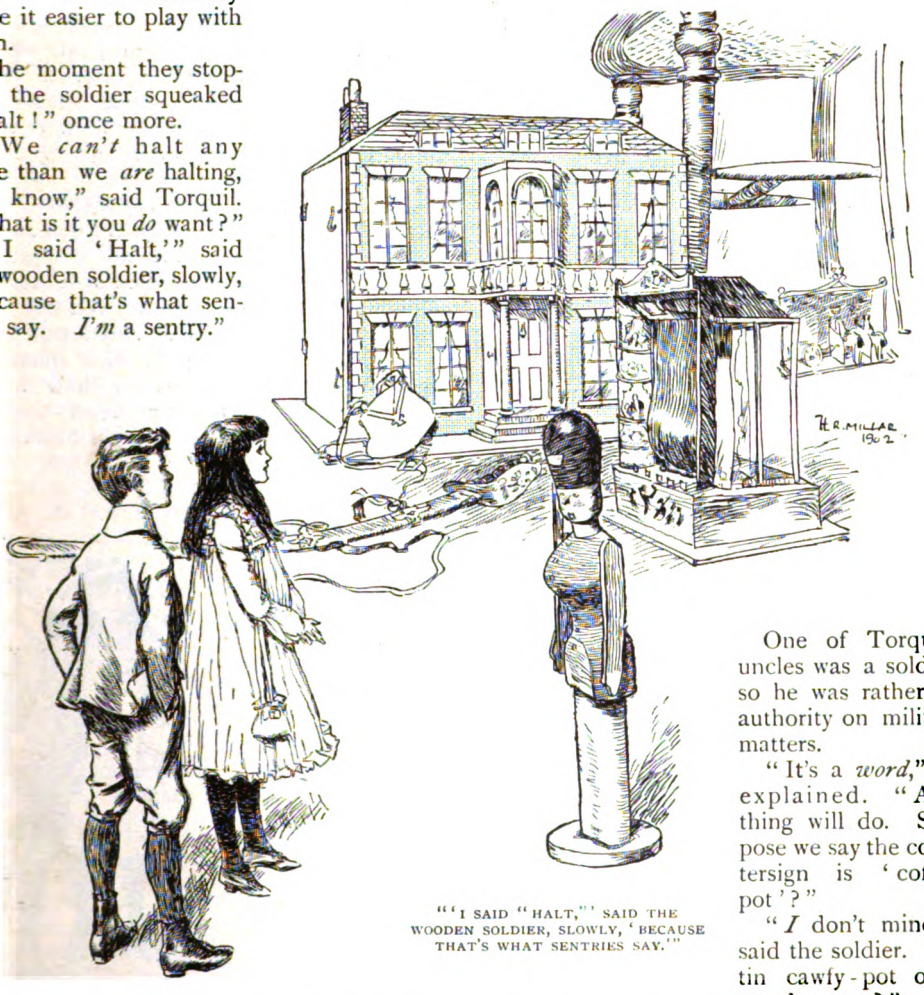
have expected to hear any sound from. But this warrior's voice was so high and creaky, he had such a slight suggestion of a nose and such little dots of eyes, that the effect was not particularly terrifying.

It was odd, to be sure, that anyone with a mouth that was a mere dab could speak at all; but, after all, that was *his* affair, and if all the toys were able to move about and talk it would certainly make it easier to play with them.

The moment they stopped the soldier squeaked "Halt!" once more.

"We *can't* halt any more than we *are* halting, you know," said Torquil. "What is it you *do* want?"

"I said 'Halt,'" said the wooden soldier, slowly, "because that's what sentries say. *I'm* a sentry."



"'I SAID "HALT,"' SAID THE WOODEN SOLDIER, SLOWLY, 'BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT SENTRIES SAY.'"

"If you're going to play at sentries," said Torquil, "you may as well do it *properly*."

"I *am* doin' of it properly," said the sentry. "Halt!"

"No, no," Torquil corrected. "*Next* you ask us to give you the countersign."

"You must lend me a pocket first to put it in, then," said the sentry. "My uniform ain't got no pockets."

"A countersign isn't a thing you can put in your pocket," said Torquil. "You're a pretty sentry not to know *that!*"

"You should see the Captin," said the sentry; "he's prettier than me by a long way. He's got a *sword!*"

"But don't you really know what a countersign is?"

"I suppose," said the sentry, doubtfully, "it'll be a animal o' *some* sort?"

One of Torquil's uncles was a soldier, so he was rather an authority on military matters.

"It's a *word*," he explained. "Anything will do. Suppose we say the countersign is 'coffee-pot'?"

"*I* don't mind!" said the soldier. "A tin cawfy-pot or a wooden one?"

"What *does* that matter? It isn't a *real* coffee-pot!"

"Oh!" said the soldier, his little eyes nearly disappearing into his head. "Then it won't pour out, will it? Still, hand it over."

"But I tell you it isn't a thing at all!" said Torquil, losing all patience. "We only *say* 'coffee-pot' because it's the countersign. Then *you* say 'Pass, friends, and all's well!'"

"It *ain't* all well if you haven't got no cawfy-pot," replied the wooden soldier.

"I'm only trying to show you how to play, as you don't seem to know *much* about it," said Torquil.

"I've no time to play. I've too much work to do, *I* have!" said the sentry.

"What work do *you* do?" Torquil asked.

"It's hard work, *I* can tell you, shouldering this here gun mornin', noon, *and* night."

"But what's the *good* of shouldering it? It won't go off."

"It *can't* go off," replied the soldier, squinting down at the butt. "It's glued on too tight for that."

"I mean, it hasn't got a trigger or a barrel—you couldn't *shoot* anybody with it."

"I never *want* to shoot nobody," said the wooden soldier, "so it's good enough for *me*."

"Are all the others as st—— I mean, like *you?*" inquired Irene.

"They *do* say I'm the brightest and smartest of the lot," replied the sentry. "But then I've been more careful of my varnish, or there was more *of* it, I dunno which."

"There must be *somebody* here who can talk sense," said Torquil, in despair. "Isn't there?"

"There's the Prime Minister—the Lord High Ackerobat, you know—*he* talks sense, leastwise, so I'm told. And he could turn head over heels all down a flight of steps once—his 'career,' as they call it. Wonderful head he has!"

"Well, we might just go and *see* him," said Irene. "Where *is* he?"

"Sitting over there, on the bottom step of his career. Look here, I'll come along and introduce you to him."

"No, you needn't trouble, thank you," said Irene, hurriedly.

"No trouble at all," said he. "I've nothing particular to do."

"If you were a *real* sentinel," said Torquil, "you'd be punished if you deserted your post."

"Then it's your opinion as I'd better stay where I am?" he asked.

"*Much* better!" said Irene, very decidedly. "We can find the way quite well for ourselves."

"Of all the silly idiots I *ever* met," remarked Torquil, as they went on, "that sentry is the very silliest!"

"Yes," said Irene, "I'm glad we got out of being introduced by *him*. Though, after all," she added, "I suppose it's rather wonderful for a wooden soldier to have sense enough to be even an *idiot*."

"I don't see why we should be expected to *play* with idiots," said Torquil. "Look! That must be the Lord High Acrobat, Irene, and I suppose those steps are his 'career.' It *is* the tumbler Cousin Alice gave us—the one we took all the quicksilver out of. He's not much like a Lord High Anything!"

The tumbler had already seen them and risen to meet them. They had always thought him a quaint-looking figure, with his narrow, salmon-pink face (which had only a shade more expression than that of a monkey on a stick), his thin arms and broad, flat hands, and bent legs ending in feet which stuck out as much behind as before, like a towel-horse's; but now that he was as tall as themselves he naturally seemed quainter-looking than ever.

"THE TUMBLER HAD ALREADY SEEN THEM."

He was dressed in a kind of bathing

costume of bright emerald green, with a sort of apron and square cap of crimson, and he advanced towards them with little hops and slides, like a great, ugly bird.

"May I ask," he began, "who you are and what is your business in these parts?"

Irene, rather relieved to find that he did not appear to recognise them, explained that they had been sent in by Santa Claus, and that the wooden sentry had told them that the Lord High Acrobat was a person of great sense.

"No!" said the Lord High Acrobat; "did he *really*, though? That was very kind of him—very kind indeed! But he's a remarkably intelligent fellow. I dare say you noticed it."

"We didn't have *much* talk with him," said Irene, feeling suddenly inclined to laugh.

"Oh, he's very sharp. In fact," said the Lord High Acrobat, meditatively, "I've serious thoughts of making him a General." And he peered at them as if to see what *they* thought of the idea.

"That would be *rather* sudden from being only a private," said Torquil. "And don't generals have to ride on horseback?"

"Oh, there's an india-rubber horse he could have, as far as *that* goes. It's lost most of its wind, but he wouldn't mind that," said the Lord High Acrobat.

"But how could he get *on* it, when his legs are just a solid block?"

"He could lead it about, and no one would know that he hadn't just got off. However, it certainly is a drawback. I must think about it. As Prime Minister," he said, importantly, "I have a great deal to think about."

"You mean things like politics, I suppose?" said Torquil.

"I *could* think about politics too, I dare say, if I knew what they were."

"Why, politics——" began Torquil, and then he found that he wasn't very clear himself what politics were exactly.

"They're the things Prime Ministers have to manage."

"Then I've no doubt I've managed them in my time. I used to be very energetic. You see this career of mine—four steps and a little drawer underneath to retire to? Well, you'll hardly believe it, but in my prime I thought nothing of standing on the pedestal at the top and turning back somersaults down to the bottom. I can't do it *now*, though. *Why*, is more than I can tell you."

Torquil and Irene could have told him, but they thought, on the whole, they had better not.

"And so you are recommended here," he continued, "by our old friend and patron, Santa Claus. But for him we should none of us be where we are now, and I have much pleasure in welcoming you—not only on my own behalf, but in the name of my most gracious Sovereign Lady, the Queen."

"So you've a Queen here?" said Irene, with more interest.

"I should think so," said the Prime Minister, "and a grand Queen she is! Why, she can shut her eyes whenever she lies down, and she's taller than any of us. Dear me!" he broke off, looking round. "Here comes Her Majesty out for a walk, with all the Court! It's the first time I've ever known

"HER MAJESTY OUT FOR A WALK."

her to take any exercise. If she *should* condescend to speak to you, don't be *too* overawed!"

And, either from respect or because he lost his balance, he suddenly threw himself forward on his hands, as the Queen approached with a kind of majestic toddle, followed by a train of courtiers and maids of honour.

Irene was not in the least overawed. Why *should* she be, when the Queen was only her best doll Clementina? If it pleased her to pretend to be a Queen, she must; but Irene felt rather ashamed that any doll of hers should make such an exhibition of herself, especially before Torquil, who she knew had but a poor opinion of dolls already.

For poor Clementina's Court was a very queer one indeed. The ladies composing it were chiefly Dutch, with a sprinkling of china and composition dolls, none of them remarkable for personal beauty. As for the courtiers, they were simply ordinary ninepins. Or, rather, not *quite* ordinary, for they were less stiff than the rest of their kind. They bent their long necks with deferential courtesy to their partners as they shuffled by their sides, and each of their round heads, which had even less features and expression than the wooden sentry's, wore a shadowy but amiable simper.

Clementina evidently did not recognise Irene any more than the others had done, but this was only natural, as it was a long time since she had seen her, and, besides, Irene was now smaller than Clementina. But she was most gracious as soon as the Lord High Acrobat (who was upright again) presented the children as friends of Santa Claus.

"*Isn't* Santa Claus a dear, kind old gentleman?" she said. "Aren't you very fond of him?"

It was as well, perhaps, that she did not wait for their reply. "I'm Queen here," she informed them. "I don't know why—except that I'm taller, and cleverer, and more beautiful than all the others, and the only one that can shut my eyes. But I'm not at all proud, and you mustn't be in the least afraid of me. I'm sure we shall be tremendous friends. Do tell me your names?"

"Oh, *those* won't do at all," she cried, when she had heard them. "I must invent some really nice names for you. Keep quite still everybody, while I think."

And the whole Court waited expectantly while she closed her eyes.

"I've done!" she announced, at last. "They're such beauties! You," she said, to Irene, "shall be 'Buffidella,' and you," she added, to Torquil, "shall be 'Chipsitop.' *There* now!"

"What readiness!" exclaimed all the Ninepins, wagging their bulbs of heads. "What extraordinary powers of invention!"

"And so suitable, too," added the Dolls of honour.

"I cannot imagine," cried the Lord High Acrobat, "how your Majesty can think of such things!"

"Of course you can't," said the Queen, "when I hardly know myself. I shut my eyes, and suddenly the names came. And I *give* them to you," she added to Torquil and Irene; "they're your very own—to keep!"

"What queenly generosity!" chorussed the Ninepins, "to give away two such names as that!"

"They *ought* to be grateful; *indeed*, they ought!" the Dolls of honour declared.

Privately Irene thought her own name much nicer, and she did not dare to look at Torquil, for she guessed what he must be feeling. And, indeed, Torquil was fuming secretly at being called "Chipsitop," which he probably considered "just the sort of duffing name a doll *would* think of."

"Of course, you must come to the Royal high tea to-night," Clementina babbled on. "Or, as it's such a special occasion, suppose we call it a State banquet and have out the best Britannia metal service, and be as grand as possible! And—*I* know—we'll have a Court ball afterwards. We all seem so lively and active, somehow, that we're sure to enjoy ourselves!"

"I'm afraid," said Irene, "that we're neither of us dressed for a party" ("and we couldn't put on our party things *now* if we had them!" she thought to herself with a pang).

"Oh, *that's* of no consequence," said Clementina; "I shall go dressed as I am, and so will everybody. But you must have somewhere to live in. You'd better stay at the palace," and she pointed to the red and white dolls' house. "I never use it myself, because I'm a little too big for it, and I prefer the drawer. But I'll tell the Caretaker Royal to see that you're comfortable."

And she waddled away smiling, and the Court followed her.

"I suppose," said Irene, "we'd better go and ask to see our rooms. As it's going to be a State banquet we ought at least to wash our hands for it."

"I don't see *why*," grumbled Torquil; "I bet none of *them* will!"

However, he consented to go to the dolls' house, and they were admitted by the Caretaker Royal, who was, as a matter of fact, the gentleman doll. Irene knew him at once by his neat little china head with its fair hair (not real hair, but painted) parted down the middle, his black velvet coat and green bow, his shirt front with a very large gilt stud in it, and check trousers.

"With the baby!" exclaimed Irene, and rushed into the nursery to rescue the unhappy infant.

To her horror the kettle *was* in the cradle, but the baby didn't seem to be inconvenienced by it, perhaps because the kettle was quite cold. "Very odd!" said the Caretaker, when she called his attention to the fact; "it was boiling when it was *bought*,

"'VERY ODD!' SAID THE CARETAKER."

It was a new and curious experience to find herself being shown up the stairs of her own dolls' house, which was in a wofully dusty state. She and Torquil were given two rooms on the top floor, the nursery and the bedroom, both extremely untidy. "I remember now," thought Irene, "those two little Grahams were playing with it that afternoon they came to tea."

"But there's a nice fire in each room," said the Caretaker Royal.

"Could we have a little hot water?" Irene asked.

"Certainly," said the Caretaker Royal. "There's a kettle somewhere, and it's probably boiling. I think you'll find it in the cradle with the baby."

I *know*. Why not try putting it on the fire? I fancy you can make a kettle boil that way, sometimes."

"Not on *this* fire," said Torquil, "because, you see, it's only red tinsel."

"It does very well for a fire," replied the Caretaker Royal, "and I shouldn't be surprised if, when you've put the kettle on, you got something that will do very well for hot water."

Then, after courteously begging them to let him know if there was anything else they required, he bowed himself out, and they heard him falling down two flights of stairs in a quiet, unassuming manner, as a gentleman should.

They had to do without washing their

hands after all, for there was no cold water even, nor soap, nor towels.

"Well," said Torquil, disgustedly, as he went to the nursery window, "if *this* is what Santa Claus calls 'playing with our toys,' I wish he'd mind his own business!"

"I wouldn't lean *too* hard against the wall if I were you," said Irene. "I'm almost sure those Graham children forgot to fasten the hook. It *is* rather queer being here like this, isn't it?"

"Queer? It's downright beastly!" said Torquil. "Why, these things seem to think they're just the same as us. And they're all so jolly silly!"

"They can't help it, I suppose," said Irene. "We must be as nice to them as we can."

"I don't see why I should be nice to a Ninepin!" grumbled Torquil. "And then, that Clementina of yours! The calm cheek of her telling us she's Queen here, and calling me 'Chipsitop!'"

"I know. And me 'Buffidella!'" said Irene, hardly knowing whether to laugh or to cry. "Still, we must put up with it as long as we can. And, after all, there's the banquet."

"Yes, there's *that*. I don't mind how silly they are if they'll only give us some decent grub. I'm getting hungry. But what *will* they give us, do you suppose?"

"I don't know. But they wouldn't call it a banquet if there wasn't plenty to eat and drink, *would* they?"

"Oh, you never know—with dolls!" said Torquil, gloomily; and just then the Caretaker Royal tumbled upstairs to announce that a guard of honour had called to escort them to the banqueting-hall.

So they went down and found the chief Ninepin (who was distinguished by having a small knob on the top of his head) waiting for them with four wooden soldiers, so like their friend the sentry that for all they knew he might be one of them.

"Allow me to conduct you to the Royal table!" said the chief Ninepin, ceremoniously; and they followed him, with two wooden soldiers stumping along on either side of them.

"Do you know, my dear young friends," remarked the Ninepin, as he led the way, "that you may consider yourselves highly favoured—very highly favoured indeed?"

"May we?" said Torquil, who rather resented being addressed by a Ninepin as his "dear young friend." "Why?"

"Because," the Ninepin replied, very solemnly, "this is the very first time Her Majesty has ever had a banquet for anybody. And it's the best dinner-service, too!"

"Oh!" said Torquil, without showing any signs of being impressed. "But what is there going to be to eat?"

"What is there going to be to eat?" said the Ninepin. "Why, the banquet!"

"Will there be roast turkey and plum-pudding and mince-pies?" asked Torquil.

"That's not what *I* should call a banquet," said the Ninepin.

"Well, what would *you* call a banquet?"

The Ninepin considered a little. "I should call it a *banquet*," he said at last, and seemed to think that settled the question. "I hope," he added, with some anxiety, "that you both know how to sit at table—it would be so awkward if you didn't."

"This isn't the *first* time we've been to a party!" replied Torquil, with his nose in the air. "I dare say we shall do it quite as well as *you*."

"You must try and do it *better*," said the Ninepin, "a great *deal* better. Because, you see, *I* can't sit down at *all*."

"I'm glad of that," whispered Irene to Torquil. "I was so afraid I might have to sit *next* him, and I *know* I should laugh if he talked to me much."

"*I* shouldn't," said Torquil, who was not so ready as Irene to see the comic side of things. "I should tell him to shut his stupid head."

Here the Ninepin looked round. "Prepare yourselves," he said. "We are now about to enter the banqueting-hall. You will naturally feel a little nervous at first, but that won't matter so long as you're not too shy to answer the Queen when she speaks to you."

"Thank you," said Irene, demurely, "I don't think we shall be so shy as all *that*."

And with this she and Torquil prepared to follow their conductor into the hall.

(*To be continued.*)

The Logan Rock.

THE STRANGE STORY OF A REMARKABLE NATURAL MONUMENT.

By Percy Collins.

IN the opinion of many capable judges, the parish of St. Levan, in Cornwall, exceeds every other parish in the county for bold and romantic scenery. Chief amongst its attractions is the magnificent headland known as Trereen Dinas, or, in the present idiom of the country, Castle Treryn. This promontory juts out into the sea in a succession of huge granite towers and obelisks; and at the summit of one of these massive piles rests what is perhaps the most remarkable natural monument in England—the far-famed Logan Rock.

The early record of this immense block of granite is shrouded in the mists of prehistoric times. Learned authorities have speculated upon its possible religious origin. Upon its hoary summit Druid priests may have performed the awful rite of human sacrifice. But modern interest centres chiefly about the authentic history of the Logan. For, incredible as it may seem, this vast rock, probably weighing about ninety tons, was one day hurled from its place by the unaided efforts of a British Naval officer and a few of his jolly tars.

A century ago the Logan, or Rocking, Stone was remarkable for the ease with which its vast bulk might be swayed to and fro. So accurate was its poise that a hand-push was sufficient to set it in motion. Yet its shape was so well adjusted to the rocky platform on which it rested that no amount of rocking permanently affected its equilibrium.

In these old days it was the boast of enthusiastic Cornishmen that for all its easy motion the overthrow of the Logan by fair means was an impossibility. Dr. Borlase, in particular, went so far as to say of the stone that "the extremities of its base are at such a distance from each other, and so well secured by their nearness to the stone which it stretches itself upon, that it is morally

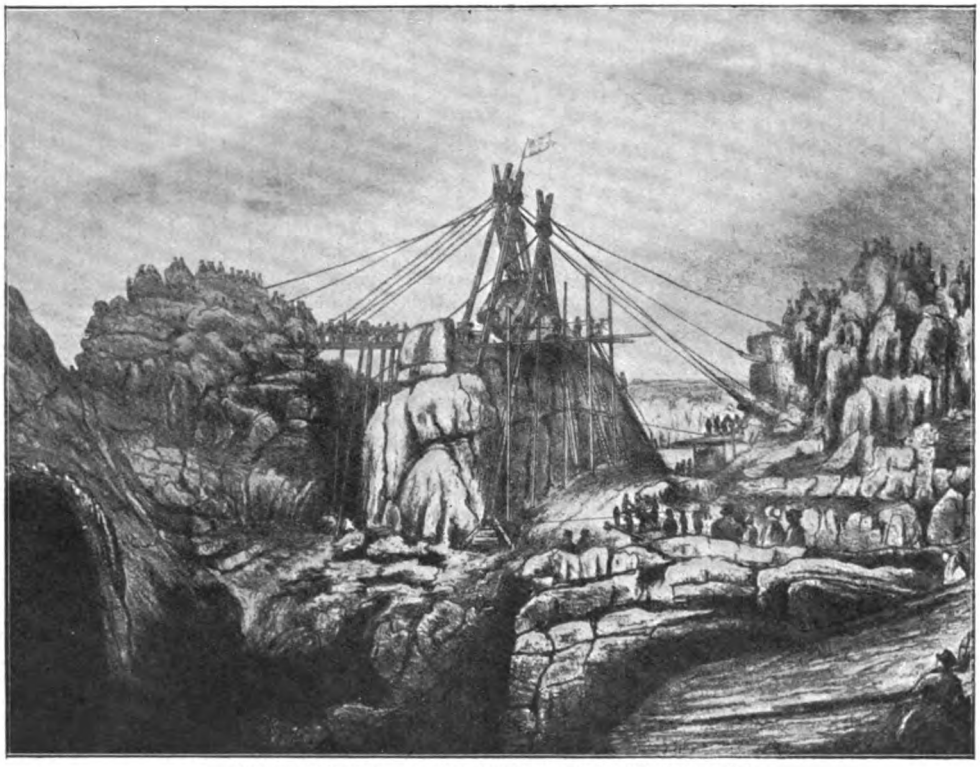
THE LOGAN IN 1818, SHOWING BALANCE OF ROCK AS COMPARED WITH THE PRESENT DAY.
From an Old Print in possession of the Author.

impossible that any lever or, indeed, force (however applied in a mechanical way) can remove it from its present situation."

Now, at that time, in the interests of fishing and excise, a sloop of war was stationed off the Cornish coast. The vessel was commanded by a young officer of good family, and these overstrong expressions as to the stability of the Logan seem to have

Thus, then, was the Logan overthrown. The gallant officer had achieved what had been declared impossible by the highest authority that Cornwall could produce. But whatever may have been his feelings of satisfaction they must have been seriously damped by the manner in which the news of his exploit was received by the populace.

The Logan Rock constituted the chief



THE REPLACEMENT OF THE LOGAN ON 2ND NOVEMBER, 1824.
From an Old Print, photographed by R. H. Preston, Penzance.]

piqued this young man's vanity. Perhaps he judged it a reflection upon the prowess of the British Navy that the word "impossible" should be voiced in the hearing of its local representative. Be that as it may, it is certain that on the 8th day of April, 1824, he assembled a dozen of his seamen, and landed at Castle Treryn with the intention of showing the good people of Cornwall what the British Navy could do.

By the application of their united strength the seamen threw the Logan into such extreme oscillations that the giant rock at last slid from its horizontal base and thundered into a chasm below. But for this fortunate check in its wild plunge, it would have been precipitated into the sea.

attraction of the district, and the villagers of Treryn derived no small part of their subsistence from acting as guides to tourists and sightseers. The loss of the rock meant to many of them the loss of a livelihood. Small wonder, then, that popular feeling ran high. Threats were whispered, fears began to be entertained for the lieutenant's life, and eventually a meeting of the magistrates and landed proprietors was called with a view to representing the affair to the Government.

But the lieutenant was an honourable and worthy man. Filled with remorse at the mischief occasioned by his thoughtless act, he resolved—if the feat were possible—to replace the Logan at no matter what personal cost.

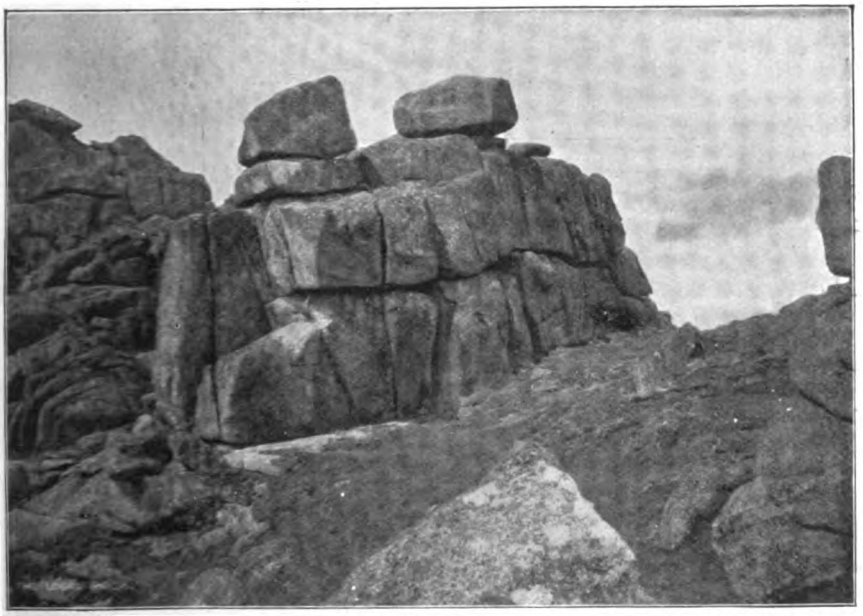
Through the agency of influential friends his case was placed before the Lords of the Admiralty, with the result that a loan of machinery was obtained from Devonport Dockyard. A public subscription was also instituted, and the work of replacement was commenced in earnest.

The undertaking proved even more arduous than had been anticipated. A small army of labourers were assembled on the spot. No fewer than thirteen capstans, innumerable chains and blocks, and a veritable forest of scaffolding were applied. Yet it was not until the second day of November that the Logan was at length swung back to its original resting-place.

The final scene of this interesting operation was witnessed by thousands of spectators from all parts of the country. Women waved flags and handkerchiefs, men shouted and fired *feux de joie ;* and with these evidences of popular rejoicing the Logan was placed in its old position, to the satisfaction of all concerned.

But the old rocking proclivities, on which its historic fame rested, proved to be sadly diminished. The central point on which the rock stood had become much worn. Perhaps, too, there may have been some slight alteration in its position. In any case, it is a fact that, whereas in the old days a touch would set the Logan swinging, it now needs the concentrated effort of a strong man to stir it.

An interesting point in connection with the history is that the officer responsible for the overthrow of the Logan was Lieutenant Goldsmith—nephew of the poet.



From a Photo. by] THE LOGAN ROCK TO-DAY. *[R. H. Preston, Penzance.*

Curiosities.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

THE WINTER HAS COMING PEOPLES WANT TO KEEP WARM

I DEAL BELOW MENTIONED FUELS PROUGHT DIRECTLY FROM MINES AND SALE AT FEW PROFITED PRICES SHOWED BELOW

			LAMP			BLUFF	SETTEMENT
1	SAIMIOTI	SMOKELESS	COAL	A	TON	9 25	8 95
2	KIUSHIU	.....	COAL	„	„	12 00	12 00
3	IWAKI	FIRST CLASS	COAL	„	„	9 10	8 80
4	IWAKI	SECOND „	COAL	„	„	8 20	7 90
5	GAS	COKES		„	„	12 50	12 00

ORDERS DROP A CARD TO

K. MORIKAWA

ISHIKAWA NAKAMACHI NICHOME YOKOHAMA.

WILL BE PROMPTLY DELIVER TO YOUR COMMAN DED PLACE

"THE WINTER HAS COMING."

"Here is an amusing post-card which I picked up in Yokohama. Mr. K. Morikawa is an enterprising gentleman, and has had cards such as the one I send printed and distributed broadcast among English-speaking residents in the town. The 'English as she is wrote' is decidedly quaint."—Mr. Henry Russell, P.O. Box 82, Yokohama.

A CLEVER COASTGUARDSMAN.

"This warship was constructed by a coastguardsman on the Helen's Bay station, co. Down, in honour of the Coronation. The materials were adapted to his novel purpose with great ingenuity. The funnels are drain-pipes, painted regulation buff; the fighting-tops on the masts are ordinary tin basins; the guns are wood, and the superstructure canvas. Everything is wonderfully complete, even to the ram bow. She was no dummy warship, for her constructor could stow himself in the interior and fire a Royal salute (of rockets) with the proudest ship in the Navy."—Mr. J. L. Moore, 67, Eglantine Avenue, Belfast.

A NEW "GAME"!

"Have your readers heard of a new game started since the South African War? All that is required is a fair-sized garden with plenty of corners. The competitors—usually two—are armed with revolvers loaded with cartridges, the ball being replaced with pellets of flour or chalk. The game consists in the art of taking cover, and the winner is the man who obtains, or rather receives, the *least* number of marks! In the illustration the top man is obviously more exposed than the lower, who, however, has to use his left hand."—Mr. G. M. Lowe, Castle Hill House, Lincoln.

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AN IMPROVISED DIVING-SUIT.

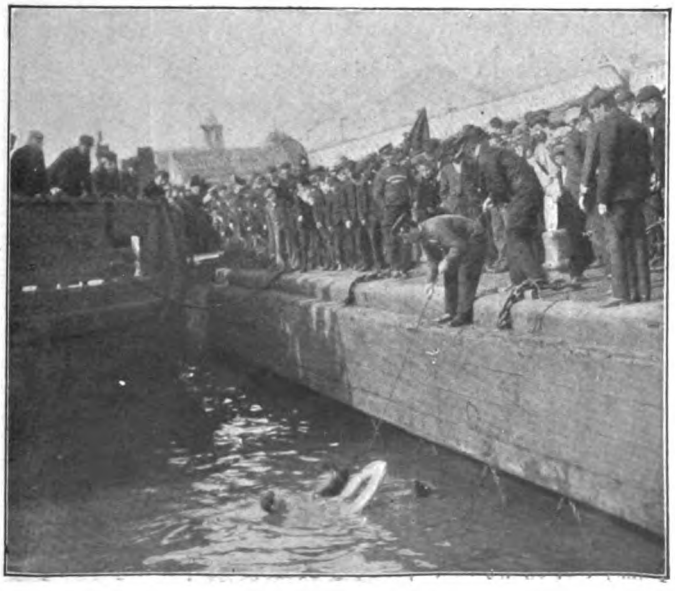
"On the 25th day of November, 1901, the U.S. transport *Wright* ran full speed on an uncharted reef off the coast of Samar, and immediately filled and sank to about the level of her main deck. While waiting for a wrecking outfit to arrive from the Cavité Navy Yard, our second assistant engineer, Mr. James B. Harlow, improvised a diving-suit, using a binnacle cover for the helmet and an ordinary brake deck pump for an air pump. The air was supplied to the helmet by a fifty-foot length of one-inch hose, connected with the pump by reducers and to a fitting brazed into the helmet. The suit was successfully used and the damage to the ship's bottom located before the arrival of the wrecking outfit, which subsequently raised the vessel. The photograph of Mr. Harlow and his unique diving-suit was taken after the ship had been raised and towed to Manila, P.I."—J. D. Harrover, Chief Engineer, U. S. A. transport *Wright*, Manila.

"FROM THE FRYING-PAN INTO THE FIRE."

"The facts about this photograph are as follows: The gentleman in the water had been trying to escape the police, and was evidently under the impression that if he dived into the water he would be safe from capture, so in he dived. Eventually he came to the surface, for a breath of fresh air no doubt, whereupon the policemen threw him a life-buoy, which he condescended to grasp. He was then hauled out, and quickly marched off to the police-station. The policemen had retired, and were waiting for him at the top of the landing-stage, behind the men who are pulling out the fugitive. This curious incident took place at Liverpool."—Mr. R. H. Brinton Butler, 3, Grove Road, Leytonstone.

"HAND-SPRING PHOTOGRAPHY."

"Do you care for this snap-shot which I took of two friends of mine doing a hand-spring off the edge of a roof?"—Mr. J. W. Pepper, Kerridge's Hotel, Dunbar, N.B.



CURIOUS ILLUSION.

"Though this photograph might, at first sight, be taken for that of a mountain, it is in reality nothing more than a red-hot burning haystack at a farm fire in this village, which occurred a short time ago. The post on the right, which has the appearance of the trunk of a tree, is an old gate-post. With a slight stretch of imagination the *débris* at the foot of the 'mountain' might be taken for a row of small houses."—Mrs. Stanley Stubbs, The Cottage, Ickham, near Dover.

A QUEER OVERCOAT.

"Suspended by a short silken rope from the nether side of the stringer of a board fence, I found a chrysalis about two inches in length. In its secluded corner it looked like a bit of rubbish. Hanging from the lower end was a curled bit of leaf which, no doubt, was intended to mislead hungry birds. Supposing it to be a silkworm, I carefully pulled it from its attachment, when, to my great surprise, I found that it had not a silken coat sufficient to conceal its body. A few yards distant was a clump of willows, from which about seventy-five pieces of twig as thick as a knitting-needle, and from one-fourth to one-half inch in length, were cut and taken; each stick was glued to the body, giving the appearance of a South Sea Islander in his home-made suit of weeds. Either the worm itself or some friendly assistant had selected the location, had considered the proximity of the willow, had measured the proper length of each stick, and had carried each piece by wing or on foot. An amateur entomologist assures me that the worm made his own coat, but, the reader will ask, how can he convey himself with such a clumsy coat on his back and hang himself by threads from his silken under-coat? Besides, he would no longer have had legs with which to walk, and the sticks must have been brought one at a time. 'Who made that wooden shroud?' is the question."—Mr. A. N. Moyer, Kansas City, Kansas.

MARVELLOUS FEAT.

"This is not a photograph of a madman rushing into a crowd; it is simply a snap-shot of Bedini, the young English juggler, in his act of catching on a fork, held in the teeth, a turnip dropped from a great height. Bedini, while performing at one of the local variety houses, agreed to do the trick, and a bet was made between the manager and a man about town. The feat was to be accomplished in three trials, but it took ten before the young juggler harpooned the turnip. Mr. Bedini has performed the trick in New York, Chicago, and other large cities, but after his performance in San Francisco he acknowledged that it was the severest strain he was ever put to. The

turnip was dropped from the main cornice of the highest building in town, a distance of two hundred and ninety feet above the side-walk. The fact of the wind blowing half a gale and the sun being directly in his eyes was the cause of Mr. Bedini's not catching the turnip at the first or second drop. The camera caught him just as he was about to spear the turnip. The point of the fork may be seen just above his shoulder, and the turnip is just beneath it. It fell close to the crowd, causing quite a jam against the building. The shock of the turnip as it reaches the fork is equal to two hundred and fifty pounds weight, and its speed is estimated at ninety miles an hour."—Mr. Arthur M. Lewis, 925, Hyde Street, San Francisco.

A LIFE-SAVING BROOCH.

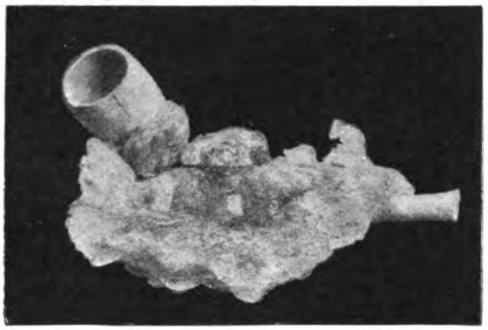
"I am sending you the photo. of a brooch made from a penny-piece of this year's coinage. Our little maid-servant was wearing it when strolling by a small fair at Dover, where the usual merry-go-rounds, shooting-targets, etc., were in full swing. A misdirected bullet struck the brooch, grazing the skin of her neck as it glanced off. The indentation is much more apparent than it appears in the picture. The centre plate shows the coin vertically. The bullet is the size of an ordinary marble, and had it not been for the brooch she has reason to think that her life would have been sacrificed."—Mr. B. A. Igglesden, 23, Randolph Gardens, Dover.

AN EXTRAORDINARY MUSHROOM.

"This marvellous mushroom grew in the cellar of a saloon in this city. It flourished where the drippings of beer fell from the saloon above to the cellar and attained full growth in six days from the spawn, which is a piece of rotten wood eight inches long. It has one hundred and forty-two stems to it, some of them growing right through each other and developing on the other side. It looked very much like an octopus or sea-devil, and was as white as a lily when found, though it dried up in two days. Botanical experts pronounce it a rarity, and say they never heard of anything like it."—Mr. F. K. Syman, Springfield, Ohio.

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.

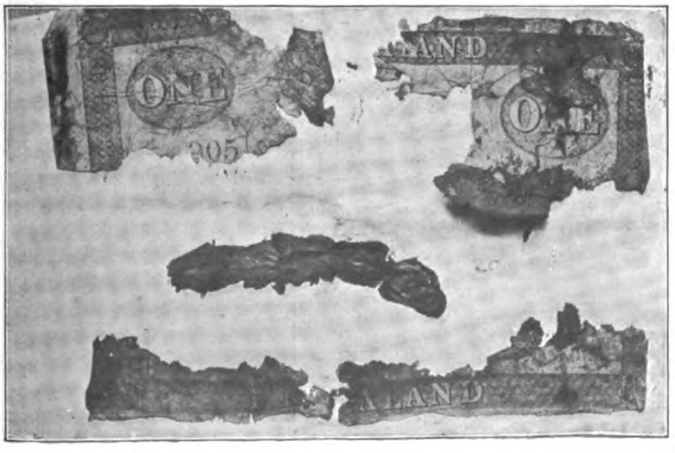
"Whilst a game of billiards was in progress recently at the White Hart Hotel, Clapton, one of the players accidentally knocked a tumbler off the mantelpiece and threw the broken pieces of glass into the fire. Nothing more was thought of the matter until the next morning, when, on the cinders being removed from the fireplace, the extraordinary object seen in the photograph was discovered. It is a solid piece of glass, in which is firmly embedded what has the appearance of being a whole clay pipe. The latter is, however, in two pieces, which had also been thrown into the fire during the evening, but as to when or by whom no one seems to know. The grate being a large one,

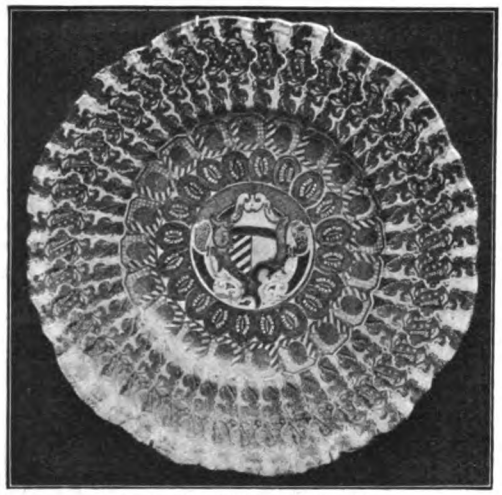


it is rather curious that the two objects should have come into such close contact at all, especially as the fire was stirred and made up several times during the evening; but that the position taken up by the pieces of pipe in the molten glass should have approached so near to their original form is, to say the least of it, remarkable."—Mr. C. Packe, 11, Mount Pleasant Lane, Upper Clapton, N.E.

A MUTILATED BANK-NOTE.

"I beg to forward this photograph, taken by myself, of a New Zealand bank-note. It shows how far banks are prepared to go in cashing notes which have been mutilated almost beyond recognition. The full value was paid to the holder. This note had been burnt, and the fragments were collected and gummed on to a sheet of paper."—Mr. H. P. Mourant, care of Bank of New South Wales, Wellington, New Zealand.





A CIGAR-BAND PLAQUE.

"This unique plaque is made by gumming the labels and bands of various brands of cigars over the surface of a common white dinner-plate. The centre is the coat of arms taken from a cigar-box; the inner ring is made of the bands of Non Plus Ultra cigars; the middle ring of the labels of Stars and Stripes tobacco; and the outer ring of the bands of Regalia cigars."—Mr. W. Metherell, 23, William Street, Herne Bay, Kent.

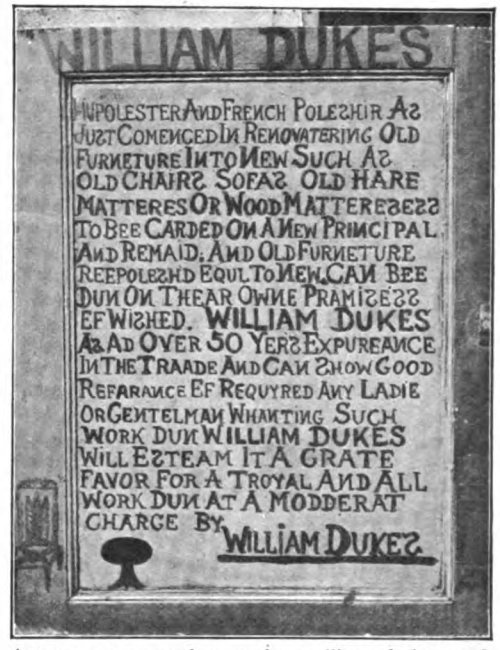
CUCUMBER GROWING IN A BOTTLE.

"This curiosity is from the kitchen garden of Mr. Frederick W. Giddings, a resident of Hartford, Connecticut. The cucumber was placed in the bottle when about two inches long and left attached to the vine. The soil being fertile and other conditions favourable, it ripened in a little over a fortnight,

attaining a length of eight and a half inches and a diameter of two and a half inches, completely closing the neck of the bottle, so that rain-water collected during its growth will not leak out even though the bottle be inverted."—Mr. R. D. Stevens, Hartford, Connecticut.

A CURIOUS SIGNBOARD.

"I send you a snap-shot of an ancient signboard recently 'dug out' at Padstow, and now in the possession of Mr. Burton, the proprietor of 'The Old Curiosity Shop' at Falmouth. It may be of



interest to your readers, as the spelling of the words gives a good impression of the standard of education about two centuries ago."—Mr. R. Udy, Sunnyside, Ellerton Road, Surbiton.

PRIMITIVE SORTING-OFFICE.

"This photograph was taken quite recently in Sussex, and shows two postmen busily engaged sorting the midday letters by the roadside, which is done in all weathers within three miles of Arundel. Who would believe that so primitive a 'sorting-office' still exists in the twentieth century?"—Mr. G. H. Henty, Avisford, Arundel, Sussex.

"I HEARD THE CRACK AND MY HORSE GAVE A CONVULSIVE SPRING."

(*See page* 133.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxv. FEBRUARY, 1903. No. 146.

The Adventures of Etienne Gerard.

By A. Conan Doyle.

V.—BRIGADIER GERARD AT WATERLOO.

II.—The Adventure of the Nine Prussian Horsemen.

I TOLD you when last we met, my friends, of the important mission from the Emperor to Marshal Grouchy, which failed through no fault of my own, and I described to you how during a long afternoon I was shut up in the attic of a country inn, and was prevented from coming out because the Prussians were all around me. You will remember also how I overheard the Chief of the Prussian Staff give his instructions to Count Stein, and so learned the dangerous plan which was on foot to kill or capture the Emperor in the event of a French defeat. At first I could not have believed in such a thing, but since the guns had thundered all day, and since the sound had made no advance in my direction, it was evident that the English had at least held their own and beaten off all our attacks.

I have said that it was a fight that day between the soul of France and the beef of England, but it must be confessed that we found the beef was very tough. It was clear that if the Emperor could not defeat the English when alone, then it might, indeed, go hard with him now that sixty thousand of these cursed Prussians were swarming on his flank. In any case, with this secret in my possession, my place was by his side.

I had made my way out of the inn in the dashing manner which I have described to you when last we met, and I left the English aide-de-camp shaking his foolish fist out of the window. I could not but laugh as I looked back at him, for his angry red face was framed and frilled with hay. Once out on the road I stood erect in my stirrups, and I put on the handsome black riding-coat, lined with red, which had belonged to him. It fell to the top of my high boots, and covered my tell-tale uniform completely. As to my busby, there are many such in the German service, and there was no reason why it should attract attention. So long as no one spoke to me there was no reason why I should not ride through the whole of the Prussian army; but though I understood German, for I had many friends among the German ladies during the pleasant years that I fought all over that country, still I spoke it with a pretty Parisian accent which could not be confounded with their rough, unmusical speech. I knew that this quality of my accent would attract attention, but I could only hope and pray that I would be permitted to go my way in silence.

The Forest of Paris was so large that it was useless to think of going round it, and so I took my courage in both hands and galloped on down the road in the track of the Prussian army. It was not hard to trace it, for it was rutted two feet deep by the gun-wheels and the caissons. Soon I found a fringe of wounded men, Prussians and French, on each side of it, where Bülow's advance had come into touch with Marbot's Hussars. One old man with a long white beard, a surgeon, I suppose, shouted at me, and ran after me still shouting, but I never turned my head and took no notice of him save to spur on faster. I heard his shouts long after I had lost sight of him among the trees.

Presently I came up with the Prussian reserves. The infantry were leaning on their muskets or lying exhausted on the wet ground, and the officers stood in groups listening to the mighty roar of the battle and discussing the reports which came from the front. I hurried past at the top of my speed,

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but one of them rushed out and stood in my path with his hand up as a signal to me to stop. Five thousand Prussian eyes were turned upon me. There was a moment! You turn pale, my friends, at the thought of it. Think how every hair upon me stood on end. But never for one instant did my wits or my courage desert me. "General Blucher!" I cried. Was it not my guardian angel who whispered the words in my ear? The Prussian sprang from my path, saluted, and pointed forwards. They are well disciplined, these Prussians, and who was he that he stood near a burning farm. "There is Marshal Blucher. Deliver your message!" said he, and sure enough my terrible old grey-whiskered veteran was there within a pistol shot, his eyes turned in my direction.

But the good guardian angel did not desert me. Quick as a flash there came into my memory the name of the general who commanded the advance of the Prussians. "General Bülow!" I cried. The Uhlan let go my bridle. "General Bülow! General Bülow!" I shouted, as every stride of the dear little mare took me nearer my own

"THERE IS MARSHAL BLUCHER. DELIVER YOUR MESSAGE!"

should dare to stop the officer who bore a message to the general? It was a talisman that would pass me out of every danger, and my heart sang within me at the thought. So elated was I that I no longer waited to be asked, but as I rode through the army I shouted to right and left, "General Blucher! General Blucher!" and every man pointed me onwards and cleared a path to let me pass. There are times when the most supreme impudence is the highest wisdom. But discretion must also be used, and I must admit that I became indiscreet. For as I rode upon my way, ever nearer to the fighting line, a Prussian officer of Uhlans gripped my bridle and pointed to a group of men who people. Through the burning village of Plancenoit I galloped, spurred my way between two columns of Prussian infantry, sprang over a hedge, cut down a Silesian Hussar who flung himself before me, and an instant afterwards, with my coat flying open to show the uniform below, I passed through the open files of the tenth of the line, and was back in the heart of Lobau's corps once more. Outnumbered and outflanked, they were being slowly driven in by the pressure of the Prussian advance. I galloped onwards, anxious only to find myself by the Emperor's side.

But a sight lay before me which held me fast as though I had been turned into some

noble equestrian statue. I could not move, I could scarce breathe, as I gazed upon it. There was a mound over which my path lay, and as I came out on the top of it I looked down the long, shallow valley of Waterloo. I had left it with two great armies on either side and a clear field between them. Now there were but long, ragged fringes of broken and exhausted regiments upon the two ridges, but a real army of dead and wounded lay between. For two miles in length and half a mile across the ground was strewed and heaped with them. But slaughter was no new sight to me, and it was not that which held me spellbound. It was that up the long slope of the British position was moving a walking forest—black, tossing, waving, unbroken. Did I not know the bearskins of the Guard? And did I not also know, did not my soldier's instinct tell me, that it was the last reserve of France; that the Emperor, like a desperate gamester, was staking all upon his last card? Up they went and up — grand, solid, unbreakable, scourged with musketry, riddled with grape, flowing onwards in a black, heavy tide, which lapped over the British batteries. With my glass I could see the English gunners throw themselves under their pieces or run to the rear. On rolled the crest of the bearskins, and then, with a crash which was swept across to my ears, they met the British infantry. A minute passed, and another, and another. My heart was in my mouth. They swayed back and forwards; they no longer advanced; they were held. Great Heaven! was it possible that they were breaking? One black dot ran down the hill, then two, then four, then ten, then a great, scattered, struggling mass, halting, breaking, halting, and at last shredding out and rushing madly downwards. "The Guard is beaten! The Guard is beaten!" From all around me I heard the cry. Along the whole line the infantry turned their faces and the gunners flinched from their guns.

"The Old Guard is beaten! The Guard retreats!" An officer with a livid face passed me yelling out these words of woe. "Save yourselves! Save yourselves! You are betrayed!" cried another. "Save yourselves! Save yourselves!" Men were rushing madly to the rear, blundering and jumping like frightened sheep. Cries and screams rose from all around me. And at that moment, as I looked at the British

"THE GUARD IS BEATEN! THE GUARD IS BEATEN!"

position, I saw what I can never forget. A single horseman stood out black and clear upon the ridge against the last red angry glow of the setting sun. So dark, so motionless against that grim light, he might have been the very spirit of Battle brooding over that terrible valley. As I gazed he raised his hat high in the air, and at the signal, with a low, deep roar like a breaking wave, the whole British Army flooded over their ridge and came rolling down into the valley. Long steel-fringed lines of red and blue, sweeping waves of cavalry, horse batteries rattling and bounding—down they came on to our crumbling ranks. It was over. A yell of agony, the agony of brave men who see no hope, rose from one flank to the other, and in an instant the whole of that noble army was swept in a wild, terror-stricken crowd from the field. Even now, dear friends, I cannot, as you see, speak of that dreadful moment with a dry eye or with a steady voice.

At first I was carried away in that wild rush, whirled off like a straw in a flooded gutter. But, suddenly, what should I see amongst the mixed regiments in front of me but a group of stern horsemen, in silver and grey, with a broken and tattered standard held aloft in the heart of them! Not all the might of England and of Prussia could break the Hussars of Conflans. But when I joined them it made my heart bleed to see them. The major, seven captains, and five hundred men were left upon the field. Young Captain Sabbatier was in command, and when I asked him where were the five missing squadrons he pointed back and answered: "You will find them round one of those British squares." Men and horses were at their last gasp, caked with sweat and dirt, their black tongues hanging out from their lips; but it made me thrill with pride to see how that shattered remnant still rode knee to knee, with every man, from the boy trumpeter to the farrier-sergeant, in his own proper place. Would that I could have brought them on with me as an escort for the Emperor! In the heart of the Hussars of Conflans he would be safe indeed. But the horses were too spent to trot. I left them behind me with orders to rally upon the farmhouse of St. Aunay, where we had camped two nights before. For my own part I forced my horse through the throng in search of the Emperor.

There were things which I saw then, as I pressed through that dreadful crowd, which can never be banished from my mind. In evil dreams there comes back to me the memory of that flowing stream of livid, staring, screaming faces upon which I looked down. It was a nightmare. In victory one does not understand the horror of war. It is only in the cold chill of defeat that it is brought home to you. I remember an old Grenadier of the Guard lying at the side of the road with his broken leg doubled at a right angle. "Comrades, comrades, keep off my leg!" he cried, but they tripped and stumbled over him all the same. In front of me rode a Lancer officer without his coat. His arm had just been taken off in the ambulance. The bandages had fallen. It was horrible. Two gunners tried to drive through with their gun. A Chasseur raised his musket and shot one of them through the head. I saw a major of Cuirassiers draw his two holster pistols and shoot first his horse and then himself. Beside the road a man in a blue coat was raging and raving like a madman. His face was black with powder, his clothes were torn, one epaulette was gone, the other hung dangling over his breast. Only when I came close to him did I recognise that it was Marshal Ney. He howled at the flying troops and his voice was hardly human. Then he raised the stump of his sword—it was broken three inches from the hilt. "Come and see how a Marshal of France can die!" he cried. Gladly would I have gone with him, but my duty lay elsewhere. He did not, as you know, find the death he sought, but he met it a few weeks later in cold blood at the hands of his enemies.

There is an old proverb that in attack the French are more than men, in defeat they are less than women. I knew that it was true that day. But even in that rout I saw things which I can tell with pride. Through the fields which skirt the road moved Cambronne's three reserve battalions of the Guard, the cream of our army. They walked slowly in square, their colours waving over the sombre line of the bearskins. All round them raged the English cavalry and the black Lancers of Brunswick, wave after wave thundering up, breaking with a crash, and recoiling in ruin. When last I saw them the English guns, six at a time, were smashing grape-shot through their ranks and the English infantry were closing in upon three sides and pouring volleys into them; but still, like a noble lion with fierce hounds clinging to its flanks, the glorious remnant of the Guard, marching slowly, halting, closing up, dressing, moved majestically from their last

battle. Behind them the Guard's battery of twelve-pounders was drawn up upon the ridge. Every gunner was in his place, but no gun fired. "Why do you not fire?" I asked the colonel as I passed. "Our powder is finished." "Then why not retire?" "Our appearance may hold them back for a little. We must give the Emperor time to escape." Such were the soldiers of France.

Behind this screen of brave men the others took their breath, and then went on in less desperate fashion. They had broken away from the road, and all over the country-side in the twilight I could see the timid, scattered, frightened crowd who ten hours before had formed the finest army that ever went down to battle. I with my splendid mare was soon able to get clear of the throng, and just after I passed Genappe I overtook the Emperor with the remains of his Staff. Soult was with him still, and so were Drouot, Lobau, and Bertrand, with five Chasseurs of the Guard, their horses hardly able to move. The night was falling, and the Emperor's haggard face gleamed white through the gloom as he turned it towards me.

"Who is that?" he asked.

"It is Colonel Gerard," said Soult.

"Have you seen Marshal Grouchy?"

"No, Sire. The Prussians were between."

"It does not matter. Nothing matters now. Soult, I will go back."

He tried to turn his horse, but Bertrand seized his bridle. "Ah, Sire," said Soult, "the enemy has had good fortune enough already." They forced him on among them. He rode in silence with his chin upon his breast, the greatest and the saddest of men. Far away behind us those remorseless guns were still roaring. Sometimes out of the darkness would come shrieks and screams and the low thunder of galloping hoofs. At the sound we would spur our horses and hasten on-

"HE RODE IN SILENCE."

wards through the scattered troops. At last, after riding all night in the clear moonlight, we found that we had left both pursued and pursuers behind. By the time we passed over the bridge at Charleroi the dawn was breaking. What a company of spectres we looked in that cold, clear, searching light, the Emperor with his face of wax, Soult blotched with powder, Lobau dabbled with blood! But we rode more easily now and had ceased to glance over our shoulders, for Waterloo was more than thirty miles behind us. One of the Emperor's carriages had been picked

up at Charleroi, and we halted now on the other side of the Sambre, and dismounted from our horses.

You will ask me why it was that during all this time I had said nothing of that which was nearest my heart, the need for guarding the Emperor. As a fact, I had tried to speak of it both to Soult and to Lobau, but their minds were so overwhelmed with the disaster and so distracted by the pressing needs of the moment that it was impossible to make them understand how urgent was my message. Besides, during this long flight we had always had numbers of French fugitives beside us on the road, and, however demoralized they might be, we had nothing to fear from the attack of nine men. But now, as we stood round the Emperor's carriage in the early morning, I observed with anxiety that not a single French soldier was to be seen upon the long, white road behind us. We had outstripped the army. I looked round to see what means of defence were left to us. The horses of the Chasseurs of the Guard had broken down, and only one of them, a grey-whiskered sergeant, remained. There were Soult, Lobau, and Bertrand; but, for all their talents, I had rather, when it came to hard knocks, have a single quarter-master-sergeant of Hussars at my side than the three of them put together. There remained the Emperor himself, the coachman, and a valet of the household who had joined us at Charleroi — eight all told; but of the eight only two, the Chasseur and I, were fighting soldiers who could be depended upon at a pinch. A chill came over me as I reflected how utterly helpless we were. At that moment I raised my eyes, and there were the nine Prussian horsemen coming over the hill.

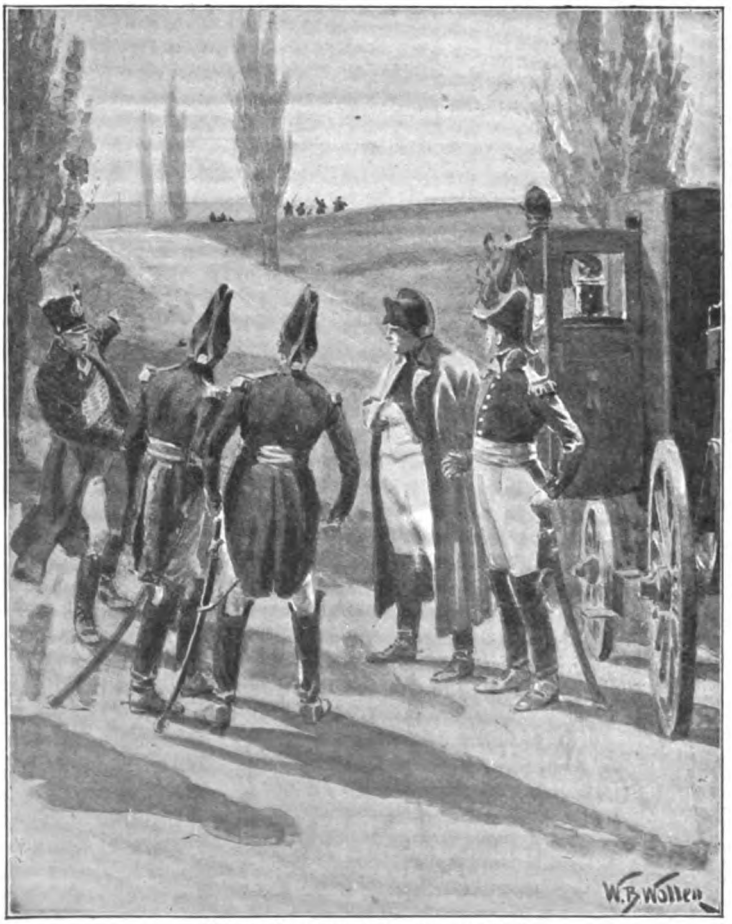
On either side of the road at this point are long stretches of rolling plain, part of it yellow with corn and part of it rich grass land watered by the Sambre. To the south of us was a low ridge, over which was the road to France. Along this road the little group of cavalry was riding. So well had Count Stein obeyed his instructions that he had struck far to the south of us in his determination to get ahead of the Emperor. Now he was riding from the direction in which we were going—the last in which we could expect an enemy. When I caught that first glimpse of them they were still half a mile away.

"Sire!" I cried, "the Prussians!"

They all started and stared. It was the Emperor who broke the silence.

"Who says they are Prussians?"

"I do, Sire—I, Etienne Gerard!"



"'SIRE!' I CRIED, 'THE PRUSSIANS!'"

Unpleasant news always made the Emperor furious against the man who broke it. He railed at me now in the rasping, croaking, Corsican voice which only made itself heard when he had lost his self-control.

"You were always a buffoon," he cried. "What do you mean, you numskull, by saying that they are Prussians? How could Prussians be coming from the direction of France? You have lost any wits that you ever possessed."

His words cut me like a whip, and yet we all felt towards the Emperor as an old dog does to its master. His kick is soon forgotten and forgiven. I would not argue or justify myself. At the first glance I had seen the two white stockings on the forelegs of the leading horse, and I knew well that Count Stein was on its back. For an instant the nine horsemen had halted and surveyed us. Now they put spurs to their horses, and with a yell of triumph they galloped down the road. They had recognised that their prey was in their power.

At that swift advance all doubt had vanished. "By heavens, Sire, it is indeed the Prussians!" cried Soult. Lobau and Bertrand ran about the road like two frightened hens. The sergeant of Chasseurs drew his sabre with a volley of curses. The coachman and the valet cried and wrung their hands. Napoleon stood with a frozen face, one foot on the step of the carriage. And I—ah, my friends, I was magnificent! What words can I use to do justice to my own bearing at that supreme instant of my life? So coldly alert, so deadly cool, so clear in brain and ready in hand. He had called me a numskull and a buffoon. How quick and how noble was my revenge! When his own wits failed him, it was Etienne Gerard who supplied the want.

To fight was absurd; to fly was ridiculous. The Emperor was stout, and weary to death. At the best he was never a good rider. How could he fly from these, the picked men of an army? The best horseman in Prussia was among them. But I was the best horseman in France. I, and only I, could hold my own with them. If they were on *my* track instead of the Emperor's, all might still be well. These were the thoughts which flashed so swiftly through my mind that in an instant I had sprung from the first idea to the final conclusion. Another instant carried me from the final conclusion to prompt and vigorous action. I rushed to the side of the Emperor, who stood petrified, with the carriage between him and our enemies. "Your coat, Sire! your hat!" I cried. I dragged them off him. Never had he been so hustled in his life. In an instant I had them on and had thrust him into the carriage. The next I had sprung on to his famous white Arab and had ridden clear of the group upon the road.

You have already divined my plan; but you may well ask how could I hope to pass myself off as the Emperor. My figure is as you still see it, and his was never beautiful, for he was both short and stout. But a man's height is not remarked when he is in the saddle, and for the rest one had but to sit forward on the horse and round one's back and carry oneself like a sack of flour. I wore the little cocked hat and the loose grey coat with the silver star which was known to every child from one end of Europe to the other. Beneath me was the Emperor's own famous white charger. It was complete.

Already as I rode clear the Prussians were within two hundred yards of us. I made a gesture of terror and despair with my hands, and I sprang my horse over the bank which lined the road. It was enough. A yell of exultation and of furious hatred broke from the Prussians. It was the howl of starving wolves who scent their prey. I spurred my horse over the meadow-land and looked back under my arm as I rode. Oh, the glorious moment when one after the other I saw eight horsemen come over the bank at my heels! Only one had stayed behind, and I heard shouting and the sounds of a struggle. I remembered my old sergeant of Chasseurs, and I was sure that number nine would trouble us no more. The road was clear and the Emperor free to continue his journey.

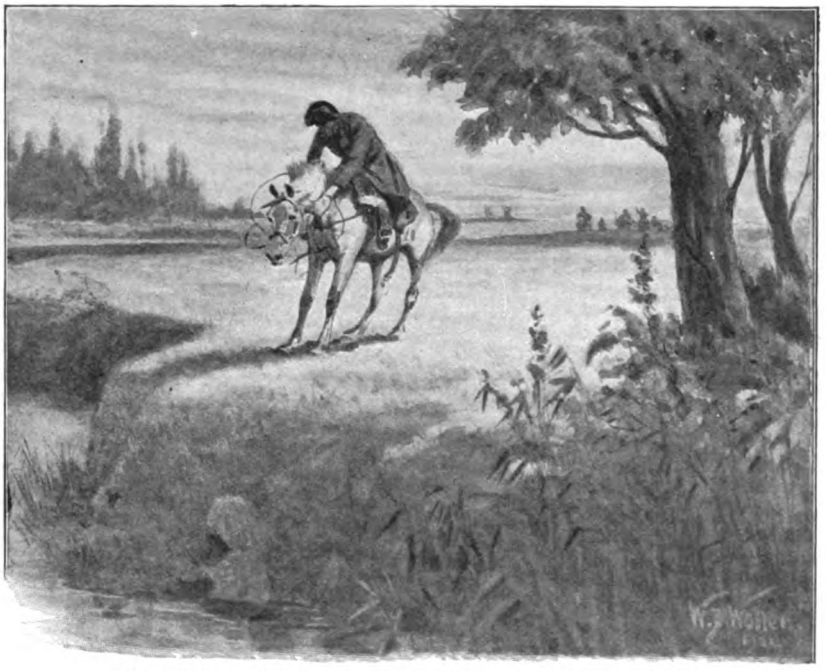
But now I had to think of myself. If I were overtaken the Prussians would certainly make short work of me in their disappointment. If it were so—if I lost my life—I should still have sold it at a glorious price. But I had hopes that I might shake them off. With ordinary horsemen upon ordinary horses I should have had no difficulty in doing so, but here both steeds and riders were of the best. It was a grand creature that I rode, but it was weary with its long night's work, and the Emperor was one of those riders who do not know how to manage a horse. He had little thought for them and a heavy hand upon their mouths. On the other hand, Stein and his men had come both far and fast. The race was a fair one.

So quick had been my impulse, and so

rapidly had I acted upon it, that I had not thought enough of my own safety. Had I done so in the first instance I should, of course, have ridden straight back the way we had come, for so I should have met our own people. But I was off the road and had galloped a mile over the plain before this occurred to me. Then when I looked back I saw that the Prussians had spread out into a long line, so as to head me off from the Charleroi road. I could not turn back, but at least I could edge towards the north. I knew that the whole face of the country was covered with our flying troops, and that sooner or later I must come upon some of them.

But one thing I had forgotten — the Sambre. In my excitement I never gave it a thought until I saw it, deep and broad, gleaming in the morning sunlight. It barred my path, and the Prussians howled behind me. I galloped to the brink, but the horse refused the plunge. I spurred him, but the bank was high and the stream deep. He shrank back trembling and snorting. The yells of triumph were louder every instant. I turned and rode for my life down the river bank. It formed a loop at this part, and I must get across somehow, for my retreat was blocked. Suddenly a thrill of hope ran through me, for I saw a house on my side of the stream and another on the farther bank. Where there are two such houses it usually means that there is a ford between them. A sloping path led to the brink and I urged my horse down it. On he went, the water up to the saddle, the foam flying right and left. He blundered once and I thought we were lost, but he recovered and an instant later was clattering up the farther slope. As we came out I heard the splash behind me as the first Prussian took the water. There was just the breadth of the Sambre between us.

I rode with my head sunk between my shoulders in Napoleon's fashion, and I did not dare to look back for fear they should see my moustache. I had turned up the collar of the grey coat so as partly to hide it. Even now if they found out their mistake they might turn and overtake the carriage. But when once we were on the road I could tell by the drumming of their hoofs how far distant they were, and it seemed to me that the sound grew perceptibly louder, as if they were slowly gaining upon me. We were riding now up the stony and rutted lane which led from the ford. I peeped back very cautiously from under my arm and I perceived that my danger came from a single rider, who was far ahead of his comrades.



"I GALLOPED TO THE BRINK, BUT THE HORSE REFUSED THE PLUNGE."

He was a Hussar, a very tiny fellow, upon a big black horse, and it was his light weight which had brought him into the foremost place. It is a place of honour; but it is also a place of danger, as he was soon to learn. I felt the holsters, but, to my horror, there were no pistols. There was a field-glass in one and the other was stuffed with papers. My sword had been left behind with Violette. Had I only my own weapons and my own little mare I could have played with these rascals. But I was not entirely unarmed. The Emperor's own sword hung to the saddle. It was curved and short, the hilt all crusted with gold—a thing more fitted to glitter at a review than to serve a soldier in his deadly need. I drew it, such as it was, and I waited my chance. Every instant the clink and clatter of the hoofs grew nearer. I heard the panting of the horse, and the fellow shouted some threat at me. There was a turn in the lane, and as I rounded it I drew up my white Arab on his haunches. As we spun round I met the Prussian Hussar face to face. He was going too fast to stop, and his only chance was to ride me down. Had he done so he might have met his own death, but he would have injured me or my horse past all hope of escape. But the fool flinched as he saw me waiting and flew past me on my right. I lunged over my Arab's neck and buried my toy sword in his side. It must have been the finest steel and as sharp as a razor, for I hardly felt it enter, and yet his blood was within three inches of the hilt. His horse galloped on and he kept his saddle for a hundred yards before he sank down with his face on the mane and then dived over the side of the neck on to the road. For my own part I was already at his horse's heels. A few seconds had sufficed for all that I have told.

I heard the cry of rage and vengeance which rose from the Prussians as they passed their dead comrade, and I could not but smile as I wondered what they could think of the Emperor as a horseman and a swordsman. I glanced back cautiously as before, and I saw that none of the seven men stopped. The fate of their comrade was nothing compared to the carrying out of their mission. They were as untiring and as remorseless as bloodhounds. But I had a good lead and the brave Arab was still going well. I thought that I was safe. And yet it was at that very instant that the most terrible danger befell me. The lane divided, and I took the smaller of the two divisions because it was the more grassy and the easier for the horse's hoofs. Imagine my horror when, riding through a gate, I found myself in a square of stables and farm-buildings, with no way out save that by which I had come! Ah, my friends, if my hair is snowy white, have I not had enough to make it so?

To retreat was impossible. I could hear the thunder of the Prussians' hoofs in the lane. I looked round me, and Nature has blessed me with that quick eye which is the first of gifts to any soldier, but most of all to a leader of cavalry. Between a long, low line of stables and the farmhouse there was a pig-sty. Its front was made of bars of wood four feet high; the back was of stone, higher than the front. What was beyond I could not tell. The space between the front and the back was not more than a few yards. It was a desperate venture, and yet I must take it. Every instant the beating of those hurrying hoofs was louder and louder. I put my Arab at the pig-sty. She cleared the front beautifully and came down with her forefeet upon the sleeping pig within, slipping forward upon her knees. I was thrown over the wall beyond, and fell upon my hands and face in a soft flower-bed. My horse was upon one side of the wall, I upon the other, and the Prussians were pouring into the yard. But I was up in an instant and had seized the bridle of the plunging horse over the top of the wall. It was built of loose stones, and I dragged down a few of them to make a gap. As I tugged at the bridle and shouted the gallant creature rose to the leap, and an instant afterwards she was by my side and I with my foot on the stirrup.

An heroic idea had entered my mind as I mounted into the saddle. These Prussians, if they came over the pig-sty, could only come one at once, and their attack would not be formidable when they had not had time to recover from such a leap. Why should I not wait and kill them one by one as they came over? It was a glorious thought. They would learn that Etienne Gerard was not a safe man to hunt. My hand felt for my sword, but you can imagine my feelings, my friends, when I came upon an empty scabbard. It had been shaken out when the horse had tripped over that infernal pig. On what absurd trifles do our destinies hang—a pig on one side, Etienne Gerard on the other! Could I spring over the wall and get the sword? Impossible! The Prussians were already in the yard. I turned my Arab and resumed my flight.

But for a moment it seemed to me that I

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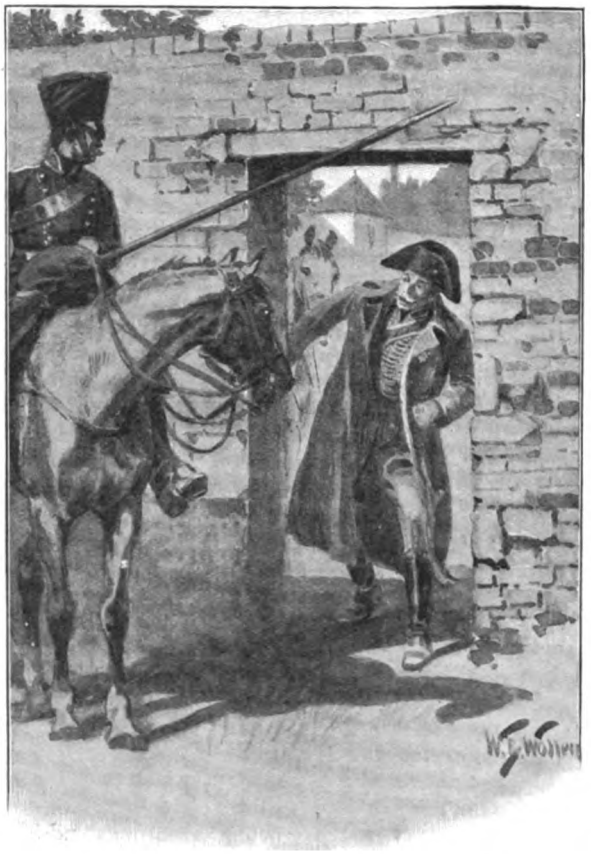
was in a far worse trap than before. I found myself in the garden of the farmhouse, an orchard in the centre and flower-beds all round. A high wall surrounded the whole place. I reflected, however, that there must be some point of entrance, since every visitor could not be expected to spring over the pig-sty. I rode round the wall. As I expected, I came upon a door with a key upon the inner side. I dismounted, unlocked it, opened it, and there was a Prussian Lancer sitting his horse within six feet of me.

For a moment we each stared at the other. Then I shut the door and locked it again. A crash and a cry came from the other end of the garden. I understood that one of my enemies had come to grief in trying to get over the pig-sty. How could I ever get out of this *cul-de-sac?* It was evident that some of the party had galloped round, while some had followed straight upon my tracks. Had I my sword I might have beaten off the Lancer at the door, but to come out now was to be butchered. And yet if I waited some of them would certainly follow me on foot over the pig-sty, and what could I do then? I must act at once or I was lost. But it is at such moments that my wits are most active and my actions most prompt. Still leading my horse, I ran for a hundred yards by the side of the wall away from the spot where the Lancer was watching. There I stopped, and with an effort I tumbled down several of the loose stones from the top of the wall.



"FOR A MOMENT WE EACH STARED AT THE OTHER."

The instant I had done so I hurried back to the door. As I had expected, he thought I was making a gap for my escape at that point, and I heard the thud of his horse's hoofs as he galloped to cut me off. As I reached the gate I looked back, and I saw a green-coated horseman, whom I knew to be Count Stein, clear the pig-sty and gallop furiously with a shout of triumph across the garden. "Surrender, your Majesty, surrender!" he yelled; "we will give you quarter!" I slipped through the gate, but had no time to lock it on the other side. Stein was at my very heels, and the Lancer had already turned his horse. Springing upon my Arab's back, I was off once more with a clear stretch of grass land before me. Stein had to dismount to open the gate, to lead his horse through, and to mount again before he could follow. It was he that I feared rather than the Lancer, whose horse was coarse-bred and weary. I galloped hard for a mile before I ventured to look back, and then Stein was a musket-shot from me, and the Lancer as much again, while only three of the others were in sight. My nine Prussians were coming down to more manageable numbers, and yet one was too much for an unarmed man.

It had surprised me that during this long chase I had seen no fugitives from the army, but I reflected that I was considerably to the west of their line of flight, and that I must edge more towards the east if I wished to join them. Unless I did so it was prob-

able that my pursuers, even if they could not overtake me themselves, would keep me in view until I was headed off by some of their comrades coming from the north. As I looked to the eastward I saw afar off a line of dust which stretched for miles across the country. This was certainly the main road along which our unhappy army was flying. But I soon had proof that some of our stragglers had wandered into these side tracks, for I came suddenly upon a horse grazing at the corner of a field, and beside him, with his back against the bank, his master, a French Cuirassier, terribly wounded and evidently on the point of death. I sprang down, seized his long, heavy sword, and rode on with it. Never shall I forget the poor man's face as he looked at me with his failing sight. He was an old, grey-moustached soldier, one of the real fanatics, and to him this last vision of his Emperor was like a revelation from on high. Astonishment, love, pride—all shone in his pallid face. He said something—I fear they were his last words—but I had no time to listen, and I galloped on my way.

All this time I had been on the meadow-land, which was intersected in this part by broad ditches. Some of them could not have been less than from fourteen to fifteen feet, and my heart was in my mouth as I went at each of them, for a slip would have been my ruin. But whoever selected the Emperor's horses had done his work well. The creature, save when it balked on the bank of the Sambre, never failed me for an instant. We cleared everything in one stride. And yet we could not shake off those infernal Prussians. As I left each watercourse behind me I looked back with renewed hope, but it was only to see Stein on his white-legged chestnut flying over it as lightly as I had done myself. He was my enemy, but I honoured him for the way in which he carried himself that day.

Again and again I measured the distance which separated him from the next horseman. I had the idea that I might turn and cut him down, as I had the Hussar, before his comrade could come to his help. But the others had closed up and were not far behind. I reflected that this Stein was probably as fine a swordsman as he was a rider, and that it might take me some little time to get the better of him. In that case the others would come to his aid and I should be lost. On the whole, it was wiser to continue my flight.

A road with poplars on either side ran across the plain from east to west. It would lead me towards that long line of dust which marked the French retreat. I wheeled my horse, therefore, and galloped down it. As I rode I saw a single house in front of me upon the right, with a great bush hung over the door to mark it as an inn. Outside there were several peasants, but for them I cared nothing. What frightened me was to see the gleam of a red coat, which showed that there were British in the place. However, I could not turn and I could not stop, so there was nothing for it but to gallop on and to take my chance. There were no troops in sight, so these men must be stragglers or marauders, from whom I had little to fear. As I approached I saw that there were two of them sitting drinking on a bench outside the inn door. I saw them stagger to their feet, and it was evident that they were both very drunk. One stood swaying in the middle of the road. "It's Boney! So help me, it's Boney!" he yelled. He ran with his hands out to catch me, but luckily for himself his drunken feet stumbled and he fell on his face on the road. The other was more dangerous. He had rushed into the inn, and just as I passed I saw him run out with his musket in his hand. He dropped upon one knee, and I stooped forward over my horse's neck. A single shot from a Prussian or an Austrian is a small matter, but the British were at that time the best shots in Europe, and my drunkard seemed steady enough when he had a gun at his shoulder. I heard the crack, and my horse gave a convulsive spring which would have unseated many a rider. For an instant I thought he was killed, but when I turned in my saddle I saw a stream of blood running down the off hind-quarter. I looked back at the Englishman, and the brute had bitten the end off another cartridge and was ramming it into his musket, but before he had it primed we were beyond his range. These men were foot-soldiers and could not join in the chase, but I heard them whooping and tally-hoing behind me as if I had been a fox. The peasants also shouted and ran through the fields flourishing their sticks. From all sides I heard cries, and everywhere were the rushing, waving figures of my pursuers. To think of the great Emperor being chivvied over the countryside in this fashion! It made me long to have these rascals within the sweep of my sword.

But now I felt that I was nearing the end of my course. I had done all that a man

could be expected to do — some would say more — but at last I had come to a point from which I could see no escape. The horses of my pursuers were exhausted, but mine was exhausted and wounded also. It was losing blood fast, and we left a red trail upon the white, dusty road. Already his pace was slackening, and sooner or later he must drop under me. I looked back, and there were the five inevitable Prussians—Stein a hundred yards in front, then a Lancer, and then three others riding together. Stein had drawn his sword, and he waved it at me. For my own part I was determined not to give myself up. I would try how many of these Prussians I could take with me into the other world. At this supreme moment all the great deeds of my life rose in a vision before me, and I felt that this, my last exploit, was indeed a worthy close to such a career. My death would be a fatal blow to those who loved me, to my dear mother, to my Hussars, to others who shall be nameless. But all of them had my honour and my fame at heart, and I felt that their grief would be tinged with pride when they learned how I had ridden and how I had fought upon this last day. Therefore I hardened my heart and, as my Arab limped more and more upon his wounded leg, I drew the great sword which I had taken from the Cuirassier, and I set my teeth for my supreme struggle. My hand was in the very act of tightening the bridle, for I feared that if I delayed longer I might find myself on foot fighting against five mounted men. At that instant my eye fell upon something which brought hope to my heart and a shout of joy to my lips.

From a grove of trees in front of me there projected the steeple of a village church. But there could not be two steeples like that, for the corner of it had crumbled away or been struck by lightning, so that it was of a most fantastic shape. I had seen it only two days before, and it was the church of the village of Gosselies. It was not the hope of reaching the village which set my heart singing with joy, but it was that I knew my ground now, and that farmhouse not half a mile ahead, with its gable end sticking out from amid the trees, must be that very farm of St. Aunay where we had bivouacked, and which I had named to Captain Sabbatier as the rendezvous of the Hussars of Conflans. There they were, my little rascals, if I could but reach them. With every bound my horse grew weaker. Each instant the sound of the pursuit grew louder. I heard a gust of crackling German oaths at my very heels. A pistol bullet sighed in my ears. Spurring frantically and beating my poor Arab with the flat of my sword I kept him at the top of his speed. The open gate of the farmyard lay before me. I saw the twinkle of steel within. Stein's horse's head was within ten yards of me as I thundered through. "To me, comrades! To me!" I yelled. I heard a buzz as when the angry bees swarm from their nest. Then my splendid white Arab fell dead under me and I was hurled on to the cobble-stones of the yard, where I can remember no more.

Such was my last and most famous exploit, my dear friends, a story which rang through Europe and has made the name of Etienne Gerard famous in history. Alas! that all my efforts could only give the Emperor a few weeks more liberty, since he surrendered upon the 15th of July to the English. But it was not my fault that he was not able to collect the forces still waiting for him in France, and to fight another Waterloo with a happier ending. Had others been as loyal as I was the history of the world might have been changed, the Emperor would have preserved his throne, and such a soldier as I would not have been left to spend his life in planting cabbages or to while away his old age telling stories in a *café*. You ask me about the fate of Stein and the Prussian horsemen! Of the three who dropped upon the way I know nothing. One you will remember that I killed. There remained five, three of whom were cut down by my Hussars, who, for the instant, were under the impression that it was indeed the Emperor whom they were defending. Stein was taken, slightly wounded, and so was one of the Uhlans. The truth was not told to them, for we thought it best that no news, or false news, should get about as to where the Emperor was, so that Count Stein still believed that he was within a few yards of making that tremendous capture. "You may well love and honour your Emperor," said he, "for such a horseman and such a swordsman I have never seen." He could not understand why the young colonel of Hussars laughed so heartily at his words—but he has learned since.

K.C.'s and their Chambers.

By A. Wallis Myers.

With Photographs specially taken by George Newnes, Limited.

COULD the flag-stones which pave the placid courts of the Temple cry out, what memories they could give us! In the "good old times" barristers were not the staid, methodical men they are to-day. Many are the records which tell of free-and-easy midnight consultations, preceded or followed by a little supper-party at a neighbouring tavern. Just one story *à propos* of these days will suffice to introduce to your notice the very different chambers of some of the most eminent lawyers and advocates of the present time. Lord Mansfield, the famous Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, who lived almost through the eighteenth century, had his chambers at No. 5, King's Bench Walk, and there Sarah Duchess of ——, attracted to Murray by a great speech he had delivered in a *cause célèbre*, persecuted him with calls at most unseasonable hours. She once called without appointment at his chambers late at night, and waited till midnight in the hope that she might see the lawyer ere she went to bed. But the subsequent Lord Mansfield, being at an unusually late supper-party, did not return until her Grace had departed in an overpowering rage. "I could not make out who she was," said Murray's clerk, describing the manner of the Duchess, "for she would not tell me her name; but she swore so dreadfully I am sure she must be a lady of quality."

An engraved portrait of this same Lord Mansfield is to be found among other pictures of celebrated lawyers of the past adorning the chambers of Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., at 2, Essex Court. Sir Edward is a Conservative in politics, as he is in the arrangement of his rooms. About his own private room, which is said to be the largest in the Middle Temple, there is that dignified simplicity and refinement which one naturally associates with a man of his habits. Old oak panels, periodically polished up by the Benchers, form the walls, broken by half-

SIR EDWARD CLARKE'S CHAMBERS.

a-dozen high windows, commanding a view at once inspiring and serene. Just below the south windows is the famous fountain in Fountain Court, immortalized by Dickens, which sparkles and glitters and sprinkles the jaunty sparrows which use its spray to wash off the London dust. To the left of this outlook Sir Edward has a fine view of the Middle Temple Hall and Library, the roof of which, according to Peter Cunningham, is the best piece of Elizabethan architecture in London. There is, in fact, a peace about the situation which must essentially tend to inspire the mind and quiet the nerves; amid its leafy surroundings one can easily imagine impassioned addresses to juries being framed.

But let us return to the room itself. In the middle of the chamber is a plain mahogany desk, strangely free from the burden of briefs and legal papers. This is due to the fact that the great advocate, being an ex-Law Officer of the Crown, is provided by a thoughtful Government with a couple of rooms at the Law Courts themselves, in which the leader may consult his books and hold his more urgent consultations—needless to say, a great convenience. Sir Edward, therefore, only uses his room at Essex Court for certain special consultations, though during the vacation he is constantly there.

Near the entrance to his room is a quaint and heavy bureau, of which Sir Edward is naturally proud, formerly belonging to Lord Beaconsfield. A previous and very distinguished tenant of the room, Sir John Karslake, Attorney-General nearly forty years ago, left behind him a long, solid, unpretentious bookcase, now filled with his successor's volumes. Save for another desk, at which a "devil" may often be found when Sir Edward is there, and a couple of hard-bottomed writing chairs, plus a few seats for callers, there is no other furniture in the room to speak of; but portraits of several of Sir Edward's friends, as well as his predecessors, are noticed on the walls. "From his very sincere and very grateful friend," is inscribed by Mr. Justice Day beneath a full length engraving of himself.

Sir Edward Clarke never "lives" at his chambers, though two of their former occupants, Sir John Karslake and Judge Short, converted one of the smaller rooms into a bedroom. It is a striking proof of the great K.C.'s consuming energy that he should travel up to town daily from his beautiful house at Staines, returning thither after the exertions of the day are over. Of course, when he was in Parliament, with its late hours, such a vigorous procedure was impossible, and Sir Edward had perforce to remain in town for the night. While he was at St. Stephen's he had a private room set apart in the House for his use, in which he diligently worked in the evenings at his briefs. There is little doubt that Sir Edward regards his severance from political life as only temporary. Indeed, as one very near to him remarked to me in his chambers: "Without his membership of the House of Commons he is like an actor without a part."

From the day Mr. Fletcher Moulton, K.C., F.R.S., M.P., became a student at the Bar and read under the late W. G. Harrison,

MR. FLETCHER MOULTON.

Q.C., down to the present time, a period of well-nigh thirty years, he has occupied the same chambers at 11, King's Bench Walk. This must surely be nearly, if not quite, a record tenancy. Mr. Moulton grows old slowly, and when I had the privilege of a brief interview with him in his chambers for the purpose of this article I had difficulty in realizing that this distinguished lawyer, so alert both physically and mentally, would in a few years be celebrating his sixtieth birthday.

"Is the Court now going to have the pleasure of one of your very interesting lectures on mechanics?" inquired the late Lord Esher of Mr. Moulton, as the latter rose to open an appeal case. "If your lordship pleases," was the reply of the learned counsel.

Remembering this judicial compliment, indicative of marvellous knowledge, I naturally expected to find Mr. Moulton's room stocked with a library of legal lore second to none in the Temple. But such was not the case. Books there were, of course, but the walls were singularly devoid of those heavy and solid cases which frame the rooms of many of his contemporaries. The great patent lawyer is a man of very refined and elegant taste; and his private room reflects a cultured, travelled owner. He is an Officer, by the way, of the French Legion of Honour. The mantelpiece, to begin with, is a work of art in the style created in the reign of Queen Anne. The door is exquisitely panelled in leather bearing Japanese designs; a beautiful bookcase near it is the product of Italian workmanship. There is a valuable framed Japanese design on either side of the fireplace; but there are no pictures — indeed, their presence would spoil the elegant harmony of the apartment.

"You hold a great many consultations in this room, Mr. Moulton?" I asked, hearing the footsteps of clients waiting to "consult" in the adjoining room.

"Yes," he replied; "I am rarely left alone when I leave the court. But then, you see, a great part of my work is non-litigious; it involves not so much arguing before a judge as giving opinions to men who come here to obtain them."

Having previously noticed an extraordinary variety of packages in the next room—some frail enough to contain ladies' wearing apparel—as indeed some did—and others strong enough to encase bars of gold—I suggested that callers did not always come alone. Mr. Moulton smiled. "I'm afraid," he observed, with a laugh, "parts of my chambers are little better than store-rooms; but, then,

MR. BARGRAVE DEANE.

invention nowadays covers a very wide field—from flying-machines to egg-beaters." In the next room Mr. Moulton's clerk, who has been in the chambers even longer than his master, showed me a dainty box containing a pair of lady's corsets, which had just arrived to demand an opinion.

Higher up in the same famous legal row, at No. 2, Mr. Bargrave Deane, K.C., has his chambers, which, until some five or six years ago, he shared with His Honour Judge Willis, then Mr. William Willis, Q.C. The last tenant of these rooms was Sir Patrick Colquhoun, Chief Justice of the Ionian Islands, and Mr. Bargrave Deane has had them for about a dozen years. They are comfortable chambers, solid and dignified in their

appearance, as befits a Recorder of Margate and a Bencher of the Inner Temple. Yet the quiet decoration of Mr. Deane's working room, a large and airy apartment, is not without its interest from a biographical point of view. A portrait of Lord Beaconsfield, for instance, in a prominent position, indicates the nature of its owner's political views, even though "Dizzy" is in juxtaposition to Oliver Cromwell. Two photographs on the mantelpiece of a handsome young officer in the Scots Guards remind one that the distinguished lawyer had a son at the front for nearly three years. Like father, like son; Mr. Deane is himself a colonel, having resigned the command of the 21st Middlesex Volunteers five years ago. Over his bookshelf is a row of interesting photographs representing Colonel Bargrave Deane in various positions as head of this regiment. A good shot, Mr. Deane is also a member of the council of the National Rifle Association, in which he has always shown great interest.

A capital likeness of the present Lord Chief Justice in these chambers is a reminder that Lord Alverstone's popularity with all members of the Bar is very great, for few chambers in the Temple seem to be without his portrait. Like the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Deane has been a yachtsman in his younger days; there are a couple of model yachts anchored in his chambers.

Turning next to the chambers of Mr. Lawson Walton, M.P., we find that they were formerly occupied by the present Lord Chancellor, who shared them with Mr. Poland, Q.C., now Sir Harry Poland. Sir Harry still has his name on the door, though he retired from practice in 1895, and he goes to Paper Buildings occasionally to consult law books and write letters. His room, adjoining that of Mr. Walton, is now occupied by his cousin, Mr. Bodkin, a barrister with a very extensive practice.

There is an air of distinction about Mr. Lawson Walton's room which is very inviting to the lay intruder. It commands a glorious view of the beautiful turf and foliage in the Temple Gardens, while in the distance one may descry the spire of St. Clement Danes and the flagstaff of the Law Courts. A man of cultivated artistic tastes—does he not reside among that eminent band of R.A.'s who make Melbury Road, Kensington, their home?—Mr. Walton is a lover, and something of a connoisseur, of rare engravings and costly china, and examples of these are to be found in his chambers. The walls, except where they are hidden by law reports, are filled with valuable prints and engraved portraits, judges especially figuring in the latter category. As if to remind one that Chancellor Halsbury once sat in the room, the features of many of his predecessors in that high office look down on the visitor.

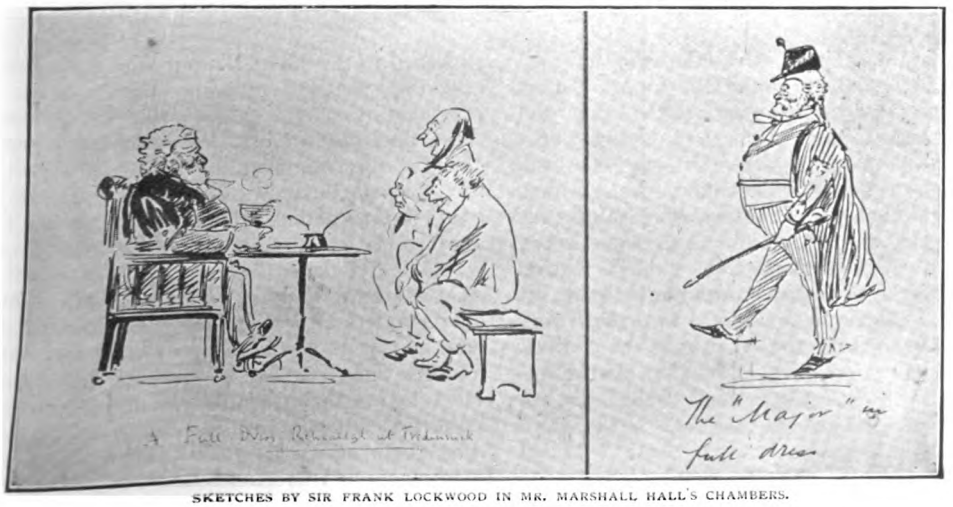
MR. LAWSON WALTON.

MR. MARSHALL HALL.

A signed portrait of the late Lord Russell of Killowen is another feature in this striking gallery. Lord Alverstone is there, of course, and several other well-known contemporary judges. The room is lit with electric light; it has a handsome desk near the window covered with red morocco; it has pieces of rare china placed on shelf and mantelpiece; and altogether, with its delightful outlook, must be an enviable place to work in.

Here a word may be said about the busy K.C.'s working hours. Mr. Walton, for example, sometimes goes straight to court at ten or half-past without calling at his chambers. He will robe there, plead there, often lunch there, and hold a good many short consultations in its busy atmosphere. When his cases are over for the day the K.C. rushes over to his chambers, snatches a cup of tea, and is then ready to hold his appointment consultations, which may or may not end by half-past six. If he is in the House, as Mr. Lawson Walton and others mentioned in this article are, his Parliamentary duties now claim his attention until midnight, with only an occasional respite for brief-reading if the Whips are not too exacting. Rarely does the lawyer-politician get home during the Session until the small hours have begun to chime; Sundays and possibly two week-day evenings are alone vacant for domestic or social engagements.

Mr. Marshall Hall, one of the most powerful advocates at the Bar, is another example in point. Yet, whether you see him early or late in the day, he always appears as if he had just come back from the long vacation. When I was fortunate enough to catch him in his chambers at 3, Temple Gardens, about half-past four in the afternoon—after Mr. Hall had had a trying day in court, preceded by an enervating night in the House of Commons—he was as "fresh as a daisy."



SKETCHES BY SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD IN MR. MARSHALL HALL'S CHAMBERS.

The former occupant of Mr. Marshall Hall's chambers, which embrace five good-sized rooms, was the late Sir Charles Hall, Recorder of London, who also had a seat in Parliament. The member for Southport has had them for fifteen years, though he only took silk five years ago. Among other residents in the same set have been the Right Hon. J. W. Lowther, Chairman of Ways and Means in the Commons; Mr. C. K. Francis, Metropolitan Police-court Magistrate; and the Hon. Sydney Holland.

"Here are some of Frank Lockwood's charming sketches," Mr. Hall will tell you as he passes swiftly round the room; "most of them were on exhibition after Lockwood died, and I prize them very highly." Sir Frank's inimitable drawings are too well known to need classification, but I may mention that Mr. Hall possesses among his collection that delightful rough-and-ready sketch which depicts "an honest citizen before and after cross-examination as to his credit." A complete set of *Vanity Fair* legal cartoons encircles the room near the ceiling; and there are other interesting portraits—notably of Dr. Alfred Hall, F.R.C.P., the father of the distinguished K.C.; of Lord Lindley, by Leslie Ward ("Spy"); of Sir Forrest Fulton, now Recorder of London; and of Mr. Hall's little girl, which is naturally given a place of honour on the mantel-shelf. But more interesting still from a personal point of view are the mementos of famous cases hanging on the walls with which Mr. Marshall Hall, as counsel, has been prominently associated. The most recent is the identical Bennett chain connected with the Yarmouth murder; as to whether it was a link or rope chain there was such a hot contest at the Old Bailey. Then in a little ante-room overlooking the gardens we are also reminded that Mr. Marshall Hall appeared in the Jabez Balfour trial by a pen-and-ink sketch depicting the Liberator prisoners in court. Despite the presence of these and other relics, the room is a very cheerful one, commanding a broad view of the flowing Thames; and when Mr. Hall bade me a genial adieu I was genuinely sorry to leave such enticing surroundings.

MR. HENRY F. DICKENS.

Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, K.C., has his chambers at No. 2, Paper Buildings, and here he was good enough to spare me a few minutes when I called to look at his rooms. He told me that they had had several well-known occupiers before he came in eight or nine years ago. Sir John Huddleston formerly worked there, and both Lord Justice

Lopes and Sir Francis Jeune used them as chambers. Undoubtedly the most noteworthy article in the room is the identical desk belonging to Charles Dickens, father of the K.C. Upon it the novelist wrote many of his immortal books at Gad's Hill, and he used it to pen his last letter before he died. This famous piece of furniture, justly prided by his son, is in excellent condition, and bears its present burden of weighty briefs with commendable fortitude.

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Dickens, after I had admired the serenity of his quarters, "my life here has been too matter-of-fact to yield any stories, but some time ago I had a rather peculiar experience, which shows how

MR. RUFUS ISAACS.

absorbed one may become in one's cases. My old chambers were in Crown Office Row, not more than a few yards from here. Well, I had been in my present quarters about five years, when on returning from court one day, apparently in a very abstracted frame of mind, I went direct to Crown Office Row, mounted the stairs to my old floor, and had put the key in the door before I became aware of my mistake."

Next we are permitted to peep into the chambers of that rapidly-risen and brilliant advocate, Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., who may be found on the first floor of No. 1, Garden Court. Guided by the size of the waiting-room, comfortably furnished with easy chairs, it is not difficult to remember that, though he has scarcely been at the Bar fifteen years, Mr. Isaacs now possesses one of the largest practices, and his services are in the greatest demand. He read with Mr. Lawson Walton, and his subsequent career was so successful that no sooner had he been at the Bar the requisite ten years than he applied for silk. Mr. Isaacs's private room is essentially that of a keen, practical man. It is not over-furnished; it is not too comfortable to suggest anything but hard work; and it has a "devil's" table in close proximity to the leader's desk. Yet the apartment is by no means sombre or cold. It must not be forgotten that before he became a lawyer Mr. Isaacs had been to sea and had been on the Stock Exchange. Wig-and-gown cartoons from *Vanity Fair* grace the walls in some profusion: once again we meet Lord Alverstone, and there is a unique group showing all the judges on the Bench in 1897, the year the old U.C.S. boy became a K.C. Cheery Sir Frank Lockwood is also in the gallery, and so is Mr. Justice Bigham, who was the judge mainly responsible for Mr. Isaacs taking silk so early—the latter was afraid of the step, but the judge urged him to it. On the mantelpiece we have

excellent photographs of Mrs. Rufus Isaacs and her little son. Pausing while he reads through his briefs, Mr. Isaacs has only to look through the window opposite to obtain one of the finest views of Middle Temple Hall visible from any chambers in the venerable Temple.

On entering the plainly-furnished chambers of Mr. Atherley-Jones, K.C., in Paper Buildings, it is at once apparent that the distinguished Common Law counsel is a politician as well as a lawyer. A heap of Blue-books and Parliamentary papers occupies the whole of one corner, and their covers form practically the only touch of colour in the room. Mr. Atherley-Jones, who has been in Parliament now for seventeen years, is not a lawyer who regards his workroom as anything else; it is modestly furnished and lacks any pictures whatever, save one of Joseph Hume, M.P., over the mantelpiece. Yet one is everywhere reminded that its tenant controls a large and growing practice. The telephone bell in the adjacent room is kept constantly ringing during the term, meaning that the K.C.'s clerk at the Law Courts is signalling his master that the case in which he appears is about to begin. In one corner is a long tin case containing the full-bottom wig which Mr. Atherley-Jones is called upon to don when he pleads before the House of Lords; on the small, plain desk is the usual array of papers and red tape; below them is a hard-bottomed chair, which is not the only sign that luxuries are taboo in this particular room.

It is not a little strange that two celebrated advocates who have repeatedly crossed swords together at the Old Bailey should both have had chambers for several years at No. 3, Temple Gardens. At one time

MR. ATHERLEY JONES.

Mr. C. F. Gill, K.C., occupied rooms just above those of Mr. Marshall Hall, and the two, of course, frequently passed each other on the stairs; then Mr. Gill came down to the first floor, and secured one of the finest rooms that the Temple can rent out to its most successful sons. The Recorder of Chichester made this position his quarters for six years, moving only a short while ago to new chambers in Brick Court, which have already known as tenants the late Lord Coleridge, Lord Justice Bowen, Mr. Justice Day, and the present Attorney-General, Sir Robert Finlay.

Mr. Gill's chambers at Temple Gardens —

which he shared with his brother, Mr. Arthur Gill, Junior Prosecuting Counsel to the Treasury, and in which he was good enough to give me a few minutes of his ever occupied time—were eminently suited for concentrated, anxious work such as falls every day to the lot of this busiest perhaps of all K.C.'s. Unlike most of his contemporaries, Mr. Gill prefers a large table to work at instead of a desk; and his chair is so pitched that the once passing steamers on the Thames could be easily seen beyond the expansive green sward of the matchless gardens. There is an American roll-top desk near the window, but that is confined to correspondence; nor should one forget the American bookcase, which is of such a character that it may always receive additional shelves without upsetting the sense of proportion. Mr. Gill is a very conscientious barrister, and takes infinite pains over every detail connected with his briefs. He is one of the few leading counsel who stay later than half-past six at their chambers, and he is no respecter of Saturdays as a holiday. Though special rooms are provided at the Law Courts for consultations, he prefers to hold as many as he possibly can in his own room in the Temple, where his books are handy, and where there is a quietude surprising to one who has never sat in a barrister's den.

MR. C. F. GILL.

Mr. Gill's name is so often in the papers associated with a sensational case that it is not surprising to find the walls of his room hung with a series of prints and drawings illustrating many memorable trials, among which one may mention the famous baccarat case, in which the King was called as a witness. Mr. Gill possesses several rare prints depicting among other scenes the interior of the old Exchequer Court at the Guildhall, and the Court of King's Bench and Court of Common Pleas, both formerly in Westminster Hall. There is also a complete set of Mr. Frith's notable drawings, concluding with a trial at the Old Bailey, entitled "The Spider and the Fly." Many portraits of past and present legal lights, including the original pen-and-ink drawing of Sir Peter Edlin by "Spy," presented by the artist to Mr. Gill, complete an interesting and varied gallery.

A Comedy of Wealth.

By Huan Mee.

"IT is absolutely not to be thought of for a single moment," she said, and a pretty little frown gathered upon her pretty little white forehead, hiding itself, as though half-ashamed, beneath her waving golden curls.

"Not to be considered for one single moment," he emphatically agreed.

"We are not the least little bit in love with one another."

"And we're never likely to be."

She looked just a trifle annoyed at the nonchalant manner in which he had completed the sentence for her, but loftily shrugged her shoulders, poured out a cup of tea, and smiled sweetly as she passed it to him.

"It's so nice," she said, softly, "that we are of one mind. Now, suppose you had been a little attracted by me, and, of course, anxious to keep your inheritance, how awkward it would have been, seeing that I could never think of marrying you!"

"It is pleasant to arrange things so easily," he acquiesced, helping himself to a slice of cake. "Only fancy, if you had been madly in love with *me*."

"There's no need to be ridiculous," she interrupted, speaking thickly through a piece of bread and butter that indignation had wedged in her throat.

"I only said suppose," he answered, mildly. "If that had been so, things would have been very unpleasant when I could not see my way to marry you. I should have always felt that I had, as it were, robbed you of your inheritance. My whole life would have been haunted by the thought—poor little girl, poor little Bertha!"

"Captain Leighbury!"

"Miss Cameron!"

"Is it necessary to confide in me what you would have thought had things been different from what they are? Particularly when those thoughts necessitate such freedom with my Christian name. We are looking upon this matter quite from a business point of view. If we saw our way to marry, then a certain amount of money——"

"A very respectable income——"

"Would come to us. We do not see our way, and there is an end to the matter. I'm very sorry that you will lose——"

"Oh, don't mention that, we need not speak of the money."

"It's simply that we're unsuited to one another, then; let us leave it at that. The type of man I admire is the tall, broad-shouldered, athletic Englishman, thick-set, fair, and fresh-coloured, a man whom a woman can admire because of his strength."

"Awkward in the house," he murmured, reflectively gazing at his carefully-arranged hair and dagger-pointed moustache in the mirror opposite. "People of that sort are no good except out of doors. They're always knocking over little tables, breaking chairs, treading on your train or your toes. They're all right in a field, but anything smaller cramps them."

He gazed thoughtfully at his perfect patent boot and then crossed one leg over the other and contemplated the artistic set of his light grey trousers.

"Just talking of likes and dislikes," he said, indolently, "the girl who fascinates me is the tall, graceful girl: the one who looks dressed to perfection in just a simple tailor-made gown, with white collar and cuffs."

She, too, glanced at her reflection before she answered: a charming reflection of a dainty fragment of femininity, a little vision of dimples and sparkling eyes, unruly wavy hair, ribbons, laces, and furbelows.

"Those willowy women get scraggy at thirty," she snapped, "and your simple tailor-made gown costs about ten times as much as this one I've got on, and the stiff collars bind one's neck like a vice and scratch the skin off one's throat and make one's life unendurable; and then those slender women lace so tightly that they get indigestion and their noses turn red." She stopped, out of breath, and buried her plump, dimpled little chin in a filmy bow of chiffon at her neck.

"Maybe," he answered, loftily. "It is all a matter of taste. If all men's likes and dislikes were the same, some women would have to make up even more than they do."

He placed his cup upon the table as he spoke, and took his hat from the chair beside him.

"Of course, I shall write to-night and explain to my uncle's lawyer that we do not see our way to fall in with the ridiculous proposal set forth in the imbecile will, and there's an end of the whole affair."

"It will be rather an awkward letter to compose," she said, reflectively. "Perhaps it would be as well if we wrote the same. You might write yours now and I could copy it."

"Certainly. It is awkward. It looks as if we're mad."

She spread some dainty note-paper and envelopes before him as he crossed the room to a table by the window and stood waiting by his side.

"A 'J' nib, Captain Leighbury?"

"No, a fine pen, please."

"I think a 'J' is so much more characteristic, so much bolder and more manly," she answered, maliciously.

"It would suit your ideal, Miss Cameron, but then, you see, I am not that, and so prefer a fine nib. Now, then, had you thought of anything you wished to say?"

"SHE STOOD WAITING BY HIS SIDE."

"Not altogether," she answered, taking a seat opposite to him, resting her elbows on the table, and nibbling the top of a quill. "I want to say that I cannot marry except where I can give the whole love of my heart, and that such love as that cannot be bought and sold, and cannot be inspired by money, only by the——"

"That will only make him laugh."

"Laugh!" she ejaculated, indignantly.

"I mean if I wrote it," he cried, hastily; "you said we were both to write the same, you know. Better say we've met, found one another unsuitable, incompatible tastes, etc., and so resign all claim, and—well, that's really all, isn't it?"

The pens scratched over the paper together, and ceased almost at the same moment.

"Twenty-four, isn't it?"

"Twenty-four, Lincoln's Inn Fields."

"There, now, that's over and all restraint is removed." She deliberately shredded off the feather of the quill and turned to him again. "May I give you some more tea?"

"I think not, thank you; I must be leaving. We may, of course, meet again."

"We're sure to. I shall always feel so grateful to you for——"

"Not falling in love with you?"

"No, for your tact; the position was so awkward."

"Well, it's all over now. Shall I post your letter with mine?"

"If you will."

He extended his hand towards her.

"Good-bye, Miss Cameron. I trust when we meet again we shall seem like old friends."

"I hope so," she answered, with a twinkle in her eyes. "For your sake I'll try and like her, even though I know she'll go from the willowy stage to the scraggy."

"For your sake, Miss Cameron, I'll take him in hand when you've found him, and teach him to walk across the room without capsizing the furniture and destroying the *bric-à-brac*."

"It's too kind of you. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

He left, and she walked back into the room, glanced at herself in the mirror, laughed a little laugh of amusement, carefully wheeled the most comfortable chair

round into the light, and curled herself up in it with the latest society novel for company. The hero was the embodiment of the masculine hero she had sketched.

"Silly twaddle," she murmured, peevishly, and then skipped two chapters, read a bit of the fifth, jabbed into the middle of the book and broke the back of the binding in twisting it over, glanced at the end, and flung the volume on the floor.

"Utter rubbish," she said, glaring at the unoffending novel; and then her eyes turned to the blue sky without, and she sat still, looking straight before her.

He posted the letters, jumped into a hansom, drove to his club, and sat down to his dinner with the air of a man who intends to thoroughly enjoy himself, then stigmatized every dish as the worst ever produced and the finest wines in London as vinegar; almost quarrelled with one of his greatest friends over a matter he didn't care the toss of a halfpenny about; played two games of billiards, lost them both by a couple of score, and swore at the cabman who drove him to his flat because he allowed a fire-engine to pass them.

A hassock lay upon the rug, and he propelled it with a tremendous kick across his sitting-room into the corner and smashed a jar he had paid twenty guineas for a month before. Then he felt better. All of which incidents go to prove that an identical emotion has totally different effects upon the male and female mind, but in either case the result is distinctly unpleasant.

Next morning found Captain Leighbury *en route* for Paddington because he told himself he was sick of London, which was too beastly hot for anything; and two days afterwards Bertha Cameron remembered a long-standing invitation, and told herself she would never look her friend in the face again if she neglected her longer.

Both sighed a deep sigh of satisfaction as their respective trains started, and murmured that now there was no fear of even an accidental meeting in town, and it was a good thing to get away and have a little change and enjoyment. And this, too, proves that human nature is so full of deceit that not only does it lie to itself, but is hypocritical enough to pretend to believe its own fabrications.

A month after he had left town Captain Leighbury discovered he was suffering from a mysterious malady. Its chief symptom was a desire to shun the society of human beings, all of whom seemed loud and aggressive in their manner and inclined to vulgarity, and to sit alone by the sea or in some other spot equally select and exclusive. A medical friend at once diagnosed the case as torpid liver, and the captain immediately diagnosed the friend as a thundering ass, and took a sixteen-mile tramp by himself: ten miles out through the most romantic and arcadian scenery of England, and six miles back along the sands by the sea.

"ALONE BY THE SEA."

He did not pass more than a dozen people, and had really only recollections of one. She was a tall, dark girl, dressed in a perfectly-fitting tailor-made gown, only relieved by an inch of spotless white collar and cuffs; and the captain, quite unknowingly, flung such a look of undisguised scorn in her direction that she was awake half the night wondering if she had cut somebody of importance whom she ought to have recognised.

A mile from home his eyes lighted upon

something that brought him to a standstill with a jerk, and a light whistle of surprise came from between his teeth. The sea was as smooth as glass, so that the water lapped the hard golden sands without a sound or a ripple, and somewhere about a couple of hundred yards from the shore the dazzling blue of the sea was stabbed by a glaring circle of red. It was the back of a sunshade resting upon the shoulder of a girl who, seated upon a rock, faced seawards, and a respectable stretch of water sparkled between her and the sands.

"Silly idiot," the captain murmured, with scathing criticism, as his whistle of amazement ended. "Gone to sleep, I suppose, and it will be a case of hysterics when she awakens. Halloa!" He ended with a wild shout, which did not carry to the distant rock, and the sunshade remained stationary.

"Women are awfully senseless," he murmured, presently, as his throat grew hoarse with shouting. "That is, most of them," he hastily corrected himself. "Not a boat within a mile, and in half an hour the water will touch her toes, and then she'll squeal and fall in."

"Halloa, there! Halloa!"

The sunshade remained as undisturbed as the Pyramids, and methodically he took off his coat and vest, folded them and dropped them on the sand, kicked off his shoes, made another caustic remark as to the wisdom of the feminine sex, and walked slowly into the sea. With his eyes upon the brilliant sunshade, which seemed almost hypnotic in the force with which it riveted his attention, he walked onwards, and then, presently, as if it were slowly dawning upon him that something different was happening from what he expected, his pace became gradually slower, and, coming at last to a standstill, he gazed intently, first at the sunshade, then back at the shore, and finally at his feet.

He had covered two-thirds of the journey of rescue, and the water was flowing gently round his ankles, the mean depth somewhere between three and a half and four inches.

"HALLOA, THERE! HALLOA!"

"Funny go," he remarked, thrusting his hands into his trousers' pockets. "I suppose it drops suddenly. Shall find myself up to my neck in a minute."

He cautiously moved onwards again. Once he opened his mouth to shout, but he shut it sharply, for an idea came into his mind that if a sudden change did not take place he should walk quietly back, put on his coat and shoes, and go home.

Thirty yards from the rock he smiled with grim satisfaction. The water suddenly rose to six inches; but it was all deceit, only a slight dip in the ground. In a moment it was down to four inches again, and an ejaculation of annoyance sprang from his

lips. The sunshade moved, and the girl rose to her feet and turned towards him.

"Captain Leighbury!"

"Miss Cameron!"

He splashed through the dividing water and clasped her hand. "What a glorious surprise!" he said, enthusiastically, as he stepped upon the lower part of the rock. "Don't let me disturb you."

"But what on earth are you doing?" she said, with eyes dancing and a glow upon her cheeks.

"Paddling, I think they call it," he answered, unblushingly. "I didn't notice anyone was near."

"But where's your coat?"

"THEN THEY BOTH THOUGHT."

"On the beach; too hot for coats," he answered, and he looked the part to perfection; as hot as any man has looked or is ever likely to.

The captain perched himself upon a lower corner of the rock and she resumed her seat upon the higher ledge, and then they both thought. He thought what a fool he must look sitting there without a coat or vest on, and wondered why he couldn't think of something intelligent to say, and she—well, she was sufficiently near to perfection not to need to trouble to think about herself, so she wondered who had embroidered his silk braces, which were obviously done by hand.

"Glorious afternoon," he burst forth at last, and then following the fixed gaze of her eyes he found they were fastened on his pale blue socks, which were obtruding themselves with ostentatious obviousness as he crossed one leg over the other. She was too polite to refer to his eccentricity of paddling with his socks on, and he was wise enough to content himself with putting his feet as far as possible out of sight.

"Awfully jolly little place out here," he remarked, presently; "nice and quiet, but I suppose you know the sea has caught you?"

"So the truth has come out at last," she

cried, with a laugh. "Own it. You came here to rescue me."

"I didn't know it was you."

"But you came to rescue someone — a lady. You knew she must be young, or she wouldn't be clambering about rocks; you hoped she was pretty——"

"And she's both——"

"That's not the point. You wanted your name in the papers. 'Gallant Rescue' in big print. 'Noble Deed by Captain Leighbury,' and then a column of thrilling details. Now, didn't you?"

"I believe I did," he answered, with a twinkle in his eye. "A column of details, and you know how those accounts end. 'It is rumoured that the heroine and hero of this adventure, who met under such romantic circumstances, will shortly——'"

"Instead of which," she quickly interrupted, with a glowing colour in her cheek, "there are never more than six inches of water between here and the shore, and I've spent every afternoon this week in the very same spot."

"But, after all, six inches are six inches, Miss Cameron; you're caught."

"I've never been before."

"But——"

"Paddling, I believe they call it, Captain Leighbury."

The captain almost blushed, and looked quite grieved.

"Oh, it's all right," she continued, confidentially; "it's like a desert island, and there's generally three or four of us perched up here, only to-day they were all too lazy. But you'd better be going."

"That means you want me to."

"Of course I do."

"Let me carry you."

"No, thank you," she answered, with a smile just dawning in the corners of her mouth, and her eyes resting for an instant with a softened look upon his face. "Good-bye."

She extended her hand towards him, and he held it for a second as she spoke.

"I want to thank you," she said, softly; "it was a brave deed to come to the rescue of a woman who seemed so far away. You started with the thought of a long swim to save a girl who was cut off by the sea——" She broke off and laughed a laugh of irresistible merriment, until the moisture in her eyes became tears of laughter as she thought of the long swim in the six inches of water, and he, although as savage as a bear, laughed also, because he had the God-given sense of humour.

Then, with a murmured adieu, he turned his back upon her and started towards the shore, too infatuated to notice that this time the water did reach almost to his knees.

"Captain Leighbury!"

The voice came with an imploring accent, and he faced round instantly and saw her standing upon the lower ledge where he had been sitting. The water was just eddying over the top, running round the edges of her little shoes and then trickling back again as if it repented of the sin of wetting them, and she was standing with her skirts drawn closely around her.

The captain noticed her ankles were pretty and nodded approvingly. She was really very bewitching.

"There is something gone wrong," she said, quaveringly. "The sea has never come so far up before."

"I expect it's an unusually high tide," he remarked, contemplatively; "something to do with spring, or neap, or something of that kind. I believe I've read about them. I'd better hurry away, or you won't be able to get off."

"My gracious!" she ejaculated, gazing shorewards, "there are all my friends on the beach."

The captain followed the direction of her look of consternation, and his eyes rested upon a bevy of girls evincing the wildest of well-bred feminine excitement.

"Was there ever anything so awfully provoking and annoying?" she exclaimed, with rising colour; "and it's all your fault——"

"My dear Miss Cameron——"

"I should have left long ago if you hadn't been here talking. My dear man, do something—do something! Think what a pair of lunatics we must look from the beach: you standing there without a coat and vest, with your hands in your pockets, and me up here with my feet wringing wet."

"You'll fall in if you don't keep still," he said, reprovingly. "What shall I do?"

"You'd better carry me," she said, slowly. "That is, if you don't mind. I'm rather heavy."

He took her hand and swung her into his arms, and the thought came to him that it was good to be in the land of the living as he felt her hand resting upon his shoulder and her hair lightly brushing his cheek.

"This is awful," she murmured, as he

"'YOU'LL FALL IN IF YOU DON'T KEEP STILL,' HE SAID, REPROVINGLY."

started towards the shore. "What on earth shall I say to them?"

"Shall I walk in the sea till we get round the headland?" he asked, flippantly, the sense of humour still strong upon him.

"That's five miles off, and they'll follow us on the beach."

"I'd like to go on for ever."

"Don't be ridiculous, it makes the position worse. What am I to say to them?"

"Say nothing. Give me a shilling and say 'Thank you, my man,' and I'll touch my cap and go off. Then they'll think I'm a fisherman."

"It isn't a matter for jest," she answered, severely.

"I'm not jesting. It's serious and I know it. Think how we must look from the beach. It's obvious that I've risked my life to save yours. We must follow precedent, there's no alternative; I shall have to marry you now, whether I like it or not."

"Captain Leighbury, put me down."

"I won't. I'll never put you down till you say you'll marry me. I'll make myself a modern flying Dutchman. I'll walk all round England fifty yards from the shore."

He turned at a right angle as he spoke, and started walking parallel with the beach.

"Oh, don't, please, don't," she cried, in dismay; "they'll think we're mad."

"Will you marry me, then?"

"I don't know. I'll see."

"You know I'm in love with you, and you are with me."

"Oh, look at them! They're walking along the beach waving their sunshades."

"Well, say you will."

"Yes, I will," she said, softly.

"There's a dear girl. Now I'm going to kiss you."

"If you do I'll never speak to you again as long as I live."

"Yes, you will; it will be all right. I'm going to slip, then you'll clutch me round the neck in fright, and it will be all over in no time, and no one will be any the wiser."

The captain's manœuvre was performed so realistically that a series of sudden apprehensive screams came from the beach, and two minutes afterwards he deposited his burden upon the sands.

"Oh, how mean!" she said, reprovingly, as she shook out her skirts.

"But you'll keep your word?"

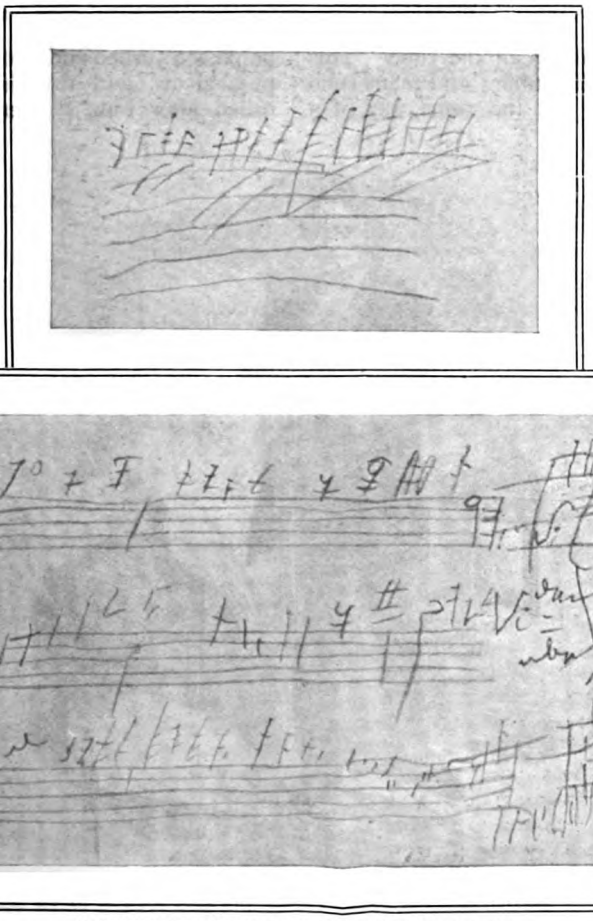
"I will if you really wish it," she said, ingenuously; "but if we marry within the year we must take the money. We shall have to wait."

"I couldn't wait ten months if they made me take ten millions with you," the captain exclaimed, decisively. "We'll say this day month, or sooner, if possible."

Eccentric Musicians.

By J. F. Rowbotham, M.A., Author of "The History of Music."

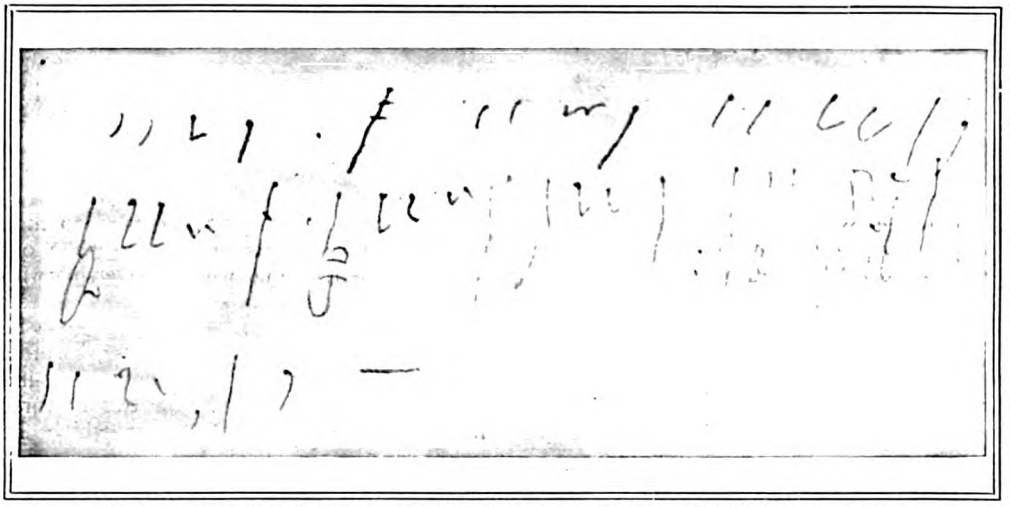
PERHAPS the most eccentric man who ever lived was the great composer Beethoven. He was certainly the most eccentric musician. Audiences who are only familiar with those wonderful webs and tapestries of sound, his sonatas and symphonies, would scarcely imagine what a strange being existed behind the veil. Even his music he did not write like ordinary people, but had a remarkable notation, often without lines, as may be seen in the specimen reproduced on the following page, which resembled the contents of a pepper-box strewed upon paper, and was often so illegible that he could not read it himself. This notation he confided to little pocket-books, often very simply made—of paper loosely stitched together, of the backs of letters, or even of old envelopes—and thus he jotted down the priceless imaginations of his fancy whenever they occurred to him. This was at all sorts of places—when out walking, when dining, when conversing with a friend. In the middle of crowded streets a man with wild, untidy hair would be suddenly seen to stop, at the risk of a collision with the bustling crowd around him, and write feverishly for two or three minutes on a piece of paper which he held in his hand. This was Beethoven, jotting down, perhaps, the theme of a sonata destined to be immortal.



At a restaurant the astonished waiter would find the guest whom he was on the point of serving wholly abstracted from earth, with knife

FACSIMILES OF NOTES IN BEETHOVEN'S POCKET-BOOKS.

and fork and plate pushed ruthlessly aside and his fingers plying a lead-pencil instead, with which he dotted various pieces of paper, him a well-known figure in the Vienna streets, especially in the outskirts, where he generally took his rambles. The people as



FACSIMILE OF A SPECIMEN OF BEETHOVEN'S SHORTHAND METHOD OF WRITING MUSIC WITHOUT LINES.

growling and muttering all the time. This was Beethoven at his dinner; and many such a dinner he took. In the same way, if a friend were conversing with the composer, he might at any minute see Beethoven wholly inattentive to what he was saying, with his eyes fixed on vacancy and his thoughts absorbed in some musical *motif*. The best plan under such circumstances was to break off the colloquy and leave the musician to himself.

BEETHOVEN OFTEN WALKED ABOUT THE ROOM POURING WATER OVER HIS HANDS.

One of Beethoven's eccentricities was to go out for walks usually in the pouring rain. The pace at which he walked, coupled with the peculiar weather which he chose for his constitutionals, made he passed turned and looked at him with a puzzled air, and the children of the town called after him, "There goes Beethoven, who likes getting wet!" To these and similar gibes he was profoundly inattentive, because during his walks his mind was wholly occupied with his music. But on other occasions he was peculiarly apt to take offence. In his lodgings—he was a confirmed bachelor, living a solitary life—the slightest thing done to cross him, the most puerile cause sometimes, would induce him to give notice to quit. Such notices were always instantaneous in taking effect—he was off next morning; with the result that sometimes he was paying for no

fewer than three different lodgings at one and the same time, which after engaging for a month he had abruptly quitted in a day.

After playing the piano for hours at a stretch—his favourite diversion of an afternoon—his hands often became hot. He delighted to cool them by the simple expedient of taking his water-jug and pouring cold water over them till the basin was full. This would have been well enough had he not sometimes forgotten that the basin was a highly necessary item in this pastime. When intoxicated with musical inspiration he often seized the water-jug and walked about the room, pouring the fluid first on one hand, then on the other, ignoring the fact or existence of a basin altogether. This behaviour, which was by no means uncommon, no doubt often led to the precipitate retreats from his lodgings which we adverted to as one of his eccentricities. But what is, perhaps, still more interesting is that this historical water-jug—the cause of so many contentions—is still in existence, in the possession of a German family, and was some time ago offered to the present writer at a high price—too high, however, for purchase.

"WAGNER SHOWING HIS GRAVE TO A PARTY OF FRIENDS."

Mozart can scarcely be called an eccentric man in the sense that Beethoven was. On the contrary, he was to some extent a man of the world, with a certain amount of *savoir vivre*. Yet one of the most eccentric things in history must be credited to his share. This was a written document, which he drew up in the presence of a notary, at the request of his future mother-in-law, binding himself to marry one of this lady's daughters within a period of three years, if she would have him—the said daughter always having the liberty to refuse the composer if she wished to link her fortunes with somebody else. In case Mozart was unable to carry out his intention, through lack of means at the time or through the lady's refusal, he pledged himself to support her in the condition of a stranger, no matter where she lived or how she lived, all her life long by the payment of an annual sum to be regularly disbursed in quarterly or half-yearly instalments. We venture to say that such a contract has no parallel in history.

The composer Wagner was full of eccentricities. One of his most extraordinary was to have his grave constructed during his lifetime in the back garden of his house, at a convenient distance off and sufficiently concealed, so that if he were in the mood he might go and have a look at it; if not, he might forget its existence altogether. But this was not the worst of it. When he had friends to dinner, in the same way that a skeleton was thrown on the table during an Egyptian feast, Wagner was accustomed to break off the thread of the conversation very suddenly and commence declaiming on eternity and the grave.

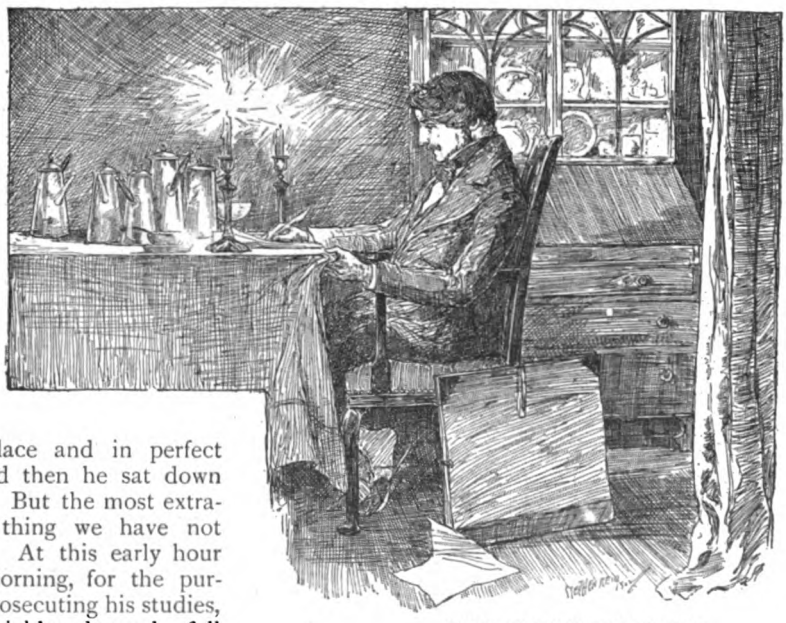
"My friends," he would say, "in the midst of life we are in death. Death is a lot which we all must face—even so great a man as myself. I, too, must die. I should like very much to show you my grave, if you will allow me."

And starting up from the dinner-table, with its array of dishes and atmosphere of cookery, he would lead the way, followed by

his submissive troop of guests, to the sequestered corner of the garden where his grave was. There, amid the damp and the gloom, he would regale his companions with further dissertations on eternity and his own dissolution, and then take them back to finish their dinner with what appetites they might.

For pure eccentricity Haydn, perhaps, stands next to Beethoven in the history of musicians. There can be nothing more comical to the fancy than the contrast between the studies of these two men—Beethoven's room a mass of confusion, with the composer stalking amidst it, himself the genius of disorder, and Haydn's apartment, where he likewise wrote *his* immortal works, which was a pattern of primness and neatness such as the most fastidious old maid could hardly show. In order to compose to his heart's satisfaction Haydn found it necessary to be up with the lark, on the assumption that while the birds were singing musical ideas came most freely to his mind. He first satisfied himself that every article in the study, every knick-knack, was in its proper place and in perfect order, and then he sat down to write. But the most extraordinary thing we have not yet said. At this early hour in the morning, for the purpose of prosecuting his studies, he invariably donned full Court dress, with bobwig, sword, hat, and ruffles. In no other attire could he pen a line—so he averred. He must, moreover, have on his finger a particular ring, which he greatly prized—otherwise, such was his fidgety nature, not a musical idea would come into his head. We all remember the story told by Addison of the barrister who while he pleaded always twirled a piece of string between his finger and thumb, which the wags of that day called "the thread of his remarks." In a similar way the wits of Haydn's time might criticise the composer's tenacity for wearing the favoured jewel on his finger by declaring that any music written without it "had not the proper ring."

Meyerbeer courted inspiration by a different method. The fresh morning air, the songs of birds, were as nothing to his saturnine spirit. But the rumbling of thunder, the flashing of lightning, the plash of a steady downpour of rain never failed to inspire him with a rush of musical thoughts. For the purpose of enjoying this peculiar accompaniment and source of inspiration to the full Meyerbeer had a chamber constructed for himself at the top of his house, where he could expose himself without restraint to the fury of the elements, with nothing but a glass partition to shield him from the weather. We have heard of such structures for the benefit of amateur photographers, but it is strange to find a great musician adopting a similar method, not in order to develop negatives, but to gather thoughts. Meyerbeer was always particularly jealous of these "stolen interviews" with Nature. He guarded them as religiously, and took advantage of them as methodically, as if they were real musical stimulants—and,

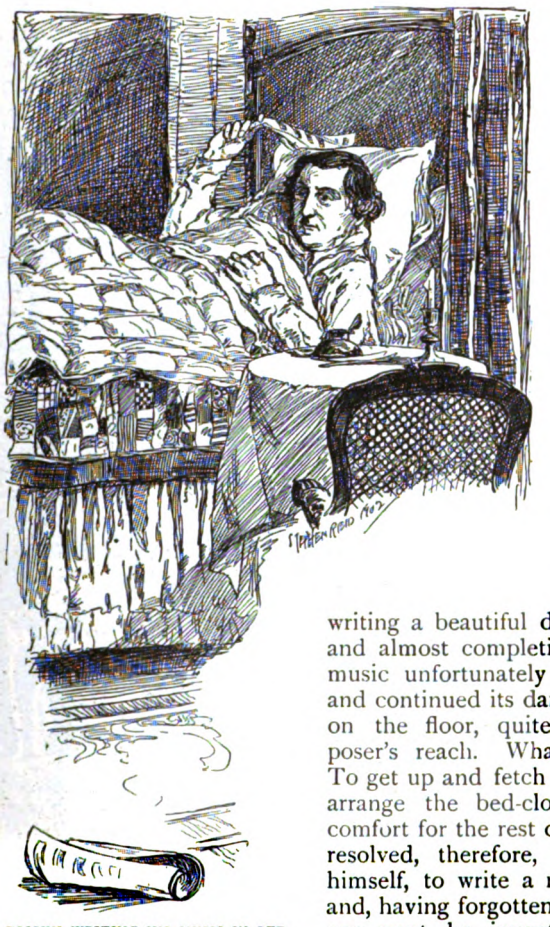


DONIZETTI AND HIS COFFEE-POTS.

indeed, in his case they certainly were. He could sniff a storm coming on with the same unerring certainty that a swallow or a crow can foretell it in the fields.

The story is current about him that on one occasion—when there was a dinner-party at his house and he seated at the head of the table—after the first spoonful of soup there was a rumbling of thunder, and to the astonishment of everybody the host stalked out of the room to take advantage of his favourite musical stimulus, leaving his unfortunate guests to take care of themselves for the rest of the evening.

The Italian composer, Donizetti—once, when "Lucia di Lammermoor" was the rage, the most popular musician in Europe — courted inspiration by another means quite as eccentric but infinitely more injurious. He was accustomed to immure himself in a room, with a quantity of music-paper, pen and ink, and three or four coffee-pots full of coffee. He commenced imbibing these when he began to write, and continued till the supply was exhausted. Then he ordered in more, and when that was finished another supply. The amount of coffee which he drank was fabulous — yet he deemed it entirely necessary for his inspiration. As the result of such an extraordinary habit the once handsome man contracted the yellow-coloured complexion which we are apt to associate with a Chinese or a Hindu, his lips were generally jet black, his nervous system broke down, and this brought in its train the premature decay of his faculties.



ROSSINI WRITING HIS MUSIC IN BED.

The eccentricity of Rossini was of a very different type to this. He was the laziest man alive, and his eccentricity was chiefly due to that cause. He was seldom out of bed before midday; and on waking in the morning, if the day were dull and did not please him, or if he had nothing particular to do, he was quite capable of turning over on his pillow and shouting to his servant, "Call me to-morrow at the same time as to-day." Whereupon he would promptly go to sleep for the next twenty-four hours. He wrote a great deal of his music in bed—perhaps most of it. It was his habit to have a roll of music-paper and a pencil always lying on a table by his bedside at night, so that in the morning, without disturbing himself in the least, and while still comfortably tucked up in the bedclothes, he might undertake the composition of an opera.

One day after writing a beautiful duet in this manner, and almost completing it, the sheet of music unfortunately rolled off the bed and continued its dance to some distance on the floor, quite beyond the composer's reach. What was to be done? To get up and fetch it would totally disarrange the bed-clothes and spoil his comfort for the rest of the morning. He resolved, therefore, rather than disturb himself, to write a new duet altogether; and, having forgotten exactly how the first one went, he invented an entirely new melody for the second. In this way the opera of "Il Turco in Italia" has two duets for one situation, and singers can always choose the one they like best.

The eccentricities of Liszt sprang not from laziness or bad habits, but from pure caprice or vanity. He was one of the vainest men alive and the slave of a thousand caprices. He would only play the piano when he was in the mood, and if pressed to do so against his will he often became grossly insulting to

his entertainers, or even to his concert manager.

Once at Rome he had been invited to a large dinner-party at an American lady's, who prided herself on her musical taste and enthusiasm. After dinner, when several amateur performers had exhibited their skill, Liszt was very politely requested to play a *morceau*. But, not being in the humour, he refused. The hostess pressed. The composer became obstinate—then rude. At last he strode to the piano, and dashing off one brilliant cascade of notes hurried out of the room, with the remark, "There, madam, I have paid for my dinner." On another occasion he was invited to play at a *soirée* in Paris, but found himself not in the mood to do so. Everybody had performed their pieces, but Liszt's—the great event of the evening—was yet to come. By his frowns and fidgeting it was plain that he was not in the vein for playing. "Do not press him," whispered a mutual friend to the host; "it is dangerous." But, deaf to such good advice, the master of the house began to earnestly solicit Liszt to play. The great pianist at length walked up to the piano and, turning his back to the keyboard, in that position performed a popular air, playing with his hands behind him.

LISZT PLAYING WITH HIS HANDS BEHIND HIM.

Sometimes his behaviour to his pupils was most extraordinary, such as would not have been tolerated from any man but him. A young man was performing in presence of a class a rhapsody by the eccentric composer. The piece proceeded, and Liszt walked about

the room fuming and muttering to himself: "That is not how I should play it! What fingering! What expression!" At length he placed himself on the bench by the young player, and with one hand repeated in the treble the notes which the performer was delivering farther down the keyboard. Then Liszt took two hands, and every moment encroached more and more on the keyboard and on the seat; till at last, having pushed the young man well down into the bass, with one vigorous jerk he precipitated him from the stool, sent him sprawling on the floor, and amidst universal laughter finished the piece alone "in the way it ought to be played."

The eccentricities of Schumann were numberless, and they were aided, moreover, by a very peculiar temperament and an unfortunate addiction to the bottle, to which in later life he gave way. When he was the editor of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* he fell desperately in love with the talented lady who was familiar to a past generation of concert-goers as Madame Schumann. In order to testify his affection for her he deemed it the proper thing to do to print a love-letter every week *in extenso*, which figured among the various items of musical intelligence. In this letter the eccentric composer gave full rein to his feelings, called the lady the most endearing names, made her the most amorous proposals, and all the while flattered himself that his extraordinary outbreaks were completely ignored by his readers.

In order to increase the power of his fingers for pianoforte-playing, he made a series of the strangest experiments with his digits. One of these was to fasten a long piece of string to a beam in the roof, at the lower end of which was a ring, which his middle finger went through. The object of the string and the ring was either to raise to undue heights or to strengthen the finger, we know not which. However, by a persistent application of this engine, the unfortunate composer contrived to maim his finger hopelessly and to unfit himself for ever for concert-playing—the very opposite result to that which he intended. He had the most singular theories about keys and time. He would never care to write in certain keys because they reminded him of certain things, and he chose others in reference to the time of the year or of the day. The key of A, three sharps, he maintained, always brought the notion to him of green fields and lambs playing, while that of E, four sharps, was no less suggestive of green foliage and gurgling rivulets. Nothing could induce him, except on rare occasions, to write in the key of F minor (four flats), because, he said, it always brought to his imagination death and judgment and the figure of the rider on the white horse in the Apocalypse. To pen a lengthy composition in this key was a terrible nervous ordeal to the high-strung and eccentric composer, which, except with very urgent cause, he would never care to go through. In later life he was constantly haunted with the spectre of the note A, which sang in his ears for ever, resounded in his brain, sat before him at meal-times, and seldom left him night or day. To escape the constant visits of this note he once or twice, we believe, attempted to drown himself, and had nearly succeeded on one occasion but for timely rescue by his friends.

We could give many further items in illustration of our subject, but perhaps we had better cease at this point. We are far from wishing to prove that musicians are the most eccentric of men. All we desire to show is that those we have mentioned were the most eccentric musicians.

John Leech and His Method.

ILLUSTRATED BY UNPUBLISHED SKETCHES FROM THE ARTIST'S NOTE-BOOK.

By Frederick Dolman.

"The first few lines in which he sets down his purpose are invariably, of all drawings that I know, the most wonderful in their accurate felicity and prosperous haste."—Ruskin.

"WELL known to his friends," writes Thackeray in his obituary article on John Leech for the *Cornhill Magazine*, "was a certain little pocket-book in which he was always making notes." A few leaves from this note-book, such as are reproduced here, have to-day an extraordinary interest and value in their revelation of the method as well as of the power of the great comic draughtsman, whose name now stands even higher in general esteem than it did at the time of his death in 1864.

These pencilled outlines date from about 1850, and in due course were developed into finished drawings for *Punch*. Leech's connection with that journal began in 1841, and within two or three years he had become a regular contributor. These *Punch* pictures in embryo may be said to represent him, therefore, in his artistic prime. Comparing them with the woodcuts as they were actually published, which, with the courteous permission of *Punch's* proprietors, the readers of The Strand Magazine are enabled to do, we can, with the aid of such details as can be gathered together from John Leech's biographers and friends, form an excellent idea of the method by which he did his fine work in humorous art. I may add, too, that with the original outlines before us we can appreciate with a new force the opinion passed by Ruskin on the art of Leech which is quoted at the head of this article. Look, for example, at the face of the little boy who is trying on the visitor's hat, in the first sketch here reproduced. It consists of two lines and a dot, yet the expression aimed at is absolutely attained. The reader can find hundreds of examples of the same felicity of touch in the half-dozen specimens here given. Sometimes, however, though a drawing was artistically perfect, Leech was dissatisfied with his treatment of the subject, in which case he would make an entirely new drawing. An example of this is given on the last page of this article—"Domestic Bliss." At other times he would copy his sketch direct upon the wood-block so as to reverse the subject in the print, as in the case of "La Mode" (page 161).

Under what circumstances did John Leech make these little strokes of the pencil that' thanks to careful preservation, are still so vividly suggestive after the lapse of half a century? In the first place, it is to be remembered that in his time wood-engraving rendered the task of the black and white artist somewhat different from what it is to-day, with our more rapid processes of reproduction. An artist might make as many preliminary sketches on paper as he pleased, but the picture actually to be reproduced had to be drawn on the block of wood which the engraver cut, the cutting of the draughtsman's lines being necessarily a matter which must occupy a considerable time. It seems that apart from "notes" in his pocket-book, most of which have perished with time, Leech seldom made preparatory sketches, Swain, the engraver, stating that his pictures were usually drawn direct on to the wood. This method implied great rapidity in the execution of his work, and it is recorded that Leech sometimes began and finished three pictures between an early breakfast and a late dinner. It appears to be inevitable, having regard to the amount of work which in the course of twenty years he turned out, not only for *Punch* but for other journals as well as for the book publishers, that the artist must have had both a splendid memory and an exceptionally well-filled note-book. His note-book, in point of fact, was probably slighter than that of most artists, but his memory, on the other hand, was clearly almost perfect. The unaided recollection of country holidays, for instance, gave him "any little bit of country street he might want for background."

Leech never employed professional models, and himself declared that he had not made more than half-a-dozen drawings from life. With regard to such subjects as "A Philosopher" and "Good Security," the figures outlined in the pocket-book were doubtless those of the *dramatis personæ* in the incidents as actually witnessed by the artist. But although, strictly speaking, he did not draw from life, some of those nearest and dearest to him and many persons with whom he occasionally came into contact are reproduced by him in the pages of *Punch*. The personality of Mrs. Leech may have had some part in the process by which the

result of wooing and winning her. Apart from his wife the only person, it is believed, whom Leech ever asked to "sit" to him was Mrs. Hole, wife of the Dean of Rochester, who was the artist's lifelong friend. Leech frequently spent a few days at the Deanery, where he would work just the same as at home, and on one occasion, when he was sketching a hunting subject, he obtained the assistance of his hostess in riding costume. But the number of Leech's unconscious sitters every year was, of course, incalculable, and he was ever on the alert for "bits of character" in crowded London streets or lonely country roads.

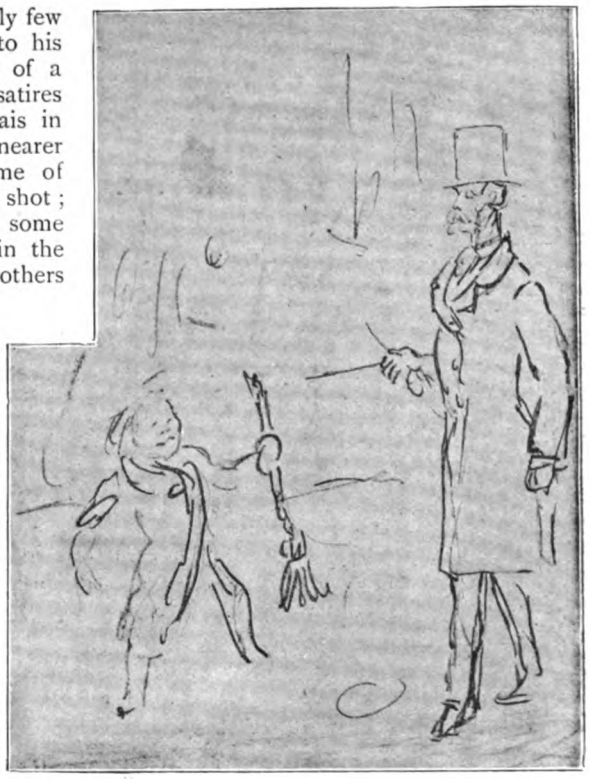
Many are the stories told in illustration of the sources from which Leech derived his subjects of social life and character, such as are outlined in these leaves from his notebook. The most prolific of these sources, thanks to the admirable memory of which I have already spoken, was undoubtedly his own

young ladies in embryo of the pencilled notes, "La Mode" and "An Affair of Importance," developed into the finished *Punch* pictures, and she was, without question, the model, indirectly, of "the plump young beauties," as Thackeray put it, "with which Mr. Punch's chief contributor supplies the old gentleman's pictorial harem." With a little care we can read her description in some of these pictures —"short in stature, simple and pouting and laughing, with big eyes and round chin, with bewitching dimples and pretty ringlets." Her marriage, in 1843, with the artist, by the way, was quite a little romance. He first saw Miss Annie Eaton casually in the streets, fell in love at first sight, followed her home, noted the house, looked up the householder's name in the "Directory," made inquiries about the family, and at length obtained the desired introduction, with the prompt

INTERESTING SCENE DURING THE CANVASS FOR MR. ——, NOT A HUNDRED MILES FROM ——.—Wife of Free and Independent: "Oh! ain't he a haffable gentleman, Tummus?"

Free and Independent: "Ah! just ain't un. I shouldn't wonder if I warn t able to pay my rent to-morrow."

personal experience. The comparatively few instances of this which were known to his friends must be regarded as typical of a great many. Nearly all his sporting satires were the result of holidays with Millais in Scotland, and with other friends nearer London. Leech himself, in the prime of life at least, was a good rider and a fair shot; but he did not spare himself when some amusing mischance befell him, and in the more or less ludicrous misfortunes of others he obtained ideas for many pictures.



In these, as in most of his other pictures, the actual occurrence was but the germ, so to speak, of the finished conception which helped to sustain the gaiety of the nation. As an example of the quickness with which Leech's imaginative sense of humour worked, Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., used to tell of a certain visit to Ramsgate and its sequel. As they strolled along "the Front" the painter of "Ramsgate Sands" called his companion's attention to two stuffed soldiers guarding an archery gallery, and Leech thereupon brought out his note-book and made a rough sketch of the figures. A week or two later there appeared in *Punch*, with his signature, the picture of an aunt and niece bathing at Ramsgate. The niece, in a spirit of mischief, directs the old lady's eyes to the two staring figures. Whereupon the aunt, who is very short-sighted, exclaims, "Disgraceful! They may be officers, but they're not gentlemen."

GOOD SECURITY.—Boy: "Please, sir, give me a brown?"
Swell: "Sixpence is the smallest money I have, my little lad."
Boy: "Vell, sir, I'll get yer change; and if yer doubts my honour, HOLD MY BROOM!"

Some of Leech's amusing examples of domestic bliss had their origin in his own household at Kensington. The building troubles of "Mr. Briggs," which students of *Punch* will vividly remember, appeared about the time when his own house was undergoing alteration and repair. The piquant experience of this imaginary respectable suburban householder in being mistaken by the policeman for a burglar when getting through his

This is an example of a sketch which was reversed in reproduction.

own window actually befell the artist, who had been out late at the Garrick Club and failed to awake any of the inmates of his home. And in later years the nursery at the same Kensington domicile provided him with not a few fruitful suggestions for his pencil. It was his own little son, for instance, who, as shown in a memorable picture, explained to the nurse that he could be managed only by kindness — "so please get me a cake and an orange."

But one man's personal experiences, however varied and well-remembered, could not have furnished Leech with the materials for the unfailing supply, week by week, of those little scenes in all phases of our social life—to say nothing of political cartoons — which he kept up for twenty years. All sorts of people, friends and acquaintances, were accordingly laid under contribution—not always with their own knowledge. When meeting his friends of an evening Leech always preferred conversation to cards, and Frith relates that "he was always on the watch for subjects which he hoped something in conversation

La Mode.—Gus (who is always so full of his nonsense): "Dash my buttons, Ellen! that's a stunning waistcoat. I wish you'd give us your tailor's address."
Ellen: "Don't you be rude, sir—and take your arms off the piano."

might suggest." On one of these occasions Frith mentioned an adventure which befell his brother-in-law on a trip to the Derby. The post-boy who drove the party down was found at night to be hopelessly drunk, and one of the gentlemen was accordingly induced to take his place astride one of the horses, whilst the errant Jehu was strapped down to the seat behind, the amateur whip gallantly sustaining all the way to London the jeers of all the professional brethren. About a year after, when those most concerned had almost forgotten the incident, it was brought to their minds by Leech's pencil in *Punch*, the recurrence of another Derby day giving topical point, of course, to the picture.

Two or three of Leech's most intimate friends made a point of communicating to him anything which occurred to them as likely to afford the basis of a *Punch* picture. Mr. Holman Hunt—whose work was about as far removed from that of John Leech as the work of two pictorial artists well could be—has given an interesting reminiscence in illustration of this friendly assistance:—

"One Friday night I had sat down to much correspondence, intending before concluding to write of two or three amusing facts that might suit him for illustration. It had become very late, and I was clearing away my papers when, with vexation, I remembered his letter had not been written. I seized the pen, and on a sheet of paper I drew two horizontal lines, quite dividing the space. In the top I put, 'Scene: Kitchen-garden, country cottage. *Dramatis personæ:* Factotum, master entering,' and then a line or two of dialogue. The second subject I treated similarly, and also the third, which was not quite so promising."

Mr. Holman Hunt adds that on the following Wednesday two of the three subjects appeared in *Punch*. Leech, in a letter of thanks, stated that the suggestions came most opportunely. When they arrived at breakfast time on Saturday morning he was almost at his wits' end for the subjects of two designs which had to be finished before he left town at five o'clock in the afternoon.

AN AFFAIR OF IMPORTANCE.—Harriet: "Oh! I'm so glad you are come, Blanche! I've been so perplexed I could scarcely sleep all night."
Blanche: "Well! what is it, dear?"
Harriet: "Why, I don't know whether to have my new merino frock violet or dark blue!"

Ruskin speaks of "the prosperous haste"—admirably illustrated in the accompanying sketches—of the workmanship of Leech. Mark Lemon declared that his contributor more than once drew the week's cartoon in the course of an hour and a half, whilst the editor smoked a cigar and chatted. In such circumstances it is not surprising that Leech's powers of memory and imagination—great as these were—fell into arrear of the power of execution, and that he was glad to receive the willing aid of some of the many friends whom his geniality and good-nature gathered round him and retained in loyal attachment until death.

In these conditions it is the more noteworthy, too, that Leech never made use of friends or acquaintances in any way which was likely to be in the least degree offensive to them. When somewhat "hard up" for food for his ravenous pencil he must have been sadly tempted to make immediate use of such an incident as once occurred at the Garrick Club when he was entertaining a young naval friend to dinner on his return from the first cruise. The midshipman was so small that he found the club knives almost impossible to handle. Leech, observing his dilemma, at once called the waiter and, pretending that the knives were abnormally, disgracefully large, ordered the man to bring some of a smaller kind—his acting being so good that the young fellow's feelings were not hurt in the slightest. "Tomnoddy" did, indeed, have a living counterpart—Mike Halliday, who was sometime clerk in the House of Lords, afterwards poet and artist. But before caricaturing his acquaintance Leech had reason to believe that the process would be pleasing, rather than painful, to its subject. This belief was amply justified, for it was ever afterwards Halliday's boast that he was the original of one of the most ridiculous characters in *Punch's* portrait gallery.

Whilst thus considerate of the suscepti-

A PHILOSOPHER.—Harriet: "St, st, st, dear me, now, I've broken my comb, and all my back hair's come down. What with brushing, and dressing, and curling, and one thing and the other, what a plague one's hair is, to be sure!"

Young Fellow: "Well, Harriet, we are all bothered with something. Look at us men; we have to shave every morning, summer and winter!"

This is an interesting example of a discarded sketch, the drawing used being entirely different.

of his art, his unerring precision, his unfailing vivacity in the use of the line, are seen most clearly in the first sketches for his woodcuts." The few words given as a motto for this article are but one of several passages which might be quoted from Ruskin himself. Thus in another passage in "Arrows of the Chace" on "John Leech's Outlines" he remarks "how much more valuable as art the first sketches for the woodcuts were than the finished drawings, even before those drawings sustained any loss in engraving." This being so, it is much to be regretted that so few of these first outlines have apparently been preserved. The British Museum has several specimens of the "finished drawings," but not one of the "first sketches for the woodcuts."

As the owner of the pocket-book from which these reproductions have been made wishes to dispose of it, this little gap in the national collection may soon be filled — unless, indeed, some reader of THE STRAND MAGAZINE should outbid the Museum authorities.

bilities of others, Leech did not spare himself when an opportunity came of having a joke at the expense of his own personality. The episode of the amateur actor refusing to sacrifice his whiskers for the sake of his part actually occurred in connection with some theatricals at Charles Dickens's house, and the hero of it was John Leech himself.

Writers on John Leech are agreed in favour of the opinion to which Ruskin lent the great authority of his name. Thus Mr. F. G. Kitton, in his biography of the artist, says that "the best technical qualities

DOMESTIC BLISS.—Domestic (soliloquizing): "Well! I'm sure missus had better give this new bonnet to me, instead of sticking such a young-looking thing upon her old shoulders."
(The impudent minx has immediate warning.)

The Fight for "The Purple Eve."

A STORY OF THE GREAT FLOOD.

By G. H. Powell.

ANY reader who visited a certain exhibition of the Royal Academy in the early seventies will recall the scene—a view from a bare hillside overlooking a small fishing hamlet somewhere on the Welsh coast, a few gables and the church spire darkly silhouetted against the long crimson rifts that still lit the clouded Western sky. In the foreground a few dusky figures—fishermen or hinds returning from their work—broke the white-pink curve of a rugged little lane that caught the light as it climbed upwards. Two dark hillsides shut in the middle distance to left and right, while beyond the sunset gleamed, reflected in the long pools left on the sands below the town, turning them to a ruddy gold that contrasted with the "wine-dark" sea.

Such a piece of work was "The Purple Eve"; but neither this poor description, nor a totalling up of the immense prices paid for it on the three occasions when it changed owners (twice at auction and once by private treaty), can convey any adequate idea of the homely insular beauty and intense peace enshrined in this gem of modern art.

The last incident in the history of the picture, as understood by a curious public, was its purchase by Mr. Orpheus Fairfax Windowfig, the great American timber merchant, for what would, to many of us, represent a comfortable competence.

Mr. Windowfig, after his retirement to England, occupied as his country house a long, low stucco palace, built to his order on the banks of one of the most lovely reaches of the Thames, and known as Marleyford Hall.

The secret of the place—hinted, indeed, at the time by resident wiseacres, but on the whole carefully kept for many years—was that for so vast and expensive a structure it stood low, beneath a theoretic and idealist "flood-level." Now, everyone remembers the great flood, though those who lived through it—in it—remember it best. And everybody has heard also of the mysterious disappearance of "The Purple Eve," but few know the connection between the two things. . . . The Yankee millionaire, whose commercial career had familiarized him with the Mississippi, was disposed to think lightly of the English rivers. Of the Thames he was wont to speak jocosely, now as a ditch bounding his considerable estate, now as a pond on the outskirts of his garden. And there, in the lofty forty-foot dining-hall fronting the water and lawn, hung that cynosure of all eyes, "The Purple Eve."

That a plot for the further "conveyance" of this wondrous picture had long been in existence—a plot connecting criminal specialists in London, New York, and Amsterdam—had long been hatching, I do not doubt. So much Murdyke had confided to me. He consulted me where he thought I—with my ex-gentleman's knowledge of social life—could be useful. The Swilly Hole Farm, which he rented at the expense of a few shillings a week, was a dreary, damp, and half-ruined cottage, a quarter of a mile inland, and near a mile higher up the valley. Planted on rising ground at the foot of the hills, but hidden by trees from most points of the river, it overlooked a dreary tract of pasture cut up by deep, muddy dykes, into which a horse or beast fell about once a month—the rare occasions when a human being appeared within view of our residence. The dykes led to a marshy pool, popularly believed to have no bottom, or, at the least, to have swallowed up a coach and four that once wandered from the high road to Cooklow. A ditch, broader than the others, led from the disused farmyard across a water-meadow into the river, the wooden bridge over it that carried the towing-path being just high enough to allow our little pair-oared tub to pass beneath. Rushes and rank grass choked the unkempt lawn, and even straggled up the slope of gravel path to the front door. From the low window of the little parlour—its floor littered with dirty yellow-backs and curls of paper peeled from the damp walls—the whole glaring front of Marleyford was clearly visible through a break in the bank of willows that bounded the garden.

The distance between the two buildings as the crow flies was not, I dare say, much

over a thousand yards. Indeed, my impression of the fact is agonizingly distinct. A dozen times have I seen Murdyke lovingly dust out his new German repeating rifle and train it at the great white butts half across the valley and the figures of lounging or smoking guests as they showed dark against it. "Easy to pick them off from here," he would say, and then mutter, playing with one of the pencil-like cartridges, "What we want is something that won't rouse all the echoes in this blessed valley."

Frequently I found him practising in the little backyard with a bow and arrows—a good bow of some black American wood, and arrows that seemed to go easily through the target extemporized out of an old mattress.

"Noise," I said; "there's no need for noise, if one could only get near the house, with an eight-foot wall and bottle-glass all round three sides of the garden and patent locks on every door, let alone electric alarm-bells and contraptions everywhere! And I'd like to know who's going to walk up that long stretch of lane without being seen from all over the valley!"

"When we go," Murdyke answered, with his solemn chuckle, "there'll be a way straight and easy from here right into that dining-room, as there would be for one of those rifle-bullets." He talked, I knew, with the audacity of the gambler who has yet a scrupulous, or unscrupulous, regard to practical detail.

"We get there," he went on, noting the puzzled weariness of my expression, "or we don't. If we do, Fulcsai gives us so much down for the picture at sight. There's your share," he waved his hand at me—the one with the scar upon it. "You pay your debts if you please, square the one official who suspects your complicity in—all right, I'm not going to talk about it—or clear out of the country and start fresh. Say we don't get the chance; we stay here another month—I bargain for that. It's safe, quiet, cheap, till we want to quit. And, let me tell you, this old river is a deucedly convenient thoroughfare for tramps like ourselves. It'll take us just anywhere."

I stared blankly. "The locks? Why, every rowdy tripper is hauled up nowadays. They take your number."

"FREQUENTLY I FOUND HIM PRACTISING IN THE LITTLE BACKYARD WITH A BOW AND ARROWS."

"Yours, perhaps," he said, with a contemptuous grin, but went on musing aloud: "It's so simple, so improbable, so impossible." Turning, he tapped the barometer, which fell a little. For a fortnight past the last number of a new weather almanac had divided his attention with the derelict novels aforesaid. He was no great reader — of books.

October was now upon us, and Mr. Windowfig and his visitors seemed to enjoy the peaceful beauty of the English autumn,

The long array of his lighted windows lit up the misty darkness of the great valley.

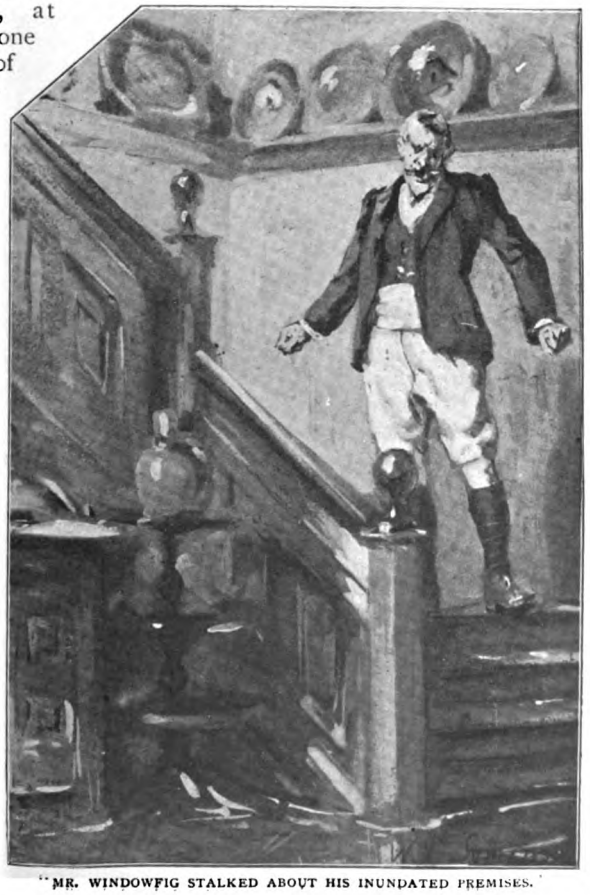
Then it began to rain, and Murdyke, as he sat opposite me at our dreary meals—we had "pigged it" alone all the time—began to smile. For the first week or so it fell in a gentle, listless sort of way, the sort of wet you expect with the fall of the year. Then it thickened and steadied as if it were the "rains" with a recognised official mission. That lasted four days, and on the fifth, when I walked at dusk into the little town of Cooklow, to buy some bread, people were talking of the very dry summer and what you must expect. Then followed two or three ostentatiously fine mornings and even hours of sunshine. In the intervals and all night it rained in tropical torrents, enlivened by thunder and lightning, which rolled and played finely about the high, wooded hills, and seemed to give the thing quite a novel interest. By that time the valley was a sight. Delighted children drove or boated their way to school and church, and everybody seemed amused. Whatever calamities threatened, we, at least, were at one with the forces of Nature in our indifference, having nothing to lose—for the boat could hold all our belongings—and, great heavens! *what* romantic dreams of gain! For it was at this point, while we caulked our small vessel and packed her with provisions for two days, that Murdyke unfolded his incredibly audacious plan. Frankly, given certain very probable data, the risk seemed, even to my mind, simply *nil*.

"What the dickens," he murmured, "is to prevent us going out on the water of an evening? If people won't receive us, we can go right away down—to sea, if you like."

When the two villages of Marley and Bustleden were cut off from one another by a small Scotch river in spate, the inhabitants laughed as people laugh at the close of a good farce, on rising to leave.

Everyone, that is, but Mr. Fairfax Windowfig, who was beginning to feel very uncomfortable, and rather inclined to stand upon his rights as an American citizen towards what he had understood to be a civilized country in a temperate zone. An unbroken lagoon extended from the gravel path at the head of his lawn to the wooded hills a mile away. Other people, too, felt that every shred of humour had been washed out of the transaction, and all was genuine indignation and dismay when the announcement came that there had been more rain, inches more, up in the Gloucestershire hills, and the real flood was all to come.

And before men had time to get together and exchange execrations it *came*, at the bewildering rate of near two inches an hour all through the last gently drizzling afternoon, a deluge unknown for a century and a half.



"MR. WINDOWFIG STALKED ABOUT HIS INUNDATED PREMISES."

And Mr. Windowfig stalked about his inundated premises, cursing England and English architects and the climate and the Thames Conservators and himself in the old, rich, homely vernacular of the Mississippi lumber-raft. And as his hard business eye caught one after another of the expensive gimcracks the flood was washing off the pre-

mises at the rate of fifty dollars a minute, he started afresh and cursed them all separately with their makers. Then he swore a mighty oath to go right away and leave the whole mud-puddle of a wreck to H.M. Queen Victoria as a national aquarium. Then, on hearing from his coachman of the impossibility of driving up or down the valley, he set himself frantically and practically to save all that could be saved. Before that time all the villages of the plain and many hundred ornate riverside villas had subsided into one vast and endless mere; for the waters, stretching from one range of hills even to the other, seemed at last to have recovered their natural course, and only a few mastodons at play in the marshy foreground were needed to complete the tableau of primæval Nature.

This blessed relapse and the extinction of all new-fangled "means of communication" —at a time when the High Street of many a good-sized town wore the air of a gas-lit salmon river—was grateful enough to us. (Fools that we were, with all our ingenuity, to chuckle over the eclipse of what mattered so little and forget the one thing which would remain unaffected by any deluge ever known to the British Isles.)

Never shall I forget that last evening, as we gazed at the dark sky from the window of the bedroom into which we had carried up the few chattels not packed in the boat, the soft swish of the rain, the dull, stiff swirl of the water, as I lay on the bed reading for the sixth time a stained and torn yellow-back till roused by Murdyke's remarks from below as he measured the water with a joint of a fishing-rod.

Everything had been ready for an hour past, and a saucepan on the small fire warmed up the last meal we were to eat at the Swilly Hole Farm.

Murdyke's voice sounded up through the rat-eaten floor. "It's washing round this side a bit since that bank in Hamblesham Park gave way. By the time we have three inches on the floor here we ought to be off. . . . It'll take us no time at all to get there. We lie up by the clump of elms above the garden. If it runs very strong perhaps we ought to warp her down."

A foolish sentence of the trumpery novel I was reading as I lay on the bed at that moment ran: "If—you—say—that—Edward—then—you—never—really—loved —your—Evelina." It echoed in my head all night. (What Edward said I don't remember.)

Coming down, I found Murdyke seated at the table looking over a sketch plan of the towers. He put his thick finger on the big dining-room where hung "The Purple Eve." "Do you know what that's floored with?" he said. "Parqueterie, at seven-and-six the square foot, and every inch of it bust up now. . . . Good for trade," he chuckled, "and attracts attention . . . useful to conjurers like ourselves . . . another thing you won't understand . . . the large French window in the middle of this near wall."

"Well," I answered, "it's plate-glass, I suppose?"

"The wood-work, you owl, the wood-work," he went on quietly, as if explaining an obvious move at chess; "it's Brazilian almug, finer than any ordered by Solomon, inlaid with ivory, fitted with brass—now do you follow? And——"

"*And* American spring-locks," I added, wearily.

Murdyke gripped my elbow.

"Locks!" he grunted. "Why, they'll have the whole blessed thing off the hinges on to the sideboard. The carpets—they'll drag them upstairs or roll 'em up . . . on chairs and things—and the floor," he chuckled again, "that'll come up of itself . . . half an hour ago. Come here, and you'll see them at work."

We walked to the window, our boots creaking and sticking in the water, leant on the low sill, and looked out across the dark valley, now one vast moving mere. The river front of Marleyford was ablaze with lights to its topmost turret, and against the lower windows figures could be seen hurriedly moving to and fro. It was obvious now what was going on—what was bound to be going on. A new glow of confidence in Murdyke's genius thrilled me with childish exultation.

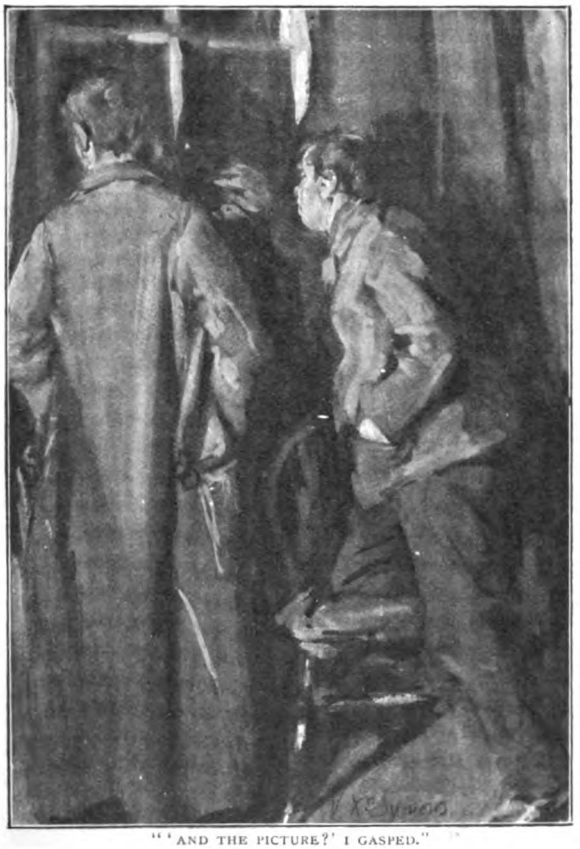
"They've lots of men—and powder," he burst out, with a guffaw. I laughed, too, at the thought of those draggled flunkeys sweating up and down stairs . . . "they won't want help . . . from outside. Not a soul but our two—*now*," he broke off, with sudden intensity, "*watch that middle chandelier.* You see the bar between us and it. That's the frame of the thing." And, lo! as confused figures blocked the light, the dark, vertical line slowly turned over. The obstructions vanished, and the light blazed out more clearly than ever. Murdyke could not repress a gasp of delight. He never frowned when the window darkened again suddenly.

"Of course, don't you see? . . . Tarpaulin to keep the rain out—all that can get

under the veranda. . . . There's nothing now but to get across. . . . They won't have time to move anything more, and——"

"And the *picture?*" I gasped.

"They won't want to," was the placid answer. "Why should they? Noah's flood wouldn't come within three feet of the frame. . . It's as safe as Coutts's Bank," he added to himself (meaning, I fancy, not "The Purple Eve," but our enterprise). "They'd as soon expect a fleet of Chinese pirates."



"'AND THE PICTURE?' I GASPED."

As we stood up, the water, which seemed to have ebbed a little, returned in a steadier tide. I looked outside. The tub swung uneasily, moored to the door-post. The dull roar of a vast avalanche seemed to fill the air and shake the crazy house.

"This is nothing," said Murdyke, putting out his hand into the drizzle; "we'd better be off." . . .

In a moment we were drifting at an alarming rate across the great valley. The opposite hillside, then the clustering elms that hedged the lagoon, loomed quickly on our sight.

"Hold her easy with your scull," he whispered, as we glided into a bit of backwater above the long white outline of a wall and lay within thirty yards of the house, but invisible from it.

The wind, which had left the rainy quarter and was blowing upstream, brought up the exclamations of Mr. Windowfig and his exhausted staff. The millionaire's nasal accents had a cheerful, almost triumphant, ring as he passed the window, giving a few final orders. Everything was safe, he calculated, that could be saved.

Murdyke whispered, gravely: "We're early. We must give them twenty minutes—no more. The men'll be dog-tired and we want to get away again without grounding. She won't keep at this height an hour more."

I was tired, too, and dozed in the boat. When I woke, Murdyke had a matchbox in his hand and a can of paraffin.

"I don't think we need," he said, seeing me awake again; "not the house, you know, but the cottage and engine-shed at the back. If they *wouldn't go to bed*" — his deliberate whisper made me smile even at that moment—"it would keep their attention off this side." . . . Five minutes later he spoke again. "The water's falling now—on this wall. . . . She'll do now. . . . Yes, that lamp in the turret is never put out. Land me on the veranda, and when I get in again shove for mid-stream for dear life. Stand ready. The good old river'll do all the rest."

Then a thought set my heart jumping wildly.

"The launch?" I said; "their launch?" and pointed across the lake of garden dotted with bushes to the spired silhouette of the little boat-house. He answered with a sort of contempt:—

"Not there, not there, my child. She's laid up at Reading—seven and a half miles off."

A clock in the tower struck the quarter after eleven. The whole pile of building stood silent and lifeless before us amid the swish and swirl of the flood. In breathless silence we landed her round the corner of the

wall ("Keep her over the grass," whispered my companion; "don't touch the gravel") and punted across the garden to the front of the house.

How right Murdyke had been! It seemed it was but a few moments—of no exertion to warm a child—from the crossing of the doorstep of the Swilly Hole Farm to the moment when, holding the still floating boat with my feet, I grasped a stone pillar of the veranda while he leapt nimbly out, put aside some dark hanging material, and stepped carefully into the dismal watery cavern behind it. The yellow disk of a dark lantern fluttered over ormolu, mahogany, stamped Spanish leather, rich Indian matting, and costly furniture piled in confusion, and fell on the black water lapping slimily against the walls, while Murdyke stirred it with his feet, like some monstrous reptile imprisoned. In the veranda and all about the boat floated dark, mysterious squares and triangles, the wreckage of Mr. Windowfig's priceless flooring. In less than a minute, I believe, Murdyke had taken his bearings, waded across the room, stumbling once or twice over the *débris*, and found his prey.

"MURDYKE CUT THE GREAT PICTURE FROM ITS FRAME."

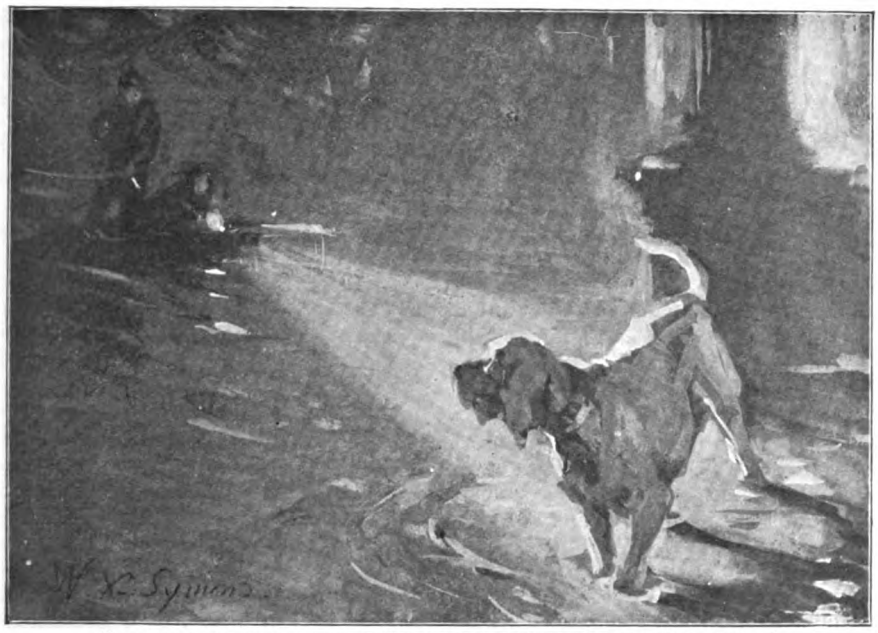
For one moment stood out before our eyes, like a vision of the night, a feast of colour and chiaroscuro, "The Purple Eve." And, oh! what hours of bitterest reflection were crowded for me into the momentary glimpse of that on which I had last gazed—an honest man among a crowd of honest men and women, and now looked—a thief, a burglar! No, the mere accomplice of one.

Even while I thought, Murdyke had climbed upon the table, cut the great picture from its frame with a sharpened penknife, rolled it in oilcloth, tied the roll with string, and waded back to the boat. He had bestowed it safely, and we were already a few yards from the house, when we both heard a sound, the flop, flop of soft, heavy feet in shallow water, coming round the corner of the house, and then the dark outline of a dog — a fine young bloodhound — became discernible against the wall.

"Hold her a second," he breathed, "then put the light on to him"—a counsel, I believe, of infatuated exultation.

The dog, usually tied in the stable-yard at the back, had not, I think, either seen or scented us. The flash of the lantern, by arresting the brute's attention, kept him quiet perhaps three seconds longer. Then, as the suspense became too much, with horror we saw the great head thrown up for a bellow that would have wakened the valley. But it never did.

As I leant to stay the boat, my ear caught the "whit" of the bowstring. There was the sound of a light tent-peg expeditiously driven home in soft turf. But the sound, the stifled "Oo-ugh" that came from the hound's throat as he rolled over heavily in the water against



"THE FLASH OF THE LANTERN KEPT HIM QUIET PERHAPS THREE SECONDS LONGER."

one of the stone pillars, was one more alarming to those who did hear than any casual bark of a watch-dog on a dark night. We had killed the beast, but to little purpose.

As we thrust out for the river some ornamental vase struck us like a sunken rock and rolled over heavily, while, floating on, we found our course suddenly arrested by a barrier of rose tree and trellis-work, through which the stream raced like a sewer through a grating.

Even as we hung there a light or two flashed out in the upper floor, then into the corridor below and the room we had just quitted. There was a mad outcry of alarm, angry questions, furious orders. When, by the light of our lantern (there was no help for it), we cleared the last impediment and slipped off into deep water and the darkness of night, it was with three words ringing in our ears: "*There they are!*"

The dark, trackless waste seemed to embrace and cheer us.

"We shall see," said Murdyke, as the tub went spinning down mid-stream.

"Keep her for the station lights. It's three-quarters of a mile to the weir—a bee line. We go clean over." He turned the light on to a pocket-compass that hung from his watch-guard and leant back, grasping the rudder lines. I shut my eyes and pulled, simply to get some hold of the boat.

Then Murdyke bowed his head and uttered a comprehensive curse.

"What's up?" I asked, looking sharply round, but discerning nothing.

"*I forgot the telephone.*" He began softly swearing again. "We might have cut the forsaken wire and sawed the pole ten times over while we were waiting. Never mind."

In truth, as we glided noiselessly through the darkness, with the whole flooded valley, a thousand paths of escape, open to us, and "The Purple Eve" safely stowed in the bottom of the boat, we were still thrilled with a hysterical sense of triumph.

Up to that last accident of the dog, had not all gone well enough? Now we had been seen. But could we be identified—our retreat cut off?

A boat, even a large boat, was not too easily stopped, under ordinary circumstances. And now with all the lock service suspended, the river for some dozen miles one long rapid, what could prevent us landing where we pleased, walking into any one of twenty different villages with a handbag and a spar, wrapped not unnaturally in sailcloth, and hiring a conveyance to any railway station just out of the great valley?

The night was cloudy and dark but for an occasional glimpse of a faint moon. The shore lights gave us our bearings. The stream alone would carry us at railroad pace out of all danger. Thus in our secret hearts we still thought we had done well.

Half an hour or thirty-five minutes later

and we had resigned our intellectual supremacy to two other men—Mr. Orpheus Fairfax Windowfig and his engineer.

Murdyke took the sculls, and with long, steady strokes, never splashing on the feather, sent the tub spinning along at a rate that soon carried us out of sight of Marleyford.

Out of sight, but not out of mind. Strange, then, it must appear that as we sat silent in the boat amid the vast expanse of rushing waters we did not either of us in spirit see or hear the fatal activity roused against us, in a lightning flash, forty miles away—the night clerk at the Central London Bureau, waking from his first doze at the familiar tingle, mechanically responding as he swung round the telephone drum to his ear—the harsh snarl of the infuriated Yankee—"Number 44, lay me on to Reading—yes, what?—if local office closed telegraph—if Great Western wires out of order—yes—by any route, round the whole blessed island—or by special train, if any engine can get there—spare no expense—Waterson, 13, Weil Street, to bring down my launch at once. Are you there? Yes—at once, across country if he can."

Of all this we not only knew—we even feared—nothing, fools that we were! Of wakened police officials, of interception, arrest—before we could reach a point of safety—of that we thought indeed, and recked little! . . .

It afterwards appeared that Mr. Waterson was neither in bed nor even, as might fairly be expected of a riverside employé, engaged in heavy drinking, but simply in rescuing other people's property from the flood in a vessel whose shallow draught and considerable horse-power particularly adapted her to street work in a sharpish current, when he received two telegraphic messages in quick succession.

Four minutes later the great arch of the railway bridge re-echoed to the throbbing dynamo of the fastest electric launch afloat as, manned by her engineer and one assistant, she passed northwards out of the half-submerged town with the flood tide, her indicator marking eighteen knots an hour.

Mr. Waterson knew the valley, every bank and flat in its conformation; no man better. Mr. Waterson was wildly excited. Mr. Waterson had not to wait to lay fires or get up steam. Yet all this was as nothing to the odds marshalled against us by the infernal accident of a millionaire's capricious vanity.

For from the bows of the model torpedo-boat a revolving search-light swept the vast primæval mere of the valley east and west, as the tiny vessel sped on her unwearying race against time.

Twice the angry clang of her bell woke a sleeping lock-keeper on the Berkshire shore in time to enjoy the spectacle of her lights closing in on his curious gaze, till a red glow swooped down the rapid and vanished into the trackless dark.

"I SET MY FEET AGAINST THE SIDES OF THE TUB AS SHE LEAPT THE BAR."

And where the river wanders round the green meadows of Shipgrave she cheated the true course of near a mile, her steel prow cutting away two or three half-ruined fences, and plunged into the main channel going harder than ever.

Downwards, too, we sped, urged by Murdyke's sturdy strokes, and as

we shot under the long suspension bridge—now close over our heads as a roof, so high ran the stream that night—the lamps in the broad main street of Cooklow opened out, condensed, and vanished: the red star above the station below glowed ever redder and brighter at every swing of Murdyke's broad back, while we heard the familiar voice of the weir before us hushed to that of a broad salmon river. Keeping off the town side of the stream, we swung steadily down the main current, where, as I have said, the weir stretched in a long curve across our path.

For a few seconds, as the two centre posts loomed into sight, he held the boat up all a man could. Then the sculls bent like withies as we raced at the low fringe of tumbling and roaring water. Straining the rudder-cords in each hand, I set my feet against the sides of the tub as she leapt the bar, struck the lower level with a heavy, indenting splash, tossed over a moment in the boiling waves, and, barely under control, shot down the side stream, where the current, even in summer-time, runs like a mill-race.

The dark, rounded hedge of willows marking the banks on either side flew by us as, rounding the half-drowned eyot, we emerged upon the straightest and broadest reach of the river.

We could fairly have shouted with delight. Before us lay a vast tract of submerged territory—easily traversable, for many hours yet, in any direction.

Leaning together for a hurried consultation as the boat drifted, we made our decision to follow the stream another mile and a half, paddle several miles inland to the foot of the hills, hide the boat or let her drift away, mislead possible watches below, walk out of the valley across country, strike a high road for the railway, avoiding the nearest station—I had the times marked on a card—make our way to a small depôt, and take ship to our friends at Amsterdam.

The simplicity of such a plan, the impossibility of tracing or arresting our course (at night, over a trackless desert) by anything short of a cordon some twelve or fifteen miles in length, acted on our brains like an intoxicating draught.

So that up to the last moment of our infatuation all our fears were of a danger from below.

At the moment our only embarrassment—will it be believed?—arose from the temporary extinction of our lamp—an accident which mattered little, as our route was already decided.

Where the last of a long row of poplars on the right bank comes into line with the end of a great rampart of woods that shuts in the valley on the opposite side we were to veer off across the pastures. By the aid of a passing glimmer of moonlight, Murdyke was trying one more glimpse at his chart, when suddenly a strong light settled upon it like a butterfly on a flower, rendering every scratch of the pen visible as at noonday; then, before you could wink, all was dark again. We sat in the boat, our knees knocking with terror. Amid the darkness—the desert that was our one hope—*an eye was upon us:* an eye—we did not need to tell each other—that was the symbol of an avenging force from which there was no escape.

As we held our breath there broke on the

"AN EYE WAS UPON US."

stillness of the night, above the murmur of waters, a distant hum.

"A steam launch!" I whispered. "Then she must belong to this reach," said Murdyke; "you couldn't get half a funnel under Cooklow Bridge to-night."

So he said, but his words had a faint and forced accent. We saw no glare in the sky or river; but before I could answer the staring light was upon us again. The mere, hard, dusty dazzle of it pulverized the darkness and answered all questions, and as the long white radii swept slowly over us again we sat like condemned felons awaiting the executioner's stroke, till I could have wished the shafts of light were in truth missiles—messengers of instant death.

But, as the light shut off again, Murdyke seemed to recover himself. "Not in the open," he cried, with an oath, and pulled frantically for the near shore. "With cover we'll do them yet; steer for the garden." Before us the square Norman tower of a village church stood out white and ghostly, flanked by three tall poplars. As we turned towards it the same glimmer of light illuminated for a fraction of a second his anxious, strenuous face and vanished, but not before I felt that our doom was sealed. I looked round upon the water behind us. A small dark patch was dimly visible. A distinct whirring sound came from it.

Country people, river tourists, and garden party-goers, who know well the trim lawn fronting the vicarage of Marsham Abbots, would little dream that it was once the scene of a naval engagement no less fiercely contested in its way than that of Trafalgar, though it could not have lasted five minutes.

The long, low house, flooded and deserted, shut in the battleground on one side. On the other, almost adjoining it at right angles, the great church gleamed grey in the lunar twilight, looking calmly down on a stranger scene than any it had witnessed for five centuries before the painting of "The Purple Eve."

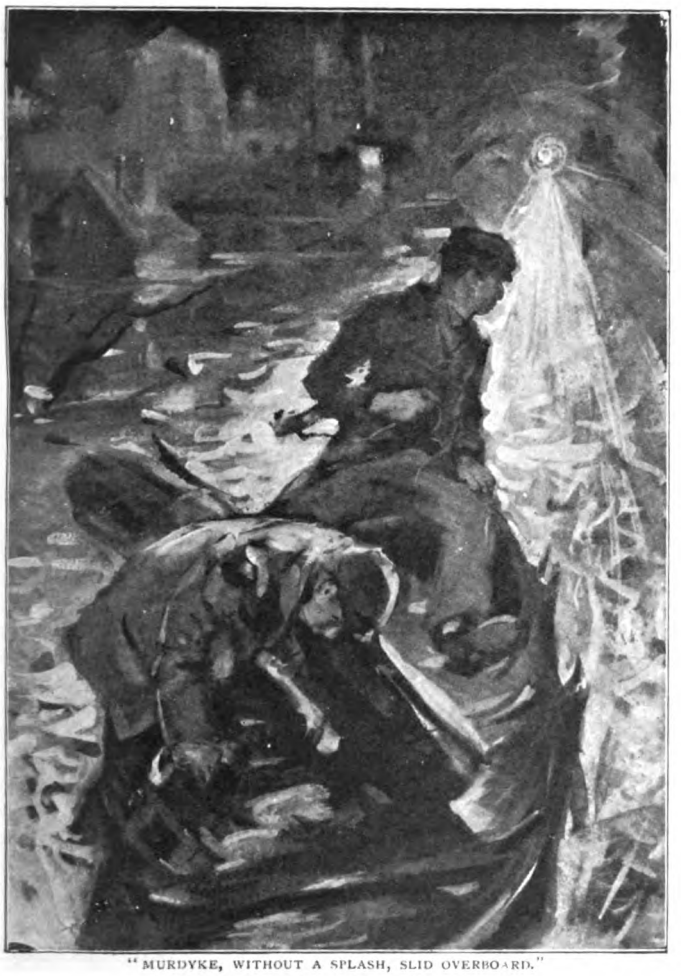
A thick yew hedge made an inky margin to the lagoon surrounding the house. Could we reach its shelter? The electric launch, now openly pursuing and ablaze with light, stood rapidly in upon us and then paused a moment as if fearful of shallows, and confident in her speed to overtake us if we returned to open water.

Two figures were apparent on her deck—the squat form of the millionaire and a burly engineer in a pea-coat, who leant over the gunwale feeling the depth with a punt-pole. I scarcely noticed Murdyke had dropped the sculls in the rowlocks and picked up something else from just behind him, when the man slipped heavily into the water with a choking shriek, in which surprise and terror seemed to eclipse pain. The most terrible explosive could scarcely have caused more consternation than this old-fashioned and noiseless missile. Windowfig pulled the man aboard again—a lurch of the boat had turned Murdyke's bull's-eye into a "white"—but in the interval we had almost rounded the high yew hedge separating the upper part of the garden from the lawn that fronted the river. But before we disappeared from view the strident American snarl, "Take that, you ha-ound!" struck upon our ears. A stream of fire leapt towards us, and while the old church walls echoed with the reverberation as of a multitude shouting within them, a heavy ball from a revolver passed between us out of the boat at a point close to her water-line. The river spurted through at every swing of the sculls, but with a frantic effort I stuffed my handkerchief into the hole, while Murdyke leant over on the other side fishing for something with the boat-hook. In a moment, while we still lay sheltered, he had pulled a strip of wire-netting off the bed and piled it in the water across the passage, and we made off again. Then, while we manœuvred round a clump of dark vegetation—some rose bushes and a couple of apple trees—the glaring light of the launch appeared, suddenly illuminating the dark windows of the vicarage, and stopped.

"Fouled their—screw," whispered my companion, hoarse with triumph. "Back we get to the river." Indeed, as the boat shot down the farther path again, rounding the barrier of yew, and swept across the lawn it seemed we had played hide-and-seek to some effect. It was our last wild chance. But as the flood stream caught the boat and the welcome darkness again enveloped us, the fatal humming of the electric engines was once more audible.

It was then that Murdyke, muttering "Not done yet," grasped something I could not see and, without a splash, slid overboard. Doubtless he reckoned—safely enough—on my sticking to the ship in sheer timidity and the enemy's pursuing it.

A minute later the savage boor of a Yankee, drunk with the novel excitement of the whole weird episode, rushed his little vessel at mine with a rapidity which, had the spoils of the night been still on board, would



"MURDYKE, WITHOUT A SPLASH, SLID OVERBOARD."

have defeated its own object. Again the vast darkness was cut by a red flash from his weapon; again the Norman tower re-echoed its bellowing report and the accents of his voice, a howl of scarcely human rage.

The search-light glared into my dazed eyes, and the steel prow ploughed singing through the dark water towards me as I pulled idly downstream. Then, while the old church clock struck the hour of midnight, with a sudden crash the boat crumpled up and the cold wave rushed over my body.

What became of Murdyke? I never doubted. But of him more anon.

Two years later, on a roasting day in June, a touring landscape painter stepped into a lonely cottage in the little village of Yaleham, that lies half a mile back from the river on the flats below the Cooklow reach, to ask for a glass of water.

The elderly housewife pressed her visitor to enter the parlour, proffering a draught of milk, while the visitor explained that what he required was a vehicle, not a beverage. Then, as his glance wandered idly round the walls of the cottage, into which the afternoon sun poured through the lattice and the half-open door, he suddenly stood transfixed.

"That pichsher, sir?" said the old lady, setting down a glass on the table. "Why, I do suppose it might be a painted sketch of the river somewheres as some artist gen'leman left be'ind him, though it ain't much like. Leastways, my old man found the thing last fall lying in a ditch, half rottened with the wet; so we cut a bit of the hedges off and one cornder as was spiled, and". . .

The Academician gasped, fumbling wildly in the pockets of his flannel trousers; for there, nailed against a cottage wall, half hidden by clumsy ornaments, shorn down, defaced, tattered, but still recognisable, hung all that remained of "The Purple Eve." . . .

But the woman was right in one part of her history of the picture. It had been left behind by an artist. . . .

England v. The World in Athletics.

By C. B. Fry.

"IT did not want the setting out of world's records," writes Mr. H. Morgan-Browne, in his preface to the most complete compilation of such statistics yet published, "to prove the overwhelming superiority of Englishmen in almost every branch of athletics. Practically they are the world's record-holders, though here and there, notably in long-distance cycling and at short, sharp bursts of speed, or in feats denoting nimbleness and spring rather than strength and endurance, they have to acknowledge for the present the superiority of others." Is this so?

The above words were written in 1897; and they perhaps embody the general English opinion, then and now, on the subject. With regard to the statistics in Mr. Morgan-Browne's book of records, the statement is true enough. But the compiler deals almost exclusively—and for his purpose he is right to do so—with those kinds of athletics which are readily reduced to statistics, to comparative records. For the purpose of comparing England with the world in athletics he supplies little beyond the records in track athletics, cycling, and swimming. This leaves out of view the very large and important department of athletics which consists in first-rate games.

Statistics and figures are of only small value in estimating prowess in games. Moreover, international comparisons in this respect are limited by the fact that, in general, each nation plays games peculiar to itself. For instance, you cannot fruitfully compare England, the United States, and Canada in cricket; because, while cricket is one of the great national games of England, baseball is the corresponding national game of the States and lacrosse of Canada. Consequently the question, "How does England stand in games?" concerns chiefly England and her sons of the blood in the Colonies.

England by no means enjoys "an overwhelming superiority" in this branch of athletics—the great games. On facts we may have just a little in hand, no more.

Supremacy in cricket is disputed between England and Australia alone. What cricket is played on the Continent is negligible in this context. In America the Philadelphians are good players up to a certain point, about medium-county form: and the Canadians are, perhaps, not far behind them. The South Africans are coming cricketers, full of bright promise, but as yet they are not above strong-county form. The West Indies appear to be about equal to a minor county. But in representative international cricket England and Australia are in a class by themselves.

On results the Australians are at present the best cricketers in the world: by the matches played recently both in England and Australia they have a distinct margin in their favour. Results, it is true, are not the whole tale in cricket.

But, in sum, even granting England a doubtful and attenuated precedence in cricket skill, the cricket honours of the world are with Australia, whether you judge by match-results or by comparative merit. The amount of first-class cricket played in Australia compared with that played in England is very small. England can no longer fairly claim the world's championship in cricket. Advance Australia!

In football, now the real national game of England, the limits of international comparison are narrow. Outside the British Isles important football is played only in America and Australia; and America and Australia have football games of their own. In Association football the world's championship lies between England and Scotland; in Rugby, between the four countries of the British Isles. But in this survey England includes Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. Australia plays a modified form of Rugby, and the Colonials are grand exponents of their own game; probably a picked Australian team would beat a picked British team under the Australian rules (the chief peculiarity of which is bouncing the ball during a run) until the British players had a good deal of practice; then the two might play about level. The American game is an extremely developed, disguised, and bescienced Rugby, eleven aside. It is a fine but undoubtedly dangerous game. Armour is necessary. No English team could compete with even moderate success under American rules without years of education. Nor would any American team have a look in against a good English Rugby team under our rules. It is impossible to decide, with allowance for differences, whether England or America produces the finer footballers. It

would, however, be difficult to rebut an American claim for equality. Probably if we could start all the world fair Scotland would go farthest in football; and Scotland is England. But there is no assured "overwhelming superiority."

It is, perhaps, worth mentioning that Association flourishes in Australia, New Zealand, and at the Cape. We may some day hear as much from our Colonies in football as in cricket.

And, in parentheses, it is not generally realized in England how much football and cricket are now played on the Continent. The cricket is chiefly confined to France. But there are a large number of football clubs in France, Belgium, Germany, Austria, and Hungary. It is interesting to note that precisely now, when we in England are giving tongue about games being overdone in our public schools, the Continental schools, especially in France, are doing their best to introduce games and make them popular with the boys. It is said that the German Emperor has a kind and envious eye for cricket and football. The rumour is probably true; he is a wise and far-seeing man.

In the one instance where we have adopted an alien national game we have as yet made no great progress. To wit, in lacrosse, the national ball-game of Canada, which the Canadians learnt from the American—as we polo from the Oriental—Indians. The game is now fairly established in England and is in a progressive state, but it is not yet awhile a first-rate English game in the sense that our best athletes take it up and devote themselves to it. Football holds too heavy sway with us. The Toronto team which visited England last season played sixteen matches and won them all with ease—as easily as Yorkshire would win cricket matches in Canada.

There is not yet any real ground for comparison between England and either Canada or America in lacrosse. But in relation to our athletic supremacy it is worth noting that lacrosse is a magnificent game, every jot as capacious for athletic qualities as football. The Canadians can with reason claim that lacrosse is as good as football, and that if we are first in football they are equally as much in front of us in their own great ball-game.

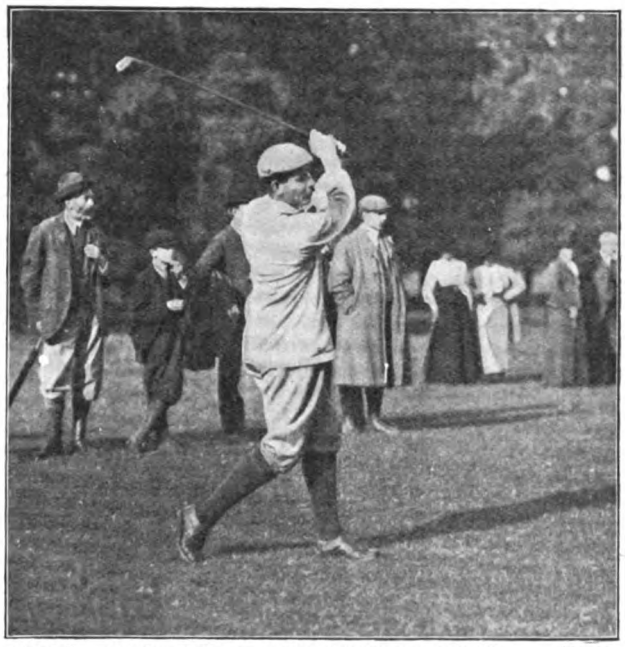
Turning to games which, though excellent in themselves, do not happen to be the national games of any country, but which are much played in England, we certainly seem to have a bit in hand over the rest of the world. The result of this comparison points, perhaps, to some pre-eminence on our part in versatility, but to nothing else—certainly not to pre-eminence in fundamental athletic qualities.

In golf the world's championship lies between England (including Scotland) and America. The Americans have gone into golf with all their native intensity and address, and have made great progress in it. Have they not, too, invented the Haskell ball? But none of their best players, though good, have yet reached the high standard of the best Scotch and English golfers, professional or amateur. But there is this to say: America has learnt golf from England very much more quickly than England learnt it from Scotland. For future years this point is interesting. At present, however, Vardon

From a] THE TORONTO LACROSSE TEAM. *[Photo.*

is probably the best golfer in the world, and he is ours.

International lawn-tennis is not easily dealt with. In so far as recent results prove anything, England is champion, for the honour lies between England and America, and our two best men, the brothers R. F. and H. L. Doherty, who went last season to the States and took part in the American championships, won the double championships and the gold cup. But America won the singles. In racquets and tennis Peter Latham, of England, is still undoubted champion of the world.



From a] HARRY VARDON, CHAMPION GOLFER OF THE WORLD. *[Photo.*

Polo ought perhaps to be reckoned as a true national game. It is the national game of the Indian Princes and of Anglo-Indians, soldier and civilian. It is certainly one of the greatest games. On results England stands first, for we have hitherto won the only international matches that have been played—those with America. Last season an American team visited England and played a series of international matches at Hurlingham. The first match went to the Americans by two goals to one, but England won the other two. Still, American polo has improved greatly since 1886, when an English team went to the States and had no difficulty in bringing back the challenge cup to Hurlingham. It does not seem that ou superiority over America in polo is at all considerable: it might, in the light of America's rapid progress in the game and of her history in other branches of athletics, even be termed precarious. Nor must we forget the splendid polo played in India by the teams of the native Princes—of the late Maharajah of Patiala, for instance; these Indian polo-players seem to be much more than the equals of the best regimental teams in India. It appears quite doubtful whether a representative English would beat a representative Indian polo team. In any case, here again we have no "overwhelming superiority": not a vestige of it. The Jodhpur team beat all opponents in England a few years ago. The Ulwar team is now the best in India, and probably in the world. Dhokal Singh is probably the best individual polo

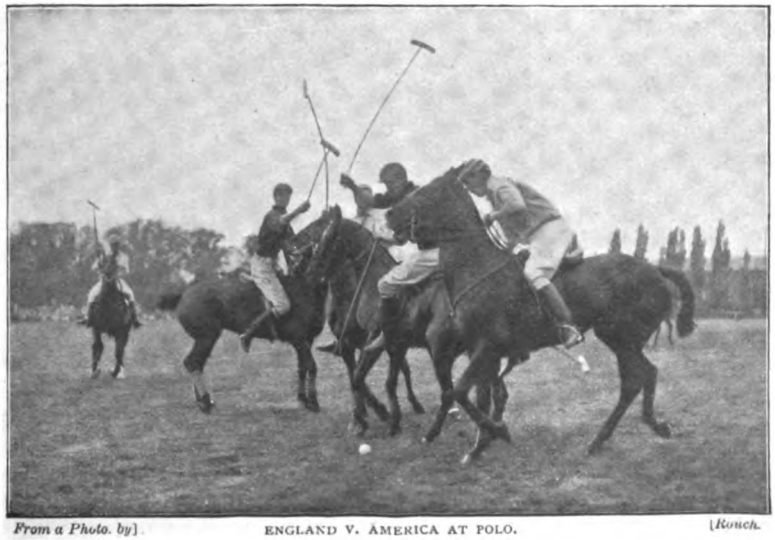
R. F. AND H. L. DOHERTY, LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONS.
From a Photo.

PETER LATHAM, RACQUETS AND TENNIS CHAMPION.
From a Photo. by Langfier, Ltd.

player of the day: he plays for Jodhpur.

Polo gives a convenient transition to riding and horsemanship. Here we have no precise facts to go on. "The average English hunting man regards a French exponent of *l'équitation savante* with a self-satisfied air of superiority, if not of contempt, which is fully reciprocated; while a Texas bronchobuster, with equally bad reason, would look on both as duffers." And so on. We may have no superiors in riding, but we appear to have many equals. Jockeyship is a sphere of insoluble dispute, but the American jockeys have certainly given our English ideas of race-riding a considerable shake up. It is all very well to call their style trick-riding, not horsemanship: it seems to succeed. Johnny Rieff may or may not be as good a rider as Mornington Cannon, but Americans might very fairly claim at least equality for their able midget.

But America has a louder challenge for us on another score. What of boxing? Boxing was once, *par excellence*, the pride and preserve of England. How are we now? Captain W. Edgeworth-Johnstone, in his book on boxing, has a pointed chapter on American boxers *v.* English. He remarks on the extraordinary success of American boxers in this country of late years. Apparently we are outclassed. "With the exception of Pedlar Palmer, the bantam-weight champion, and Dick Burge, the light-weight," he writes, "it is almost impossible to put one's finger on a first-rate man in the United Kingdom. At the present moment we are without a single man in either the heavy or middle-weight division with any pretension to first-class form." After analyzing the causes of their superiority Captain Edgeworth-Johnstone sums up the case as follows: The Americans are more scientifically trained, and consequently strip in better condition for their work. Their style, freer and more unconventional than ours, permits of more opportunities for a large variety of effective hits, especially for severe upper-cutting with both hands. They make more use of their right hands than our boxers do. They are more carefully instructed in



From a Photo. by] ENGLAND V. AMERICA AT POLO. *[Rouch.*

"ducking," "feinting," "clinching," "side-slipping," and in footwork generally.

It is rather difficult to give America all the credit for the excellence of those of her citizens who are British-born. But what is clear is that American methods and training in boxing are better than ours. Their average man is far better than ours. As a salve to our pride we may recall that Bob Fitzsimmons is probably, in spite of his defeats by James J. Jeffries, the American heavy-weight, "not only the finest fighter of the day, but the finest fighter that ever donned a 'mitten'"; and though Bob Fitzsimmons's boxing is American his birth is English. No wonder he is a champion. He was born in hardy Cornwall, was partly trained in progressive Australia, and finished his education in ingenious America. The worst of it is, the credit of his hyper-excellence belongs more to America than to us. And even then, on results, Jeffries is at present champion; and in him we have no rights at all.

So far as can be judged from records, the swimming laurels of the world are ours. The last Anglo-American international race was between J. Nuttall and McClusker. Nuttall beat the American with some ease; and he is regarded by the best judges as the best racing swimmer England or any other country has yet produced. At present Australia is undoubtedly strong in swimmers. F. C. V. Lane, of Sydney, holds the records at one hundred, two hundred and twenty, and three hundred yards; and Cavill, another Australian, the record at half a mile. But most of the standard distance records up to one mile are held by Englishmen. No Colonial or foreigner has really approached the racing figures of J. Nuttall and J. H. Tyers. Nor has any swimmer of any nation gone near the long-distance feats of Captain Matthew Webb, the only man who yet has swum the Channel. His nearest rival is M. Holbein, also of England.

In rowing, comparisons are difficult. Times are nearly valueless; weather and tide make such huge differences. In eight-oared rowing we assume ourselves to be supreme. The Oxford and Cambridge boat-race is *sui generis*. The American Universities compete with one another, but, if our own expert judges are correct, none of the American are yet in the same class as our 'Varsity oarsmen. American rowing has been handicapped chiefly by the attempt to adapt the professional sculling stroke to eight-oared racing. Then, too, the coaching policy of some of their Universities has been vacillating and changeable. However, an American expert authority writes that "Cornell, profiting by experience, . . . has produced a stroke which appears to combine in a masterful way the maximum of power with the minimum of effort. It combines the best of the English with the best elements of the American style. It lacks the extreme swing back of the typical English, and the extreme slide and arm-work of what has been called the typical American. There is no wasted energy or misdirected effort."

The history of the sculling championship of the world does not carry us very deep. It rather resembles boxing, in being a one man or two men affair per annum, with a deal of paper fighting. According to statistics, England, after winning from 1831 till 1875, has been sadly out of it since. After 1875 E. Trickett, of Australia, won for two years, then E. Hanlan, of Canada, for six years, when he was beaten by another Australian, W. Beach. Australia held the championship from that time down to 1896, when J. Gaudaur, of Canada, won. The present champion, George Towns, is an Australian. In fact, on results Australia is the leading sculling nation, with Canada second. The

From a] GEORGE TOWNS, SCULLING CHAMPION. *[Photo.*

big waters of Australia and Canada have altogether outrivalled our modest Tyne.

As we are rather prone to exalt ourselves in our own estimation at the expense of our Continental neighbours on the score of our athletic superiority, it may be instructive to see how we and they stand towards each other in those branches of athletics where we meet on more or less common ground.

As this common ground is rather limited we may include fencing and gymnastics, though we do not as a nation devote ourselves seriously to either. As regards fencing, it appears that some of our best exponents, such as Sir Frederick Pollock and Mr. Egerton Castle, are foemen worthy of the most expert French and Italian steel. But, in general, France and Italy have every right to treat our incapacity in foil or rapier play with just the same contempt as some of us mete out to their ignorance of the use of cricket bat and football. Practically every French and Italian gentleman is an expert with foil and rapier; not one in ten thousand of our young bloods can use either weapon even passably.

Gymnastics are rather a doubtful subject. It is generally agreed that on the average the Germans and the Swedes are the best gymnasts. These nations, however, appear to devote themselves more thoroughly and heartily than others to bars, horizontal and parallel. It is significant that English boys in Germany observe at once that there gymnastics take the place of our field games. Such gymnastic feats as can be reduced to figures appear, however, to favour the Americans. But perhaps the Americans alone have troubled to record these feats. They have, it seems, the world's records for "pulling up the body with the arms"; for rope-climbing against time; for vaulting; and for parallel-bar feats. But are statistics of this particular kind recorded outside Yankee-land? The record for Indian-club swinging for endurance is with Mr. Tom Burrows, of London—thirty hours to wit: and Mr. Burrows is an Australian. Strange how these Australians permeate athletics! He is a remarkable athlete: light-weight champion of Australia, and a fine swimmer, runner, and jumper. The many champion weight-lifters differ among themselves as to who is the strongest man on earth. The English and American champions as yet have done the loudest talking; other countries are either championless or inaudible. But most of the champions have started physical culture schools (by correspondence) before bringing their claims to trial by iron and lead. So in the matter of weights the nations must wait.

In the only two branches of athletics where England can really be compared with Continental nations, as well as with America and the Colonies, on terms approximately level and fair for all parties—namely, in speed-skating and cycle-racing—it is rather disconcerting to find that the records work out by no means altogether in our favour; nor, for the matter of that, in favour of America or the Colonies. Skating and cycling are a curious pair to be the common meeting-ground in athletics of the greatest number of nations.

Figure-skating is not considered because, though its characteristic qualities, gracefulness and precision of poise, are genuine athletic qualities which enter, for instance, in an important degree into such great games as cricket and football, and also into track athletics, figure-skating is not usually regarded as an athletic feat. Moreover, the English style and its points differ radically from the Continental.

In speed-skating the English, Dutch, Norwegian, Swedish, Canadian, and American champion exponents are all first-rate, and were it possible to bring about a genuinely representative international championship meeting between them, the winner would scarcely be known in advance. On actual time records, which are usually given as world's records, the Americans come first. From a hundred yards to as many miles, out of thirteen recognised distances, they hold five of these records; Sweden holds three, Norway two, England one; one is divided between America and Sweden, one between America and Norway. But these records are really not at all conclusive; probably others, equally accurate and representative, could be compiled to show any one of the six nations first. In what are given as the international skating records, for five distances from five hundred to ten thousand mètres, Norway holds four championships, by P. Oestlund, and Holland one, by J. Eden. But did representative English or American skaters compete in these races at Davos and Hamar?

In speed-skating conditions not only vary so greatly in different places and at different times, but make such great odds for and against, that comparative time records, except on the same day in the same place, are valueless as a criterion of actual merit. The wind can make huge differences, and so can the quality of ice. A straight run down-wind on

perfect ice is not comparable with a two-turn run on rough ice. Dutch ice is better than English, and Norwegian than Dutch. And courses vary. The English courses have mostly been two straights between two turns round small barrels; those on the Continent, oval-shaped with rounded ends. The latter seem to give faster times for skaters accustomed to them. During the races in 1891 in Norway between James Smart, of Welney, and H. Hagen, the Norwegian, the English skater manifestly lost on his opponent at the turning curves, to which he was unaccustomed. To choose a champion nation is impossible. Considering the little skating we have and the conditions of our Fen courses compared with those on the Continent and in America, and also the actual performances of the famous Smarts, "Turkey," "Fish," and James, we may consider English skating decidedly good. But probably Norway or Holland has the best right to the world's championship.

In cycle-racing neither England nor even the English-speaking countries have any exclusive proprietary rights in records. But it is necessary to speak with extreme caution about cycle records. Except to the expert they are a maze of standing and flying starts, paced and unpaced races, runs against time and against man, and so on, with thirty horse-power motors intervening. With the facts none but a brisk daily journal can keep pace.

The Crystal Palace emits a record any day of the week. But there is no particular reason for being up-to-date in cycling records, so much depends on wind, weather, tracks, and machines. Tracks and machines improve daily, and machines make or mar men. On a somewhat historical survey it appears that in short "sprints" the Americans are ahead, while at long distances the French seem in general pre-eminent, chiefly by the performances of two altogether remarkable riders, Huret and Rivierre. A Dutchman, M. Cordang, has also been notably to the fore over long distances. The American superiority in "sprint-riding" is very interesting, as it is precisely parallel to a similar superiority in sprint-running. The American short-distance cycling times are extraordinary; and it certainly seems as though the climate there particularly suits fast short efforts, for a celebrated English rider, J. Michael, eclipsed all his previous English times when he went to the States. But American sprint-cyclists have done well in Europe; so, perhaps, as in boxing and in running, methods of practice and of training make part of the difference.

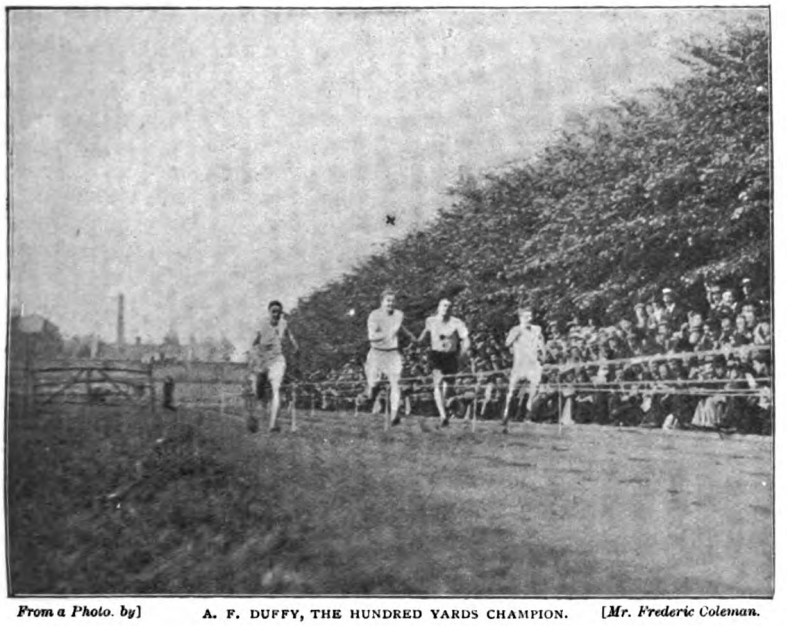
As regards Continental long-distance superiority, it is not easy to be sure how far it still holds good on up-to-date time records. But the average French distance-rider seems still to be the best in the world.

A complete list of records up to 1897 shows the Americans leading at all recognised distances below one mile; the British, from one to thirty-two miles, from fifty-one to one hundred, and from two hundred and sixty to two hundred and ninety. All the rest were then credited to Continental riders. Huret held those from thirty-three to fifty miles, and from one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty. M. Cordang those from one hundred and thirty to two hundred and twenty. Then Huret again, from two hundred and thirty to two hundred and fifty. Then A. Rivierre from three hundred to five hundred miles. So in 1897 the Continentals were easily the foremost bicyclists. Long-distance cycling is the true test of this branch of athletics.

According to the list of records in "Whitaker," the Americans are still to the front in sprints, chiefly by "Major" Taylor. A. Baugé, a Frenchman, holds the record at fifty and one hundred miles. On distances reckoned in kilomètres, J. Michael, of England, leads from five to five hundred. Baugé again at one hundred, and A. E. Walters at one thousand. But Walters has since done other records.

However, the French appear, on general grounds, to be really the premier cyclists of the world. The reason seems to be that long-distance cycle-racing flourishes better in France than elsewhere. Their climate debars the Americans from long distances; and by temperament they prefer in all things what is short, quick, and immediate. In England cycle-racing of all sorts has, for various reasons, declined and is no longer popular. In France it is extremely popular, and is accepted, as in England, for good or bad reasons, it never was, in the light of a first-rate sport. Elizabeth, she of the Letters, when she stayed at Château de Croixmare, could not understand why Jean, in the tightest of knickers, went round and round the pond on his bicycle before breakfast. Why not along the road? No; he could not then tell the exact tale of his morning miles. Such is the French and English point of view. English Elizabeth had no sympathy with Jean's "path records."

How far bicycling is a real test of athletic-



From a Photo. by] A. F. DUFFY, THE HUNDRED YARDS CHAMPION. *[Mr. Frederic Coleman.*

ism remains a matter of dispute. The machine is a disturbing factor. But that long-distance cycling is a test of stamina, and a most exacting test, admits of no doubt. Yet here we are apparently behind the very Frenchman whose athletics some of us do ourselves the honour of laughing at!

In any pursuit involving the qualities of the *mécanicien* in any degree the French are to the fore. They, of course, regard automobilism as distinctly athletic. The average Englishman cannot away with this, and asks if engine-driving is athletic. But, all the same, automobilism of the kind allowed on the Continent—full-speed races from Paris to Marseilles or Berlin — is undoubtedly a severe, a very severe, test of nerve and stamina: assuredly important athletic qualities, these. The man who uses a motor-car merely instead of a brougham or landau is not an athlete on that score. But men who race—like Maurice Farman, Charles Jarrott, Chev. de Knyff, and the Hon. C. S. Rolls—are of another kidney. Anyhow, if automobilism is in any degree athletic, France is equal, if not superior, to England.

Track athletics form almost a subject apart, and might be dealt with at considerable length. The gist of the matter is that no non-English-speaking nation has yet produced a world's record-holder, or, indeed, provided its sons with a chance of becoming one; that, although the British Colonies have produced one or two athletes of supereminent ability, notably Godfrey Shaw, the great New Zealand hurdler, and M. Roseingrave, a remarkable Australian long-jumper, the world's records are now with America and England exclusively; and that America now is much ahead in the standard events.

In sprint-racing, hurdling, jumping, and hammer-throwing America is supreme. England, however, holds her own in the long distances.

In running America holds the records at all distances from one hundred to a thousand yards. The one hundred yards champion, A. F. Duffy, has the marvellous time of 9 3-5th sec. to his credit. B. J. Wefers, another remarkable sprinter, has done the two hundred and twenty yards in 21 1-5th sec., not to mention the one hundred yards in 9 4-5th sec. No Englishman is credited with under 10 sec. in the one hundred yards, though, perhaps, Downer and

PETER O'CONNOR, THE LONG-JUMP CHAMPION.
From a Photo. by G. D. Croker, Waterford.

Bradley have beaten that time. Two New Zealanders are credited with 9 4-5th sec., W. T. Macpherson and J. H. Hempton. In the quarter-mile W. M. Baker made the grand time of 47 3-5th sec., as against the English best, 48½, by H. C. Tindall. C. J. Kilpatrick's American half-mile time is 1 min. 53 2-5th sec., as against F. J. K. Cross's 1 min. 54 3-5th sec.

In the longer distances, from one to one hundred miles, we hold the records. But actual athletic sports events really do not include any distance over three miles. W. G. George's mile record, 4 min. 12¾ sec., is usually regarded as relatively the best record that has yet been made in distance running.

From a] J. H. FLANAGAN, CHAMPION HAMMER-THROWER. *[Photo.*

In hurdle-racing A. C. Kraenzlein has done 15 1-5th sec. for one hundred and twenty yards in America, and he is undoubtedly the finest hurdler the world has yet seen. The high-jump record belongs to M. F. Sweeney, an American, at 6ft. 5⅝in.; P. P. Leahy, of Ireland, has done 6ft. 4¾in. The long-jump record is ours: P. O'Connor, an Irishman, has jumped 24ft. 11¼in. A Canadian, C. R. Gray, has put the weight farthest, 47ft.; our best is 46ft. 5¼in. by an Irish champion, D. Horgan. The hammer-throw belongs to J. H. Flanagan, of America, with 171ft. 9in.

It is worth noting that both Sweeney, the high-jumper, and Flanagan, the hammer-thrower, are Irish-born, though American citizens. Taking this together with other facts, it is clear that the Irish are the finest natural jumpers, weight-putters, and hammer-throwers; and of this there is no question.

It is also clear that the American methods are the best in hammer-throwing and weight-putting. For, apart from actual records, their average standard is far higher than ours. And the same may be said of their hurdling and jumping. It is also certain that the Americans are either equal or superior to us in natural sprinting ability, and that their methods of training for short races are better than ours. As was mentioned in reference to cycling, the American climate is more favourable than ours to sprint-running; and it is also more favourable to jumping and hurdling. The members of the London Athletic team which went to New York a few years ago, though not well trained, did better performances there at short distances than they had ever done in England. But no first-rate American sprinter, hurdler, or jumper who has come to England has yet failed to make good the superiority indicated by his American times, even if he has failed quite to equal those times over here. It is the story of boxing over again. The American system of training and of practice is more scientific than ours. They are less conservative, ready to try all suggestions of theory, and to adopt them if found useful. In their athletics they are the most scientific, elaborate, and detailed of physical culturists. They succeed.

There is not the same scope for elaborate scientific training in long-distance running. Englishmen are undoubtedly finer distance runners than Americans. We are best in stamina, they in pace.

But it is sufficiently clear that, wherever brains and ingenuity can work for improvement, they progress while we stand still. Perhaps with us athletics are more of a sport and a pleasure. But the Americans get the results; and on actual records they, and not we, are the world's champions in track athletics.

THE CHANGING NUMBERS

BY

W·W·JACOBS

THE tall clock in the corner of the small living-room had just struck eight as Mr. Samuel Gunnill came stealthily down the winding staircase and, opening the door at the foot, stepped with an appearance of great care and humility into the room. He noticed with some anxiety that his daughter Selina was apparently engrossed in her task of attending to the plants in the window, and that no preparations whatever had been made for breakfast.

Miss Gunnill's horticultural duties seemed interminable. She snipped off dead leaves with painstaking precision, and administered water with the jealous care of a druggist compounding a prescription ; then, with her back still towards him, she gave vent to a sigh far too intense in its nature to have reference to such trivialities as plants. She repeated it twice, and at the second time Mr. Gunnill, almost without his knowledge, uttered a deprecatory cough.

His daughter turned with alarming swiftness and, holding herself very upright, favoured him with a glance in which indignation and surprise were very fairly mingled.

"That white one—that one at the end," said Mr. Gunnill, with an appearance of concentrated interest, "that's my fav'rite."

Miss Gunnill put her hands together, and a look of infinite long-suffering came upon her face, but she made no reply.

"Always has been," continued Mr. Gunnill, feverishly, "from a — from a cutting."

"Bailed out," said Miss Gunnill, in a deep and thrilling voice ; "bailed out at one o'clock in the morning, brought home singing loud enough for half-a-dozen, and then talking about flowers ! "

Mr. Gunnill coughed again.

"I was dreaming," pursued Miss Gunnill, plaintively, "sleeping peacefully, when I was awoke by a horrible noise."

"That couldn't ha' been me," protested her father. "I was only a bit cheerful. It was Benjamin Ely's birthday yesterday, and after we left the Lion they started singing, and I

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just hummed to keep 'em company. I wasn't singing, mind you, only humming—when up comes that interfering Cooper and takes me off."

Miss Gunnill shivered, and with her pretty cheek in her hand sat by the window the very picture of despondency. "Why didn't he take the others?" she inquired.

"*Ah!*" said Mr. Gunnill, with great emphasis, "that's what a lot more of us would like to know. P'r'aps if you'd been more polite to Mrs. Cooper, instead o' putting it about that she looked young enough to be his mother, it wouldn't have happened."

His daughter shook her head impatiently and, on Mr. Gunnill making an allusion to breakfast, expressed surprise that he had got the heart to eat anything. Mr. Gunnill pressing the point, however, she arose and began to set the table, the undue care with which she smoothed out the creases of the tablecloth, and the mathematical exactness with which she placed the various articles, all being so many extra smarts in his wound. When she finally placed on the table enough food for a dozen people he began to show signs of a little spirit.

"Ain't you going to have any?" he demanded, as Miss Gunnill resumed her seat by the window.

"*Me?*" said the girl, with a shudder. "Breakfast? The disgrace is breakfast enough for me. I couldn't eat a morsel; it would choke me."

Mr. Gunnill eyed her over the rim of his teacup. "I come down an hour ago," he said, casually, as he helped himself to some bacon.

Miss Gunnill started despite herself. "Oh!" she said, listlessly.

"And I see you making a very good breakfast all by yourself in the kitchen," continued her father, in a voice not free from the taint of triumph.

The discomfited Selina rose and stood regarding him; Mr. Gunnill, after a vain attempt to meet her gaze, busied himself with his meal.

"The idea of watching every mouthful I eat!" said Miss Gunnill, tragically; "the idea of complaining because I have some breakfast! I'd never have believed it of you, never! It's shameful! Fancy grudging your own daughter the food she eats!"

Mr. Gunnill eyed her in dismay. In his confusion he had overestimated the capacity of his mouth, and he now strove in vain to reply to this shameful perversion of his meaning. His daughter stood watching him with grief in one eye and calculation in the other, and, just as he had put himself into a position to exercise his rights of free speech, gave a pathetic sniff and walked out of the room.

She stayed indoors all day, but the necessity of establishing his innocence took Mr. Gunnill out a great deal. His neighbours, in the hope of further excitement, warmly pressed him to go to prison rather than pay a fine, and instanced the example of an officer in the Salvation Army who, in very different circumstances, had elected to take that course. Mr. Gunnill assured them that only his known antipathy to the army, and the fear of being regarded as one of its

"THE CONSTABLE WATCHED HIM WITH THE AIR OF A PROPRIETOR."

followers, prevented him from doing so. He paid instead a fine of ten shillings, and after listening to a sermon, in which his silver hairs served as the text, was permitted to depart.

His feeling against Police-constable Cooper increased with the passing of the days. The constable watched him with the air of a proprietor, and Mrs. Cooper's remark that "her husband had had his eye upon him for a long time, and that he had better be careful for the future," was faithfully retailed to him within half an hour of its utterance. Convivial friends counted his cups for him; teetotal friends more than hinted that Cooper was in the employ of his good angel.

Miss Gunnill's two principal admirers had an arduous task to perform. They had to attribute Mr. Gunnill's disaster to the vindictiveness of Cooper, and at the same time to agree with his daughter that it served him right. Between father and daughter they had a difficult time, Mr. Gunnill's sensitiveness having been much heightened by his troubles.

"Cooper ought not to have taken you," said Herbert Sims for the fiftieth time.

"He must ha' seen you like it dozens o' times before," said Ted Drill, who, in his determination not to be outdone by Mr. Sims, was not displaying his usual judgment. "Why didn't he take you then? That's what you ought to have asked the magistrate."

"I don't understand you," said Mr. Gunnill, with an air of cold dignity.

"Why," said Mr. Drill, "what I mean is—look at that night, for instance, when——"

He broke off suddenly, even his enthusiasm not being proof against the extraordinary contortions of visage in which Mr. Gunnill was indulging.

"When?" prompted Selina and Mr. Sims together. Mr. Gunnill, after first daring him with his eye, followed suit.

"That night at the Crown," said Mr. Drill, awkwardly. "You know; when you thought that Joe Baggs was the landlord. You tell 'em; you tell it best. I've roared over it."

"I don't know what you're driving at," said the harassed Mr. Gunnill, bitterly.

"*H'm!*" said Mr. Drill, with a weak laugh. "I've been mixing you up with somebody else."

Mr. Gunnill, obviously relieved, said that he ought to be more careful, and pointed out, with some feeling, that a lot of mischief was caused that way.

"Cooper wants a lesson, that's what he wants," said Mr. Sims, valiantly. "He'll get his head broke one of these days."

Mr. Gunnill acquiesced. "I remember when I was on the *Peewit*," he said, musingly, "one time when we were lying at Cardiff, there was a policeman there run one of our chaps in, and two nights afterwards another of our chaps pushed the policeman down in the mud and ran off with his staff and his helmet."

Miss Gunnill's eyes glistened. "What happened?" she inquired.

"He had to leave the force," replied her father; "he couldn't stand the disgrace of it. The chap that pushed him over was quite a little chap, too. About the size of Herbert here."

Mr. Sims started.

"Very much like him in face, too," pursued Mr. Gunnill; "daring chap he was."

Miss Gunnill sighed. "I wish he lived in Littlestow," she said, slowly. "I'd give anything to take that horrid Mrs. Cooper down a bit. Cooper would be the laughing-stock of the town."

Messrs. Sims and Drill looked unhappy. It was hard to have to affect an attitude of indifference in the face of Miss Gunnill's lawless yearnings; to stand before her as respectable and law-abiding cravens. Her eyes, large and sorrowful, dwelt on them both.

"If I—I only get a chance at Cooper!" murmured Mr. Sims, vaguely.

To his surprise, Mr. Gunnill started up from his chair and, gripping his hand, shook it fervently. He looked round, and Selina was regarding him with a glance so tender that he lost his head completely. Before he had recovered he had pledged himself to lay the helmet and truncheon of the redoubtable Mr. Cooper at the feet of Miss Gunnill; exact date not specified.

"Of course, I shall have to wait my opportunity," he said, at last.

"You wait as long as you like, my boy," said the thoughtless Mr. Gunnill.

Mr. Sims thanked him.

"Wait till Cooper's an old man," urged Mr. Drill.

Miss Gunnill, secretly disappointed at the lack of boldness and devotion on the part of the latter gentleman, eyed his stalwart frame indignantly and accused him of trying to make Mr. Sims as timid as himself. She turned to the valiant Sims and made herself so agreeable to that daring blade that Mr.

Drill, a prey to violent jealousy, bade the company a curt good-night and withdrew.

He stayed away for nearly a week, and then one evening as he approached the house, carrying a carpet-bag, he saw the door just opening to admit the fortunate Herbert. He quickened his pace and arrived just in time to follow him in. Mr. Sims, who bore under his arm a brown-paper parcel, seemed somewhat embarrassed at seeing him, and after a brief greeting walked into the room, and with a triumphant glance at Mr. Gunnill and Selina placed his burden on the table.

"HE SAW THE DOOR JUST OPENING TO ADMIT THE FORTUNATE HERBERT."

"You — you ain't got it?" said Mr. Gunnill, leaning forward.

"How foolish of you to run such a risk!" said Selina.

"I brought it for Miss Gunnill," said the young man, simply. He unfastened the parcel, and to the astonishment of all present revealed a policeman's helmet and a short boxwood truncheon.

"You—you're a wonder," said the gloating Mr. Gunnill. "Look at it, Ted!"

Mr. Drill *was* looking at it; it may be doubted whether the head of Mr. Cooper itself could have caused him more astonishment. Then his eyes sought those of Mr. Sims, but that gentleman was gazing tenderly at the gratified but shocked Selina.

"How ever did you do it?" inquired Mr. Gunnill.

"Came behind him and threw him down," said Mr. Sims, nonchalantly. "He was that scared I believe I could have taken his boots as well if I'd wanted them."

Mr. Gunnill patted him on the back. "I fancy I can see him running bare-headed through the town calling for help," he said, smiling.

Mr. Sims shook his head. "Like as not it'll be kept quiet for the credit of the force," he said, slowly, "unless, of course, they discover who did it."

A slight shade fell on the good-humoured countenance of Mr. Gunnill, but it was chased away almost immediately by Sims reminding him of the chaff of Cooper's brother-constables.

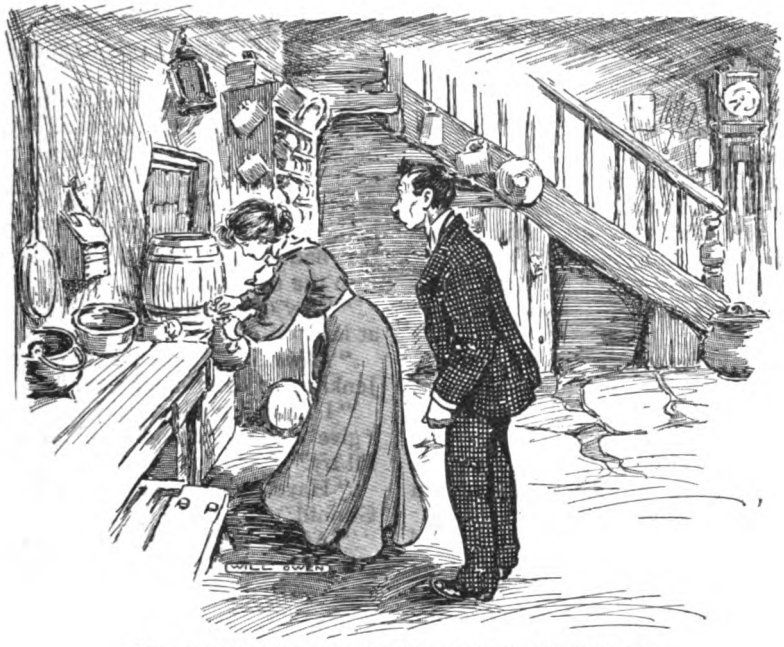
"And you might take the others away," said Mr. Gunnill, brightening; "you might keep on doing it."

Mr. Sims said doubtfully that he might, but pointed out that Cooper would probably be on his guard for the future.

"Yes, you've done your share," said Miss Gunnill, with a half-glance at Mr. Drill, who was still gazing in a bewildered fashion at the trophies. "You can come into the kitchen and help me draw some beer if you like."

Mr. Sims followed her joyfully, and reaching down a jug for her watched her tenderly as she drew the beer. All women love valour, but Miss Gunnill, gazing sadly at the slight figure of Mr. Sims, could not help wishing that Mr. Drill possessed a little of his spirit.

She had just finished her task when a tremendous bumping noise was heard in the



"MR. SIMS WATCHED HER TENDERLY AS SHE DREW THE BEER."

living-room, and the plates on the dresser were nearly shaken off their shelves.

"What's that?" she cried.

They ran to the room and stood aghast in the doorway at the spectacle of Mr. Gunnill, with his clenched fists held tightly by his side, bounding into the air with all the grace of a trained acrobat, while Mr. Drill encouraged him from an easy chair. Mr. Gunnill smiled broadly as he met their astonished gaze, and with a final bound kicked something along the floor and subsided into his seat panting.

Mr. Sims, suddenly enlightened, uttered a cry of dismay and, darting under the table, picked up what had once been a policeman's helmet. Then he snatched a partially consumed truncheon from the fire, and stood white and trembling before the astonished Mr. Gunnill.

"What's the matter?" inquired the latter.

"You—you've spoilt 'em," gasped Mr. Sims.

"What of it?" said Mr. Gunnill, staring.

"I was—going to take 'em away," stammered Mr. Sims.

"Well, they'll be easier to carry now," said Mr. Drill, simply.

Mr. Sims glanced at him sharply, and then, to the extreme astonishment of Mr. Gunnill, snatched up the relics and, wrapping them up in the paper, dashed out of the house. Mr. Gunnill turned a look of blank inquiry upon Mr. Drill.

"It wasn't Cooper's number on the helmet," said that gentleman.

"*Eh?*" shouted Mr. Gunnill.

"How do you know?" inquired Selina.

"I just happened to notice," replied Mr. Drill.

He reached down as though to take up the carpet-bag which he had placed by the side of his chair, and then, apparently thinking better of it, leaned back in his seat and eyed Mr. Gunnill.

"Do you mean to tell me," said the latter, "that he's been and upset the wrong man?"

Mr. Drill shook his head. "That's the puzzle," he said, softly.

He smiled over at Miss Gunnill, but that young lady, who found him somewhat mysterious, looked away and frowned. Her father sat and exhausted conjecture, his final conclusion being that Mr. Sims had attacked the first policeman that had come in his way and was now suffering the agonies of remorse.

He raised his head sharply at the sound of hurried footsteps outside. There was a smart rap at the street door, then the handle was turned, and the next moment, to the dismay of all present, the red and angry face of one of Mr. Cooper's brother-constables was thrust into the room.

Mr. Gunnill gazed at it in helpless fascination. The body of the constable garbed in plain clothes followed the face and, standing before him in a menacing fashion, held out a broken helmet and staff.

"Have you seen these afore?" he inquired, in a terrible voice.

"No," said Mr. Gunnill, with an attempt at surprise. "What are they?"

"I'll tell you what they are," said Police-constable Jenkins, ferociously; "they're my helmet and truncheon. You've been spoiling His Majesty's property, and you'll be locked up."

"*Yours?*" said the astonished Mr. Gunnill.

"I lent 'em to young Sims, just for a joke," said the constable. "I felt all along I was doing a silly thing."

"It's no joke," said Mr. Gunnill, severely. "I'll tell young Herbert what I think of him trying to deceive me like that."

"Never mind about deceiving," interrupted the constable. "What are you going to do about it?"

"What are you?" inquired Mr. Gunnill, hardily. "It seems to me it's between you and him; you'll very likely be dismissed from the force, and all through trying to deceive. I wash my hands of it."

"You'd no business to lend it," said Drill, interrupting the constable's indignant retort; "especially for Sims to pretend that he had stolen it from Cooper. It's a roundabout sort of thing, but you can't tell of Mr. Gunnill without getting into trouble yourself."

"I shall have to put up with that," said the constable, desperately; "it's got to be explained. It's my day-helmet, too, and the night one's as shabby as can be. Twenty years in the force and never a mark against my name till now."

"If you'd only keep quiet a bit instead of talking so much," said Mr. Drill, who had been doing some hard thinking, "I might be able to help you, p'r'aps."

"How?" inquired the constable.

"Help him if you can, Ted," said Mr. Gunnill, eagerly; "we ought all to help others when we get a chance."

Mr. Drill sat bolt upright and looked very wise.

He took the smashed helmet from the table and examined it carefully. It was broken in at least half-a-dozen places, and he laboured in vain to push it into shape. He might as well have tried to make a silk hat out of a concertina. The only thing that had escaped injury was the metal plate with the number.

"Why don't you mend it?" he inquired, at last.

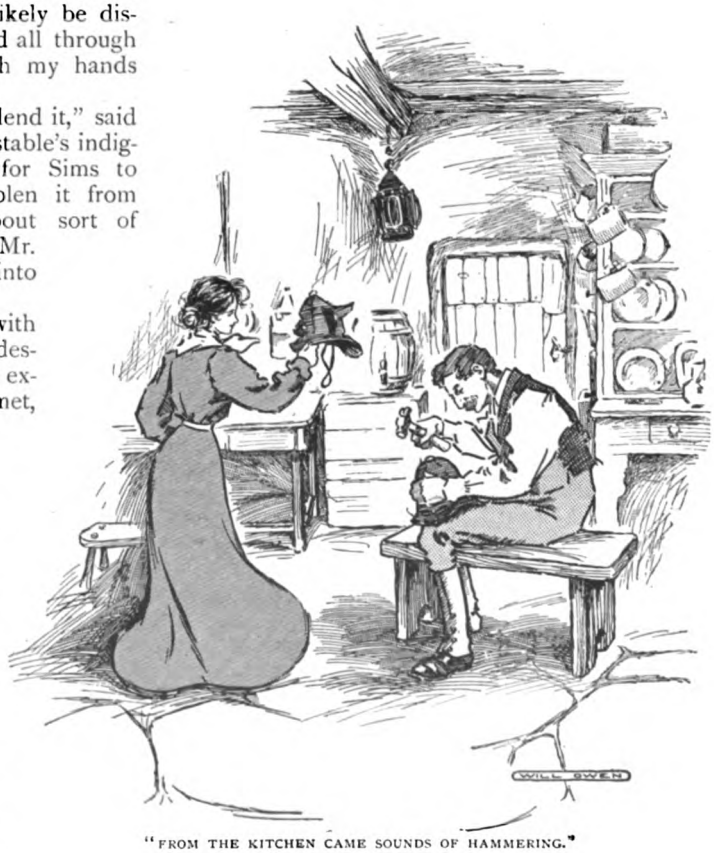
"*Mend* it?" shouted the incensed Mr. Jenkins. "Why don't you?"

"I think I could," said Mr. Drill, slowly; "give me half an hour in the kitchen and I'll try."

"Have as long as you like," said Mr. Gunnill.

"And I shall want some glue, and Miss Gunnill, and some tin-tacks," said Drill.

"What do you want me for?" inquired Selina.



"FROM THE KITCHEN CAME SOUNDS OF HAMMERING."

"To hold the things for me," replied Mr. Drill.

Miss Gunnill tossed her head, but after a little demur consented; and Drill, ignoring the impatience of the constable, picked up his bag and led the way into the kitchen. Messrs. Gunnill and Jenkins, left behind in the living-room, sought for some neutral topic of discourse, but in vain; conversation would revolve round hard labour and lost pensions.

From the kitchen came sounds of hammering, then a loud "*Ooh!*" from Miss Gunnill, followed by a burst of laughter and a clapping of hands. Mr. Jenkins shifted in his seat and exchanged glances with Mr. Gunnill.

"He's a clever fellow," said that gentleman, hopefully. "You should hear him imitate a canary; lifelike it is."

Mr. Jenkins was about to make a hasty and obvious rejoinder, when the kitchen door opened and Selina emerged, followed by Drill. The snarl which the constable had prepared died away in a murmur of astonishment as he took the helmet. It looked as good as ever.

He turned it over and over in amaze, and looked in vain for any signs of the disastrous cracks. It was stiff and upright. He looked at the number: it was his own. His eyes round with astonishment he tried it on, and then his face relaxed.

"It don't fit as well as it did," he said.

"Well, upon my word, some people are never satisfied," said the indignant Drill. "There isn't another man in England could have done it better."

"I'm not grumbling," said the constable, hastily; "it's a wonderful piece o' work. Wonderful! I can't even see where it was broke. How on earth did you do it?"

Drill shook his head. "It's a secret process," he said, slowly. "I might want to go into the hat trade some day, and I'm not going to give things away."

"Quite right," said Mr. Jenkins. "Still—well, it's a marvel, that's what it is; a fair marvel. If you take my advice you'll go in the hat trade to-morrow, my lad."

"I'm not surprised," said Mr. Gunnill, whose face as he spoke was a map of astonishment. "Not a bit. I've seen him do more surprising things than that. Have a go at the staff now, Teddy."

"I'll see about it," said Mr. Drill, modestly. "I can't do impossibilities. You leave it here, Mr. Jenkins, and we'll talk about it later on."

Mr. Jenkins, still marvelling over his helmet, assented, and, after another reference to the possibilities in the hat trade to a man with a born gift for repairs, wrapped his property in a piece of newspaper and departed, whistling.

"Ted," said Mr. Gunnill, impressively, as he sank into his chair with a sigh of relief. "How you done it I don't know. It's a surprise even to me."

"He is very clever," said Selina, with a kind smile.

Mr. Drill turned pale, and then, somewhat emboldened by praise from such a quarter, dropped into a chair by her side and began to talk in low tones. The grateful Mr. Gunnill, more relieved than he cared to confess, thoughtfully closed his eyes.

"I didn't think all along that you'd let Herbert outdo you," said Selina.

"I want to outdo *him*," said Mr. Drill, in a voice of much meaning.

Miss Gunnill cast down her eyes and Mr. Drill had just plucked up sufficient courage to take her hand when footsteps stopped at the house, the handle of the door was turned, and, for the second time that evening, the inflamed visage of Mr. Jenkins confronted the company.

"Don't tell me it's a failure," said Mr. Gunnill, starting from his chair. "You must have been handling it roughly. It was as good as new when you took it away."

Mr. Jenkins waved him away and fixed his eyes upon Drill.

"You think you're mighty clever, I dare say," he said, grimly; "but I can put two and two together. I've just heard of it."

"Heard of two and two?" said Drill, looking puzzled.

"I don't want any of your nonsense," said Mr. Jenkins. "I'm not on duty now, but I warn you not to say anything that may be used against you."

"I never do," said Mr. Drill, piously.

"Somebody threw a handful o' flour in poor Cooper's face a couple of hours ago," said Mr. Jenkins, watching him closely, "and while he was getting it out of his eyes they upset him and made off with his helmet and truncheon. I just met Brown and he says Cooper's been going on like a madman."

"By Jove! it's a good job I mended your helmet for you," said Mr. Drill, "or else they might have suspected you."

Mr. Jenkins stared at him. "I know who did do it," he said, significantly.

"Herbert Sims?" guessed Mr. Drill, in a stage whisper.

"You'll be one o' the first to know," said Mr. Jenkins, darkly; "he'll be arrested

"'DON'T CALL ON ME AS A WITNESS, THAT'S ALL,' CONTINUED MR. DRILL."

to-morrow. Fancy the impudence of it! It's shocking."

Mr. Drill whistled. "Well, don't let that little affair o' yours with Sims be known," he said, quietly. "Have that kept quiet—*if you can.*"

Mr. Jenkins started as though he had been stung. In the joy of a case he had overlooked one or two things. He turned and regarded the young man wistfully.

"Don't call on me as a witness, that's all," continued Mr. Drill. "I never was a mischief-maker, and I shouldn't like to have to tell how you lent your helmet to Sims so that he could pretend he had knocked Cooper down and taken it from him."

"Wouldn't look at all well," said Mr. Gunnill, nodding his head sagely.

Mr. Jenkins breathed hard and looked from one to the other. It was plain that it was no good reminding them that he had not had a case for five years.

"When I say that I know who did it," he said, slowly, "I mean that I have my suspicions."

"Ah!" said Mr. Drill, "that's a very different thing."

"Nothing like the same," said Mr. Gunnill, pouring the constable a glass of ale.

Mr. Jenkins drank it and smacked his lips feebly.

"Sims needn't know anything about that helmet being repaired," he said at last.

"Certainly not," said everybody.

Mr. Jenkins sighed and turned to Drill.

"It's no good spoiling the ship for a ha'porth o' tar," he said, with a faint suspicion of a wink.

"No," said Drill, looking puzzled.

"Anything that's worth doing at all is worth doing well," continued the constable, "and while I'm drinking another glass with Mr. Gunnill here, suppose you go into the kitchen with that useful bag o' yours and finish repairing my truncheon?"

"*As Others See Us.*"

HOW ENGLAND STRIKES A FOREIGNER.

By Gertrude Bacon.

"TO see ourselves as others see us" is, we frequently declare, a gift devoutly to be wished for; and though it has to be confessed that this wish is more often expressed for the benefit of our neighbours than for ourselves, yet, undoubtedly, to learn what are the opinions concerning us, what impressions we create in other minds, what advantages or failings we possess in other eyes, is always intensely interesting, and should be not a little instructive.

A short while ago it occurred to the writer to approach a certain number of eminent men of other nations who were at that time in England, or who had, on former occasions, paid a visit to our shores, and endeavour to gain from them some brief expression of their views as to our country and what they had seen in it. To make the request as modest as possible and give as little trouble as might be, one single representative question only was asked, to which the briefest reply would suffice: "What have you been most impressed with in all London?"

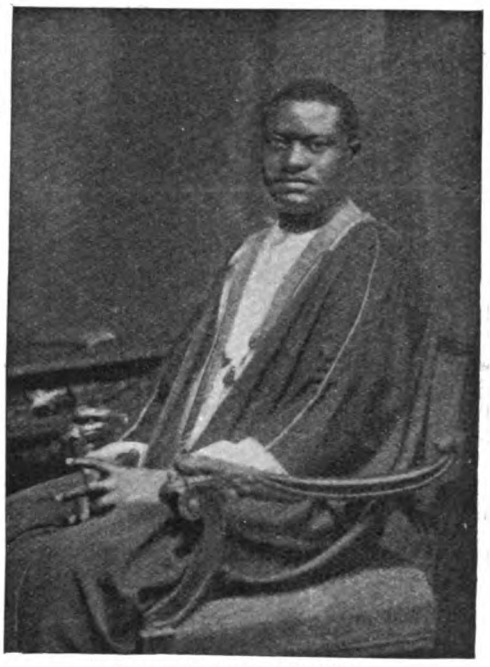
This question has been put to distinguished visitors who are representative of many and widely-distant countries, and, as it has happened, the past year has proved unusually favourable for the purpose. A larger concourse of foreigners from the remotest corners of the globe has lately gathered in London than has probably ever been known in history. London, too, has displayed herself to their gaze in altogether unusual fashion. Undemonstrative and reserved as is her nature, typical of the Anglo-Saxon character, she has, during the dramatic scenes of a never-to-be-forgotten summer, been stirred to an unwonted display of widely different feelings: one hour jubilant, exultant, proud, and boastful; the next, sorrow-stricken, helpless, humbled, fearful, dreading each moment tidings that would turn the flaunting flags and the gay-decked streets into the most terrible mockery to be conceived. Our guests from other shores saw all this, and saw also the brave rally from the crushing blow and the chastened, though yet deeper, rejoicings that came at length after patient waiting.

And that what they thus saw impressed them not a little is amply evident. "The thing that struck me most in London was the calmness of the people in passing from animated joy to dignified sadness on hearing of the illness of His Majesty." Thus wrote Señor Leon Vallez, special Coronation Envoy of Honduras, the far-off Central American Republic. The same feeling is voiced in the words of an eminent German writer, who also has recorded how London at Coronation time appealed to him. "The human beings were the street decorations which I admired," he says. "Upon the short route London had poured its millions. Hundreds of thousands, moreover, had come from the country and from abroad to witness the historic sight. And these millions, who stood and sat and squatted in a dense mass, represented the spectacle of a crowd which, at the moment of intensest excitement, never lost its self-restraint."

Señor Vallez, however, has more to say regarding his impressions of London: "It also appears to me remarkable the manner in which the traffic immediately obeys the least sign of the police without any recriminations, even in the busiest thoroughfares." Is mutual recrimination the rule (of the road), we wonder, in the towns of the Honduras Republic? We in London have grown so accustomed to the orderly, quiet management of our teeming streets, and the firm but gentle sway of our blue-coated guardians (one might almost say guardian angels), that we are apt to treat as a matter of course an organization which strikes our foreign visitors as something very remarkable. Hear what our German critic has to say on the subject: "Again and again the comparison with large Continental cities was forced upon me. What an army of police, both mounted and on foot, in uniform and masquerading in plain clothes, is required even on quite unimportant occasions!—and here we have only a handful of constables, amiable and obliging, who are both the friends and the servants of the public, and can control the movements of thousands of free-born men and women by a single gesture." High praise, indeed; nor, as will be seen, is this

the last word said on the subject by our friends of other nations. Truly, Robert is an admirable institution and worthy of all the good things that can be said of him.

From the wilds of Central Africa—from that till lately unknown, unexploited, but fertile, and presently to be important British possession, Uganda—came, to attend the Coronation, the dark-skinned, but shrewd and amiable, Minister, Apalo Katukiro. He came to a country as widely different from his own as can well be conceived, and to a city the like of which he can scarcely have dreamt of amid his tropic forests. His opinion of London, therefore, as expressed in his own characteristic imagery, and signed by his own hand, will be read with interest :—



APALO KATUKIRO, OF UGANDA.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

"I wondered at the greatness of London, and the streets, and the people like locusts in number, and the large houses, and the Houses of Parliament, and the Central London Railway, and the Foreign Office. I was pleased with the schools and hospitals. — (Signed) APALO KATUKIRO."

The Uganda Minister is not singular in his wonder at the Houses of Parliament. The same great building—in truth, a most impressive sight of London—appealed strongly to Kaid Abderrahman Ben Abdersadek, the Moorish Envoy, who, with the members of his suite, made a special pilgrimage thither one day last summer. It was remarked at the time that just two hundred and twenty years before a fellow-countryman of his paid a visit to the adjoining palace of Whitehall to be received by His Majesty King Charles, and Evelyn describes how "he came up to the Throne without making any sort of reverence — not bowing his head or body."

KAID ABDERRAHMAN BEN ABDERSADEK, THE MOORISH ENVOY.
From a Photo. by Lafayette.

King Lewanika, ebony-coloured monarch of Barotseland, was also impressed with the Houses of Parliament; but it was the interior thereof — more especially the House of Lords — that seems to have astounded him. His Majesty, with a train of dusky attendants, was ushered with all due solemnity to the gallery of that august chamber on an occasion when the speeches delivered, though important, were not models of oratorical power. With deep astonishment the black King looked down upon the group of elderly, somnolent gentlemen conducting the business of the Empire, and many were the questions he put to the interpreter on bended knee beside him. What form these questions took has been described ("with an effort of imagination") by the special correspondent of a leading provincial paper. "Who," asked the King, "is the little gentleman in the wig so soundly asleep on the couch at the top of the room?" Down went the interpreter's knee and up went the King's eyebrows as the information passed that the innocent slumberer in question was no other than the Lord Chancellor. "Then who can that be," asked the King, anxiously, "with his head hanging backwards over the back of the bench, with his mouth wide open,

KING LEWANIKA OF BAROTSELAND.
From a Photo.

and his eyes so tightly closed?" and it is said by this veracious chronicler that, when informed it was the Leader of the House of Lords, His Majesty wisely desisted from further inquiry.

The same feature of our great city—and that, too, a feature which from its very familiarity fails to impress the Londoner in an equal degree, unless his attention is specially drawn to it—has appealed to famous representatives of two widely separated nations. In answer to the writer's query as to what in our capital had most impressed him, his Excellency Signor Joaquin Nabuco, the Brazilian Minister, most courteously replied, "The parks—their number and their size—inside the County of London." At the same time, Auguste Rodin, the eminent French sculptor, says that one of his most vivid impressions of a visit to London he paid some twelve years ago was of the parks and of their delicious solitude — "where in a minute or two I could isolate myself as completely from the rest of the world as if the city were a hundred miles away."

If not the parks themselves, at least a certain aspect of them also seems to have appealed strongly to that keen observer and merciless, albeit kindly, critic of our country and countrymen (and women)—Max O'Rell. M. Paul Blouët, to give him his rightful, though less familiar, name, writes in characteristic fashion: "The most admirable sight to be seen in London is that of a popular meeting in Hyde Park. Not only are not the speakers interfered with, molested, much less arrested, but *protected* by the police. What a lesson in liberty to the French Republic!"

So far so good, and very flattering to our national vanity, but M. Blouët does not stop here. "The most objectionable institution in London," he continues, "is without doubt its four-wheeled cab—a survival of times at least as far distant as that of Nebuchadnezzar"—and a long-suffering public who for generations has meekly and uncomplainingly borne the burden of the growler and its inartistic driver will feelingly echo the popular Frenchman's stricture.

And how do our Yankee cousins regard us? Their comments cannot fail to be of the very highest interest, for do they not profess that in their new civilization of the West, unhampered by the clinging bonds of precedent and tradition, they have, profiting by experience dearly purchased in older communities, built up mighty cities of their own which are models to all the world? Praise from the Americans is praise indeed, and it was with much gratification that we read, in a contemporary, how London in Coronation year struck the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, United States Senator from the State of New York, and a bearer of other

HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

honours too numerous to mention. Again it is Robert who comes in for the chief share of his admiration. "The London policeman is a marvel, compared with his comrades in France, Germany, Italy, or Russia. He is everybody's friend, he never loses his head or temper, he challenges admiration as a skilful tactician, as, without noise or fuss or parade, he bravely wins bloodless victories."

PROFESSOR BARNARD, OF YERKES OBSERVATORY.
From a Photo.

Other nice things Mr. Depew has to say of us. One specially graceful compliment concerns our hospitality: "The attraction of London to the annual visitor is its cordial and charming hospitality. It is at the dinner-table and in the drawing-room that London becomes the capital of the Old World." This from the representative of a nation so renownedly hospitable as is America.

Professor Barnard, the eminent Transatlantic astronomer, discoverer of Jupiter's fifth satellite, and shining light of the Yerkes Observatory—the greatest observatory in the world—discussed his opinions of London freely with the writer.

"I admire your city," he said, "but I cannot stand your antiquated open fireplaces. I was in London in winter-time last, and I never was warm once. The only place where I might have been warm, it seemed to me, was sitting astride of the chimney-pots, up which you allow all the warmth of your fires to escape." Asked what pleased him most, the Professor at once replied: "Oh, the British bobby and the way he regulates the traffic. He is a model for all nations, and especially for our New York policemen, who appear fit for no other function in life but to expectorate."

THE LATE GENERAL LUCAS MEYER.
From a Photo.

And Sousa—presiding genius of brass bands, popular hero, the delight of nations—was he serious when he stated that the object in all London—nay, in all England—which most impressed him was the railway footwarmer? Alas! with blushes may we own that this interesting relic of antiquity, much as we treasure it for its historic value and old associations, may, perchance, savour to the go-ahead Yankee of a spirit of trustful conservatism carried, possibly, a thought too far!

One opinion on London obtained by the writer has a certain melancholy interest of its own which enhances its value. First of the Boer generals to put our friendship to the test and come to England after the conclusion of the Peace was the late Lucas Meyer. He paid a fleeting visit to our capital and then crossed to the Continent, where, only a few days later, he suddenly breathed his last. When asked, during his brief sojourn in London, his opinion of that city, he replied that his time had been so short and taken up with visitors that he had seen none of the "sights" of London. He had, however, been "very favourably impressed," and his only stricture was that so much that was fine was allowed to be spoilt by soot and grime — factors unknown in the clear air of the veldt.

One other of the Boer generals has furnished us —most courteously—with his opinions of our capital, and in so doing has placed yet another laurel on the now almost overweighted brows of Robert the Revered. General Ben. Viljoen's answer is here given in full:—

"MADAM,—In reply to your query I may

say that what impressed me most in London was the vast amount of traffic and the artful manner in which it was regulated. Beyond that the beautiful pictures along the streets struck me most.—Yours, etc.,

(Signed)

"B. J. VILJOEN,
"General Boer Forces."

The "beautiful pictures" were, of course, the advertisement posters.

Lastly, the expressions have been obtained of certain of the most eminent of the Coronation guests—whose opinions are, perhaps, more important to us than those of any other visitors, and whom we should most desire to carry back a favourable impression of what they have seen—the Indian Princes.

The Maharajah Scindia, ruler of Gwalior, while acknowledging that he had been struck by many things, refused to particularize.

GENERAL BEN. VILJOEN.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

HIS HIGHNESS CHHATRAPATI, MAHARAJAH OF KOLHAPUR.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

His Highness Chhatrapati, Maharajah of Kolhapur, however, graciously consented to be more explicit. "The hospitality with which we have been received," he writes, "has most appealed to us. The rush of business, compared with European cities, has most impressed us. The police organization and their quiet control of traffic" (Robert again!) "have struck us greatly. The immensity of London and the greenness of the country have made all our preconceived ideas pale."

This is pleasant reading, and gratifying withal, in days when it seems to have become the fashion to decry most things simply because they chance to be English. But undoubtedly the highest note of praise, not of the Indian Princes alone, but of all the foreign visitors whose criticisms are here cited, has been struck by that shrewd and popular potentate, Sir Pertab Singh: "What appeals to me most in London is the fact that the people of England all appear to have some definite object in life and do not merely exist, and so follow Manu's injunction, that a human being should be a 'man' and not merely an 'animal.'"

SIR PERTAB SINGH.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

The Sorceress of the Strand.

By L. T. Meade and Robert Eustace.

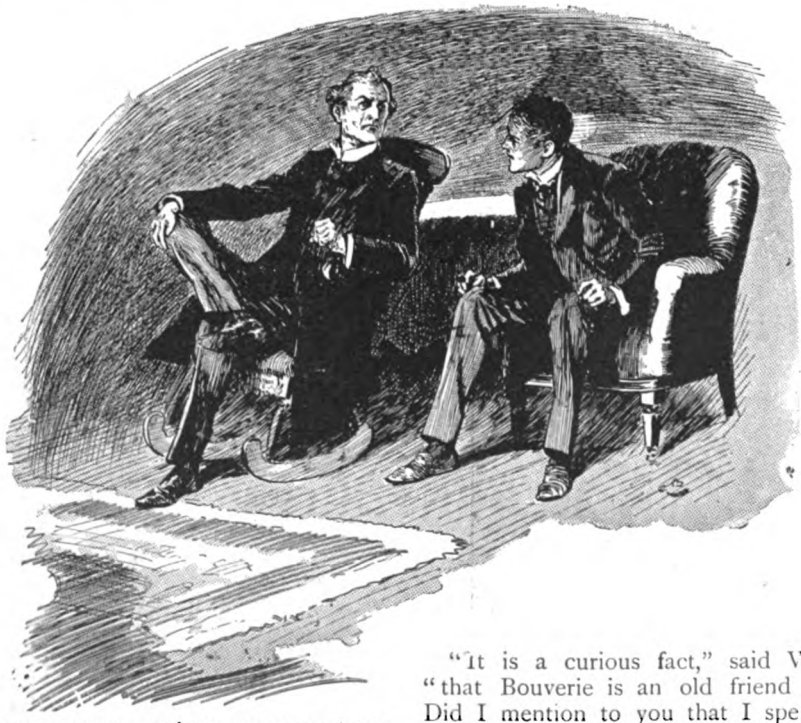
V.—THE BLOODSTONE.

ON a certain bright spring morning Violet Sale married Sir John Bouverie, and six months later, when autumn was fast developing into a somewhat rigorous winter, I received an invitation to spend a week or fortnight at their beautiful place, Greylands, in the neighbourhood of Potter's Bar. Violet at the time of her marriage was only nineteen years of age. She and her brother Hubert were my special friends. They were by many years my juniors, but their mother at her death had asked me to show them friendship and to advise them in any troubles that might arise in the circumstances of their lives. They were both charming young people, and having been left complete control of quite a large property were in a somewhat exceptional position. Hubert was remarkably handsome, and Violet had the freshness and charm of a true English girl.

On the evening before my visit to Greylands Vandeleur came to see me. He looked restless and ill at ease.

"So you are going to spend a fortnight at the Bouveries'?" he said.

"Yes," I replied. "I look forward with great pleasure to the visit, Violet being such an old friend of mine."



"'IT IS A CURIOUS FACT,' SAID VANDELEUR, 'THAT BOUVERIE IS AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE.'"

"It is a curious fact," said Vandeleur, "that Bouverie is an old friend of mine. Did I mention to you that I spent a week with them both in Scotland two months ago? I had then the privilege of prescribing for Lady Bouverie."

"Indeed!" I answered, in some amazement. "I did not know that you gave your medical services except to your own division of police."

He laughed.

"My dear fellow, what is a doctor worth if he doesn't on all occasions and under every circumstance practise when required the healing art? Lady Bouverie was in a very low condition, her nerves out of order—in fact, I never saw anyone such a complete wreck. I prescribed some heroic measures with drugs, and I am given to understand that she is slightly better. I should like you to watch her, Druce, and give me your true opinion, quite frankly."

There was something in his tone which caused me to look at him uneasily.

"Are you keeping anything back?" I asked.

"Yes and no," was his answer. "I don't understand a healthy English girl being shattered by nerves, and"—he sprang to his feet as he spoke—"she is hand and glove with Madame Sara."

"What!" I cried.

"She owns to the fact and glories in it. Madame has cast her accustomed spell over her. I warned Lady Bouverie on no account to consult her medically, and she promised. But, there, how far is a woman's word, under given circumstances, to be depended upon?"

"Violet would certainly keep her word," I answered, in a tone almost of indignation.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Your friend Violet is human," he answered. "She is losing her looks; she gets thinner and older-looking day by day. Under such circumstances any woman who holds the secrets Madame Sara does would compel another to be guided by her advice. At present Sir John has not the slightest idea that Lady Bouverie consulted me, but if you have any reason to fear that Madame is treating her we must tell him the truth at once. I have opened your eyes. You will, I am sure, do what is necessary."

He left me a few minutes later, and I sat by the fire pondering over his words.

Sir John Bouverie was a man of considerable note. He was a great deal older than his young wife, and held a high position in the Foreign Office.

I reached Greylands the next morning soon after breakfast, to find the country bathed in sunshine, the air both crisp and warm, and on the lawn the dew glistening like myriads of sparkling gems.

Sir John gave me a hearty welcome; he told me that Violet had not yet come downstairs, and then hurried me to my room to change and join the day's shooting-party.

We had excellent sport and did not reach home again until five o'clock. Lady Bouverie and several guests were at tea in the library. Although Vandeleur had in a measure prepared me for a great change in her appearance, I was shocked and startled when I saw her. As a girl Violet Sale had been bright, upright, dark of eye, with a vivid colour and an offhand, dashing, joyous sort of manner. A perfect radiance of life seemed to emanate from her. To be in her presence was to be assured of a good time, so merry was her laugh, so contagious her high spirits. Now she looked old, almost haggard, her colour gone, her eyes tired, dull, and sunken. She was scarcely twenty yet, but had anyone spoken of her as a woman past thirty the remark would provoke no denial.

Just for a moment as our eyes met hers brightened, and a vivid, beautiful colour filled her cheeks.

"This is good!" she cried. "I am so glad you have come! It will be like old times to have a long talk with you, Dixon. Come over now to this cosy nook by the fire and let us begin at once."

She crossed the room as she spoke, and I followed her.

"All my guests have had tea, or if they have not they will help themselves," she continued. "Muriel," she added, addressing a pretty girl in a white tea-gown, who stood near, "help everyone, won't you? I am so excited at seeing my old friend, Dixon Druce, again. Now then, Dixon, let us step back a few years into the sunny past. Don't you remember——"

She plunged into old recollections, and as she did so the animation in her sweet eyes and the colour in her cheeks removed a good deal of the painful impression which her first appearance had given me. We talked, Lady Bouverie laughed, and all went well until I suddenly made an inquiry with regard to Hubert.

Now, Hubert had been the darling of Violet's early life. He was about three years her senior, and as fascinating and gay and light-hearted a young fellow as I had ever seen. Violet turned distinctly pale when I spoke of him now. She was silent for a few minutes, then she raised her eyes appealingly and said, in a clear, distinct voice:—

"Hubert is quite well, I believe. Of course, you remember that he was obliged to go to Australia on business just before my marriage, but I hear from him constantly."

"I should have thought he would have been back by now," was my answer. "What has he done with the bungalow?"

"Let it to a very special friend. She goes there for week-ends. You must have heard of her—Madame Sara."

"Oh, my dear Violet," I could not help saying, "why did Hubert let the place to her, of all people?"

"Why not?" was her answer. She started up as she spoke. "I am very fond of Madame Sara, Dixon. But do you know her? You look as though you did."

"Too well," I replied.

Her lips pouted.

"I see this is a subject on which we are not likely to agree," she answered. "I love Madame, and, for that matter, so does Hubert. I never met anyone who had such an influence over him. Sometimes I think that if she were a little younger and he a little older—but, there, of course, his devotion to her is not of that kind. She can do anything with him, however. He went to Australia entirely to please her. How strange you look! Have I said too much? But, there, I must not talk to you any more for the present. The fascination of your company has made me forget my other duties."

She left me, and I presently found myself in my own room, where, seated by the fire, I thought over matters. I did not like the aspect of affairs. The Willows let to Madame Sara; Hubert in Australia and evidently on Madame's business; could Violet's all too manifest trouble have anything to do with Hubert? Her manner by no means deceived me; she was concealing something. How ill she looked; how changed! Those forced spirits, that struggle to be animated, did not for a single moment blind me to the true fact that Violet was unhappy.

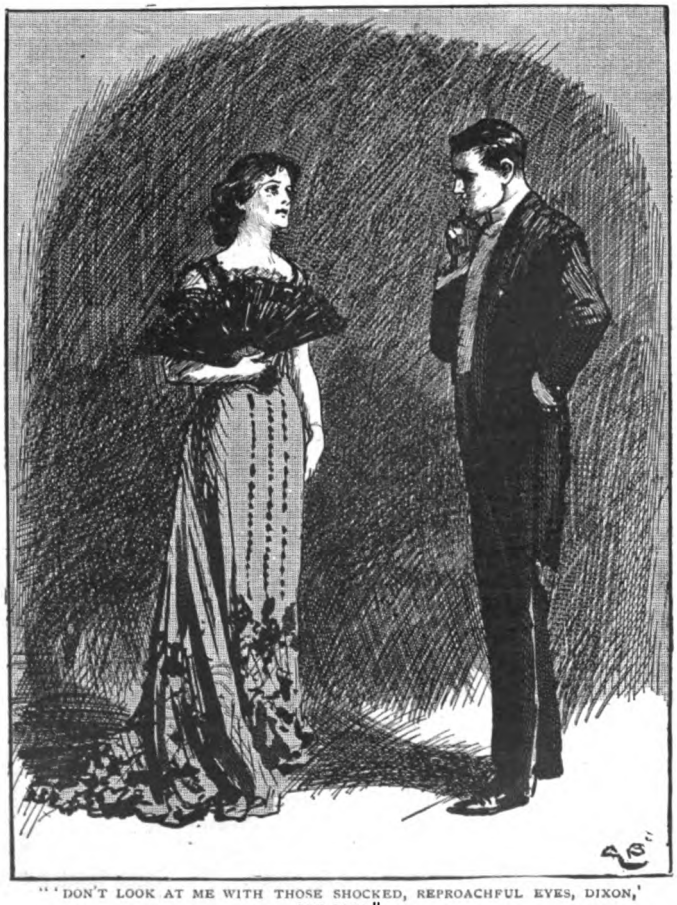
At dinner that evening I again noticed young Lady Bouverie's tired and yet excited appearance. Once her dark eyes met mine, but she looked away immediately. She was in distress. What could be wrong?

It was one of Sir John's peculiarities to sit up very late, and that night after the ladies had retired to rest we went into the billiard-room. After indulging in a couple of games I lit a fresh cigar, and, feeling the air of the room somewhat hot, stepped out on to the wide veranda, which happened to be deserted. I had taken one or two turns when I heard the rustle of a dress behind me, and, turning, saw Violet. She was wearing the long, straight, rather heavy, pearl-grey velvet dress which I had admired, and yet thought too old for her, earlier in the evening. She came up eagerly to my side. As I had bidden her good-night a long time ago, I could not help showing my astonishment.

"Don't look at me with those shocked, reproachful eyes, Dixon," she said, in a low voice. "I am lucky to catch you like this. I want to speak to you about something."

"Certainly," I replied. "Shall we go over to those chairs, or will you feel it too cold?"

"Not at all. Yes, let us go over there."



"'DON'T LOOK AT ME WITH THOSE SHOCKED, REPROACHFUL EYES, DIXON,' SHE SAID."

I drew forward one of the chairs at the corner of the veranda, wondering greatly what was coming.

Lady Bouverie looked up at me as I stood by her side, with some of the old, frank expression in her brown eyes.

"Dixon," she said, "I want you to help me and not to question me; whatever your private thoughts may be I want you to keep them to yourself. This is a most private and important matter, and I demand your help to get me through it satisfactorily."

"You have only to command," I replied.

As I spoke I glanced at her anxiously. The moonlight had caught her face, and I saw how deadly white she was. Her lips quivered. Suddenly her eyes filled with tears. She took out a tiny lace handkerchief and wiped them away. In a moment she had recovered her self-control and continued:—

"I am in great trouble just now, and the bitter part of it is that I can confide it to no one. But I want you, as an old friend, to do a little business for me. I can't manage it myself, or I would not ask you. I have not told my husband anything about it, nor do I wish him to know. It is not my duty to tell him, for the affair is my own, not his. You understand?"

"No," I answered, boldly, "I cannot understand any circumstances in which a wife could rightly have a trouble apart from her husband."

"Oh, don't be so goody-goody, Dixon," she said, with some petulance. "If you won't help me without lecturing, you are much changed from the old Dixon Druce who used to give us such jolly times when he called himself our dear old uncle at The Willows. Say at once whether you will go right on with this thing, or whether I shall get someone else to do what I require."

I thought of Madame, who would not scruple to do anything to get this girl into her power.

"Of course I will help you," I said. "We will leave out the goody part and go straight to business. What is it?"

"Now you are nice and like your own old self," she replied. "Please listen attentively. I have in my private box some rupee coupon bonds, payable to bearer. These I inherited among other securities at my mother's death. I want to realize them into cash immediately. I could not do so personally without my husband's knowledge, as I should have to correspond with, or go to see, the family broker in the City. Now, I want you to sell them for me at the best price. I know the price is low owing to the fall in silver, but as they are bearer bonds there will be no transfer deeds to sign, and you can take them to your broker and get the money at once. Can you do this for me to-morrow? I hate asking you, but if you would do it I should be so grateful. The fact is, I must somehow have the money before to-morrow night."

"I will certainly do it," I replied. "I can run up to town to-morrow morning on the plea of urgent business, which will be quite true, and bring you back the money to-morrow afternoon."

Her words had filled me with apprehension, but it was quite impossible, after what she had just said, to attempt to gain her confidence as to the cause of her wish for a sudden supply of cash unknown to her husband. Could she want the money for Hubert? But he was in Australia.

"Is the amount a large one?" I asked.

"Not very," she answered. "I think the bonds should realize, at the present price, about two thousand six hundred pounds."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "That appears to me a large sum."

The amount doubled my anxiety. A sudden impulse seized me.

"We are old friends, Violet," I said, laying my hand on her arm. "You and Hubert and I once swore eternal friendship. Now, because of that old friendship, I will do what you ask, though I don't like to do it, and I would rather your husband knew about it. Since this is not to be, I mean to put to you another question, and I demand, Violet — yes, I demand—a frank answer."

"What is it?" she asked.

"Has Madame Sara anything, directly or indirectly, to do with this affair?"

She glanced at me in astonishment.

"Madame Sara? Absolutely nothing! Why should she?"

"Have you consulted her about it?"

"Well, yes, I have, of course. She is, you see, my very kindest friend."

"And you are doing this by her advice?"

"She did counsel me. She said it would be the only way out."

I was silent. My consternation was too great for me to put into words.

"Violet," I said, after a pause, "I am sorry that Madame has got possession of your dear old home; I am sorry you are friends with her; I am more than sorry you consult her, for I do not like her."

"Then you are in the minority, Dixon. All people praise Madame Sara. She makes friends wherever she goes."

"Ah," I answered, "except with the few who know her as she is. Ask Vandeleur what he thinks of her."

"I admire Mr. Vandeleur very much," said Violet, speaking slowly. 'He is a clever and interesting man, but were he to abuse Madame I should hate him. I could even hate you, Dixon, when you speak as you are now doing. It is, of course, because you know Mr. Vandeleur so well. He is a police official, a sort of detective—such people look on all the world with jaundiced eyes. He would be sure to suspect any very clever woman."

"Vandeleur has told me," I said, after a pause, "that you respect and trust him sufficiently to consult him about your health."

"Yes," she answered. "I have not been feeling well. I happened to be alone with him on one occasion, and it seemed a chance not to be thrown away. He did look so clever and so—so trustworthy. He is giving me some medicines—I think I am rather better since I took them."

She gave a deep sigh and rose to her feet.

"Heigh-ho!" she said, "I had no idea it was so late. We must go in. John sits up till all hours. Good-night and a thousand thanks. I will put the parcel of bonds in your room to-morrow morning, in the top left-hand drawer of the chest. You will know where to find them before you go to town."

She pressed my hand, and I noticed that there were tears brimming in her eyes. Her whole attitude puzzled me terribly. It was so unlike the ways of the Violet I used to know. Fearless, bold, daring was that girl. I used to wonder at times could she ever cry; could she ever feel keen anxiety about anyone? Now, only six months after marriage, I found a nervous, almost hypochondriacal, woman instead of the Violet Sale of old.

I thought much of Lady Bouverie's request during the hours of darkness; and in the morning, notwithstanding the fact that in some ways it might be considered a breach of confidence, I resolved to tell Vandeleur. Vandeleur would keep the knowledge to himself; unless, indeed, it was for Lady Bouverie's benefit that he should disclose it. I felt certain that she was in grave danger of some sort, and, knowing Madame Sara as I did, my apprehensions flew to her as the probable cause of the trouble.

"I OBSERVED A MAN LEANING AGAINST THE RAILINGS."

After breakfast I made an excuse and went up to town, taking the bonds with me.

Just as I was entering my broker's I observed a man leaning against the railings. He was dressed like an ordinary tramp, and had a slouch hat pushed over his eyes. Those eyes, very bright and watchful, seemed to haunt me. I did not think they looked like the eyes of an Englishman—they were too brilliant, and also too secretive.

My broker gave me an open cheque for two thousand six hundred and forty pounds for the bonds. This I at once took to his bank and cashed in notes. As I was leaving the bank I observed the same man whom I had seen standing outside the broker's office.

He did not look at me this time, but sauntered slowly by. I was conscious of a curious, irritated feeling, and had some difficulty in banishing him from my mind. That he was following me I had little doubt, and this fact redoubled my uneasiness.

I got into a cab and drove to Vandeleur's house; when I arrived there was no sign of the man, and, blaming myself for being over-suspicious, I inquired for my friend. He was out, but I was lucky enough to catch him just outside the Court. He was very busy, and could only give me a moment. I told him my news briefly. His face grew grave.

"Bad," was his laconic remark. "I told you I feared there was something going on. I wonder what Lady Bouverie is up to?"

"Nothing dishonourable," I replied, hotly. "Do you think, Vandeleur, she wants the money for her brother?"

"Hubert Sale has plenty of money of his own," was Vandeleur's retort. "Besides, you say he is in Australia—gone on Madame Sara's business. I don't like it, Druce. Believe me, Sara is at the bottom of this. You must watch for all you are worth. You must act the detective. Never mind whether you like the part or not. It is for the sake of that poor girl. She has, beyond doubt, put herself in the clutches of the most dangerous woman in London."

Vandeleur's remarks were certainly not encouraging. I returned to Greylands in low spirits. Lady Bouverie was waiting for me on the lawn; the rest of the party were out. She looked tired; the ravages of some secret grief were more than ever manifest on her face. But when I handed her the parcel of notes she gave me a look of gratitude, and without speaking hurried to her own apartments.

I was just preparing to saunter through the grounds, feeling too restless to go within, when a light hand was laid on my arm. Lady Bouverie had returned.

"I could not wait, Dixon," she cried. "I had to thank you at once. You are good, and you have done better than I dared to hope. Now I shall be quite, quite happy. This must put everything absolutely right. Oh, the relief! I was not meant for anxiety; I believe much of it would kill me."

"I am inclined to agree with you," I answered, looking at her face as I spoke.

"Ah," she answered, "you think me greatly changed?"

"I do."

"You will soon see the happy Violet of old. You have saved me. You are going for a walk. May I accompany you?"

I assured her what pleasure it would give me, and we went together through the beautiful gardens. Her whole manner only strengthened my anxiety. Madame Sara her great and trusted friend; a large sum of money required immediately which her husband was to know nothing about; Hubert Sale at the other side of the world, engaged on Madame Sara's business; Madame in possession of the Sales' old home. Things looked black.

Sir John had asked me to remain at Greylands for a fortnight, and I resolved for Violet's sake to take full advantage of the invitation.

Our party was a gay one, and perhaps I was the only person who really noticed Violet's depression.

Meantime there was great excitement, for a large house-party was expected to arrive, the chief guest being a certain Persian, Mr. Mirza Ali Khan, one of the Shah's favourite courtiers and most trusted emissaries. This great personage had come to England to prepare for his Royal master's visit to this country, the date of which was as yet uncertain. Sir John Bouverie, by virtue of his official position at the Foreign Office, had offered to entertain him for a few days' shooting.

"I do not envy Ali Khan his billet," remarked Sir John to me on the evening before the arrival of our honoured guest. "The Shah is a particular monarch, and if everything is not in apple-pie order on his arrival there is certain to be big trouble for someone. In fact, if the smallest thing goes wrong Mirza Ali Khan is likely to lose his head when he returns to Persia. My guest of to-morrow has a very important commission to execute before the Shah's arrival. Amongst some valuable gems and stones which he is bringing to have cut and set for his monarch is, in especial, the bloodstone."

"What?" I asked.

"The bloodstone. *The* bloodstone, which has never before left Persia. It is the Shah's favourite talisman, and is supposed, among other miraculous properties, to possess the power of rendering the Royal owner invisible at will. Awful thing if he were suddenly to disappear at one of the big Court functions. But, to be serious, the stone is intensely interesting for its great age and history, having been the most treasured possession of the Persian Court for untold

centuries. Though I believe it is intrinsically worth very little, its sentimental value is enormous. Were it lost a huge reward would be offered for it. It has never been set, but is to be so now for the first time, and is to be ready for the Shah to wear on his arrival. It will be a great honour to handle and examine a stone with such a history, and Violet has asked the Persian to bring it down here as a special favour, in order that we may all see it."

"It will be most interesting," I replied. Then I added, "Surely there must be an element of risk in the way these Eastern potentates bring their priceless stones and jewels with them when they visit our Western cities, the foci of all the great professional thieves of the world?"

"Very little," he replied. "The Home Office is always specially notified, and they pass the word to Scotland Yard, so that every precaution is taken."

"'I DO NOT ENVY ALI KHAN HIS BILLET,' REMARKED SIR JOHN."

He rose as he spoke, and we both joined the other men in the billiard-room.

On the following day the new guests arrived. They had come by special train, and in time for tea, which was served in the central hall. Among them, of course, was the Persian, Mirza Ali Khan. He was a fine-looking man, handsome, with lustrous dark eyes and clear-cut, high-bred features. His manners were extremely polite, and he abundantly possessed all an Eastern's grace and charm. I had been exchanging a few words with him, and was turning away when, to my absolute surprise and consternation, I found myself face to face with Madame Sara. She was standing close behind me, stirring her tea. She still wore her hat and cloak, as did all the other ladies who had just arrived.

"Ah, Mr. Druce," she cried, a brilliant smile lighting up her face and displaying her dazzling white teeth, "so we meet again. Dear me, you look surprised and—scarcely pleased to see me."

She dropped her voice.

"You have no cause to be alarmed," she continued. "I am not a ghost."

"I did not know you were to be one of Sir John's guest's to-night," I answered.

"In your opinion I ought not to be, ought I? But, you see, dear Lady Bouverie is my special friend. In spite of many professional engagements I determined to give her the pleasure of my society to-night. I wanted to spend a short time with her in her beautiful home, and still more I wished to meet once again that fascinating Persian, Mr. Khan. You won't believe me, I know, Mr. Druce, when I tell you that I knew him well as a boy. I was at Teheran for a time many years ago, and I was a special friend of the late Shah's."

"You knew the late Shah!" I exclaimed, staring at her in undisguised amazement.

"Yes; I spent nearly a year in Persia, and can talk the language quite fluently. Ah!"

She turned away and addressed herself, evidently in his own language, to the Persian. A pleased and delighted smile spread over his dark Oriental features. He extended his hand to her, and the next moment they were exchanging a rapid conversation, much to the surprise of all. Lady

Bouverie looked on at this scene. Her eyes were bright with excitement. I noticed that she kept gazing at Madame Sara as though fascinated. Presently she turned to me.

"Is she not wonderful?" she exclaimed. "Think of her adding Persian to her many accomplishments. She is so wonderfully brilliant—she makes everything go well. There certainly is no one like her."

"No one more dangerous," I could not help whispering.

Violet shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"There never was anyone more obstinate and prejudiced than you can be when you like, Dixon," she answered. "Ah, there is Madame calling me. She and I mean to have a cosy hour in my boudoir before dinner."

She flew from my side, and as I stood in the hall I saw the young hostess and Madame Sara going slowly up the wide stairs side by side. I thought how well Violet looked, and began to hope that her trouble was at an end—that the money I had brought her had done what she hoped it would, and that Madame for the time was innocuous.

But I was destined to be quickly undeceived. About an hour later I was standing in one of the corridors when Violet Bouverie ran past me. She pulled herself up the next instant and, turning, came up to me on tip-toe. Her face was so changed that I should scarcely have recognised it.

"The worst has happened," she said, in a whisper.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Hubert—I did think I could save him. Oh, I am nearly mad."

"Madame has brought you bad tidings?"

"The worst. What am I to do? I must keep up appearances to-night. Don't take any notice of me; I will tell you to-morrow. But Heaven help me! Heaven help me!" she sobbed.

"'HEAVEN HELP ME!' SHE SOBBED."

I watched her as she walked quickly down the corridor. Her handkerchief was pressed to her face; tears were streaming from her eyes. Hatred even stronger than I had ever before experienced filled me with regard to Madame Sara. My first impulse was to beard the lioness in her den, to demand an

interview with the woman, tell her all my suspicions, and dare her to torture Violet Bouverie any further. But reflection showed me the absurdity of this plan. I must wait and watch; ah, yes, I would watch, even as a detective, and would not leave a stone unturned to pursue this terrible woman until her wicked machinations were laid bare.

It was with a sinking heart that I dressed for dinner, but by-and-by, when I found myself at the long table, with its brilliant decorations and its distinguished guests, and glanced round the glittering board, I almost wondered if all that I had felt and all that Violet Bouverie's face had expressed were not parts of a hideous dream; for the party was so gay, the conversation so full of wit and laughter, that surely no horrible tragedy could be lingering in the background.

But as these thoughts came to me I looked again at Violet. At tea-time that evening I had noticed her improved appearance, but now she looked ghastly; her cheeks were hollow, her eyes sunken, her complexion a dull, dead white. Her evening dress revealed hollows in her neck. But it was the tired look, the suppressed anguish on her face, which filled me with apprehension. I could see how bravely she tried to be bright and gay. I also noticed that her eyes avoided mine.

Mirza Ali Khan sat on the right of Lady Bouverie—on his other side sat Madame Sara, and I occupied a chair next to hers. Between Madame and our hostess appeared to-night a most marked and painful contrast. Violet Bouverie was not twenty. Madame Sara, by her own showing, was an old woman, and yet at that moment the old looked young and the young old. Madame's face was brilliant, not a wrinkle was to be observed; her make-up was so perfect that it could not be detected even by the closest observer. Her *tout ensemble* gave her the appearance of a woman who could not be a day more than five-and-twenty. Many a man would have fallen a victim to her wit and brilliancy; but I at least was saved that—I knew her too well. I hated her for that beauty, which effected such havoc in the world.

It was easy to see that Ali Khan was fascinated by her; but at table she had the good taste to address him in English. Now and then I noticed that she looked earnestly at our hostess. After one of these glances she turned to me and said, in a low voice:—

"How ill Lady Bouverie is looking! Don't you think so?"

"Yes," I replied, "she is. I feel anxious about her."

"I wish she would consult me," she replied. "I could do her good. But she will not. She is under the impression, Mr. Druce, that I am a quack because I do not hold diplomas—a curious delusion I find among people."

"But a sound one," I answered.

She laughed, and turned again to her other neighbour.

When we joined the ladies after dinner Lady Bouverie crossed over to the Persian and said something to him.

"Certainly," he answered, and immediately left the room, returning in a few minutes with a despatch-box. We all clustered about him as he placed it on the table and opened it. A little murmur of surprise ran round the group when he lifted the lid and displayed the contents. A mass of gorgeous gems was lying in a bed of white wool. It was a blaze of all the colours of the rainbow. Emeralds, sapphires, diamonds, rubies, pearls, topazes, cats'-eyes, amethysts, and many others whose names I did not know were to be found there. One by one he removed them and passed each round for inspection. As he did so he gave a short description of its virtues, its origin, and value, and then returned it to the box again. Truly the display was wonderful. Madame Sara lingered long and lovingly over some of the gems, declaring that she had seen one or two before, mentioning certain anecdotes about them to the Persian, who nodded and smiled as he replaced, with his pointed fingers, each in its receptacle. He was evidently much pleased with the admiration they excited.

"But surely, Mr. Khan, you have brought the bloodstone to show us?" questioned Lady Bouverie.

"Ah, yes. I kept that supreme treasure for the last."

As he spoke he pushed a spring in the box, and a secret triangular drawer came slowly out. In it, nestling in a bed of red velvet, lay a wonderful stone—a perfectly oval piece of moss-green chalcedony with translucent edges. Here and there in irregular pattern shone out in vivid contrast to the dark green a number of blood-red spots, from which the stone derived its name.

"Yes," he said, lifting it out with reverence and laying it on the palm of his hand, "this is the bloodstone. Look closely at it if you will, but I must ask none of you to touch it."

One after another we bent down and peered into its luminous green depths, and doubtless

"LOOK CLOSELY AT IT IF YOU WILL, BUT I MUST ASK NONE OF YOU TO TOUCH IT."

shared some of the fascination that its possessor must feel for it. The stone was wonderful, and yet it was repellent. It seemed to me that there was something sinister in those blood-red spots. The thing inspired me with the same feeling that I often have when regarding some monstrous spotted orchid.

"Yes," said Lady Bouverie, "it is wonderful. Tell us something of its history, Mr. Khan."

"I cannot," he answered, "for the simple reason that no one knows its origin nor when it came into the possession of our Court. I could tell of some of its properties, but the tales would fall unbecomingly on the ears of Western civilization."

He replaced the stone in its drawer and, in spite of our pleading, declined to discuss it further.

It was late that night before I retired to rest. I was sitting with my host in the smoking-room, and we walked together down the corridor which led to my room. Most of the lights in the house were already out, and I fancied as I chatted to Bouverie that I heard a door close softly just ahead of us. The next instant, glancing down, I saw on the dark carpet a piece of paper, open, and bearing traces of having been folded. It was obviously a note.

"Halloa!" cried Bouverie. "What is this?"

He stooped and picked it up. At a glance we both read its contents; they ran as follows:—

"*Bring it to the summer-house exactly at half-past twelve; but make certain first that Dixon Druce has retired. Don't come until he has.*"

Bouverie's eyes met mine. I could not tell what thought flashed into their brown depths; but the rosy hue suddenly left his face, leaving it deadly white.

"Do you understand this?" he said, addressing me briefly.

"Yes and no," I replied.

"For whom was this note intended?" was his next remark.

I was silent.

"Druce," said Bouverie, "are you hiding anything from me?"

"If I were you," I said, after a moment's quick thought, "I would attend that rendezvous. It is now five-and-twenty minutes past twelve"—I glanced at my watch as I spoke—"shall we go together?"

He nodded. I rushed to my room, put

on a dark shooting-coat, and joined my host a moment later in the hall.

We slipped out through a side door which stood slightly open. Without a word we crept softly in the shadow of the bushes towards the summer-house at the farther end of the garden, which was clearly visible in the moonlight. Whatever thoughts were coursing through Bouverie's brain there was something about his attitude, a certain forceful determination, which kept him from any words. We both drew into the dark cover of the laurels and waited with what patience we could.

A moment had scarcely gone by when across the grass with a light, quick step came a woman. She was wrapped in a dark cloak. For one instant the moonlight fell on her face and my heart nearly stopped with horror. It was that of Lady Bouverie. At that instant Bouverie's hand clutched my shoulder, and he drew me farther back into the darkest part of the shadow. From where we stood we could see but not be seen. Lady Bouverie was holding a small box in one hand, in the other a handkerchief. Her eyes were streaming with tears. She had scarcely reached the summer-house before a man with a mask over his face approached her. He said a word or two in a whisper, which was only broken by Lady Bouverie's sobs. She gave him the box; he put it into his breast-pocket and vanished.

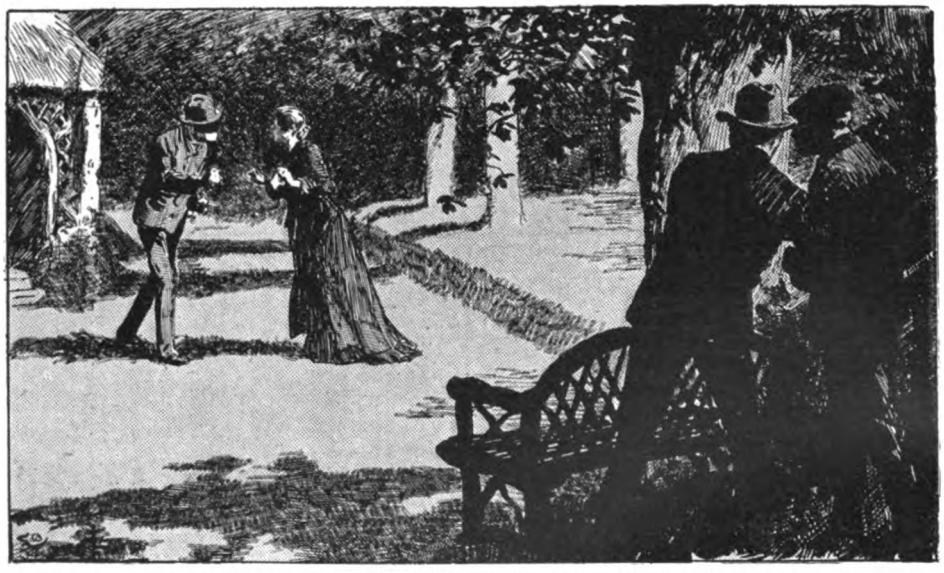
I wondered that Bouverie did not spring forward, seize the man, and demand an explanation; but whether he was stunned or not I could not say. Before, however, he made the slightest movement Lady Bouverie herself with incredible swiftness disappeared into the darkness.

"Come," I said to Bouverie.

We both rushed to the spot where his wife had stood—something white lay on the ground. I picked it up. It was her handkerchief. Bouverie snatched it from me and looked at the initials by the light of the moon. The handkerchief was sopping wet with her tears. He flung it down again as though it hurt him.

"Great heavens!" he muttered.

I picked up the handkerchief and we both returned to the house.



"A MAN WITH A MASK OVER HIS FACE APPROACHED HER."

We had scarcely set foot inside the hall when the sound of many voices upstairs fell on our ears. Amongst them the Persian's accents were clearly distinguishable. Terror rang in every shrill word.

"The bloodstone is gone!—the other jewels are safe, but the bloodstone, the talisman, is gone! What will become of me? My life will be the forfeit."

We both rushed upstairs. The whole thing was perfectly true. The bloodstone, the priceless talisman of the Royal House of Persia, had been stolen. The confusion was appalling, and already someone had gone to fetch the local police.

"I shall lose my life if the stone is not

recovered," cried the miserable Persian, despair and terror depicted on his face. "Who has taken it? The other gems are safe, but the secret drawer has been burst open and the bloodstone removed. Who has taken it? Sir John, what is the matter? You look strange."

"I can throw light on this mystery," said Sir John.

I looked around me. Neither Lady Bouverie nor Madame Sara was present. I felt a momentary thankfulness for this latter fact.

"I saw my wife give a package to a stranger in the garden just now," he continued. "I do not wish to conceal anything. This matter must be looked into. When the police come I shall be the first to help in the investigation. Meanwhile I am going to my wife."

He strode away. We all stood and looked at each other. Sir John's revelation was far more terrible to all except the unfortunate Persian than the loss of the bloodstone. In fact, the enormity of the one tragedy paled beside the other.

I thought for a minute. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, I would dispatch a telegram to Vandeleur without delay. There was a mystery, and only Vandeleur could clear it up. Black as appearances were against Lady Bouverie, I had no doubt that her innocence could be established. Without a word I hurried out and raced to the post-office. There I knocked up the postmaster and soon dispatched three telegrams —one to Vandeleur's house, one to his club, and one to the care of the Westminster police-station. All contained the same words:—

"*Come special or motor immediately. Don't delay.*"

I then returned to Greylands. A hush of surprise had succeeded to the first consternation. A few of the guests had reappeared, startled by the noise and confusion, but many still remained in their rooms. Sir John was with his wife. We assembled in the dining-room, and presently he came down and spoke to us.

"Lady Bouverie denies everything," he said. "She swears she has never left her room. This matter must be thoroughly investigated," he continued, going up to the Persian. "There are times when a man in all honour cannot defend even his own wife."

Meanwhile Madame Sara remained in the library. She was sitting by a table busily writing. When Sir John appeared she came into the room and spoke to him. Her face was full of sympathy.

"Of course Violet is innocent," she said. "I cannot understand your story, Sir John."

He did not reply to her. She then offered to go up to Violet; but he peremptorily forbade her to do so.

On the arrival of the local police a formal inquiry was made. Mirza Ali Khan declared that after showing us the gems he returned the box to his room. On retiring for the night he observed that it had been moved from the position in which he had placed it. He examined it and found that the lock had been tampered with—had, indeed, been ruthlessly burst open, evidently with a blunt instrument. He then touched the spring which revealed the secret drawer—the bloodstone was gone. All the other gems were intact. Knowing that the secret of the drawer was a difficult one to discover, the Persian was convinced that the bloodstone had been stolen by one of the party who assembled round him that evening and who had seen him touch the spring.

"My host, Sir John Bouverie, tells me an incredible story," he said. "I will leave the matter in Sir John's hands, trusting absolutely to his honour."

In a few words Sir John described what he had seen. He handed the note which we had found in the corridor to the police, who examined it with interest. Lady Bouverie was sent for, and pending further investigation the unfortunate girl was placed under arrest.

Half-past one struck, then two, and it was only our earnest appeal to await Vandeleur's arrival that prevented the police from removing Lady Bouverie in custody. Would he never come? If he had started at once on receipt of the wire he would be nearly at Greylands now.

Suddenly I heard a sound and ran breathlessly to the front door, which was open. Stepping from a motor-car, hatless but with the utmost calm, was Vandeleur. I seized his hand.

"Thank Heaven you are here!" I exclaimed. "You must have raced."

"Yes, I shall be summoned to-morrow for fast driving, and I have lost my hat. What's up?"

I hurried him into the dining-room, where a crowd of guests was assembled. It was a wonderful scene, and I shall never forget it. The anxious faces of the visitors; Lady Bouverie standing between two constables, sobbing bitterly; her husband just behind

her, his head turned with shame and misery; and then, as though in contrast, the tall, commanding figure of Vandeleur, with his strong features set as though in marble. He was taking in everything, judging in his acute mind the evidence which was poured out to him.

"Have you anything to say?" asked Vandeleur, gently, to Lady Bouverie. "Any explanation to offer?"

"I was not there," was her answer. "I never left my room."

Sir John muttered something under his breath; then he turned brusquely and requested the visitors to leave the room. They did so without a word, even Madame Sara taking herself off, though I could see that she went unwillingly. Sir John, Vandeleur, myself, the Persian, the two constables, and Lady Bouverie were now alone.

Vandeleur's expression suddenly changed. He was regarding Lady Bouverie with a steady look; he then took up the handkerchief which we had found, examined it carefully, and laid it down again.

"Have you been taking the medicine I ordered you, Lady Bouverie?" was his remark.

"I have," she replied.

"To-day?"

"Yes; three times."

"Will someone give me a large, clean sheet of white paper?"

I found one at once and brought it to him. He carefully rolled the handkerchief in it, drew out his stylograph, and wrote on the package:—

"*Handkerchief found by Sir John Bouverie and Mr. Druce at 12.40 a.m.*"

He then asked Lady Bouverie for the one which she had in her pocket; this was almost as wet as the one I had picked up. He put it in another packet, writing also upon the paper:—

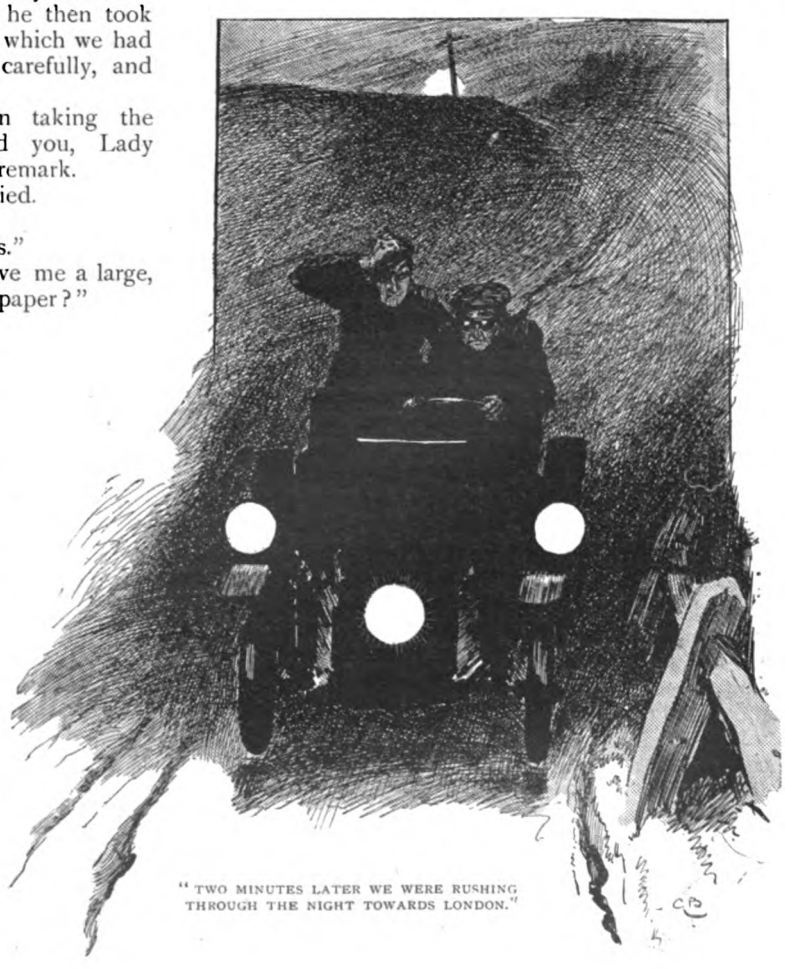
"*Handkerchief given to me by Lady Bouverie at 3.20 a.m.*"

Then, drawing the inspector aside, he whispered a few words to him which brought an exclamation of surprise from that officer.

"Now," he said, turning to Sir John, "I have done my business here for the present. I mean to return to London at once in my motor-car, and I shall take Mr. Druce with me. The inspector here has given me leave to take also these two handkerchiefs, on which I trust important evidence may hang."

He drew out his watch.

"It is now nearly half-past three," he said. "I shall reach my house at 4.30; the examination will take fifteen minutes; the result will be dispatched from Westminster police-station to the station here by telegram. You should receive it, Sir John, by 5.30, and I trust," he added, taking Lady Bouverie's hand, "it will mean your release, for that you



"TWO MINUTES LATER WE WERE RUSHING THROUGH THE NIGHT TOWARDS LONDON."

are guilty I do not for a moment believe. In the meantime the police will remain here."

He caught my arm, and two minutes later we were rushing through the night towards London.

"My dear fellow," I gasped, "explain yourself, for Heaven's sake. Is Violet innocent?"

"Wonderful luck," was his enigmatical answer. "I fancy Sara has over-acted this piece."

"You can find the bloodstone?"

"That I cannot tell you; my business is to clear Lady Bouverie. Don't talk, or we shall be wrecked."

He did not vouchsafe another remark till we stood together in his room, but he had driven the car like a madman.

He then drew out the two packets containing the handkerchiefs and began to make rapid chemical preparations.

"Now, listen," he said. "You know I am treating Lady Bouverie. The medicine I have been giving her happens to contain large doses of iodide of potassium. You may not be aware of it, but the drug is eliminated very largely by all the mucous membranes, and the lachrymal gland, which secretes the tears, plays a prominent part in this process. The sobbing female whom you are prepared to swear on oath was Lady Bouverie at the rendezvous by the summer-house dropped a handkerchief—this one." He laid his finger on the first of the two packets. "Now, if that woman was really Lady Bouverie, by analysis of the handkerchief I shall find, by means of a delicate test, distinct traces of iodine on it. If, however, it was not Lady Bouverie, but someone disguised with the utmost skill of an actress to represent her, not only physically, but with all the emotions of a distracted and guilty woman, even to the sobs and tears—then we shall not find iodine on the analysis of this handkerchief."

My jaw dropped as the meaning of his words broke upon me.

"Before testing, I will complete my little hypothesis by suggesting that the note, evidently thrown in your way, was to decoy you to be a witness of the scene, and that the handkerchief taken from Lady Bouverie's room and marked with her initials was intended to be the finishing touch in the chain of evidence against her. Now we will come to facts, and for all our sakes let us hope that my little theory is correct."

He set to work rapidly. At the end of some operations lasting several minutes he held up a test tube containing a clear solution.

"Now," he said, opening a bottle containing an opalescent liquid; "guilty or not guilty?"

He added a few drops from the bottle to the test tube. A long, deep chuckle came from his broad chest.

"Not a trace of it," he said. "Now for the handkerchief which I took from Lady Bouverie for a check experiment."

He added a few of the same drops to another tube. A bright violet colour spread through the liquid.

"There's iodine in that, you see. Not guilty, Druce."

A shout burst from my lips.

"Hush, my dear chap!" he pleaded. "Yes, it is very pretty. I am quite proud."

Five minutes later a joyful telegram was speeding on its way to Greylands.

"So it was Sara," I said, by-and-by. "What is your next move?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"It is one thing to prove that a person is not guilty, but it is another thing to prove that someone else is. Of course, I will try. This is the deepest game I ever struck, and the boldest, and I think the cleverest. Poor Ali Khan, the Shah will certainly cut his head off when he gets back to Persia. Of course, Sara has taken the stone. But whether she has done so simply because she has a fancy to keep it for herself, believing in its power as a talisman, or for the reward which is certain to be offered, who can tell? The reward will be a large one, but she doesn't want money. However, we shall see. Her make-up was good, and she had all her details well worked out."

"But we have not yet found out what Violet's trouble is," I remarked. "There is, I am sure, some mystery attached to Hubert."

"I doubt it," said Vandeleur, brusquely.

He rose and yawned.

"I am tired and must lie down," he said. "You will, of course, return to Greylands later in the morning. Let me know if there are any fresh moves."

By noon that day I found myself back at Greylands. Surely this was a day of wonders, for whom should I see standing on the steps of the old house, talking earnestly to Sir John Bouverie, but my old friend, Hubert Sale. In appearance he was older than when I had last seen him, and his face was bronzed. He did not notice me, but went quickly into the house. Sir John came down the avenue to meet me.

"Ah, Druce," he said, "who would have

believed it? Of all the amazing things, your friend Vandeleur's penetration is the greatest. We both saw her with our own eyes, and yet it wasn't my wife. Come into my study," he continued; "I believe I can throw light on this most extraordinary affair. Hubert's unlooked-for return puts the whole thing into a nutshell. I have a strange tale to tell you."

"First, may I ask one question?" I interrupted. "Where is Madame Sara?"

He spread out his hands with a significant gesture.

"Gone," he said. "How, when, and where I do not know. We thought she had retired for the night. She did not appear this morning. She has vanished, leaving no address behind her."

"Just like her," I could not help saying. "Now I will listen to your story."

"I will try to put it in as few words as possible. It is a deep thing, and discloses a plot the malignity of which could scarcely be equalled.

"Violet and Hubert made the acquaintance of Madame Sara a few months before Violet's marriage. You know Madame's power of fascination. She won Violet's affections, and as to Hubert, she had such complete influence over him that he would do anything in the world she wished. We were surprised at his determination to go to Australia before his sister's wedding, but it now turns out that he was forced to go by Madame herself, who assured him that he could be of the utmost assistance to her in a special matter of business. This was explained to Violet and to me fully; but what we were not told was that he took with him Madame's own special servant, an Arabian of the name of Achmed, the cleverest man, Hubert said, he had ever met. In his absence Madame rented his house for at least a year. All this sounds innocent enough; but listen.

"Very shortly after her marriage Violet began to receive letters from Hubert, dated from various stations in Australia, demanding money. These demands were couched in such terms as to terrify the poor child. She sent him what she could from her own supplies, but he was insatiable. At last she spoke to Madame Sara. Madame immediately told her she had learnt that Hubert had made some bad companions, had got into serious scrapes, and that his debts of honour were so enormous that unless she, Violet, helped him he could never set foot in England again. The poor girl was too much ashamed to say a word to me. These letters imploring money came by almost every mail. Madame herself offered to transmit the money, and Violet, with the utmost confidence, placed large sums in her hands.

"At last the crisis arrived. A communication reached my poor girl to the effect that unless she paid between two and three thousand pounds in notes in a couple of days Hubert in his despair would certainly take his life. She was well aware of his somewhat reckless character. Hence her request to you to sell the bonds. Shortly afterwards the Persian arrived here, and Madame, at her own request, came to spend the night. She managed to terrify Violet with a fresh story with regard to Hubert, and the child's nerves were so undermined that she believed everything.

"Well, you know the rest. You know what happened last night. But for Vandeleur's genius, where might poor Violet be now? I must tell you frankly that even I believed her guilty; I could not doubt the evidence of my own senses.

"You can judge of our amazement when Hubert walked in this morning. He looked well. He said that Madame's business was of a simple character, that he had soon put matters right for her, and after seeing what was to be seen in Australia and New Zealand came home. He was amazed when we spoke of his being in money difficulties; he had never been in any scrape at all. Only one thing he could not understand—why Violet never answered his letters. He wrote to her about every second mail, and, as a rule, gave his letters to the Arabian to post. There is no doubt that Achmed destroyed them and wrote others on his own account.

"Well, Druce, what do you say? The motive? Oh, of course, the motive was the bloodstone. The woman knew probably for months that it was coming to England, and that I, in my official position, would invite the Persian here. She wanted it, goodness knows for what, and was determined to have a long chain of evidence against poor Violet in order to cover her own theft. Druce, we must find that woman. She cannot possibly be at large any longer."

The desire to find Madame was in all our minds, but how to accomplish it was a question which I for one did not dare to answer.

The Humour of Sport.

III.—SOME SEASONABLE SPORTS.

By Arthur Thomas.

WITH football as it will be we are but little concerned, except to remark that the time is far distant when the umpire will inquire if the ambulance corps be ready before he calls out "Play!" Let us hope that the British football field will lack for many years the corps of doctors, water-carriers, and bandage-appliers so common in every game on American grounds. There, where Rugby only, or a variation of it, is played, the field is at times a scene of carnage and cripples, mostly caused by the scientific, though brutal, system of "interference" play which has been developed. England has nothing to show like it, and the occasional accidents on home grounds are trifles compared with the serious catastrophes daily happening in games between American "elevens."

Precaution.—(Football as it Will Soon Be.)
Umpire (to Ambulance Corps): "Ready, there?"
Ambulance: "Right."
Umpire (to players): "Play!"
Drawn by L. Raven-Hill for "Pick-me-up."

There is quite enough to do to deal with football as it is. For the great mass of people it is the prime winter sport, and the football player, during the short period of six or seven months, is more of a hero with a certain public than the Prime Minister. Fancy the latter, for instance, going up to Everton and taking a thousand pounds in gate-money, or drawing a hundred thousand people to the Palace to see him work off a tie with the Colonial Secretary! The first of these fancies may be more ridiculous than the second, yet both are but a mean attempt to show that in the life of the present day a score of men running after a ball make more fun worth paying for than one man chasing a reputation.

One must admit that the impulse of conflict is a primary impulse of Anglo-Saxon blood, and the qualities that go to make up the good football player are the qualities that have made our generals and admirals. The spirit of obedience is fostered, endurance is tested, courage is stimulated, and the power to act in unexpected emergency is developed by football. The value of concerted action is illustrated on the field just as it is illustrated in politics or battle, and the doggedness of our race achieves set purpose with as much success between two goal-posts on Saturday afternoon as it achieves greater and grander purposes in the history of centuries. Football meets the demands of a commercial and hard-working people, as the tourneys and joustings of old met the demands

THE PLACE-KICK.—Another slight miscalculation.
DRAWN BY LEO. MUNRO FOR "THE KING."

of chivalry, for in both cases the spirit of struggle between man and man is first and foremost. The difference is that the knights of old fought for love of woman—the football associations for better dividends.

There is a well-authenticated story to the effect that when the Danes overran England a match was played at Chester to commemorate the victory of the local forces, and the ball used in the game was the head of a Dane who had been conquered in battle. It is, perhaps, wise to point out that the "place-kick" shown in one of our pictures has no reference to this historic occasion, and that the slight miscalculation pictured by the artist is a fanciful attempt to show what might happen at any moment on an English football field. Here we get a strenuous portrayal of an up-to-date game, with the beef of the true Briton, the refined features of the players, full in evidence, and the sixpenny or shilling public in the background enjoying with common enthusiasm that which they cannot wholly see, and seeing many things that they ought not wholly to enjoy.

WELL EARNED. — Enthusiastic Footballer: "That's a try, anyway."
DRAWN BY LEO. MUNRO FOR "THE KING."

Our illustration of the enthusiastic footballer who has made a well-earned try after leaving his opponents strewn behind him on the field of battle should particularly please our American friends, as the field here looks like an American "gridiron" after an inter-collegiate contest. This is Rugby, to be sure — that noble game which has accounted for more bad language and broken bones than any sport ever invented by sanguinary man, but which is no longer a mere exhibition of muscularity and brute force. The "scrum" remains to test the en-

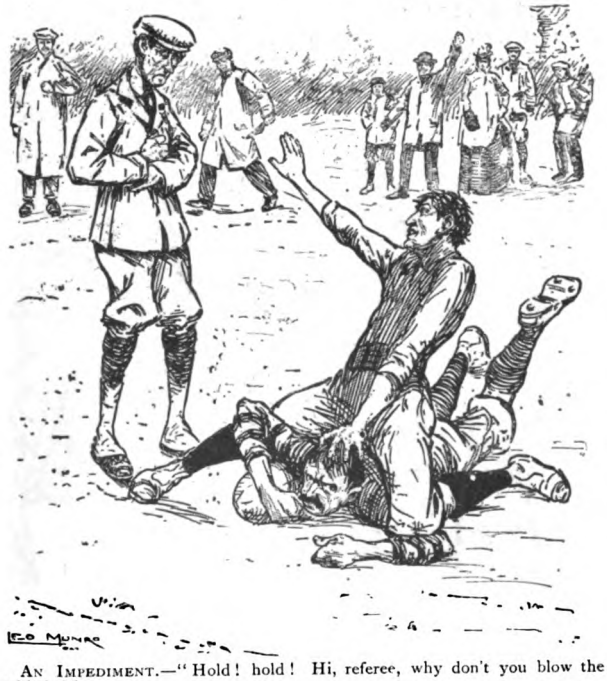
NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.—Professor Noodle, who has joined the Clapham Lunatics F.C., has the above dream the night following his first match.
DRAWN FOR "JUDY."

SATISFACTORY TO EVERYONE.—Captain: "Here, referee, my men say they'll murder you after the match if you declare us the losers."

Referee: "Yes; and as the other side say the same, it's pretty evident to me this game will be a draw."
DRAWN BY H. C. SANDY FOR "PICK-ME-UP."

durance and temper of the burly combatants, but the development of team play at the sides—or "end play," as it is sometimes called—has worked a gratifying change in the game, minimizing the "scrums" and giving the spectator more for his money than he used to get. The combination play, the art of throwing and catching the ball, have tended to reduce the accidents. Association is much less dangerous to play, but to one about to join a club it has, however, its disadvantages, as Professor Noodle might testify.

The troubles of umpire and referee, however, are still fruitful in joke, though the hard-working referee would be the last man in the world to see any fun in it. The time is said to be past when referees can be bought and sold, but there have been occasions when important decisions have been open to severe examination and criticism. The time has also passed when a captain can threaten a referee with murder should his side be declared a loser, but if such threat ever be made again the referee's course of action is certain. Declare a draw and



AN IMPEDIMENT.—"Hold! hold! Hi, referee, why don't you blow the whistle?"

"I—I c—can't. I've swallowed it."
DRAWN BY LEO. MUNRO FOR "THE KING."

PUFFINS: "Ah! You may kick, but you don't budge from here until they're too far off to unduly excite you."

DRAWN BY L. RAVEN-HILL FOR "JUDY."

everyone is satisfied. Ten to one the game will be played over again, more bets will be made, more ginger-beer, milk, and other liquid consumed, and more money drop into the coffers of the competing teams. It is really a very great game.

The referee occasionally swallows the whistle, and thereby impedes the game and his own digestion, but trifles such as these should never count. Let the referee not forget that the credit of England and Scotland is, perhaps, at stake, and that uncertainty in his decision may bring down upon his head the condemnation of a multitude of Scots who know, with surprising aptness, how to let their wrath go forth with intensity of effect. On behalf of the referee, be it said, he rarely has full justice done him. It is sometimes forgotten that he holds the most difficult position in the game, that his responsibilities are great, and that the reward of his diligence is usually complaint. The ideal referee should be a man with thin legs, seven-leagued boots, a cast-iron constitution, eyes on all sides of his head, and some knowledge of the manly art, wherewith to defend his honest convictions against scurrilous attack. He should be bigger than any player in either of the opposing teams, and should always be where he ought to be and not where he usually is. One writer has said, "He must expect all kicks and no halfpence, and be content to be almost always blamed and but seldom praised." In other words, he should be a paragon of righteousness and propriety. Is it any wonder, then, that the referees we see in caricature fall far short of the ideal?

The history of hunting is almost as old as England itself, which means that for centuries the tally-ho of the huntsman and the cry of the pack have been heard in field and road. "If you would learn the business of a hunts-

A FEELING REPLY.—Matchless Swell: "Have you a light, sir?"
Battered Foreigner: "Ah! yes, sare, I have alight on my head at ze last joomp."

DRAWN BY G. H. JALLAND FOR "JUDY."

ABSENCE OF—HORSE.—Lady Ethel: "Stop—stop, Captain Booby, you've forgotten your horse!"
DRAWN BY MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN FOR "JUDY."

man," says one, "go and hunt with one of good repute," and (we ourselves may add to the ordinary mortal) if you wish to make yourself ridiculous go and do likewise. For there is no sport in which the novice can so quickly make sport for others. "'Unting, my beloved 'earers," said the well-known Mr. Jorrocks, "is the sport of kings, the himage of war without its guilt, and only five-and-twenty per cent. of its danger." To indulge in it, knowing nothing of it, Jorrocks might have added, is to open up before yourself a career of inane acts never to be forgotten. Leech did not greatly exaggerate when he took the lamented Mr. Briggs through a series of almost unparalleled disasters in the field, and since Leech's time the humorists have let no occasion slip to show up the novice and his blunders.

The outsider can easily understand the advantages of venery. Nothing more quickly brings to the face the flush of health. Nothing can more quickly develop rapidity of decision, and the sweet air of the country-side should be as balm to the jaded townsman who may have been invited to a meet. There is a delicious thrill in the cross-country gallop "with the best fellows in the world to the right and the left, but never a soul 'twixt yourself and the hounds," and a special ecstasy in the eager breeze of an early morning. The unecstatic moments come in the course of the sport, for it is certainly no pleasure to be thrown, even though you have the satisfaction of telling your mount, "Ah! You may kick, but you don't budge from here until they're too far off to unduly excite you." One of the cardinal rules of an old huntsman was never to part company with your horse till the last moment, which, in its way, seems an unnecessary piece of advice, as the last moment is bound to come sooner or later even to the best-regulated horseman. Philosophy is usually at a premium in moments like these, and there are but few lovers of the chase in England who would willingly admit their plight as did the gentleman from

WRETCHED BOY (to Brown, who has just succeeded in pulling up his mount): "Shall I 'it 'im be'ind, sir?" and does it without waiting for a reply.
DRAWN BY L. RAVEN-HILL FOR "PICK-ME-UP."

STILL IN THE SHAFTS.—Mr. Longfoot (to disagreeable friend who has tried to destroy the reputation of his new horse): "You said he would never make a hunter and that he was only fit for harness. Why, he carries me splendidly."

Disagreeable Friend: "Yes, no doubt he carries you well. He sees those feet of yours and thinks he is still in harness."

DRAWN BY CHARLES H. MARSHALL FOR "JUDY."

the Continent in one of our illustrations. He was somewhat battered, but when asked by the matchless swell, "Have you a light, sir?"

THE SHOOTING SEASON.—According to a contemporary, some sensational bags are being made in Norfolk.

DRAWN BY J. H. ROBERTS FOR "THE KING."

replied, "Ah! yes, sare, I have alight on my head at ze last joomp."

The presence of the lady in the hunting-field is now too common to excite much remark, but there must be moments when that presence is distinctly irritating. To take off too quickly and to come a crowner into a field, as Captain Booby must have done, while his fair comrade negotiated the hedge with ease, is a moment that gives time for thought; but to be reminded by the lady that "You've forgotten your horse" is a little too annoying even to the best-appointed temper. It is, by the way, just as well to remember that one never falls off one's horse when riding to hounds, although one may really do so. The polite way for you to refer to such a catastrophe is to say "Mr. So-and-So has taken a fall," and when you have said it thus euphemistically, but in proper fashion, you are fit to be welcomed in good society.

Boys are sometimes almost as nasty as ladies in their remarks to the unfortunate.

A USEFUL BOY.—Binks (who has taken a shooting-box, to small boy applying for a situation): "Well, what can you do?"

Small Boy: "Please, sir, I thought I might go out with you a-shooting and pick up the poultry."

DRAWN BY TOM BROWNE FOR "THE KING."

Brown, as we can see, has on one occasion just succeeded in pulling up his mount, when a wretched youth, coming up with the remark: "Shall I 'it 'im be'ind, sir?" proceeds to do it without waiting for Mr. Brown to answer. Brown's lightning dash begins again accordingly, his plight reminding one of the fat lady who rode all day on the Inner Circle. "Whenever I tries to get out backwards," she said, "a guard comes up and pushes me in. 'Urry up, mum!' 'e says, shutting the door be'ind me, and 'ere I 'ave been all day trying to get out at Charing Cross."

HARD LINES.—Friend: "What luck, my boy?" Noble Sportsman (who has done a little unintentional killing): "Um! Not very much. Well, fact is, don't you know, I ran out of dogs."

DRAWN BY L. RAVEN-HILL FOR "JUDY."

Shooting lends itself also to caricature, and the foibles of the amateur sportsman during the pheasant and grouse seasons have been pleasantly put before us in the comic prints. One of our artists has prettily illustrated the meaning of the oft-published statement about the sensational bags that are sometimes made, and another has directed attention to the confusion existing in the public mind as to the proper use of shooting terms, by representing a small boy in search of a situation. "Please, sir, I thought I might go out with you a-shooting and pick up the poultry." To be clothed in the most proper togs, to have taken a shooting-box for the season, and then to be addressed in such an unintelligent manner, should cause commotion in the feelings of the best of sportsmen.

Some of our readers will remember Dickens's description of Mr. Winkle as a sportsman. Many an amateur sportsman, from the holiday-seeking butcher to the noble lord who did a little unintentional killing and "ran out of dogs," is like Winkle in his displays of fancy shooting, with damaging results not only to dogs but to beaters. If accidents occur in the future as they have done in the past, the English gamekeeper will have to take a leaf from the book of the Adirondack guide, who was perfectly willing to go after deer with the city man, but not until he had put on his hunting-suit. We would thank the proprietors of *Pick-me-up*, Messrs. James Henderson, Red Lion Court, E.C., and Mr. Gilbert Dalziel, for permission to reproduce the drawings taken from *Pick-me-up*, *Judge*, and *Judy* respectively.

Adirondack Guide: "Go after deer with you? Why, sartin! Wait till I get on my hunting-suit."

"All ready, stranger!"

HUNTER-PROOF.

DRAWN BY H. C. GREENING FOR "JUDGE."

Living Liliputians.

By Wellesley Pain. Photos. by George Newnes, Ltd.

ALTHOUGH Mr. David Devant, the well-known partner of Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke, does not make many appearances in public with his living marionettes—the reason being that the public insist on seeing his tricks and illusions—yet he has not neglected this little branch of the entertainer's art. Many a performance has he given privately to his friends, and several of his pupils have begged to be released from the task of learning how to "pass" and "palm" and otherwise mystify their friends, in order that they might know something about that unique entertainment known as "living marionettes."

Mr. Devant was good enough to furnish me with all the information necessary for the making of this article. To begin with, for the benefit of those who have never seen such a performance — and, as the method of working has never been explained before, living marionettes are seldom seen in private houses—we may say that the performance consists of songs and dances by a number of lively little figures on a stage about twice as large as that usually seen in a Punch and Judy show. The bodies of the "performers" are no larger than those of fair-sized dolls, but the heads are abnormally large, and much of the fun is caused by this lack of proportion. We give the main secret away at once when we state that only the heads of the "performers" are really alive; the bodies, however, are so skilfully arranged and worked that they have the appearance of life.

1.—THE STAGE STRIPPED OF ALL ITS ACCESSORIES.
From a Photo.

A peep behind the scenes of Mr. David Devant's own living marionettes affords the simplest explanation of how the performance is given. In the first photograph we see the miniature stage, stripped of all its accessories. The particular stage photographed was unnecessarily heavy. For the convenience of travelling it will be well to have a much lighter structure, and it should be so made that it can be taken to pieces and packed flat. It will be noticed that in front of the stage, resting on the ground, are two stout boards, joined at right angles, with three oil lamps attached to them. On the other side of the stage one sees how these boards are attached to the proscenium. These lamps take the place of the footlights, and, therefore, there must be powerful reflectors at the back of the flames. Bicycle lamps answer very well. A prettier effect—but one entailing a little more trouble—is produced by having miniature footlights in front of the stage. The lights are given by eight or ten short candles shielded by reflectors.

The stage need not be more than eighteen inches wide, and it should be covered with a black material, very thin, so that when the "performers" execute a step-dance the movements of their feet can be heard properly. The sides of the stage must also be black.

The next thing to be noticed in the photograph is that there is a stout piece of wood extending from the front to several feet behind the stage. A similar piece of wood is on the other side of the stage. It is not necessary that these pieces of wood should

be as heavy as those shown in the photographs, since they are only used as rods on which to hang curtains and other light articles.

Mr. Devant told me of a lighter structure that could be made like a clothes-horse, the boards for the stage and the rods for the curtains being laid across. The whole of the structure is to be covered with curtains, when it will look something like the second photograph. The rod in front carries two little curtains, which are tied back before the performance begins. These two small curtains hide the boards to which the lamps are attached. There must also be an "act-drop"; it is shown nearly raised in the photograph. The "act-drop" is to be worked with a stout cord—purposely shown white in the picture--but the cord must be black so that it does not show against the side of the stage. This cord must be brought through the curtain at the back, and the "act-drop" must be so arranged that the human performer at the back of the curtain can lower or raise the "act-drop" by simply pulling or releasing the cord. An ordinary roller-blind answers very well. The "act-drop" should be prettily painted, so that the whole thing may look as much like a miniature stage as possible. The curtains hanging from the bottom of the stage should not be caught up at one corner, as shown in the picture. The picture was purposely arranged in this way to show how the curtains were to be hung on the framework.

2.—SHOWING HOW THE CURTAIN AT THE BACK OF THE STAGE IS WORKED. *From a* [*Photo.*

The black curtain at the back of the stage must have two large slits in it. On one side of each slit three or four black buttons are to be sewn, and button-holes to correspond must be on the other side. In the second photograph Mr. Devant himself is seen peeping through one of these slits and holding one of the buttons in his right hand. The rest of the "performer" is shown lying in an undignified attitude on the stage, with one leg dangling over the front. It will be noticed that the "performer" has no head. Mr. Devant supplies that deficiency by using his own head. Having previously made himself up for the character — in this case a Chinaman — Mr. Devant puts his head through the curtain, rests it on the neck of the little performer, and fastens it there. The curtain is buttoned at Mr. Devant's neck, but the bottom part of the slit is left open. Through that slit stout wires, connected with the arms

3.—A FIGURE COMPLETE—MR. DEVANT AS JOHN CHINAMAN. *From a Photo.*

and legs of the "performer," are passed, and they are so long that Mr. Devant, standing behind the curtain, can easily hold them. In this way the little figure is made to move about as though it were alive, and the living face above adds to the illusion. Amateurs should bear in mind that the wires attached to the doll are to be covered with black stuff, and the manipulator must wear black gloves. Then, as the performance takes place in front of a black curtain, the wires are not seen.

The complete figure is shown in the third photograph.

So far we have followed the performer as he makes his entrance on the stage, but, of course, if we had been a spectator "in front" we should not have seen all the movements described. The "act-drop" is not raised until the performer is actually on the stage; otherwise the illusion would be spoilt. There is a way of showing the performer walking on to the stage, but the arrangement is too complicated for an amateur. The curtains must be very thin. They must have a very broad hem, so that they can be moved easily and noiselessly along the rod. The curtains must also be so ample that they hang in folds; in this way the opening through which the wires are passed will be quite concealed.

4.—SHOWING HOW THE FIGURE IS WORKED.
From a Photo.

The fourth photograph shows exactly how a figure is worked. The ends of the wires are bent into rings, through which the fingers of the human performer pass. It will be seen that the thumb of each hand works an arm of the figure, while the third finger is responsible for the leg movements. To avoid all chance of a "break-away" the figure is also attached to the performer by a broad tape passed round the waist. If the face and neck of the man working the figure are properly made up there will be no apparent "break" between the collar and the neck of the entire figure. The doll must have limbs that can be moved very easily; the ordinary jointed doll works too stiffly. The best plan is to get an ordinary doll, take off the limbs, sew up the ends to prevent the sawdust from escaping, and then attach the limbs to the body with cloth hinges. The cheapest way of getting a collection of figures together is to buy the dolls undressed and to have the clothes made at home. The only part that requires particular attention is the collar of the coat or dress. This must be so arranged that it can go partly round the neck of the human performer. The fourth photograph shows clearly the kind of thing that is required.

So far we have arranged for the appearance of only one performer on the stage. The second figure should be that of a lady. This figure is even less trouble than the first, because the doll's dress can be so easily arranged at the neck that the "break" between the head and the neck of the dress is concealed.

The amateur will, perhaps, inquire at this stage: "What about the changing of the dresses?" This is, possibly, the part of the entertainment in which amateurs are most likely to fail. The fifth photograph shows the back of the stage while a performance is in progress. Before the performers retire, the one nearest the cord working the "act-drop" will slip his right hand out of the

From a] 5.—BEHIND THE SCENES DURING A PERFORMANCE. *[Photo.*

wires of the doll and will release the cord that lowers the "act-drop." Then the only change that the human performers have to see to is the make-up of their faces. To do this a light is required, but if a lighted lamp is placed behind the black curtain of the stage the movements of the performers behind the scenes will be fairly visible to those in front. Therefore, there must be a second black curtain hung immediately behind the performers. (This curtain is not shown in the photograph, as it would have hidden the performers.) This second curtain should be thick and heavy, in order that all light may be excluded from the back of the stage. The various figures and wigs required can be hung up in readiness, as shown in the picture, and there should also be two small looking-glasses. The amateur must be cautioned not to spend too much time in front of these, as the entertainment will be quite spoilt by long "waits." Before an amateur gives a performance to his friends he should practise making up from one character to another. Everything should be in order behind the scenes—a place for everything and everything in its place.

A very good plan—for the amateur who wants merely to add to the evening's amusement and does not try to give an elaborate performance — is to have several of the guests made up, and then to induce these good people to sing a song while they put their head through the curtain. The expert performer fastens the doll to the obliging guest, and likewise works the movements of the doll. This generally amuses a roomful of people. Even an amateur reciter will find that his attempt to amuse his friends will provoke laughter if he will only perform in this way, while the man who is fond of talking a great deal will find that people

From a] MEPHISTOPHELES SURPRISED. *[Photo.*

will listen to him if he only consents to be a living marionette for the time being.

The legitimate performance can be varied in many ways Songs, dances, short duologues, with occasionally a little pantomime "business," can be arranged. The remaining three photographs give one an idea of the kind of figures that can be made to appear on the stage. Note the difference between Mr. Devant as Tommy Atkins and as Mephistopheles. The change was made very quickly with a little grease paint.

From a] TOMMY ATKINS. *[Photo.*

All the music required in the performance can be given by a man at a piano, but there must be many rehearsals, because once the performance has commenced it will be impossible to communicate with the pianist.

In concluding his instructions on how to work living marionettes Mr. Devant said: "Beware of insufficient rehearsals. Every detail must be practised. It is well to remember, too, that nothing falls quite so flat as a joke that everyone knows by heart. If you cannot make good jokes of your own, then let the principal part of your performance consist of songs — comic, of course — and dances. If you can work in something topical so much the better. At the end of the performance — if the applause warrants his doing so — the performer should come from behind and bow his acknowledgments."

From a] A SALVATION LASSIE. *[Photo.*

A STORY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.—PART I.

CHAPTER III.

ENTERTAINED BY ROYALTY.

IN spite of herself, Irene was rather impressed on first entering the banqueting-hall. It was so much larger and more imposing than anything she had expected. Four massive columns, at the foot of each of which stood a wooden soldier shouldering arms, supported the lofty roof, and on all four sides hung crimson curtains, not too low to allow plenty of light to enter beneath their heavy fringes. "I'd no idea Clementina had any place as grand as this!" she thought—and then realized all at once that, as a matter of fact, they were only underneath the nursery table.

The company were already seated, the Queen, of course, at the head of the board, which was covered with a white cloth that was too stiff to hang properly. A place was kept on each side of her for Torquil and Irene; at the other end, facing her, sat the Lord High Acrobat, and the remaining chairs were occupied by the Dolls of honour, the Ninepins having chosen to remain standing behind.

"We're sorry we're late," said Irene, not very penitently, for she thought Clementina might have waited for them. "We didn't know you had sat down."

"Oh, but we have, though!" said Clementina, with immense pride. "All by ourselves, too! And we laid the table as well. I really don't know what's come to us all! *Isn't* it a beautiful banquet?"

"Everything looks very nice," said Irene, looking down the table, which was sumptuously set out. In the centre were the big Britannia metal teapot, milk-jug, and sugar-basin—but merely for purposes of display—and everybody had wooden soup-plates painted white and blue, which, with two vases of artificial flowers, she recognised as part of a dinner-service that had once been given to her. "I suppose the banquet will begin soon?" she remarked.

"It *has* begun," said the Queen; "if you don't make haste and eat your soup it will get cold. And it's such excellent soup—made entirely from flies' wings."

"Oh!" said Irene, resolved not to mention that for some reason they seemed to have forgotten to fill her and Torquil's plates, while the rest had emptied theirs already.

"It's time for the second course!" cried Clementina; whereupon the Ninepins began to topple about and bump up against one another, evidently under the impression that they were changing plates and handing dishes. "Though *how*, when they've got no arms," thought Irene, "I'm sure I don't know!"

"Buffidella, dear," said the Queen, in the

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friendliest manner, "*do* let me give you some more of this delicious curried clothes-moth!"

Irene hardly knew what to say—for she still had the same empty soup-plate before her, and so had everybody else, while the dish before Clementina was absolutely bare. However, for all she could tell, there might be some curried clothes-moth somewhere, and she felt sure it would be anything but delicious, so she declined, as politely as she could bring herself to do.

"It *is* satisfying, I know," said Clementina. "Chipsitop, won't you try a leg of this nice roast bluebottle?" and she pointed serenely to the very same dish.

Torquil felt that he was being trifled with, and he saw no fun in playing at banquets with nothing whatever to eat. "I don't see any bluebottle," he said, grumpily, "but I wouldn't have any if I did. I *know* roast bluebottle would be beastly!"

"It's their nature, poor things," said the Queen. "But you really must have something. You and Buffidella are eating positively nothing. Now, why is that?"

"Because," Torquil blurted out, "if you want to know, we've had nothing *to* eat yet."

"But, my dear Chipsitop," said the Queen, "you've had exactly the same as everybody else!"

"You see," explained Irene, "it doesn't matter for *you;* you don't mind *how* little you eat. But Torquil and I are used to something more substantial."

"But surely this banquet *is* substantial?" cried Clementina. "Why, there are real dishes and knives and forks, and the State Britannia metal plate, and everything!"

"Everything except real *food*," said Irene. "But never mind. I dare say this does quite as well—when you don't happen to be hungry."

"Still, it's better to have *some* real food—at a banquet," said the Queen. "I knew there was *something* wanting! But, at all events, there's plenty to drink. My Lord High Acrobat, will you please to pass the wine? The red's currant and the white is orange," she explained; "you must taste both and tell me which you like best."

A goblet of red liquid and another of yellow were passed up, and very clear and refreshing they looked, only, unfortunately, it was quite impossible to taste them, as they were completely enclosed in glass.

"The advantage of this wine," said Clementina, proudly, as Torquil and Irene put their goblets down, "is that you can't waste it. However much you drink, the glass keeps as full as ever."

"But we can't drink a drop," said Torquil.

"Can't you?" said the Queen, with concern. "I *am* so sorry. We must see by-and-by if we can't get some wine you *can* drink—at the grocer's. Tell me, Buffidella, do you think it's time the banquet ended?"

"Quite, *I* think," said Irene, for after all this parade she was a little cross at not having had even an ordinary tea. "There's not much sense in having a *very* long banquet without anything to eat or drink at all, *is* there?"

"I suppose there isn't much," Clementina admitted. "And besides, there's the Court ball to come."

Irene glanced at the stiff Dutch dolls and the limp composition ones, and the great, clumsy Ninepins, with growing doubts. "I suppose," she said, "all these—a—ladies and gentlemen *can* dance?"

"I've never heard them say they *couldn't*," said the Queen, "but the Prime Minister is sure to know. My Lord High Acrobat," she called across the table, "can the Court dance?"

"Dance, your Majesty?" said the Prime Minister; "to be sure they can—fluently!" And all the Dolls of honour sat up and simpered with conscious pride.

"Then clear away the table," commanded the Queen, "and let the ball begin."

They managed to clear the hall somehow, and dancing began. Irene had often heard of people talking French fluently, but she had never heard of dancing fluently, and she was curious to see how it was done. She very soon decided that it was not at all the same thing as dancing well.

The Court ladies bobbed about, curtsying whenever it occurred to them, generally to one of the wooden soldiers. The Ninepins blundered up against one another and bowed solemnly to nobody. Everyone danced by himself and herself, and seemed perfectly satisfied. As for Clementina, she looked on, beaming with pride and content.

"The *idea* of calling this a ball!" said Irene, indignantly, to Torquil, as they stood apart. "Why, they haven't even a piano to dance to!"

"They don't want one for *their* kind of dancing," said Torquil. "This *is* a duffing party, and no mistake!"

"Just look at that Dutch doll 'making cheeses' to the soldier over there!" said Irene. "*Isn't* it silly? He can't make it out a bit—and no wonder! And they're all so pleased with themselves, too!" She checked herself suddenly, as she saw Clementina coming up.

"Isn't it a pretty sight?" cried the Queen, with childish glee. "I'd no notion they could dance so fluently as *this*. Have you ever seen anything like it before?"

Irene felt tempted to say that she had seen a monkey do something very like it on an organ, but she refrained. "It's not *quite* the way Torquil and I have been taught to dance," she replied.

"TORQUIL'S DIGNITY WAS SEVERELY TRIED BY HAVING TO DANCE WITH A DOLL."

Irene whispered to Torquil, "but we might manage a polka if you whistled the tune."

Clementina was much pleased with their performance of the polka. "It certainly is a great improvement—dancing in couples like that," she said. "I'm going to dance with Chipsitop myself now."

Of course, Torquil's dignity was severely tried by having to dance with a doll, and it was hard work too, for he could only just reach up to and round Clementina's waist, and had to swing her round and, in fact, do all the dancing himself.

"Isn't it? Do show us how *you* dance," said the Queen; "it will be so interesting."

"We can't very well without a piano," Irene explained.

"Oh, but we have a splendid piano somewhere," said Clementina; "we'll have it brought in."

This was done, and the Prime Minister very kindly offered to play for them. But as the piano only had six keys, and his notion of playing was to smack them at random with his big, flat hands, it was just as well, perhaps, that all the notes were dumb. The Queen, at all events, was perfectly satisfied with his efforts, and remarked that he had an exquisite touch.

"It's no use trying to dance to *that*," Irene was glad for his sake when the Queen at last consented to stop. "It's quite easy!" said Clementina. "Now I want to see the whole Court dance in couples, with every courtier's arm round his partner's waist."

Only, as few of the Dolls of honour had a waist, and none of the Ninepins an arm, this was not so easy as she imagined, and accordingly they begged the Queen to give them just one more lesson.

"Very well," said Clementina, graciously, "and *this* time I'll dance it with the Prime Minister."

It was in vain for the Lord High Acrobat to plead that he had lost all his quicksilver and that he didn't know the step; she insisted that it was ridiculously simple, and that she could teach him in no time. So they started.

Irene felt certain that they would come to grief, but she had hardly expected it so soon. There was a little aimless prancing and slipping about, and then a total and most undignified collapse, which upset several Ninepins, who had been studying the new step with close attention.

Irene had been feeling too hot and ashamed on Clementina's account to think of laughing even then. But when the Queen scrambled up out of the general scrimmage and remarked, with unaltered complacency, "That is the *correct* way to dance this very elegant step," Irene suddenly went off into peals of laughter.

She was quite aware that it was not good manners, but she simply couldn't help it. And it wasn't as if Clementina had been a real Queen either, who might have ordered her to lose her head because she couldn't keep her countenance—she wasn't afraid of Clementina. So Irene laughed — wildly, helplessly, peal after peal—till the Queen and all her ladies stared at her in pained amazement, and the Ninepins wobbled with dismay.

However, Clementina seemed rather anxious than angry. "My *dearest* Buffidella!" she cried. "What is the matter? Do—do stop making those dreadful noises. They do alarm us so."

But Irene couldn't leave off. "Your Majesty," said the Lord High Acrobat, "I fear the Lady Buffidella has been seized by some strange and sudden illness."

They all showed the greatest concern, not knowing much about illness themselves, and fully believing, as dolls and toys are unaccustomed to laughing out loud, that nothing but illness could account for Irene's extraordinary behaviour.

"I'm better now," said Irene, as soon as she could speak. "It really was your fault—it was *too* funny to see you teaching everybody the polka when you've no idea how to do it yourself."

"But I *have*," said Clementina; "why, you saw me dance it with Chipsitop!"

"I saw him dance it with *you*," said Irene; "it isn't quite the same thing. And really, you know, if I were you I shouldn't have a State ball till you can all dance a little!"

"I'm sure," said the Queen, plaintively, "I don't know when we've all been so energetic."

"Perhaps not," said Irene; "but it isn't real dancing—only just jigging about."

"But we could *learn* real dancing if you would only teach us how!" said Clementina.

"You'd never learn properly," said Irene, decisively; "you're all of you too limp or too stiff. I think you had much better give it up altogether."

"Yes," said Clementina, "we won't go on with the ball any longer or we might make poor Buffidella ill again. I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll pay a State visit to the Court painter. He has studied in Paris, and he's the cleverest artist in the world, so I'm glad to have him in my Court. I think Queens ought to encourage art, don't you?"

"What kind of pictures does he paint?" asked Irene, wondering which of the toys it could be.

"Well, he hasn't done any *yet*; but he's going to do one of me as soon as he gets what he calls the 'mouvement.' He may have got it by this time. Let's go and see"; and she led the way out of the banqueting-hall.

"What are we supposed to be playing at *now*?" Torquil asked Irene, as they followed the procession out under the fringe of the table-cover; and she told him they were going to visit a famous portrait painter from Paris.

"I expect it's only that clockwork chap Aunt Hetty bought me in Oxford Street," said Torquil. "*He* was made in Paris, I know—most of those mechanical figures are; father said so. But what rot calling *him* a famous portrait painter! Why, he only draws one outline in pencil—and he can't colour that!"

"He *may* have improved," said Irene, though she thought it unlikely, and with this they came upon the artist himself, seated on a raised tin platform before a tin easel, on which was a sheet of blank paper. He was tin himself, but wore a brown blouse of real calico; his pink and white face (which showed a line down each side where the two halves of his head joined) had a dreamily absent expression.

"Don't trouble to rise," said the Queen, which, as he was soldered fast to his seat, showed true thoughtfulness on her part. "We've come to see if you've finished my portrait yet."

"I attend still ze mouvement, madame!" he replied, with an accent that reminded Irene of a French maid her mother had once had. "Ven I commence, I make of you a portrait that shall be all there is of the most magnifique!"

"That's exactly the kind of portrait I should like," said Clementina. "But couldn't you commence *now*?"

"Alas, no!" he replied. "Art is not to be pressed. I vork only ven I feel ze impulsion." Which the Lord High Acrobat

explained was a proof that he was a real genius.

"The humbug!" said Torquil, in an undertone, to Irene; "he knows jolly well he *can't* work unless somebody turns his handle for him!"

"Let's try if *we* can't turn it and see what he draws," suggested Irene, mischievously. "It *used* to be a head of 'Punch.' What fun if he does it now!"

Torquil was willing enough, and they slipped unnoticed behind the artist, and began with some difficulty to turn the big handle in his platform which set the machinery going.

"Why, what can that queer, creaky noise be?" exclaimed the Queen, in astonishment.

"It is me, madame!" said the artist, excitedly. "At last ze moment 'ave arrive! Yes, I go to paint my masterspiece!"

"THE ARTIST TRACED SLOWLY AND JERKILY ON THE PAPER."

Irene could not restrain a little gurgle of laughter as the artist, following every stroke of his pencil with conceited motions of his head, traced slowly and jerkily on the paper before him a feeble outline which proved to be, indeed, the profile of "Mr. Punch."

"*Voilà!*" he said, proudly, as he stopped with a click. "'Ave I not surprised ze true expression, so gracious, so spirituelle, of your Majesty? It is *chic*, hein?"

"How very clever of you!" cried Clementina, who certainly wasn't vain—if she didn't know much about Art. "Am I really like *that?*"

"A wonderful likeness," pronounced the Lord High Acrobat, who knew that that was the proper remark to make about any portrait. "Why, there's an eye, and a nose, and a mouth and chin, as plain as possible!" And the Ninepins all agreed that it was unmistakable.

"What do *you* think, Chipsitop?" demanded Clementina, as if she were beginning to have doubts.

"*I* think," said Torquil, candidly, "that it might be more like you if you had a hook nose and a hump on your back. But it's rather like 'Punch.'"

The Lord High Acrobat and the Ninepins admitted that the portrait certainly had a *look* of "Punch."

"But how *can* it have?" asked the Queen. "Because *I'm* not like 'Punch.' We're not even related! And I don't understand, Mr. Court Painter, how you could sit down to draw me and then do quite a different person of the name of 'Punch'!"

"Pardon!" he said. "An accident. Your Majesty is more difficult than I imagine."

"See if you can draw me," said Irene, who knew very well that he couldn't. "You can't say *I'm* not easy!"

"You vould be nossing!" he replied. "Un'appily, ze impulsion 'ave all gone. I can vork no more."

"Oh, yes, you can!" insisted Irene, reversing his sheet of paper for him. "Just you wait a minute and see!"

And again she and Torquil worked the handle, and, of course, the artist proceeded to draw the very same outline of "Punch," only rather fainter.

"I 'ave succeed against my 'opes," he said, complacently. "A portrait that speaks!"

"My *dear* Buffidella!" cried the Queen; "it's the very image of you!" And all the Court said the same, which annoyed Irene extremely.

"It's nothing of the sort!" she declared. "Why, it's just 'Punch' over again. If you only *look* at me you must see I'm no more like 'Punch' than you are yourself!"

"She's right!" said Clementina, after looking critically at Irene. "Buffidella's nose is short and quite straight, and she has long hair, too, with waves in it. Can't you draw people *without* humps and hook noses?" she asked the painter.

"I *could*, madame, no doubt," he replied, "but it vould not be *Art*. Ze artiste draw as he see!"

"Don't you tell such corkers!" burst out Torquil. "You can't draw at all till you're wound up—and then it's always the same old head of 'Punch.' Why," he added to the others, "if you looked inside him you'd see the machinery he does it with!"

"Ze public," said the painter, grandly, "'ave no concern viz ze inner life of ze artiste. He is judged by his vorks."

"But *your* works are all inside you!" said Torquil; "and they can't be seen unless you're opened."

But the artist protested that if he were once opened he would in all probability never be able to draw anything again.

"I don't think *that* would be any great loss," said Clementina, who had evidently lost all faith in him. "For there seems to be only one thing you can draw—and it's not even pretty. And if I had known you were so mechanical, I would never have let you be my Court painter. You needn't be opened *this* time, but if you wish to be forgiven you must learn to draw without being wound up, and to draw things out of your own head!"

And with these words she turned her back on him, while the Lord High Acrobat told the abashed artist that he hoped this exposure would be a warning to him for the future, and the Ninepins congratulated themselves on there being no machinery or nonsense of that sort inside *them;* and presently the whole Court moved on, leaving the painter in dumb despair, for he was apparently just beginning to realize that, try as he might, it was not in him to draw anything really original.

"You needn't have told them about the clockwork," said Irene to Torquil, as they followed the Court. "It would have been so horrid for him if they *had* opened him!"

"I wish they *had*," said Torquil; "I should have rather liked to see his works myself."

"But wouldn't that be cruel, Torquil? It might *hurt* him, you know!"

"Bosh!" said Torquil, carelessly. "He's only *tin!* And he was so jolly cocky, he wanted taking down a bit."

"What *I* can't understand," said Irene, thoughtfully, "is how Clementina could ever have thought he was *really* a great painter."

"Why, of course she didn't. She's not much better than some great silly kid, but she knows more than that. Don't you see how it is, Irene? She thinks we don't know that all the things here are only toys, and that we sha'n't find out if only they can keep on pretending enough."

"She *can't* be such a goose!" cried Irene. "Even Clementina must see that we're not to be taken in so easily as all that."

"Well, we'll soon *let* her see!" said Torquil; and just then they were interrupted by the Lord High Acrobat, who hopped fussily back to inform them that Her Majesty desired the pleasure of their company.

CHAPTER IV.

AWKWARD QUESTIONS AND CLUMSY ANSWERS.

"I WANT to show you some of the principal sights in my kingdom," said Clementina, as they rejoined her, "and I'm sure you'll be astonished. First, I'll take you to see my model farm, and I thought we'd go there in a train—by *railway*, you know. Perhaps you don't know what a railway is?"

"Oh, yes, we do," said Torquil.

"But not such a railway as mine," she said; "it's a beauty—it's got a tunnel, and a station, and a train, and everything. There it is, you see!"

Now it was quite a cheap clockwork railway, with circular lines and a tiny tin station, so they could not pretend to go into ecstasies

over it. "I see a train," said Torquil, "but I don't see how we're to *go* anywhere in it."

"We must find out," said Clementina. "There must be *some* way, or people wouldn't travel by train."

"Oh, I know how you travel by a real train," said Torquil; "I've done it ever so often."

"Then it's all right," she said, "for, of course, I shouldn't have any train that *wasn't* real. How do you begin?"

"You begin," said Torquil, "by getting tickets. The station-master keeps them."

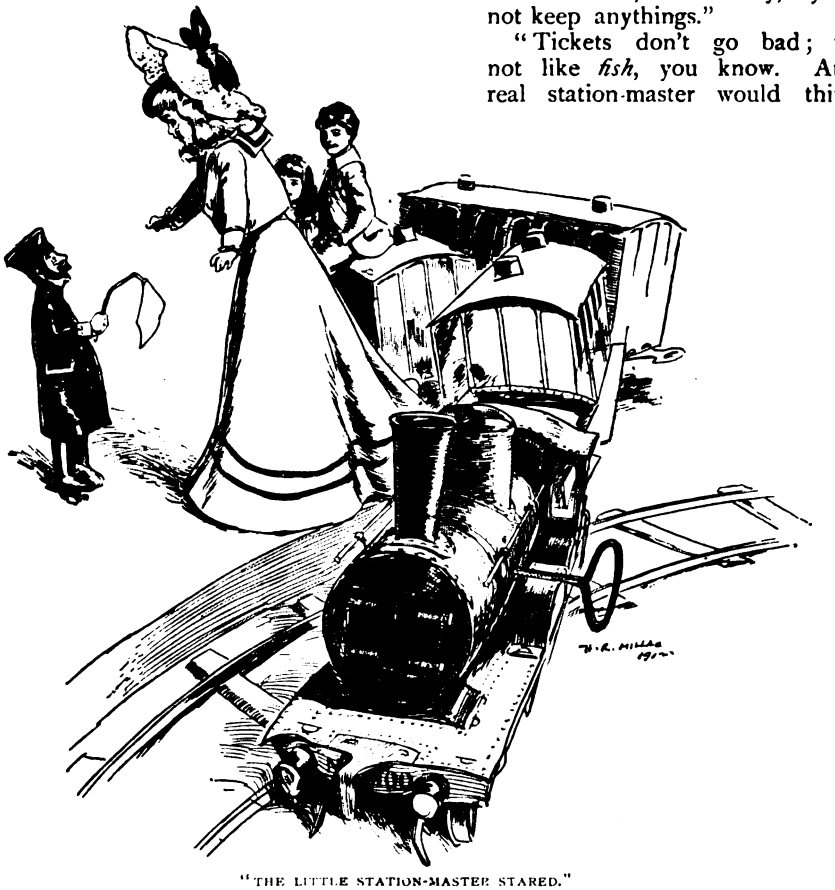
"Of course," said Clementina. "There *is* the station-master." And with her usual toddle she bore down upon a very small plaster official in a flat cap with a red top to it, who was standing stolidly on a spike in the platform. "I'm the Queen, and I want to travel by train," she began. "Could you kindly give me some of your very best tickets?"

The little station-master stared; clearly he had no idea what tickets were, but he was too much of an official to admit it. "I regret, your Majesty," he said, with a slight accent that showed that he was made in Germany, "that I haf no dickets shoost now."

"At *real* stations," said Torquil, "they *have* to keep tickets."

"When it is hot vedder," replied the station-master, shamelessly, "you cannot keep anythings."

"Tickets don't go bad; they're not like *fish*, you know. And no real station-master would think of allowing anybody to travel without a ticket."



"THE LITTLE STATION-MASTER STARED."

"That is quite true," said the station-master, "but for the Queen, of course, I make exceptions." Which was really smart of him, for even Torquil wasn't sure whether Queens travelled free or had to take tickets like ordinary people.

"In future," said the Queen, "you mustn't allow anybody to travel without at least *one* ticket . . . . What's the *next* thing to do, Buffidella, when you go by train?"

"Well, next," said Irene, who could scarcely believe Clementina could be so

ignorant, "you generally open one of the carriage doors and get in; only there aren't any doors to *these* carriages."

"Why, so there aren't!" cried Clementina. "What has become of all the carriage doors, Mr. Station-master?"

"On this line, your Majesty," he replied, "we nefer have doors—nefer."

"Then how do your passengers get in?" inquired Irene.

"They shtop outside," was the answer; "it is more comfortable—much."

"But I don't *want* to stop outside," said the Queen; "I want to get in—we all do."

"Only we can't," said Torquil, "because, you see, we're all a lot too big."

"It is petter outside," explained the station-master, placidly, "because I do not know when the train starts; and when it starts, always the second time round it runs off the rails—always."

"Oh," said Clementina, looking rather disappointed, "very well; but I must say I don't see that trains are so convenient to travel by, after all. They don't seem at all safe."

"Real trains are," said Torquil. "But, of course, this is a toy one."

If Clementina had known this all along and had been hoping he wouldn't notice it she certainly passed it off uncommonly well. "What do you mean, Mr. Station-master?" she said, in a tone that — for her — was almost severe. "What *do* you mean by providing me and my Court with a toy train? Be good enough to let us have a real one at once!"

"I am sorry," was all he could say, "but this is all the trains I have." Whereupon the Prime Minister said the line was disgracefully managed, and the Ninepins agreed that it was perfectly scandalous.

"What do you *expect?*" said Torquil; "he's only plaster. He couldn't manage a real railway if he *had* one."

But the Queen would listen to no excuses. "You're every bit as bad as the Court painter," she told the station-master; "and it's fortunate I found you out in time. I wouldn't travel by your line on any account. I shall walk to the model farm instead. Luckily," she added to Irene and Torquil as she went on, "it's close by. And I know you'll be pleased with *that*. Mr. and Mrs. Farmer *do* understand how to manage *their* business. At least, so I've always understood. But if you *should* notice anything at all amiss, you must be sure and tell me of it."

And Torquil promised to do so.

The model farm turned out to be the one that Irene had had on her last birthday but one. It was the ordinary toyshop affair, with the usual crinkly sheep and piebald pigs and cows, two horses, one Indian red and the other slate colour, and curly little trees on stands. Mr. and Mrs. Farmer, accompanied by an utterly impossible white and yellow dog, were standing at the gate to receive them.

"How do you do, Mr. and Mrs. Farmer?" began Clementina, in the friendliest manner. "I'm the Queen, you know, and I've brought my guests, Buffidella and Chipsitop, to see your beautiful farm."

"Your Majesty and your vrients are very velgom," said Mr. Farmer, with a much stronger accent than the station-master—perhaps because he had not had such a good education. "Egscuse that ve do nod salute. My hat he vill nod dake off, and my vife she is too thick that she make you a gurtsy."

"It doesn't matter in the least," said Clementina, who, for a Queen, was remarkably easy-going about etiquette. "Now, just

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"THE PRIME MINISTER SAID THE LINE WAS DISGRACEFULLY MANAGED."

tell my friends exactly how you do your farming."

"How ve does our farmings?" repeated Mr. Farmer, with a bewildered look in his eyedots, and a general vacancy of expression that betrayed the blankest ignorance on the subject. "My vife, she exblain soch dings."

"There is nodings to exblain," said Mrs. Farmer, nervously. "We farms shoost like other beoples."

"Tell us," said Irene, who was, I am afraid, in a naughtily malicious frame of mind, "what you do first?"

"First," said Mrs. Farmer, "first, ve geds op."

"My vife she vorgeds," put in Mr. Farmer. "First, ve goes to ped. *Then* ve geds op."

"What *we* should like to know," said Torquil, "is what you do when you *are* up."

"Oh, vell," said Mrs. Farmer, obviously making it all up, "ve—ve vashes ze faces and necks of all ze ducks and gooses."

"We stayed at a real farm all one summer," said Torquil, "and *there* the ducks and geese washed themselves."

"Not bossible!" said Mr. Farmer. "Here zey are nod so glever. Zen," he continued, "ve visits ze pig-houses, to see if zey haf laid any ecks."

"Real pigs don't lay eggs," objected Torquil.

"I nefer said ve *find* any," said Mr. Farmer, craftily. "So, you see, my pigs *are* real pigs."

"Do you ever feed your animals?" Irene asked, feeling positive that he didn't.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "somtimes; zey ged som foods—yes."

"What sort of food do you give them?"

His little eyes wandered till they finally rested on the carpet, which seemed to give him an idea. "I gifs zem floff," he said, boldly; "floff, and—and dea-leafs."

"Real farmyard animals wouldn't *look* at fluff or tea-leaves either!"

"Qvide drue!" said Mr. Farmer; "mine also zey vill nod look at it."

"How do you milk your cows?" inquired Irene, who wasn't going to be put off like this.

"I bulls their ears," said Mrs. Farmer, desperately, "and bresently ze milg it com drickling out of their horns. To-day," she added, cautiously, "it is a holiday, so zey vill nod vork."

"All *I* know is," said Irene, "that it's not the place people *usually* milk a cow."

"But so long as you get the milk," said Clementina, "what *does* it matter? And the sheep are splendid, now *aren't* they, Buffidella?"

"It makes them look rather silly having those red neckties on," said Irene.

"Nod any more silly as they are alretty!" retorted Mr. Farmer, standing up for his sheep like a man. "I likes my sheeps, you see, to be smart and like shendlemans."

"No gentleman *ever* wears a red made-up bow," said Torquil, who must have learnt this at school, "though I dare say it's right enough for a sheep. When do you begin making hay?"

"If you knew only a liddle apout farmings," said Mr. Farmer, "you vould understant that you cannod *make* hay. He *crows*."

"Of course it grows first, and then you make it afterwards, with rakes," said Torquil. "I know, because I've helped real farmers to make it."

"*My* hay," said Mr. Farmer, "crows all retty made."

"Then you ought to have haystacks; but there don't seem to *be* any," said Irene.

"I dell you vy nod. Zey vas all throwed avay mit ze shavinks."

"What bosh!" said Torquil. "How could you throw haystacks away with shavings?"

"I don't know, bot I *exbect*," said Mr. Farmer, at his wits' end, "ze haystags zey vould be in ze poddom of ze box mit ze shavinks, and so, you see, ven zey are throwed avay, ze haystags zey go also."

"If you go and lose your haystacks like that," said Irene, "you *must* be a careless farmer!"

"I'm afraid he's not so careful as I thought he was," said Clementina, "and as you know so much about it, Buffidella, the best plan would be for you to live in the farm-house and show them how to farm properly."

"She shall lif mit us as one of our vamilies, yes," said Mr. Farmer—which was good natured of him, under the circumstances.

"Ve gif her ze best pedrooms," added Mrs. Farmer.

But Irene did not at all approve of this proposal. It would be even stupider living at the farm than in the dolls' house. "It's all very well to talk about giving me the best bedroom," she said, "but you can't help knowing that the farm-house is much too small to hold either of you!"

"I dell you vy," explained Mr. Farmer; "it looks schmall begause it is a long vay off—all houses zey do that somtimes."

Irene felt baffled for the moment, for she

could not deny that houses have a way of looking small at a distance. But at last she saw a way out of the difficulty. "But *your* house can't be large enough for me," she said, "when I can sit on the roof quite easily!"

And she did—to Mr. Farmer's intense annoyance. "You do nod blay fair!" he said. "My house is pig enoff for everypotties — brovided zey go nod too near."

"I CAN SIT ON THE ROOF QUITE EASILY."

"He *must* know, Buffidella," said the Queen; "it's his own house. And I particularly want you to live here and teach them to farm."

"Nobody could teach them to farm properly," she said, "when they've only got a *toy* farm."

"My beautiful farm nothing but a toy!" cried Clementina. "Oh, Buffidella, you *must* be mistaken."

"But I'm not!" said Irene. "Just look at it. All their animals are wood—and so are they."

"Really!" exclaimed the Ninepins, drawing themselves up. "We cannot see that *that* is any discredit."

"Far from it," chimed in the Dutch dolls. "We're wood ourselves, but we're descended from a very old family indeed, and if we're to be told——"

"Buffidella didn't mean that, I'm sure," said the Queen. "*Everybody* can't be wax in this world, and whether they're china, or wood, or plaster, or tin, or anything else, is of no consequence so long as they're not toys—like Mr. and Mrs. Farmer—trying to pass themselves off as real persons. *That* is a very serious offence indeed, and anyone found out doing it deserves to be severely punished!"

"But, your Majesty!" protested Mr. Farmer, "ve nefer bass oursellefs off as nodings! And I do nod beleaf ve are no more doys as everypotties else!"

"Buffidella and Chipsitop say you *are*, and they're so clever they must know best," said the Queen. "However, I will let you off this once, on condition that you behave better for the future."

And she went on with the Court, leaving the unfortunate Mr. and Mrs. Farmer standing by their gate, staring first at one another and then at their cattle, as if they were slowly beginning to suspect that they were not quite real after all.

(*To be continued.*)

Curiosities.

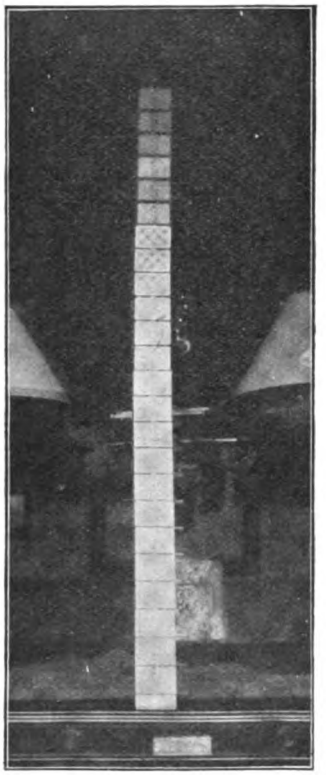
[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

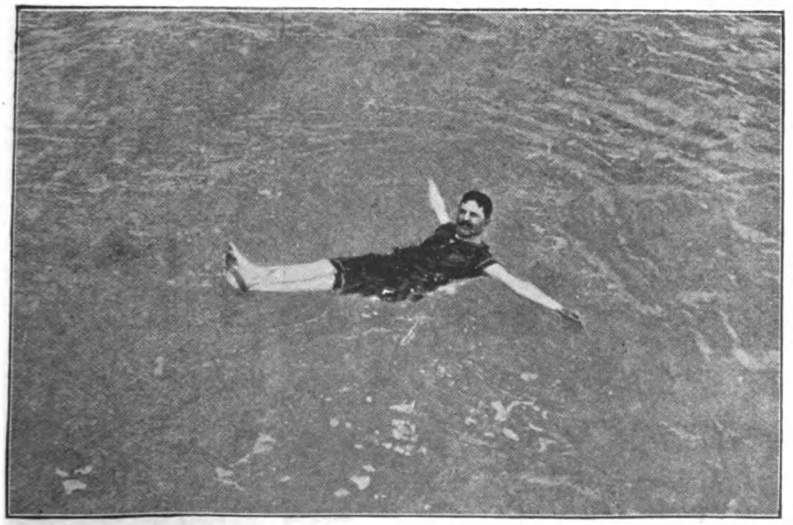
PATRIOTIC BEES.

"This patriotic design is composed entirely of honey in the comb. It was worked by the bees themselves and is well sealed up. Upwards of seventy thousand bees were employed on the design, and owing to the season being unpropitious they were six weeks in completing it. The actual weight of honey is thirty pounds, and it occupies a case measuring three feet high by two feet seven inches broad. It was intended to have it ready for exhibition by the first Coronation day, but as that event was postponed the bees managed to finish it for the actual day, and it figured in the decorations in our town."—**Mr. R. Baldwin, Manor Park, Aylesbury, Bucks.**

IS THIS A RECORD CARD TOWER?

In our issue for April, 1902, we published the photograph of a card tower twenty stories high, which beat the record of a tower built by another reader some time previously, and which consisted of fifteen stories. We now reproduce the photo. of a tower which is thus described by the builder: "I send you a photograph of a twenty-five-story card tower which I have built. After the photo. was taken I added two more stories, making twenty-seven in all. Is this a record?" -- Miss F. M. Hollams, Dene Park, Tonbridge.





THE SWIMMERS' PARADISE.

"The Great Salt Lake, in Utah, is noted for the large quantity of salt held in solution by the water, which is so buoyant that persons who bathe in it can float on the top without difficulty, although they make no effort to keep themselves up. The accompanying photograph shows a bather in Great Salt Lake actually lying on the surface, being immersed in the water but two or three inches deep. The lake contains more salt than the ocean itself, and for this reason even a person who is not accustomed to swimming or floating remains on its surface like a block of wood."—Mr. D. Allen Willey, Baltimore.

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MODELLING IN WAX.

"For the past seven years I have been compelled to lie on my back with a very bad spinal complaint, resulting from the effects of a blow received when pushed by a boy down a flight of stairs. Since then I have been confined to my bed, and while lying there I have for several years amused myself with modelling in common candle wax. I have had no tuition whatever, and really only took to it as a pastime. No tools are used in the modelling of the figures, the wax being simply warmed by the heat of the hands and then shaped at will. The figures are supported by a wire through the wax, which is fastened to the board."—Mr. W. E. Mahon, 13, Helena Street, Edge Hill, Liverpool.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SEQUENCE OF BIRTHS.

"Urged by a large number of my friends, I write to bring to your notice a unique and very remarkable coincidence that has happened in my family. We have three children, and they were born as follows: Myfanwy, our eldest, on January 21st, 1900; Nesta, on January 21st, 1901; Robert, on January 21st, 1902. Not only were they born on the same day, but also at the very same hour, viz., 2 a.m. Our doctor and others will verify the statement. All the births took place in Crewkerne, where I am acting as assistant-curate. The photograph was taken by F. G. Christopher."—The Rev. David Lloyd, West Lodge, Crewkerne, Somerset.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

"This is the photograph of an old oak tree which stands in front of the Blue Bell Inn, Brompton, Shropshire. In the hole which can be seen in the

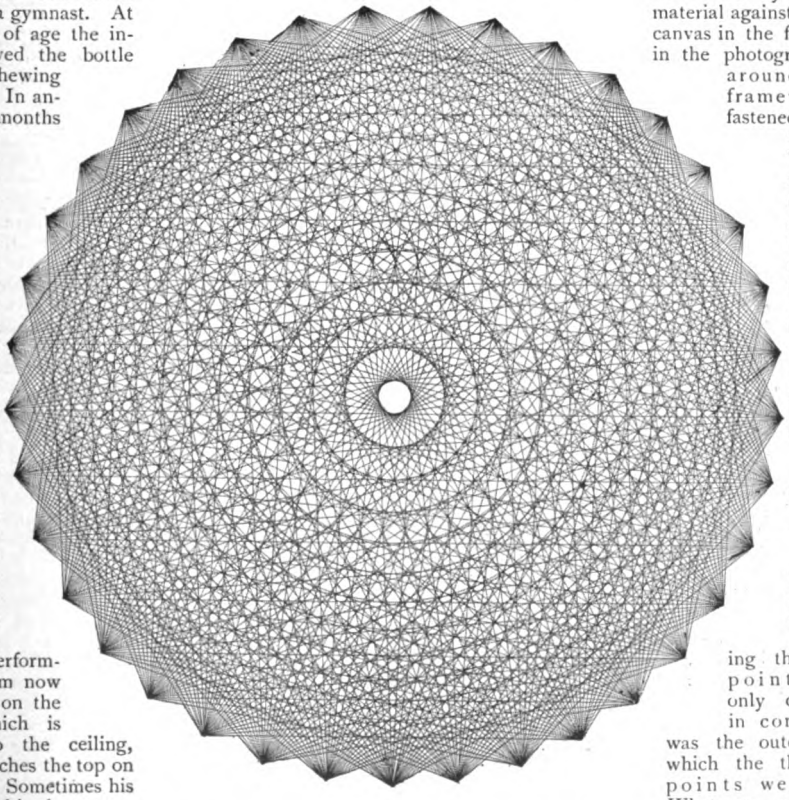
trunk is the nest of a pair of nut-hatches. They have nested in the same place every year for twenty-seven years, at which time they first drilled out the hole. About seven years ago a pair of starlings took possession of it and drove the nut-hatches away. The landlord of the inn then nailed a piece of lead over the nest and cut a hole in it just large enough to allow the original owners to pass through, but at the same time preventing the starlings from entering. In less than an hour the nut-hatches were back in their old home and have nested there every year since."—Mr. W. J. Richards, The Blue Bell, Brompton, near Churchstoke, Mont.

A THREE-YEAR-OLD ATHLETE.

"Theodore Schar, aged three years, son of F. Schar, of Philadelphia, Pa., and now in Los Angeles, is believed to be the strongest child in the world by those who know of his feats of strength and marvellous abilities as a gymnast. At six months of age the infant eschewed the bottle and began chewing beef-steak. In another six months sharply-ribbed muscles stood out under his pink skin, and he was working daily on a turning-bar, trapeze, and lifting machine which his father had rigged up for him. The baby Samson would trip his mother up by seizing her ankles in his chubby arms. An ordinary performance for him now is to swing on the trapeze, which is fastened to the ceiling, until he touches the top on both sides. Sometimes his father takes him by an arm or leg and swings him in the air. One day Mr. Schar forgot his dinner-pail when going to work by train. Little Theodore discovered it and carried the lunch to his father—four miles! He was then two and a half years old."—Mr. J. L. Von Blon, Los Angeles, Cal.

A LOCUST EAGLE.

"During a recent visitation of locusts a man in Baltimore conceived the idea of making a souvenir of their visit by forming a number of them into an eagle. The accompanying photograph shows the eagle on his perch, every particle of the bird and the perch being composed of the bodies and wings of locusts. The branch which forms the perch contains a number of 'buds' which are composed of the heads of the insects, but the eagle itself is made up almost entirely of the wings. The work was done by gluing the material against a piece of canvas in the form shown in the photograph, while around it for a framework was fastened a row of the locusts. The representation is nearly life-size, the bird measuring over three feet from tip to tip of its wings."—Mr. D. Allen Willey, Baltimore.

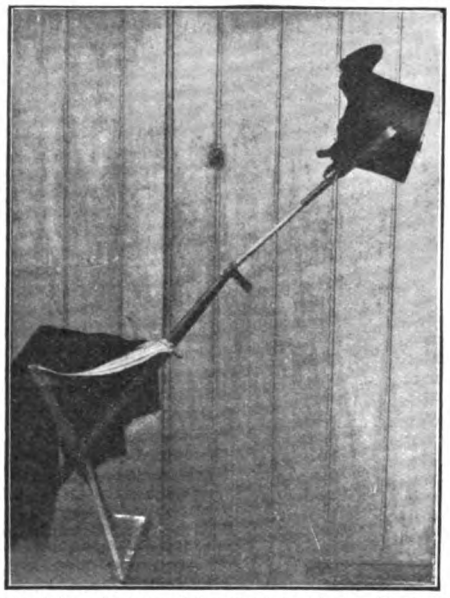


STRAIGHT LINES OR CIRCLES?

"Herewith is a photograph of 'straight lines joining thirty-seven points.' The only circle used in construction was the outer one, on which the thirty-seven points were taken. What are apparently circles, getting more definite as they decrease in size, are merely the straight lines forming tangents to a number of imaginary circles. The total number of lines is four hundred and eighty-one."—Mr. R. Clayton, Ripley Lodge, Belvedere, Kent.

A TOP-HAT CAMERA.

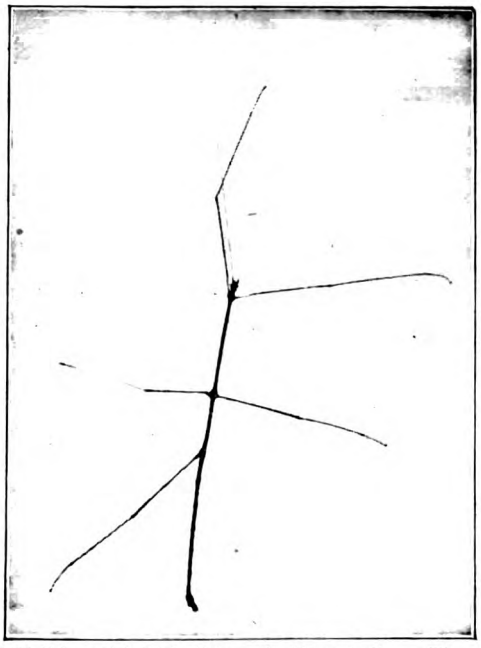
"Having selected a hat, cut a hole in the centre of the cover, through which projects the lens. Next construct a frame exactly fitting the inside of the hat, and against this place a piece of ground glass, which serves as a focusing screen. Having focused the picture, remove the glass and in its place attach the



dark slide, which is of the portfolio kind. To ensure absolute darkness it is advisable to bind the edges of the frame with black velvet, also that part of the frame against which the dark slide rests. The stand represented in the photograph is a stool which closes into a walking-stick, and at the top is attached an oval-shaped piece of metal in which the camera is placed, which, by means of an elastic band, can be raised or lowered as required. The stool serves as a seat for the photographer whilst focusing. Another method for a tripod-stand is to obtain a walking-stick and attach to it two thin iron rods. This is equally successful. The original constructor of this extraordinary camera is Mr. Leon Mumuys."—Miss Winifred Hales, Holmwood, Coombe Road, Croydon.

THE "WALKING-STICK" INSECT.

"At first sight one would suppose this photograph to represent a bit of dried twig, but in reality it is an insect, the Bacteria Fragilis, commonly called



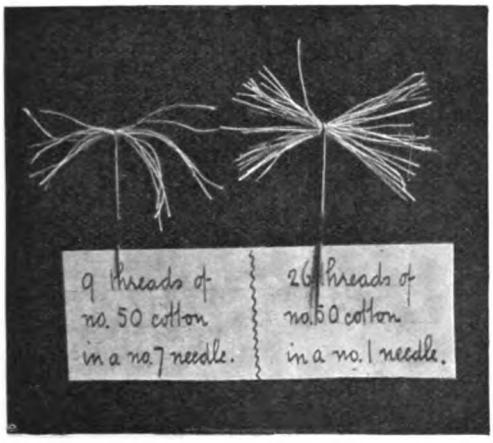
'Walking-stick,' inhabiting the West Indies. These insects may be found measuring from two to twelve inches long, and, strangely enough, they assume the exact colour of the herbage they are found on. Unfortunately, the photograph shows the subject minus a leg, which accident occurred in posing the restive little creature."—Miss E. F. Shaw, Mount Pleasant, Jamaica.

A HERMIT'S HUT.

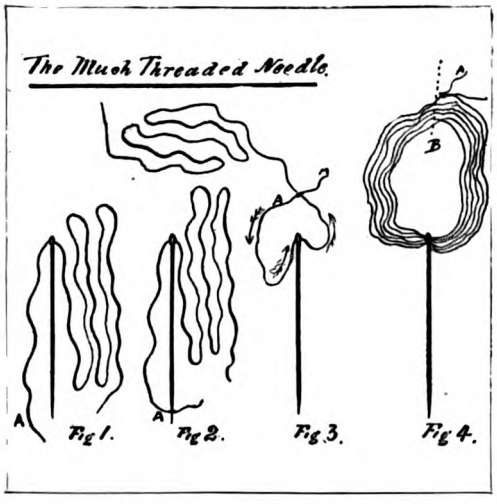
"This is the only residence, other than the keepers' lodges, actually extant in Epping Forest. It is constructed of a framework of branches of trees filled in with bracken, and stands beneath a holly-bush. The builder and resident is a seventy-two-year-old misanthrope, who is permitted to continue his hermit life while he does not constitute himself a nuisance. He has led this lonely life over two years, but meditates an early return to social habitations once more, where his existence will be more in keeping with the inner craving that has revolted against everlasting 'tea and no cooked meal.' The door is seen on the left of the picture at the foot of the holly-bush. When retiring to rest the hermit enters his dwelling and fastens the door after him from the inside."—Mr. John P. Winkworth, 290, Burdett Road, E.

A MUCH-THREADED NEEDLE.

"This novelty is an ingenious trick, which may be interesting and also amusing to many of THE STRAND readers. Here is a No. 7 needle threaded with nine pieces of No. 50 cotton, and a No. 1 needle with no fewer than twenty-six threads of the same cotton passed



through its eye. The needles are ordinary egg-eyed ones. This is how the trick is done. Thread the needle in the ordinary way as in Fig. 1. A is the shorter end of the cotton when the needle is threaded. Pass the needle through the strands of the shorter end as in Fig. 2. Draw the needle right through and a loop will be formed as in Fig. 3. Now pull the loop round and round through the eye in the direction of the arrows. It will then be seen that each circuit



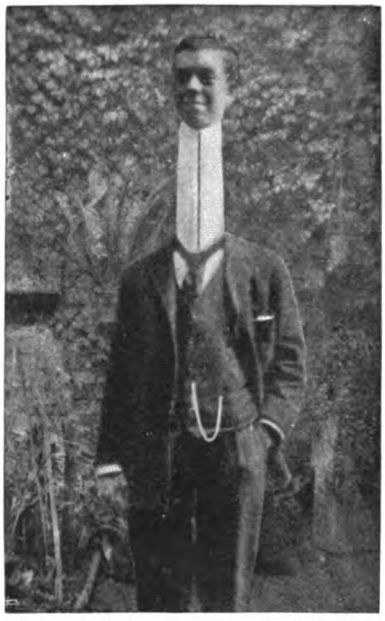
brings an additional thread through. Continue this until the eye is packed, then cut through the several loops at B (Fig. 4), taking care to destroy the point where the one cotton is threaded through the other. N.B.—Let the loop in Fig. 3 be about three inches in circumference."—Mr. James Craddock Hinton, Spring Bank, Lancaster.

A PECULIAR SUIT.

"The suit which I am seen wearing in the adjoining photograph, taken by W. S. Wyles, is entirely made of 'Wild Woodbine' cigarette packets. I have used some thousands of packets in the making, and there are a goodly number scattered about, not to speak of those in the background."—Mr. George Kerr, 84, Erleigh Road, Reading.

"THE BITER BIT."

"This photograph explains itself. A man, trying to catch small fish in a net in shallow water, is himself bitten by a crab, which seizes on his big toe and makes him jump and yell. The picture was taken by Mr. Guion Miller, of Easton, Maryland." — Mr. Arthur Inkersley, San Francisco.

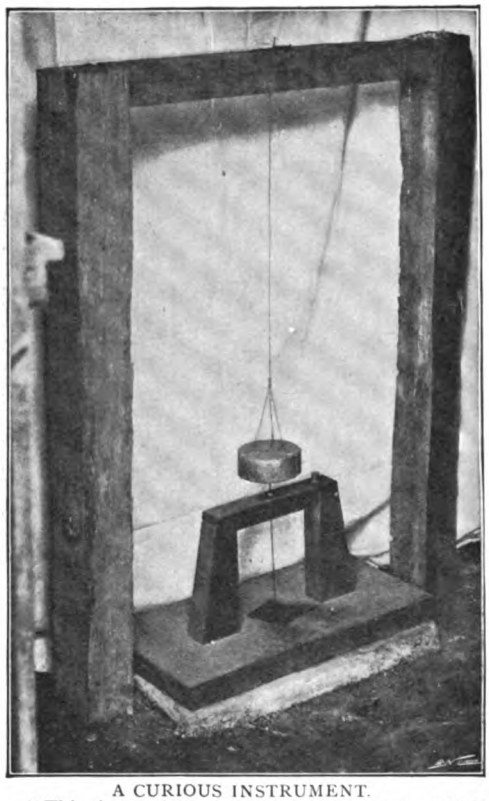


THE LATEST THING IN COLLARS.

"I beg to send you a photo. of what appears to be a long-necked freak which may interest some of your photographic readers. The measurements of the collar are fifteen inches high and fifteen inches round. The way it was done is so obvious that it needs no explanation." — Mr. Edward W. Beesly, 34, Park Street, Bristol.

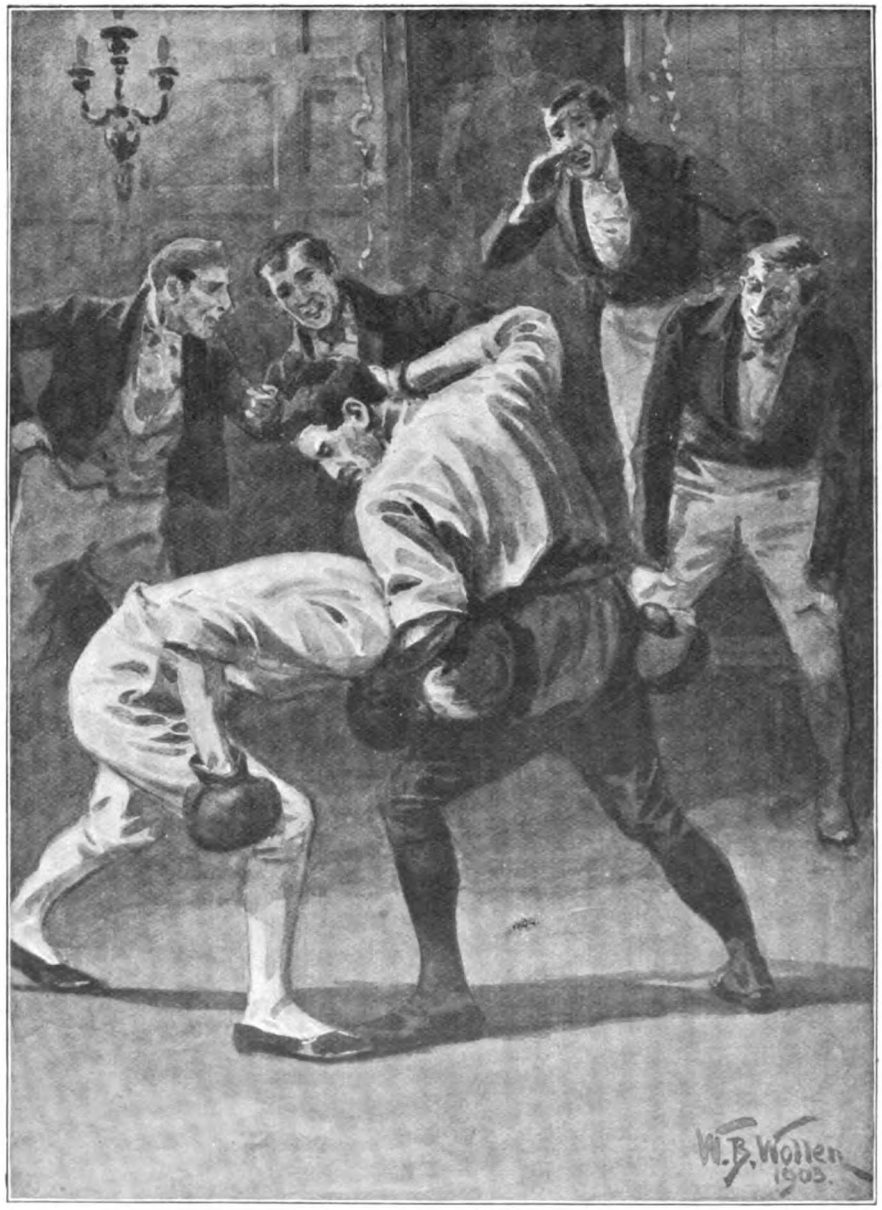
THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

"Whilst travelling through Switzerland I stayed at the small town of Nyon, on the Lake of Geneva. The enclosed photograph which I took shows a cottage on the outskirts of this town, and I think that it is quite a unique and original way of having the name on one's house. As may be seen from the photo. all the letters are trained from one root of white jessamine."—Mr. A. Leslie Holland, 14, Price's Avenue, Cliftonville, Margate.



A CURIOUS INSTRUMENT.

"This is a photo. of the seismograph, which registers earthquakes. It is made of wood on a level cement platform, on which is placed a section of smoked glass; a heavy weight is hung to a string which passes through a small hole in the top bar, and at the end of the string a fine needle is attached. As the earth moves the smoked glass beneath the needle traces lines on the glass. This instrument was copied for use in Japan by the Japanese expert who visited this place after the great earthquake of 1897."—Miss May Welsh, c.o. Postmaster-General of Assam, India.



"HOLDING ME WITH ONE HAND HE STRUCK ME WITH THE OTHER."

(*See page* 245.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxv. MARCH, 1903. No. 147

The Adventures of Etienne Gerard.

By A. Conan Doyle.

VI.—THE BRIGADIER IN ENGLAND.

I HAVE told you, my friends, how I triumphed over the English at the fox-hunt when I pursued the animal so fiercely that even the herd of trained dogs was unable to keep up, and alone with my own hand I put him to the sword. Perhaps I have said too much of the matter, but there is a thrill in the triumphs of sport which even warfare cannot give, for in warfare you share your successes with your regiment and your army, but in sport it is you yourself unaided who have won the laurels. It is an advantage which the English have over us that in all classes they take great interest in every form of sport. It may be that they are richer than we, or it may be that they are more idle; but I was surprised when I was a prisoner in that country to observe how widespread was this feeling, and how much it filled the minds and the lives of the people. A horse that will run, a cock that will fight, a dog that will kill rats, a man that will box—they would turn away from the Emperor in all his glory in order to look upon any of these.

I could tell you many stories of English sport, for I saw much of it during the time that I was the guest of Lord Rufton, after the order for my exchange had come to England. There were months before I could be sent back to France, and during that time I stayed with this good Lord Rufton at his beautiful house of High Combe, which is at the northern end of Dartmoor. He had ridden with the police when they had pursued me from Princetown, and he had felt towards me when I was overtaken as I would myself have felt had I, in my own country, seen a brave and debonair soldier without a friend to help him. In a word he took me to his house, clad me, fed me, and treated me as if he had been my brother. I will say this of the English, that they were always generous enemies, and very good people with whom to fight. In the Peninsula the Spanish outposts would present their muskets at ours, but the British their brandy flasks. And of all these generous men there was none who was the equal of this admirable milord, who held out so warm a hand to an enemy in distress.

Ah! what thoughts of sport it brings back to me, the very name of High Combe! I can see it now, the long, low brick house, warm and ruddy, with white plaster pillars before the door. He was a great sportsman this Lord Rufton, and all who were about him were of the same sort. But you will be pleased to hear that there were few things in which I could not hold my own, and in some I excelled. Behind the house was a wood in which pheasants were reared, and it was Lord Rufton's joy to kill these birds, which was done by sending in men to drive them out while he and his friends stood outside and shot them as they passed. For my part I was more crafty, for I studied the habits of the bird, and stealing out in the evening I was able to kill a number of them as they roosted in the trees. Hardly a single shot was wasted, but the keeper was attracted by the sound of the firing, and he implored me in his rough English fashion to spare those that were left. That night I was able to place twelve birds as a surprise upon Lord Rufton's supper table, and he laughed until he cried, so overjoyed was he to see them. "Gad, Gerard, you'll be the death of

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me yet!" he cried. Often he said the same thing, for at every turn I amazed him by the way in which I entered into the sports of the English.

There is a game called cricket which they play in the summer, and this also I learned. Rudd, the head gardener, was a famous player of cricket, and so was Lord Rufton himself. Before the house was a lawn, and here it was that Rudd taught me the game. It is a brave pastime, a game for soldiers, for each tries to strike the other with the ball, and it is but a small stick with which you may ward it off. Three sticks behind show the spot beyond which you may not retreat. I can tell you that it is no game for children, and I will confess that, in spite of my nine campaigns, I felt myself turn pale when first the ball flashed past me. So swift was it that I had not time to raise my stick to ward it off, but by good fortune it missed me and knocked down the wooden pins which marked the boundary. It was for Rudd then to defend himself and for me to attack. When I was a boy in Gascony I learned to throw both far and straight, so that I made sure that I could hit this gallant Englishman. With a shout I rushed forward and hurled the ball at him. It flew as swift as a bullet towards his ribs, but without a word he swung his staff and the ball rose a surprising distance in the air. Lord Rufton clapped his hands and cheered. Again the ball was brought to me, and again it was for me to throw. This time it flew past his head, and it seemed to me that it was his turn to look pale. But he was a brave man this gardener, and again he faced me. Ah, my friends, the hour of my triumph had come! It was a red waistcoat that he wore, and at this I hurled the ball. You would have said that I was a gunner, not a hussar, for never was so straight an aim. With a despairing cry — the cry of the brave man who is beaten — he fell upon the wooden pegs behind him, and they all rolled upon the ground together. He was cruel, this English milord, and he laughed so that he could not come to the aid of his servant. It was for me, the victor, to rush forwards to embrace this intrepid player, and to raise him to his feet with words of praise, and encouragement, and hope. He was in pain and could not stand erect, yet the honest fellow confessed that there was no accident in my victory. "He did it a-purpose! He

"'HE DID IT A-PURPOSE! HE DID IT A-PURPOSE! AGAIN AND AGAIN HE SAID IT.'"

did it a-purpose!" Again and again he said it. Yes, it is a great game this cricket, and I would gladly have ventured upon it again but Lord Rufton and Rudd said that it was late in the season, and so they would play no more.

How foolish of me, the old broken man, to dwell upon these successes, and yet I will confess that my age has been very much soothed and comforted by the memory of the women who have loved me and the men whom I have overcome. It is pleasant to think that five years afterwards, when Lord Rufton came to Paris after the peace, he was able to assure me that my name was still a famous one in the North of Devonshire for the fine exploits that I had performed. Especially, he said, that they still talked over my boxing match with the Honourable Baldock. It came about in this way. Of an evening many sportsmen would assemble at the house of Lord Rufton, where they would drink much wine, make wild bets, and talk of their horses and their foxes. How well I remember those strange creatures. Sir Barrington, Jack Lupton, of Barnstaple, Colonel Addison, Johnny Miller, Lord Sadler, and my enemy the Honourable Baldock. They were of the same stamp all of them, drinkers, madcaps, fighters, gamblers, full of strange caprices and extraordinary whims. Yet they were kindly fellows in their rough fashion, save only this Baldock, a fat man who prided himself on his skill at the box-fight. It was he who, by his laughter against the French because they were ignorant of sport, caused me to challenge him in the very sport at which he excelled. You will say that it was foolish, my friends, but the decanter had passed many times, and the blood of youth ran hot in my veins. I would fight him, this boaster; I would show him that if we had not skill at least we had courage. Lord Rufton would not allow it. I insisted. The others cheered me on and slapped me on the back. "No, dash it, Baldock, he's our guest," said Rufton. "It's his own doing," the other answered. "Look here, Rufton, they can't hurt each other if they wear the mawleys," cried Lord Sadler. And so it was agreed.

What the mawleys were I did not know, but presently they brought out four great puddings of leather, not unlike a fencing glove, but larger. With these our hands were covered after we had stripped ourselves of our coats and our waistcoats. Then the table, with the glasses and decanters, was pushed into the corner of the room, and behold us, face to face! Lord Sadler sat in the arm-chair with a watch in his open hand. "Time!" said he.

I will confess to you, my friends, that I felt at that moment a tremor such as none of my many duels have ever given me. With sword or pistol I am at home, but here I only understood that I must struggle with this fat Englishman and do what I could, in spite of these great puddings upon my hands, to overcome him. And at the very outset I was disarmed of the best weapon that was left to me. "Mind, Gerard, no kicking!" said Lord Rufton in my ear. I had only a pair of thin dancing slippers, and yet the man was fat, and a few well-directed kicks might have left me the victor. But there is an etiquette just as there is in fencing, and I refrained. I looked at this Englishman and I wondered how I should attack him. His ears were large and prominent. Could I seize them I might drag him to the ground. I rushed in, but I was betrayed by this flabby glove, and twice I lost my hold. He struck me, but I cared little for his blows, and again I seized him by the ear. He fell, and I rolled upon him and thumped his head upon the ground. How they cheered and laughed, these gallant Englishmen, and how they clapped me on the back!

"Even money on the Frenchman," cried Lord Sadler.

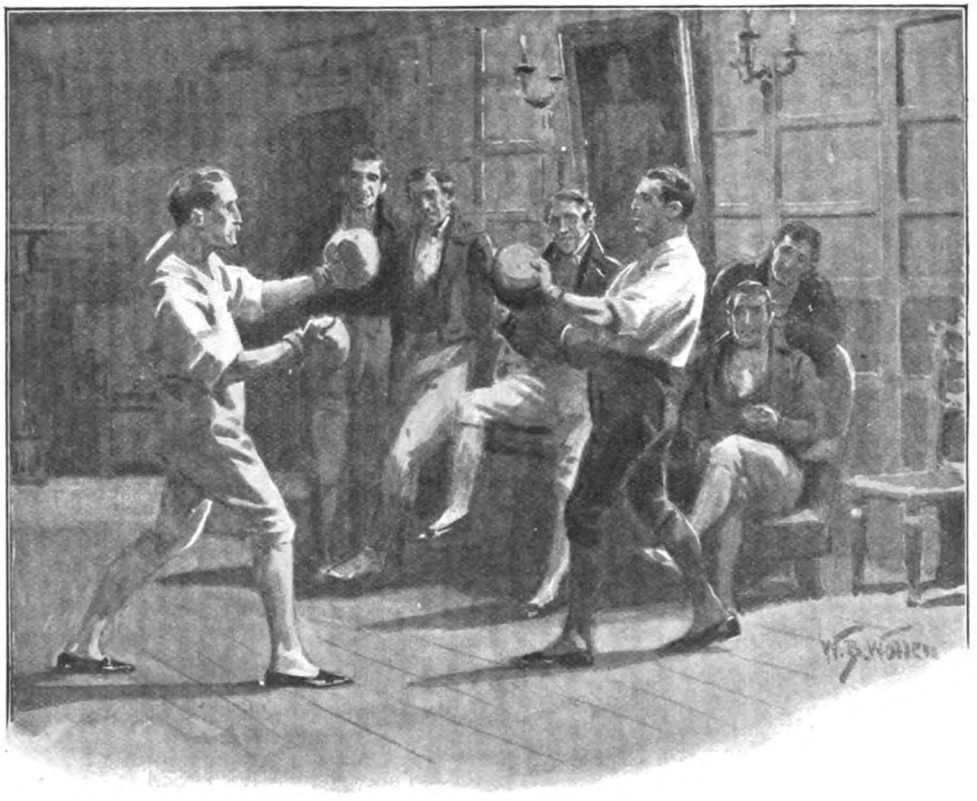
"He fights foul," cried my enemy, rubbing his crimson ears. "He savaged me on the ground."

"You must take your chance of that," said Lord Rufton, coldly.

"Time," cried Lord Sadler, and once again we advanced to the assault.

He was flushed, and his small eyes were as vicious as those of a bulldog. There was hatred on his face. For my part I carried myself lightly and gaily. A French gentleman fights but he does not hate. I drew myself up before him, and I bowed as I have done in the duello. There can be grace and courtesy as well as defiance in a bow; I put all three into this one, with a touch of ridicule in the shrug which accompanied it. It was at this moment that he struck me. The room spun round me. I fell upon my back. But in an instant I was on my feet again and had rushed to a close combat. His ear, his hair, his nose, I seized them each in turn. Once again the mad joy of the battle was in my veins. The old cry of triumph rose to my lips. "Vive l'Empereur!" I yelled as I drove my head into his stomach. He threw his arm round my neck, and holding me with one hand he struck me with

the other. I buried my teeth in his arm, and he shouted with pain. "Call him off, Rufton!" he screamed. "Call him off, man! He's worrying me!" They dragged me away from him. Can I ever forget it?—



"'TIME!' SAID HE."

the laughter, the cheering, the congratulations! Even my enemy bore me no ill will, for he shook me by the hand. For my part I embraced him on each cheek. Five years afterwards I learned from Lord Rufton that my noble bearing upon that evening was still fresh in the memory of my English friends.

It is not, however, of my own exploits in sport that I wish to speak to you to-night, but it is of the Lady Jane Dacre and the strange adventure of which she was the cause. Lady Jane Dacre was Lord Rufton's sister and the lady of his household. I fear that until I came it was lonely for her, since she was a beautiful and refined woman with nothing in common with those who were about her. Indeed, this might be said of many women in the England of those days, for the men were rude and rough and coarse, with boorish habits and few accomplishments, while the women were the most lovely and tender that I have ever known. We became great friends, the Lady Jane and I, for it was not possible for me to drink three bottles of port after dinner like those Devonshire gentlemen, and so I would seek refuge in her drawing-room, where evening after evening she would play the harpsichord and I would sing the songs of my own land. In those peaceful moments I would find a refuge from the misery which filled me, when I reflected that my regiment was left in the front of the enemy without the chief whom they had learned to love and to follow. Indeed, I could have torn my hair when I read in the English papers of the fine fighting which was going on in Portugal and on the frontiers of Spain, all of which I had missed through my misfortune in falling into the hands of Milord Wellington.

From what I have told you of the Lady Jane you will have guessed what occurred, my

friends. Etienne Gerard is thrown into the company of a young and beautiful woman. What must it mean for him? What must it mean for her? It was not for me, the guest, the captive, to make love to the sister of my host. But I was reserved. I was discreet. I tried to curb my own emotions and to discourage hers. For my own part I fear that I betrayed myself, for the eye becomes more eloquent when the tongue is silent. Every quiver of my fingers as I turned over her music-sheets told her my secret. But she—she was admirable. It is in these matters that women have a genius for deception. If I had not penetrated her secret I should often have thought that she forgot even that I was in the house. For hours she would sit lost in a sweet melancholy, while I admired her pale face and her curls in the lamp-light, and thrilled within me to think that I had moved her so deeply. Then at last I would speak, and she would start in her chair and stare at me with the most admirable pretence of being surprised to find me in the room. Ah! how I longed to hurl myself suddenly at her feet, to kiss her white hand, to assure her that I had surprised her secret and that I would not abuse her confidence. But, no, I was not her equal, and I was under her roof as a castaway enemy. My lips were sealed. I endeavoured to imitate her own wonderful affectation of indifference, but, as you may think, I was eagerly alert for any opportunity of serving her.

One morning Lady Jane had driven in her phaeton to Okehampton, and I strolled along the road which led to that place in the hope that I might meet her on her return. It was the early winter, and banks of fading fern sloped down to the winding road. It is a bleak place this Dartmoor, wild and rocky—a country of wind and mist. I felt as I walked that it is no wonder Englishmen should suffer from the spleen. My own heart was heavy within me, and I sat upon a rock by the wayside looking out on the dreary view with my thoughts full of trouble and foreboding. Suddenly, however, as I glanced down the road I saw a sight which drove everything else from my mind, and caused me to leap to my feet with a cry of astonishment and anger.

Down the curve of the road a phaeton was coming, the pony tearing along at full gallop. Within was the very lady whom I had come to meet. She lashed at the pony like one who endeavours to escape from some pressing danger, glancing ever backwards over her shoulder. The bend of the road concealed from me what it was that had alarmed her, and I ran forward not knowing what to expect. The next instant I saw the pursuer, and my amazement was increased at the sight. It was a gentleman in the red coat of an English fox-hunter, mounted on a great grey horse. He was galloping as if in a race, and the long stride of the splendid creature beneath him soon brought him up to the lady's flying carriage. I saw him stoop and seize the reins of the pony, so as to bring it to a halt. The next instant he was deep in talk with the lady, he bending forward in his saddle and speaking eagerly, she shrinking away from him as if she feared and loathed him.

You may think, my dear friends, that this was not a sight at which I could calmly gaze. How my heart thrilled within me to think that a chance should have been given to me to serve the Lady Jane! I ran—oh, good Lord, how I ran! At last, breathless, speechless, I reached the phaeton. The man glanced up at me with his blue English eyes, but so deep was he in his talk that he paid no heed to me, nor did the lady say a word. She still leaned back, her beautful pale face gazing up at him. He was a good-looking fellow—tall, and strong, and brown; a pang of jealousy seized me as I looked at him. He was talking low and fast, as the English do when they are in earnest.

"I tell you, Jinny, it's you and only you that I love," said he. "Don't bear malice, Jinny. Let bygones be bygones. Come now, say it's all over."

"No, never, George, never!" she cried.

A dusky red suffused his handsome face. The man was furious.

"Why can't you forgive me, Jinny?"

"I can't forget the past."

"By George, you must! I've asked enough. It's time to order now. I'll have my rights. D'ye hear?" His hand closed upon her wrist.

At last my breath had returned to me.

"Madame," I said, as I raised my hat, "do I intrude, or is there any possible way in which I can be of service to you?"

But neither of them minded me any more than if I had been a fly who buzzed between them. Their eyes were locked together.

"I'll have my rights, I tell you. I've waited long enough."

"There's no use bullying, George."

"Do you give in?"

"No, never!"

"Is that your final answer?"

"Yes, it is."

He gave a bitter curse and threw down her hand.

"All right, my lady, we'll see about this."

"Excuse me, sir," said I, with dignity.

"Oh, go to blazes!" he cried, turning on me with his furious face. The next instant he had spurred his horse and was galloping down the road once more.

"THE NEXT INSTANT I SAW THE PURSUER."

Lady Jane gazed after him until he was out of sight, and I was surprised to see that her face wore a smile and not a frown. Then she turned to me and held out her hand.

"You are very kind, Colonel Gerard. You meant well, I am sure."

"Madame," said I, "if you can oblige me with the gentleman's name and address I will arrange that he shall never trouble you again."

"No scandal, I beg of you," she cried.

"Madame, I could not so far forget myself. Rest assured that no lady's name would ever be mentioned by me in the course of such an incident. In bidding me to go to blazes this gentleman has relieved me from the embarrassment of having to invent a cause of quarrel."

"Colonel Gerard," said the lady, earnestly, "you must give me your word as a soldier and a gentleman that this matter goes no farther, and also that you will say nothing to my brother about what you have seen. Promise me!"

"If I must."

"I hold you to your word. Now drive with me to High Combe, and I will explain as we go."

The first words of her explanation went into me like a sabre-point.

"That gentleman," said she, "is my husband."

"Your husband!"

"You must have known that I was married." She seemed surprised at my agitation.

"I did not know."

"This is Lord George Dacre. We have been married two years. There is no need to tell you how he wronged me. I left him and sought a refuge under my brother's roof. Up till to-day he has left me there unmolested. What I must above all things avoid is the chance of a duel betwixt my husband and my brother. It is horrible to think of. For this reason Lord Rufton must know nothing of this chance meeting of to-day."

"If my pistol could free you from this annoyance——"

"No, no, it is not to be thought of. Remember your promise, Colonel Gerard. And not a word at High Combe of what you have seen!"

Her husband! I had pictured in my mind that she was a young widow. This brown-faced brute with his "go to blazes" was the husband of this tender dove of a woman. Oh, if she would but allow me to free her from so odious an encumbrance! There is no divorce so quick and certain as that which I could give her. But a promise is a promise, and I kept it to the letter. My mouth was sealed. In a week I was to be sent back from Plymouth to St. Malo, and it seemed to me that I might never hear the sequel of the story. And yet it was destined that it should have a sequel and that I should play a very pleasing and honourable part in it.

It was only three days after the event which I have described when Lord Rufton burst hurriedly into my room. His face was pale and his manner that of a man in extreme agitation.

"Gerard," he cried, "have you seen Lady Jane Dacre?"

I had seen her after breakfast and it was now midday.

"By Heaven, there's villainy here!" cried my poor friend, rushing about like a madman. "The bailiff has been up to say that a chaise and pair were seen driving full split down the Tavistock Road. The blacksmith heard a woman scream as it passed his forge. Jane has disappeared. By the Lord, I believe that she has been kidnapped by this villain Dacre." He rang the bell furiously. "Two horses this instant!" he cried. "Colonel Gerard, your pistols! Jane comes back with me this night from Gravel Hanger or there will be a new master in High Combe Hall."

Behold us then within half an hour, like two knight-errants of old, riding forth to the rescue of this lady in distress. It was near Tavistock that Lord Dacre lived, and at every house and toll-gate along the road we heard the news of the flying post-chaise in front of us, so there could be no doubt whither they were bound. As we rode Lord Rufton told me of the man whom we were pursuing. His name, it seems, was a household word throughout all England for every sort of mischief. Wine, women, dice, cards, racing—in all forms of debauchery he had earned for himself a terrible name. He was of an old and noble family, and it had been hoped that he had sowed his wild oats when he married the beautiful Lady Jane Rufton. For some months he had indeed behaved well, and then he had wounded her feelings in their most tender part by some unworthy liaison. She had fled from his house and taken refuge with her brother, from whose care she had now been dragged once more, against her will. I ask you if two men could have had a fairer errand than that upon which Lord Rufton and myself were riding?

"That's Gravel Hanger," he cried at last, pointing with his crop, and there on the green side of a hill was an old brick and timber building as beautiful as only an English country house can be. "There's an inn by the park-gate, and there we shall leave our horses," he added.

For my own part it seemed to me that with so just a cause we should have done best to ride boldly up to his door and summon him to surrender the lady. But there I was wrong. For the one thing which every Englishman fears is the law. He makes it himself, and when he has once made it it becomes a terrible tyrant before whom the bravest quails. He will smile at breaking his neck, but he will turn pale at breaking the law. It seems, then, from what Lord Rufton told me as we walked through the park, that we were on the wrong side of the law in this matter. Lord Dacre was in the right in carrying off his wife, since she did indeed belong to him, and our own position now was nothing better than that of burglars and trespassers. It was not for burglars to openly approach the front door. We could take the lady by force or by craft, but we could not take her by right, for the law was against us. This was what my friend explained to me as we crept up towards the shelter of a shrubbery which was close to the windows of the house. Thence we could examine this fortress, see whether we could effect a lodgment in it, and, above all, try to establish some communication with the beautiful prisoner inside.

There we were, then, in the shrubbery, Lord Rufton and I, each with a pistol in the pockets of our riding coats, and with the most resolute determination in our hearts that we should not return without the lady. Eagerly we scanned every window of the wide-spread house. Not a sign could we see of the prisoner or of anyone else; but on the gravel drive outside the door were the deep-sunk marks of the wheels of the

chaise. There was no doubt that they had arrived. Crouching among the laurel bushes we held a whispered council of war, but a singular interruption brought it to an end.

Out of the door of the house there stepped a tall, flaxen-haired man, such a figure as one would choose for the flank of a Grenadier company. As he turned his brown face and his blue eyes towards us I recognised Lord Dacre. With long strides he came down the gravel path straight for the spot where we lay.

"Come out, Ned!" he shouted; "you'll have the gamekeeper putting a charge of shot into you. Come out, man, and don't skulk behind the bushes."

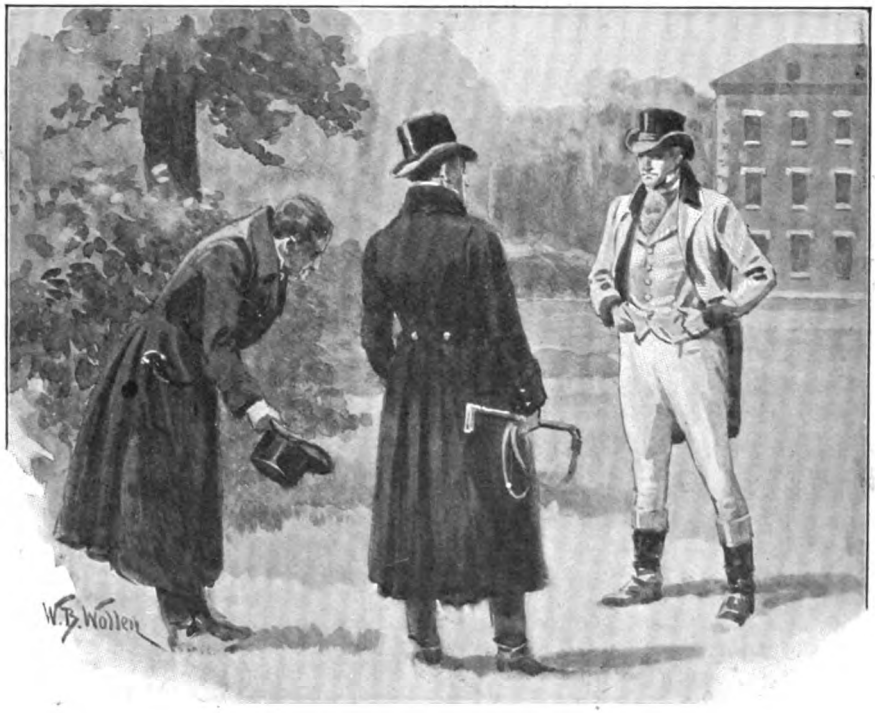
It was not a very heroic situation for us. My poor friend rose with a crimson face. I sprang to my feet also and bowed with such dignity as I could muster.

"Halloa! it's the Frenchman, is it?" said he, without returning my bow. "I've got a crow to pluck with him already. As to you, Ned, I knew you would be hot on our scent, and so I was looking out for you. I saw you cross the park and go to ground in the shrubbery. Come in, man, and let us have all the cards on the table."

He seemed master of the situation, this handsome giant of a man, standing at his ease on his own ground while we slunk out of our hiding-place. Lord Rufton had said not a word, but I saw by his darkened brow and his sombre eyes that the storm was gathering. Lord Dacre led the way into the house, and we followed close at his heels. He ushered us himself into an oak-panelled sitting-room, closing the door behind us. Then he looked me up and down with insolent eyes.

"Look here, Ned," said he, "time was when an English family could settle their own affairs in their own way. What has this foreign fellow got to do with your sister and my wife?"

"Sir," said I, "permit me to point out to you that this is not a case merely of a sister or a wife, but that I am the friend of the lady in question, and that I have the privilege which every gentleman possesses of protect-



"'HALLOA! IT'S THE FRENCHMAN, IS IT?' SAID HE."

ing a woman against brutality. It is only by a gesture that I can show you what I think of you." I had my riding glove in my hand, and I flicked him across the face with it. He drew back with a bitter smile and his eyes were as hard as flint.

"So you've brought your bully with you, Ned?" said he. "You might at least have done your fighting yourself, if it must come to a fight."

"So I will," cried Lord Rufton. "Here and now."

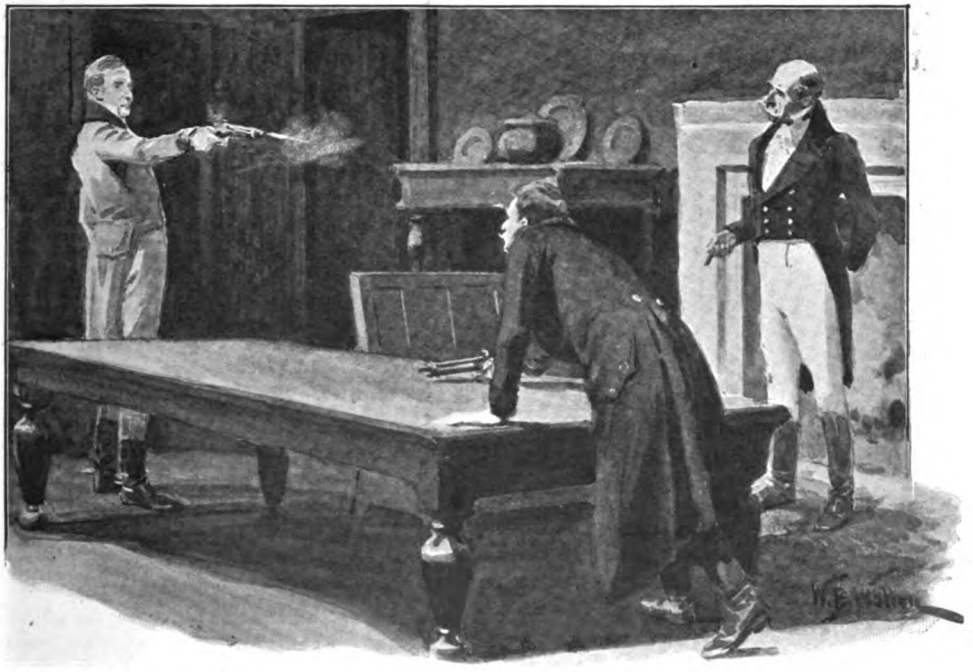
"When I've killed this swaggering Frenchman," said Lord Dacre. He stepped to a side table and opened a brass-bound case. "By Gad," said he, "either that man or I go out of this room feet foremost. I meant well by you, Ned; I did, by George, but I'll shoot this led-captain of yours as sure as my name's George Dacre. Take your choice of pistols, sir, and shoot across this table. The barkers I could but kill this big milord, then the whole question would be settled for ever in the best way. Lord Rufton did not want him. Lady Jane did not want him. Therefore, I, Etienne Gerard, their friend, would pay the debt of gratitude which I owed them by freeing them of this encumbrance. But, indeed, there was no choice in the matter, for Lord Dacre was as eager to put a bullet into me as I could be to do the same service to him. In vain Lord Rufton argued and scolded. The affair must continue.

"Well, if you must fight my guest instead of myself, let it be to-morrow morning with two witnesses," he cried, at last; "this is sheer murder across the table."

"But it suits my humour, Ned," said Lord Dacre.

"And mine, sir," said I.

"Then I'll have nothing to do with it,"



"HIS BULLET WOULD HAVE BLOWN OUT MY BRAINS HAD I BEEN ERECT."

are loaded. Aim straight and kill me if you can, for by the Lord, if you don't, you're done."

In vain Lord Rufton tried to take the quarrel upon himself. Two things were clear in my mind—one that the Lady Jane had feared above all things that her husband and brother should fight, the other that if cried Lord Rufton. "I tell you, George, if you shoot Colonel Gerard under these circumstances you'll find yourself in the dock instead of on the bench. I won't act as second, and that's flat."

"Sir," said I, "I am perfectly prepared to proceed without a second."

"That won't do. It's against the law,"

cried Lord Dacre. "Come, Ned, don't be a fool. You see we mean to fight. Hang it, man, all I want you to do is to drop a handkerchief."

"I'll take no part in it."

"Then I must find someone who will," said Lord Dacre. He threw a cloth over the pistols, which lay upon the table, and he rang the bell. A footman entered. "Ask Colonel Berkeley if he will step this way. You will find him in the billiard-room."

A moment later there entered a tall thin Englishman with a great moustache, which was a rare thing amid that clean-shaven race. I have heard since that they were worn only by the Guards and the Hussars. This Colonel Berkeley was a guardsman. He seemed a strange, tired, languid, drawling creature with a long black cigar thrusting out, like a pole from a bush, amidst that immense moustache. He looked from one to the other of us with true English phlegm, and he betrayed not the slightest surprise when he was told our intention.

"Quite so," said he; "quite so."

"I refuse to act, Colonel Berkeley," cried Lord Rufton. "Remember, this duel cannot proceed without you, and I hold you personally responsible for anything that happens."

This Colonel Berkeley appeared to be an authority upon the question, for he removed the cigar from his mouth and he laid down the law in his strange, drawling voice.

"The circumstances are unusual but not irregular, Lord Rufton," said he. "This gentleman has given a blow and this other gentleman has received it. That is a clear issue. Time and conditions depend upon the person who demands satisfaction. Very good. He claims it here and now, across the table. He is acting within his rights. I am prepared to accept the responsibility."

There was nothing more to be said. Lord Rufton sat moodily in the corner with his brows drawn down and his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his riding breeches. Colonel Berkeley examined the two pistols and laid them both in the centre of the table. Lord Dacre was at one end and I at the other, with eight feet of shining mahogany between us. On the hearth-rug, with his back to the fire, stood the tall colonel, his handkerchief in his left hand, his cigar between two fingers of his right.

"When I drop the handkerchief," said he, "you will pick up your pistols and you will fire at your own convenience. Are you ready?"

"Yes," we cried.

His hand opened and the handkerchief fell. I bent swiftly forward and seized a pistol, but the table, as I have said, was eight feet across, and it was easier for this long-armed milord to reach the pistols than it was for me. I had not yet drawn myself straight before he fired, and to this it was that I owe my life. His bullet would have blown out my brains had I been erect. As it was it whistled through my curls. At the same instant, just as I threw up my own pistol to fire, the door flew open and a pair of arms were thrown round me. It was the beautiful, flushed, frantic face of Lady Jane which looked up into mine.

"You sha'n't fire! Colonel Gerard, for my sake don't fire," she cried. "It is a mistake, I tell you, a mistake, a mistake! He is the best and dearest of husbands. Never again shall I leave his side." Her hands slid down my arm and closed upon my pistol.

"Jane, Jane," cried Lord Rufton; "come with me. You should not be here. Come away."

"It is all confoundedly irregular," said Colonel Berkeley.

"Colonel Gerard, you won't fire, will you? My heart would break if he were hurt."

"Hang it all, Jinny, give the fellow fair play," cried Lord Dacre. "He stood my fire like a man, and I won't see him interfered with. Whatever happens I can't get worse than I deserve."

But already there had passed between me and the lady a quick glance of the eyes which told her everything. Her hands slipped from my arm. "I leave my husband's life and my own happiness to Colonel Gerard," said she.

How well she knew me, this admirable woman! I stood for an instant irresolute, with the pistol cocked in my hand. My antagonist faced me bravely, with no blenching of his sunburnt face and no flinching of his bold, blue eyes.

"Come, come, sir, take your shot!" cried the colonel from the mat.

"Let us have it, then," said Lord Dacre.

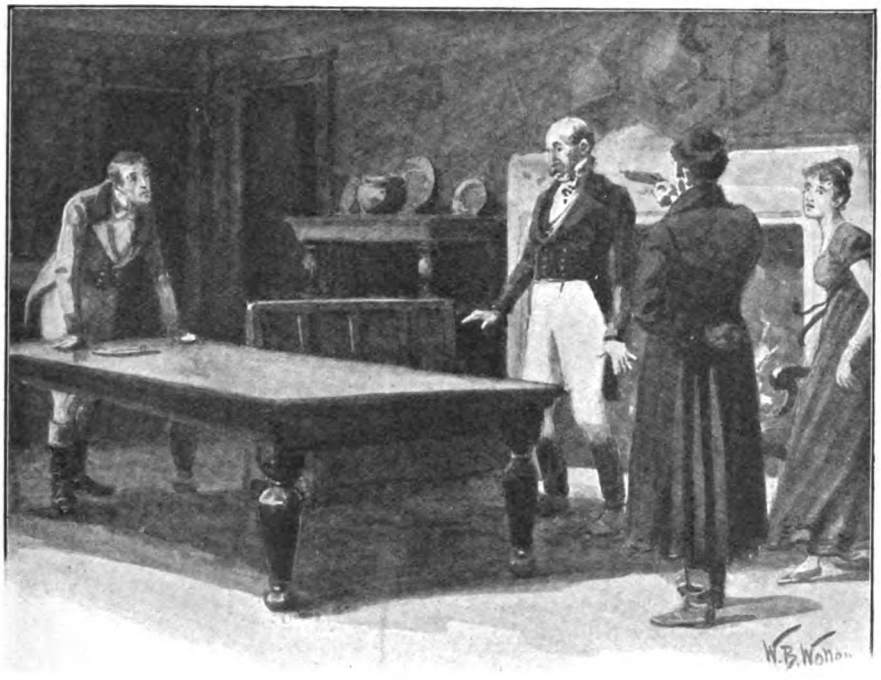
I would, at least, show them how completely his life was at the mercy of my skill. So much I owed to my own self-respect. I glanced round for a mark. The colonel was looking towards my antagonist, expecting to see him drop. His face was sideways to me, his long cigar projecting from his lips with an inch of ash at the end of it. Quick as a flash I raised my pistol and fired.

"Permit me to trim your ash, sir," said I,

and I bowed with a grace which is unknown among these islanders.

I am convinced that the fault lay with the pistol and not with my aim. I could hardly believe my own eyes when I saw that I had

"Sir," said I, "I freely offer you my apologies for this unhappy incident. I felt that if I did not discharge my pistol Lord Dacre's honour might feel hurt, and yet it was quite impossible for me, after hearing



"QUICK AS A FLASH I RAISED MY PISTOL AND FIRED."

snapped off the cigar within half an inch of his lips. He stood staring at me with the ragged stub of the cigar-end sticking out from his singed moustache. I can see him now with his foolish, angry eyes and his long, thin, puzzled face. Then he began to talk. I have always said that the English are not really a phlegmatic or a taciturn nation if you stir them out of their groove. No one could have talked in a more animated way than this colonel. Lady Jane put her hands over her ears.

"Come, come, Colonel Berkeley," said Lord Dacre, sternly, "you forget yourself. There is a lady in the room."

The colonel gave a stiff bow.

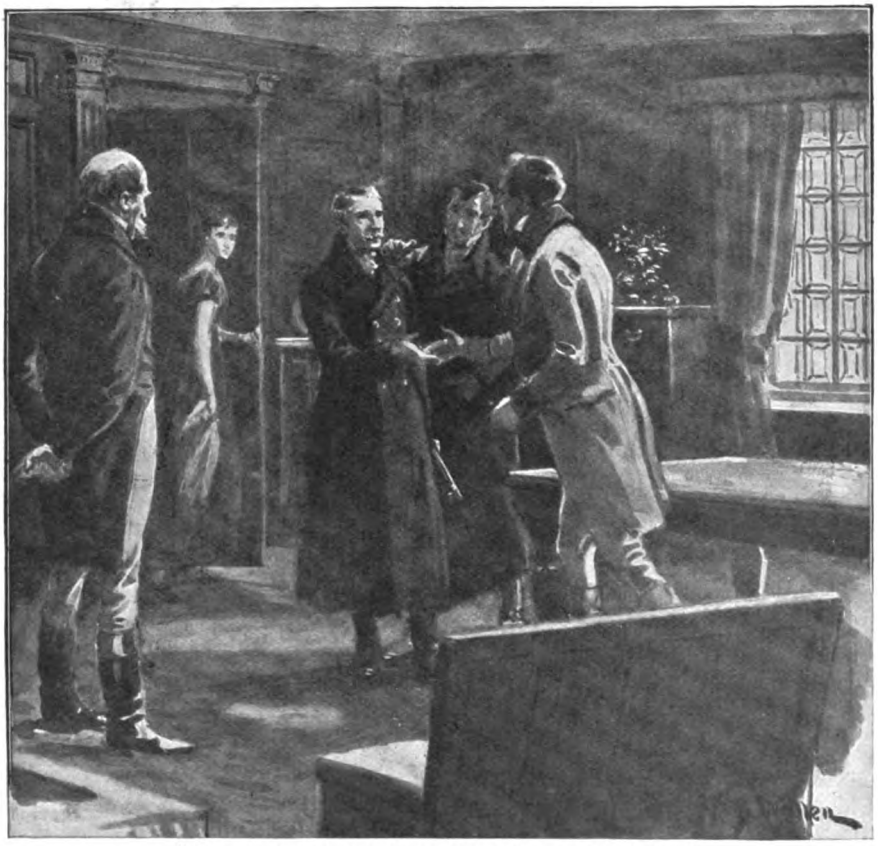
"If Lady Dacre will kindly leave the room," said he, "I will be able to tell this infernal little Frenchman what I think of him and his monkey tricks."

I was splendid at that moment, for I ignored the words that he had said and remembered only the extreme provocation.

what this lady had said, to aim it at her husband. I looked round for a mark, therefore, and I had the extreme misfortune to blow your cigar out of your mouth when my intention had merely been to snuff the ash. I was betrayed by my pistol. This is my explanation, sir, and if after listening to my apologies you still feel that I owe you satisfaction, I need not say that it is a request which I am unable to refuse."

It was certainly a charming attitude which I had assumed, and it won the hearts of all of them. Lord Dacre stepped forward and wrung me by the hand. "By George, sir," said he, "I never thought to feel towards a Frenchman as I do to you. You're a man and a gentleman, and I can't say more." Lord Rufton said nothing, but his hand-grip told me all that he thought. Even Colonel Berkeley paid me a compliment, and declared that he would think no more about the unfortunate cigar. And she—ah, if you could have seen the look she gave me, the

flushed cheek, the moist eye, the tremulous lip! When I think of my beautiful Lady Jane it is at that moment that I recall her. They would have had me stay to dinner, but you will understand, my friends, that this was no time for either Lord Rufton or myself to remain at Gravel Hanger. This reconciled couple desired only to be alone. In the chaise he had persuaded her of his sincere repentance, and once again they were a loving husband and wife. If they were to remain so it was best perhaps that I should go. Why should I unsettle this domestic peace? Even against my own will my mere presence and appearance might have their effect upon the lady. No, no, I must tear myself away—even her persuasions were unable to make me stop. Years afterwards I heard that the household of the Dacres was among the happiest in the whole country, and that no cloud had ever come again to darken their lives. Yet I dare say if he could have seen into his wife's mind—but there, I say no more! A lady's secret is her own, and I fear that she and it are buried long years ago in some Devonshire churchyard. Perhaps all that gay circle are gone and the Lady Jane only lives now in the memory of an old half-pay French brigadier. He at least can never forget.



"LORD DACRE STEPPED FORWARD AND WRUNG ME BY THE HAND."

A CAPTURED BAND OF BRIGANDS--THE MAN IN THE GREY SUIT WAS THEIR PRISONER AND WAS HELD TO RANSOM.
From a Photo.

Brigands in Real Life.

By Herbert Vivian.

TRAVELLERS in the Balkan peninsula soon grow so much accustomed to stories of brigands that all terror rapidly disappears, and they cease to surprise any more than the yarns of fishermen or big-game hunters. Brigands have figured so prominently in the fiction of recent years that the most blood-curdling tales rarely move us to anything more than polite incredulity.

When I first roamed about Servia and Macedonia I always made a point of inciting everyone I met to talk about brigands, because I was generally sure of hearing something exciting, but it never occurred to me to take the matter seriously. The Balkans are still mediæval, and I felt that brigands were an appropriate mediæval topic, but somehow it was like meeting the ghost of Sir Walter Scott and extracting fresh tales of a grandfather.

Even now, since I have seen brigands galore, brigands clanking their chains at railway-stations, brigands in prison awaiting execution, brigands being arrested, and even brigands at large, I have not quite got over the sense of unreality. You see, the brigand of real life is such a very different person from the brigand of fiction, who is a sort of Jack Sheppard, and takes to crime out of sheer devilry. He adopts the bold, free life of the mountains, exacts enormous ransoms, distributes the greater part of his booty among the deserving poor, is actuated by the highest spirit of chivalry, and earns wide renown by his romantic intrepidity. The real brigand is usually a political refugee, who only desires to be let alone, and is content if he can steal enough to keep body and soul together, or else a political emissary who travels about trying to force an unwilling peasantry into revolution.

Yet the modern brigand sometimes exhibits traits worthy of Robin Hood or Dick Turpin. I heard of a man the other day. His name was Djevdjevich, and for twenty years he terrorized the borders of Servia and Macedonia, finding safety in one country when the police of the other had made his haunts too hot for him. One day he waylaid a merchant, who was travelling on horseback to a market town with a thousand ducats (five hundred pounds), which he intended to invest to the best possible profit. He was then well-to-do, rode a good horse, carried a heavy gold chain, was accompanied by several servants, and had every appearance of prosperity. Now, Djevdjevich was reputed a kind-hearted man. His largesse made every peasant of his district devoted to him, and with a certain airy vanity he boasted that he generally left

the district better off than he found it. His rush out from his ambush upon his prey was compared to that of a lion for swiftness and success; many were the tales of his prowess, and he had never been known to fail, whatever the numerical odds against him. The merchant submitted with fairly good grace to be despoiled of his ducats and watch, and was dismissed with perfect courtesy, more frightened than hurt. Ten years later he was travelling the same way when Djevdjevich stopped him again.

"I seem to know your face," said the brigand, not unkindly.

"Would to Heaven that I did not know yours," was the reply; "ever since you stopped me and took my thousand ducats ten years ago things have gone ill with me. It was the turning-point in my career. The loss of that money interfered with my business. I was soon unable to meet my obligations. And now I am merely the hireling of another merchant. As you can easily see for yourself, I have gone far down in the world."

Djevdjevich looked at him and believed his story, for the man now rode a donkey, wore rough clothing, and had every appearance of poverty.

"How much money have you in your purse?" he inquired.

"Only one hundred ducats, and they are not mine. If you take them I shall lose my employment and be reduced to starvation."

A BRIGAND WHO EVADED CAPTURE FOR FIFTEEN YEARS. [*From a Photo.*

"Well, will you give me your word of honour to remain where you are until I return? If so, I will spare your hundred ducats."

The man promised, and presently the brigand returned with two sacks.

"Here," said he, holding up the first, "are the thousand ducats I took from you ten years ago; and here," holding up the second, "are a thousand more, which I present you as interest. May they help you to rebuild your fortunes! When you are once more rich you shall again travel here at your peril, and I will see if I cannot get back from you the whole sum at compound interest."

I believe that Djevdjevich is still at large and greatly esteemed in his old haunts. If so, he must have devoted nearly a quarter of a century to brigandage. It is, indeed, by no means rare for men to remain outlaws for the greater part of their lives. I give a picture of a man who eluded capture for no less than fifteen years, and then was only taken by accident.

Some brigands have also a keen sense of humour. A friend of mine, a Servian statesman, now out of office, loves to recount his experience at their hands. When he was Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs a few years ago, he was travelling across country in the West of Servia, attended only by a couple of gendarmes. Arriving at a wayside inn, he entered and called for a cup of coffee. He noticed about a dozen rough-looking men seated at little tables in the great, bare kitchen which is the parlour of a Servian inn. But for the fact that they carried an unusual amount of arms, and that none of them rose at the entrance of a gentleman, he might easily have taken them for the ordinary peasants of the locality. As it was, his first impression was to explain their discourtesy by setting them down as Radicals, who were then very bitter against the Government. As all the tables were occupied, he sat down with one of the groups and entered into conversation. He soon saw who they were, not only from their knives and guns and pistols, but from their remarks. Like all Servians, they immediately began to talk politics, and presently they mentioned quite frankly what grievances had induced them to take to the hills. Of course, he was entirely in their power if they chose to carry him off and hold him to ransom, but Servian brigands do not carry off or even rob travellers without premeditation or some definite object. It was evidently a case for diplomacy. He hoped very sincerely that they did not know who he was, for his capture would have been a serious matter for the Government as evidence of the insecurity of the country, not to mention the personal inconvenience to himself. They put very many questions, pumping him as to his occupation in life, and

he flattered himself that he evaded them very skilfully. Then they made all sorts of conditional remarks: "If you return to Belgrade" (this sounded ominously like a menace and sent a cold shiver down his back), "if you return to Belgrade and chance to meet any members of the Government, tell them that the brigands of this district are not such bad fellows after all"; "If you have any influence with the Foreign Office" (this was painfully warm) "inform the Premier" (who was also Foreign Minister) "that when our grievances are redressed we will make our submission"; and so forth. Again and again he felt that they must know who he was, but whenever he scanned their faces he found them imperturbable and almost childishly bland. At last the horses were rested and it was time to go. The critical moment had arrived. He was almost sure that they had discovered him, and still more sure that, in that case, they would detain him as a hostage. He rose and put his hand in his pocket to pay for his refreshment, wondering whether he was to sleep that night under the greenwood tree. One of the men started to his feet, banged the table, and shouted "No, no!"

Alas! his fate was decided, and a horrible thought passed through his mind that, perhaps, in a few weeks his ears might be cut off. "No, no," the man went on; "we may be brigands, but we are still Servians, and Servians do not allow their guests to pay." My friend felt that he could not help showing his relief, and he detected a grim smile in the eyes of his companions. However, there was nothing for it but to submit with a good grace, so he thanked them, said good-bye, and made his way to his carriage. Several of the men followed him out, and just as he was driving off one of them called after him, "A pleasant journey, Mr. ——" (mentioning his name); "do not forget to say a good word for your hosts!" And as a matter of fact my friend was eventually instrumental in obtaining an amnesty for these men, who remain law-abiding subjects to this day.

The causes and conditions of brigandage are easy to explain. In the days when Turkey ruled the whole Balkan peninsula, anyone who had come to loggerheads with the authorities or incurred outlawry joined a band in the inaccessible mountains and forests, where whole regiments found it very difficult to catch them. They subsisted on the (more or less) voluntary contributions of the neighbouring villagers, and on any booty which happened to come their way. Meanwhile they carried on a guerilla warfare against the authorities, and in times of popular insurrection there was little or nothing to distinguish rebel leaders from ordinary robbers. Both were known by the name of *hajdutsi*, and many of them are regarded as national heroes to this day. One of the chief coffee-houses in Belgrade is called after Hajduk Veljko, who also figures in many a popular song.

Nowadays the Servian brigands, who are often political outlaws, continue to call themselves *hajdutsi*, and retain a certain unmerited hold on the popular sympathies. This is partly explained by their real, if somewhat vainglorious, courage. I once travelled about with a captain of gendarmerie who had spent months in pursuing a band. He showed me a tobacco-box which he had taken from the leader; it was carved in rude letters — "Velisav the Hajduk, King of the Mountains." The band consisted at first of seven men. When the pursuit became hot it divided up into three parties. All brigands have henchmen, called *jatatsi*, who supply them with food and ammunition, besides acting as receivers of stolen goods. The captain ran down the *jatak* of the first party. Holding a revolver in one hand and a purse of eighty pounds in the other, he gave the man the choice of betraying his associates or being summarily shot. This being but Hobson's choice the *jatak* agreed, and his house was surrounded while the brigands were there with him and his two sons. He had been told to begin fighting the two brigands, when the soldiers would come to his rescue. So he brought in a lamb and asked one of the brigands to kill it. At first the fellow was suspicious and refused to lay down his gun to kill the lamb. However, he was persuaded to give it to his companion to hold, whereupon the three *jatatsi* fell upon the man who was holding the guns and killed him with axes. A frightful struggle ensued with the survivor, but the soldiers came in and shot him in the nick of time, just as he had secured his gun and was about to fire upon his betrayers.

The second party of two were also victims of their *jatak's* treachery. They suspected him and took it in turns to keep watch, but one night the sentinel dozed and the *jatak* cut his throat; then the gendarmes came in and helped to finish the survivor.

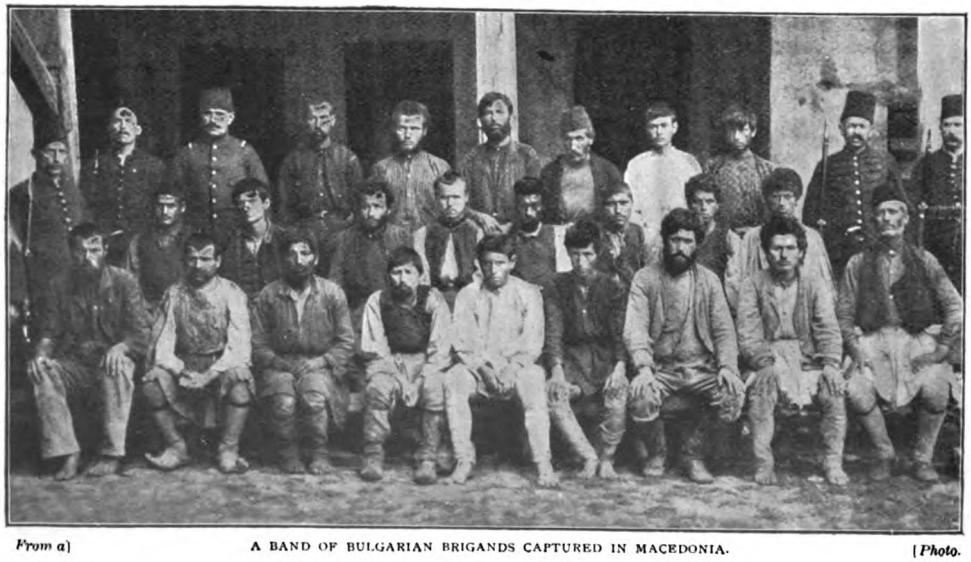
After this the remaining party of three became very wary, scarcely ever stirring from their fastnesses. One day they quarrelled

over the possession of a silver spoon and decided to separate, one going one way and the others going another. These two were caught in a cottage and remained game to the last. Some gendarmes climbed on to the roof and shot one down the chimney, while the other was killed by a fusillade through the walls.

There now remained only one, and he proved the most difficult of all to secure. The captain was a long time before he could catch the *jatak*. He disguised himself and went to the *jatak's* cottage, pretending he wanted to buy pigs. No one was at home but the *jatak's* mother, who would not allow him inside. However, he sat down on the doorstep and said he would wait for her son. She passed the time in discussing the gendarmerie, saying they were no good for catching brigands, as they had a lazy captain who never went anywhere. My friend smiled, for he had lately taken to sleeping during the day and prosecuting his search by night. As she was speaking her son arrived and recognised the captain, who promptly arrested him. But even then it was a long time before the *jatak* would confess anything. It was only after he had been shut up in a cellar and kept without water during three broiling summer days that he consented to tell what he knew. Then the last *hajduk* was tracked to his haunts and taken alive.

I heard another story from an eye-witness of a recent capture. Two brigands were surrounded in a farmhouse, so they climbed into a loft and sniped every soldier they could see. Attempts to fire the farm only resulted in the death of several more soldiers. At last cannon was sent for and preparations were made for a bombardment. The brigands then saw that their only chance was to make a sally and fight their way out. One was killed at once, but the other was more fortunate. He ran very fast toward the cordon, firing as he went, and in next to no time it was impossible for most of the soldiers to shoot at him without the risk of killing each other. He shot down those immediately in front of him and burst through. Then commenced an extraordinary exhibition of pluck and dexterity. Running for his life, he zigzagged, leaped into the air, and even fell repeatedly on his face to disturb the aim of his foes. When he had advanced some two hundred yards away from them he stopped and began to sing a song of mockery and defiance, which had probably been handed down from the old days of guerilla warfare against the Turks. He challenged any two soldiers to come out and do battle with him, but the offer was not accepted. So he strolled away with exaggerated carelessness, like the hero of some mediæval epic, surely a rare dramatic figure for this unromantic age.

Some years elapsed before his hour struck, and then his end was gilded with romance. Glorying in his immunity, he had married and taken his wife to share his wild life among the mountains. His life seemed charmed, and his recklessness became foolhardiness without evil consequences. But the gendarmerie was still on the alert, and one day the woman was shot on her way



From a] A BAND OF BULGARIAN BRIGANDS CAPTURED IN MACEDONIA. *[Photo.*

to procure food. Knowing the brigand's character—not only his belief in a miraculous immunity, but his blind devotion to his wife—they determined to lay a trap, which I cannot regard as otherwise than scandalously mean. They carried the woman's body to her native village and buried it in the little cemetery outside. Then they hid behind a wall and waited. Sure enough, the same evening the brigand arrived with some flowers to lay upon her grave. He was at once shot, and the policemen plumed themselves upon their craft. No doubt he had committed countless crimes and was a terror as well as a scandal to the countryside. Still, his name will probably linger long in the poetry and the imagination of the people.

His case aroused a good deal of commiseration among the romance-loving Servians. He had left two little boys, aged six and four respectively. A friend of mine, who devotes a great part of his energies to the management of an orphanage, which he himself founded in Belgrade, determined to place the children there and see if they could not be turned into good citizens. The elder boy was hopeless from the outset. He wore a wild, sullen look, like a caged beast, and opposed a triumphant passive resistance to his teachers. In the playground he refused to mingle with his fellows, retiring to brood in corners, or pacing to and fro with his eyes on the ground. He was always able to hold his own, and no boy ever dreamed of teasing him or taking a liberty with him, but he repelled every advance and was by no means to be beguiled into friendship. Living in a house seemed to cramp him; even out of doors he appeared to gasp for mountain air; and in less than two years he died of consumption. The younger is alive still, a quiet, colourless child, docile in an unresponsive way, but not easy to understand.

TWO YOUTHFUL MEMBERS OF A BULGARIAN BAND.
From a Photo.

Macedonia is now the head-quarters of brigandage, but most of its brigands come over from Bulgaria, where they are organized to pave the way for annexation or autonomy. As there are at least three rival organizations, the brigands are as much at loggerheads with each other as they are with the authorities. They come over in bands and terrorize the whole country, greatly to the discomfiture of the peaceful inhabitants, whom they compel to store arms and pay tribute. Villages are thereby exposed to a double annoyance, the bands coming to deposit contraband of war, and the authorities sending *zaptiehs* to hunt for it. The bands do their utmost to provoke massacres, but the soldiers have strict orders to avoid anything of the kind at all hazards. Even battle with the bands is deprecated as much as possible, with the consequence that the most impudent provocation is often ignored. The other day a band crossed a river by a plank in single file under the eye of the soldiers without molestation. They then sent a challenge to the captain of the regiment to come out and fight, but he contented himself with hovering about and watching them. The fact is, any serious slaughter would afford a pretext for invoking European intervention, and the Turks are too old birds to be caught with chaff.

Many of the Bulgarian brigand-chiefs are hardened conspirators, though, for the most part, the true politicians are content to sit safely at home in their arm-chairs and direct operations from Geneva, or Paris, or Sofia. But many are enthusiasts, with the common Anarchist's misguided ideas about tyranny and freedom. As will be readily understood, genuine enthusiasts are very often recruited from the ranks of the very young. I am able to furnish a photograph of two Bulgarian boys who were beguiled into the movement. The one with the Bulgarian cap and the sheep-skin

waistcoat is only seventeen, though he looks older. He has the eyes of a fanatic and a certain air of obstinacy, which might pass muster for determination. The other is only fourteen. He is a native of a mountain village in the vilayet of Salonica. His father was shot while attempting to evade military service, so the boy, who was left almost destitute, was easily persuaded to consider himself a person with grievances against the authorities. When his band was taken he fought very pluckily and received a nasty bayonet wound in his right arm, which he now carries in a sling. It will be noticed that most of these insurgents apparently have very poor physique, but they are all wiry and can endure any amount of hardship or privation. They wear the soft shoes of red leather, called *opanke*, common to the greater part of the Balkan peninsula. These are tied round and round the foot with strings, and afford an extraordinary elasticity to the gait. The boys could accordingly climb like goats.

TWO DESPERATE YOUNG BRIGANDS WHO COMMITTED MANY ATROCITIES.
From a] [Photo.

The next photograph represents two desperate youths of eighteen and nineteen, captured in the neighbourhood of Lake Ochrida. They were convicted of a number of atrocious crimes, and seemed to delight in cruelty for its own sake. The one on the right was so badly wounded in the left hand that the greater part of it had to be amputated. This happened when his band was fighting a village which did not welcome the idea of insurrection. Such disinclination is by no means rare, as was proved the other day, when a village arrested a whole band and handed it over to the authorities. Towards the end of the autumn, also, one of the heads of the movement was so badly wounded in the head by the stones of a village that he had to hurry back to Sofia and place himself in the doctor's hands.

A PRIEST WHO JOINED A BAND OF BRIGANDS.
From a Photo.

Among other enthusiasts must be numbered certain popes, as the Orthodox clergy are called. This is quite in keeping with tradition, for popes played a prominent part in all the risings of the last century in Bulgaria, Bosnia, and Servia. I have in my possession a copy of a proclamation issued by an archimandrite in 1875, calling upon the population to rise. His style was somewhat lurid. "Take up your arms," he exclaimed, "water the hearth of your ancestors with the gore of your tyrants. Let us attack these drinkers of blood and let us exterminate them." I give the photograph of a priest who joined a Bulgarian band some years ago and careered about the country urging the people to revolt. He has had the decency to compromise with his ecclesiastical garb and wear a costume which, if semi-clerical, is certainly not orthodox. At a Macedonian railway-station, however, the

other day, I saw a band being conducted in chains from the train to the prison. At the head of it marched a pope, wearing the usual cassock and brimless top-hat of his order. His hands were bound in front of him, thus giving him the appearance of one taking part in a religious procession.

Stranger still than boys and clergy, there have even been women who took to brigandage—not merely the devoted spouses who followed their husbands to the hills, but actually viragoes who took command and ruled their followers with a rod of iron. The lady in the accompanying picture looks rather melodramatic, but, according to all accounts, she was not a very pleasant customer to meet in a dark wood. She has compromised somewhat between male and female attire, but she has not been able to refrain from the expression of her sex's vanity. Besides the cart-wheel ornament of silver filigree, so popular among the Albanian peasants, she has gratified her taste for display with profuse embroideries and necklaces. And her superstitious instincts are revealed by the charm which she wears over her belt.

A WOMAN WHO LED A BRIGAND BAND IN MACEDONIA.
From a Photo.

From time to time the bands seize travellers and hold them to ransom. The case of Miss Stone will occur to every one. The general opinion in official circles is that she or her friends connived at her capture. However absurd the suspicion may be in this instance, the fact remains that cases of such connivance are by no means unknown. At Salonica I heard of a French traveller who was carried off to the hills some years ago. Every effort was made to pursue his captors, but he sent pathetic letters protesting that this endangered his life and limbs. At last a ransom was forthcoming, and I believe the Turkish Government was eventually compelled to make it good. The man came back and has been inexplicably rich ever since, but he has lost much of the consideration of his friends.

When I left Uskub for Salonica I noticed a considerable commotion on the railway platform. A band of a dozen brigands sat huddled together, linked by many chains. Around them was a circle of police with loaded guns and fixed bayonets. A crowd of friends and relatives had been admitted to take leave of the prisoners. Some were being embraced by tearful young women, others were receiving farewell gifts from aged parents. One tall young man squatted on his haunches severely alone. He had a mocking, defiant expression, and smoked a cigarette in the corner of his mouth imperturbably. When the signal was given to entrain he strutted forward with a fine swagger, holding up his leg-chain very daintily. His progress was naturally impeded by his fetters, but he conveyed the impression of a jovial sea-walk. I saw him seated inside a third-class carriage, among his fellow-convicts and warders, still smoking at the same angle. I caught his eye and he winked at me sardonically. In the darkness at Salonica I saw him hobbling off to gaol with the rest of his gang. A few days later I was strolling about the quay when I noticed a crowd gathering. The same gang squatted near the landing-stage, guarded as before by policemen armed to the teeth. I caught the eye of the young man, who still smoked aloof with the old rollicking air. He was helped, hobbling, into a tossing barque, and was rowed vigorously towards a ship that should take him across the sea towards his prison at Damascus. I heard that he had penetrated into the *konak* at Uskub and stabbed the Vali's secretary, against whom he cherished a grudge. I could readily believe it.

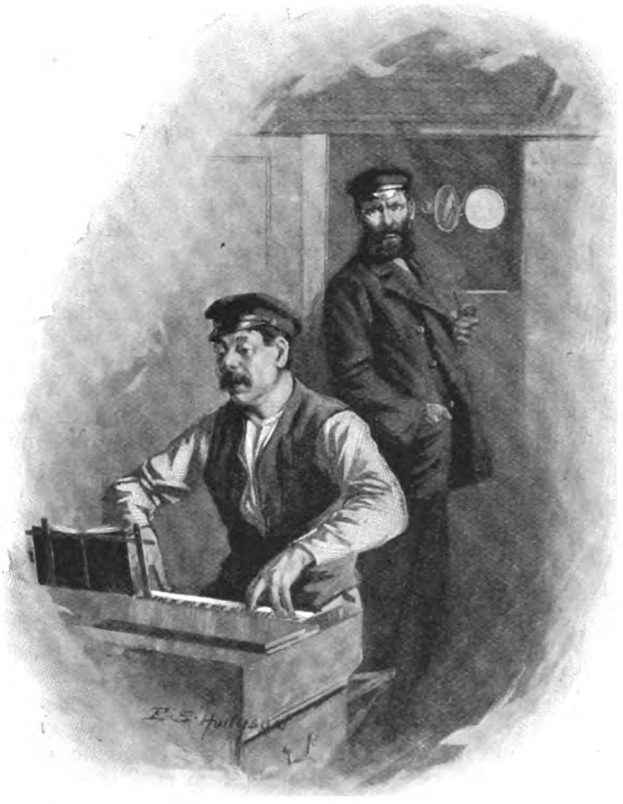
The heroic days of brigandage are past and unlikely to return. Probably the next generation will regard it all as a myth of the Middle Ages, like the Inquisition or the Crusades. No doubt the world will plume itself upon the uniformity of civilization, but the traveller's last opportunity of romantic adventure will be no more.

Saunderson and the Dynamite.

By Louis Becke.

SAUNDERSON was one of those men who firmly believed that he knew everything, and exasperated people by telling them how to do things; and Denison, the supercargo of the *Palestine*, hated him most fervently for the continual trouble he was giving to everyone, and also because he had brought a harmonium on board, and played dismal tunes on it every night and all day on Sundays. But as Saunderson was one of the partners in the firm who owned the *Palestine*, Denison and Packenham, the skipper, had to suffer him in silence and trust that something might happen to him before long. What irritated Denison more than anything else was that Saunderson frequently expressed the opinion that supercargoes were superfluous luxuries to owners, and that such work "as they tried to do could well be done by the captains, provided the latter were intelligent men."

"Never mind, Tom," said Packenham, hopefully, one day, "he's a big eater, and is bound to get the fever if we give him a fair show in the Solomons. Then we can dump him ashore at some missionary's—he and his infernal groan-box—and go back to Sydney without the beast."



"HE PLAYED DISMAL TUNES ON IT EVERY NIGHT AND ALL DAY ON SUNDAYS."

When the *Palestine* arrived at Leone Bay, in Tutuila, Saunderson dressed himself beautifully and went ashore to the mission-house, and in the evening Mrs. O—— (the missionary's wife) wrote Denison a note, and asked if he could spare a cheese from the ship's stores, and added a P.S.: "What a *terrible* bore he is!" This made the captain and himself feel better.

The next morning Saunderson came on board. Denison was in the cabin, showing a trader named Rigby some samples of dynamite; the trader wanted a case or two of the dangerous compound to blow a boat passage through the reef opposite his house, and Denison was telling him how to use it. Of course, Saunderson must interfere, and said *he* would show Rigby what to do. He had never fired a charge of dynamite in his life, nor even seen one fired, or a cartridge prepared, but had listened carefully to Denison. Then he sarcastically told Denison that the cheese he had sent Mrs. O—— might have passed for dynamite, it was so dry and tasteless.

"Well, dynamite is made from cheese, you know," said the supercargo, deferentially; "just cheese, slightly impregnated with picric acid, gastrito-nepenthe, and cubes of oxalic-ogene."

Saunderson said he knew that, and after telling Rigby that he would walk over to his station before dinner, and show him where to begin operations on the reef, went on shore again.

About twelve o'clock Denison and Rigby went on shore to test the dynamite, fuse, and caps—first in the water and then on the reef. Just abreast of the mission-house they saw a big school of grey mullet swimming close in to the beach, and Denison quickly picked up a stone, tied it round a cartridge, cut the fuse very short, lit it, and threw it in. There was a short *fizz*, then a dull, heavy thud, and up came hundreds of the beautiful fish, stunned or dead. Saunderson came out of the mission-house and watched the natives collecting them. Denison had half-a-dozen cartridges in his hand; each one was tightly enveloped in many thicknesses of paper, seized round with twine, and had about six inches of fuse with the ends carefully frayed out so as to light easily.

"Give me some of those," said Saunderson.

The supercargo reluctantly handed him two, and Saunderson remarked that they were very clumsily covered, but he would fix some more himself "properly" another time. Denison sulkily observed that he had no time to waste in making dynamite cartridges look pretty. Then as Saunderson walked off he called out and told him that if he was going to shoot he would want to put a good heavy stone on the cartridges. Saunderson said when he wanted advice from anyone he would ask for it. Then he sent word by a native to Mrs. O—— that he would send her some fish in a few minutes.

Now within a few hundred yards of the mission-house there was a jetty, and at the end of the jetty was His Majesty's gunboat *Badger*, a small, schooner-rigged, wooden vessel, commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Muddle, one of the most irascible men that ever breathed, and who had sat on more Consuls than anyone else in the service.

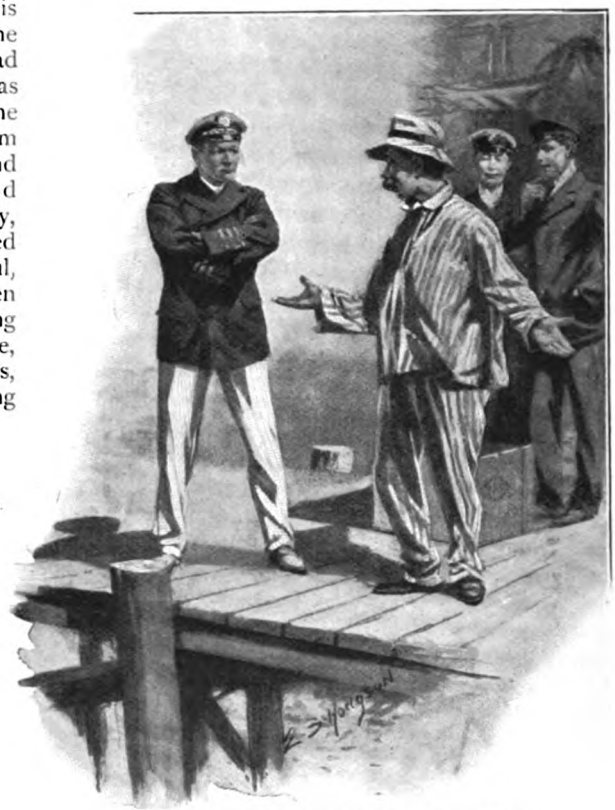
Saunderson went on the jetty, followed by a crowd of natives, and looked over into the water. There were swarms of fish, just waiting to be dynamited. He told a native to bring him a stone, and one was brought—a nice, round, heavy stone, as smooth as a billiard ball—just the very wrong kind of stone. He tied it on the cartridge at last, after it had fallen off four or five times; then, as he did not smoke and carried no matches, he lit it from a native woman's cigarette and let it drop into the water. The stone promptly fell off, but the cartridge floated gaily and drifted along, fizzing in a contented sort of way. Saunderson put his hands on his hips and watched it nonchalantly, oblivious of the fact that all the natives had bolted back to the shore, to be out of danger and watch things.

There was a bit of a current, and the cartridge was carried along till it brought up gently

"MUDDLE NEARLY WENT INTO A FIT."

against the *Badger*, just in a nice, cosy place between the rudder-boarding and the stern-post. Then it went off with a bang that shook the universe and ripped off forty-two sheets of copper from the *Badger*, and Saunderson fell off the jetty into the water, and the blue-jackets, who were below, came tumbling up on deck, and the gunner, seeing Lieutenant-Commander Muddle rush up from his cabin in his shirt-sleeves with a razor in his hand, thought that he had gone queer again in his head, and had tried to blow up the ship, and was going to cut his throat, and so he rushed at him, and knocked him down and took his razor away, and begged him to be quiet; and Muddle, thinking it was a mutiny, nearly went into a fit, and struggled so desperately, and made such awful, choking noises, that two more men sat on him; and the navigating midshipman, thinking it was fire, told the bugler to sound to quarters, and then, seeing the captain being held down by three men, rushed to his assistance, but tripped over something or somebody and fell down and nearly broke his nose; and all the time Saunderson, who was clinging to one of the jetty piles, was yelling for help, being horribly afraid of sharks.

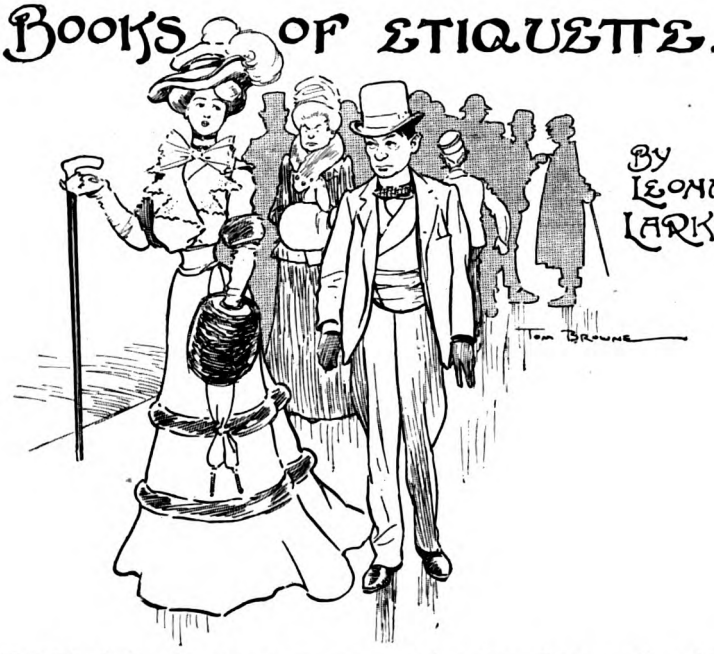
At last he was fished out by Rigby and some natives and carried up to the mission-house, and then when he was able to talk coherently he sent for Denison, who told him that Commander Muddle was coming for him presently with a lot of armed men, and a boatswain with a green bag in which was a "cat," and that he (Saunderson) would first be flogged and then hanged at the *Badger's* yard-arm, and otherwise treated severely for an attempt to blow up one of His Majesty's ships; and then Saunderson shivered all over, and staggered out of the mission-house in a suit of Mr. O——'s pyjamas, and met Commander Muddle on the jetty, and tried to explain how it occurred, and Muddle called him a drivelling idiot, and knocked him clean off the jetty into the water again, and used awful language, and told Denison that his chronometers were ruined and the ship's timbers started, and that he had had a narrow escape from cutting his own throat when the dynamite went off, as he had just begun to shave.



"SAUNDERSON TRIED TO EXPLAIN HOW IT OCCURRED."

Saunderson was very ill after that, and was in such mortal terror that Muddle and everyone else on board the gunboat meant to kill, wound, or seriously damage him that he kept inside the mission-house and said he felt he was dying. So Denison and Packenham, who were now quite cheerful again, sent his traps and his harmonium ashore and sailed without him, a great peace in their bosoms.

Books of Etiquette.



By Leonard Larkin.

IF I had the time to amuse myself, I think that—among other things—I should collect books of etiquette, and read them. If you will examine the works of fiction most popular nowadays you will come to the conclusion that the three qualities considered most engaging in written matter are mystery, humour, and surprise. The story of mystery, done with reasonable dexterity, always pleases; the story of humour often does; surprise is frequently an active ingredient in the pleasure derived from both, but it has its own more particular domain in the novel of rattling adventure. But to enjoy these three qualities you must read three, or at least two, separate books of fiction; in the book of etiquette you get them all three together. Where will you find a more ingenious and astounding puzzle than in the maze of instruction (and contradiction if you consult more than one book) that clusters about the simple visiting-card? The rules of that game that no mind but the female can ever comprehend, the game that reaches its perfection when played by a stout old lady with three daughters and a brougham, and a full pack to deal to every hand for three miles round! I defy anybody to recite the rules correctly after any reasonable number of perusals; and when you've learned them all by rote you haven't begun to attack the real mysteries, which are: who invented the whole complication, and why did he (or she) do it? As to humour you will find it everywhere, and quite of the best sort—the unconscious. And when once you get clear of the puzzles and the fun, the rest of the work supplies constant surprises; for you are repeatedly amazed to find that any living creature, out of a Hottentot kraal or a wild beast show, needs telling the things so solemnly impressed on the barbarous reader.

I remember a charming etiquette book published some few years back in America. A friend, who managed somehow to get a copy, refused to part with it at any price, but lent it me, and I made a few excerpts wherewith to console myself for the loss of the volume when I returned it. I get a deal of consolation (and instruction) out of those excerpts, and since I made them I don't think I have transgressed the rules laid down

very often. For instance, you are told that you should not permit a lady "to carry your cane in the city." Now, that is a valuable warning, and I have attended to it. If ever I grow fatigued with the weight of my walking-stick in the city, I do not shove it into a lady's hand and order her to carry it for me —that is, since I read that book. In the city, I mean, of course; in the country it would seem to be different, according to the authority. More, I never sit among ladies in my shirt-sleeves—a thing which this American book considers not quite the thing, "unless it is their express and unanimous desire." I seem, somehow, to have been curiously unlucky in this matter, for I never yet happened to sit among any ladies who expressed their "unanimous desire" that I should take off my coat for their amusement —or even my boots. Perhaps I am not sufficiently acquainted with the fashionable world. Another most valuable injunction that rather took me by surprise was this: "Take care not to upset or run into ornaments, or stub the toe against them." It seems so revolutionary, you see—comes on one as such a sudden revelation, after half a lifetime spent in smashing one's friends' furniture, by way of polite attention. But fashions change, it is plain, and gentlemen who have been in the habit of climbing on a lady's mantelpiece and "stubbing the toe" against her ormolu clock will be grateful for the information that that fine old courtly ceremony is now considered out of date. I never do it myself—now. Also, I never go to a dance. Why? Because of the directions in this book. They don't forbid me to go to a dance, you understand, but they make the job rather formidable. When I read that I am always to "take the inside arm of a lady when promenading" I am in some little doubt as to where she keeps her inside arm, having been usually in the habit, not of taking any inside arm of hers, but of offering her one of my own outside arms—that on the right. But that is a small thing. Real difficulties present themselves when I learn that "any step between a Boston dip and a Philadelphia glide, if used as a sort of an imperceptible, sweeping dip, will appear to great advantage on the floor." I have a horrid apprehension that any attempt of mine to compromise between a Boston dip and a Philadelphia glide (seeing that I don't know one from the other) would not end in my appearing "to great advantage on the floor," though I am pretty confident that I should end on the floor somehow. I am not sure, however, that even this trouble would deter me altogether, but there are worse. I must "never allow her"—this means the lady with the inside arm—"to approach the refreshment table." Now, I want to know how I am to prevent this if the lady insists. Must I drag her away by that inside arm, or am I expected to deter her by "stubbing the toe against" her? I have a

sort of idea that this may not be exactly what is meant, and that perhaps I am desired simply to wait on the lady—a thing that is not very novel in itself, since I was shown how to do it as a small boy. But the novelty—and this is what keeps me out of the ball-room now—is in the way that waiting is to be set going. I must "repeatedly ask after her thirst"! It is charming, though perhaps not altogether a novelty, for I have heard the inquiry made in somewhat similar form at Hampstead on a Bank Holiday. And then I must "bring the glass to her on your kerchief if there are no doilies." Now, what is my "kerchief"? It *can't* mean my neckerchief, and if it means—but, there, these modern improvements dazzle me utterly.

I have said that I have not transgressed all the rules I copied from this admirable guide to gentility; but, alas! some of them I have transgressed shamefully. For instance, "a gentleman will find it convenient and comfortable to have his own fan." Now, I blush

to confess that I have never had my own fan, and words can never tell how inconvenient and uncomfortable I feel—and how remorseful. But I can confidently and honestly say also that I have never had anybody else's; so that at least I can't be imprisoned for my misdeeds. But the humiliating fact remains that I have never had a fan, nor even a smelling-bottle. I must really get them some day, of course—these and a few other necessaries; a nice pair of curling-tongs and a little powder-puff for the pocket, for instance, and a few bonnet-pins to hold my hat to my scalp on a windy day. Another sin I have to admit: one of the strictest of all the rules in all this strict book is that a gentleman must "never carry a parcel of any kind." But, alas! my wife won't let me be a gentleman; nobody could be a gentleman with a wife like mine, who never leaves off shopping except on Sunday. She has even made me carry a lobster in a rush bag—a fearful tyranny. Books, also, from Mudie's, in a strap. I shudder when I remember these villainies, and all that sustains my guilty soul is a sneaking hope that the writer of that beautiful book, being in America, doesn't know what a miscreant I am.

I am not quite sure, either, that I have quite triumphantly acquitted myself in the matter of conversation. "At receptions, teas, dinners, dances, or any other entertainment," says the authority, "the topics should be select, and the oral abilities prepared to discuss them in a free and familiar way." I am not quite sure what it all means, but it sounds rather too beautiful for me to aspire to. I am always dejected—even desperate—when I encounter that blessed word "select"; it knocks all the free and familiar stuffing out of my unprepared oral abilities. I am a

pallid coward in the presence of anything or anybody "select"; just as I am when it comes to one of those "flowered coloured waistcoats" which this lovely book tells me are the "culmination of grandeur in the dress of a gentleman." I am not brave enough to present myself before an admiring world in such an article.

Still, I mustn't despair; perfection is beyond the reach of the mere mortal. If I can't follow the counsels of this beautiful book to the letter I can at least make a rough sort of stagger at it, taking care not to stub the toe against anything select. And I can prevent any lady in the city from carrying my walking-stick on her outside arm, even if I shrink from "inquiring after" her inside thirst; while if my wife still cruelly insists on my carrying a parcel of Boston dips, I can at least endeavour to do it with a Philadelphia glide, so that the dips will be sort of imperceptible, and so that even in the event of utter breakdown my culminating grandeur will cause me to appear to great advantage on the floor.

I don't remember seeing another modern etiquette book quite so handsomely interesting as this; but just lately I came across a rather good one which was published only a month or two ago in this country. I turned to the great and ingenious game of card-leaving first, of course, for to me the thing has the fascination of the mysterious, uncanny, and unknown. I never seem to know what is trumps, so to speak, and I thought I might get a hint. But, no. I learn that if I were a young lady I should not send up my mother's card when calling on a publisher—though I find no instructions in the case of an auctioneer or even an aeronaut; and I am only left to wonder if—not being a young lady—I ought to carry *my* mother's card when *I* go to a publisher. The rest is whirling confusion. Cards that have to be turned down, cards that should be turned up (that sounds rather like trumps), marked cards (which seem to be allowed in this game), how many should be dealt to a widow with two daughters, which should go into the jack-pot, what should be done to a respectable dowager with five aces up her sleeve—all these things are probably there, but I have forgotten them already. What I can't forget is the instruction as to how the cards should be played on the hall-table. The "society woman," I am told, should "pop it down

like a flash of lightning." I have never seen a "society woman," or anybody else, popping down a flash of lightning, though it is easy to understand that almost any lady embarrassed by the possession of such an unaccustomed article would seize the first opportunity of getting rid of it without waiting for the pop. But, at any rate, any lady familiar with the society of flashes of lightning will now know what to do with her card.

Giving up the card game in despair I turned to "Introductions," and was gratified to find complete instructions to the unimaginative liar as to the lies proper to use after promising to introduce somebody to another body who won't have it: one suggested excuse, equally picturesque and soothing, being that the desired introduction would have been "cruelty to animals"! (N.B.—This is not a joke of mine; the words are printed in the book and can be bought—with the rest of it—for a shilling, in a nice blue cover, decorated with a blameless-looking lady and gentleman etiquetting away like anything.)

Then I learn that at luncheon mayonnaise or dressed crab should be served "instead of fresh fish." Now, this is a nice piece of information to spring on a man who has all his life been innocently partial to salmon or lobster mayonnaise and had no idea it was being given him "instead of" fresh fish! And dressed crab, too; surely the crab is fresh sometimes—just by way of accident, as it were?

I also learn some new things about weddings. It used to be the correct thing, it seems, for the bridegroom to "mope near the altar," but now it is considered preferable for him to speak to a few of his friends "near the top of the church" as they arrive. Now, the top of most of the churches I am acquainted with is a weathercock, and I am glad that I was married so long ago that I was not expected to swarm up the steeple to hail the arrival of my friends. It was the Duke of Portland, it seems, who "first made this innovation," and he is described as a "very happy-looking bridegroom, the only one I ever saw who was completely at his ease," which would seem to have been very creditable—not to say dexterous—in the circumstances. A "nicely-decorated fireplace" is recommended as "an excellent background for the bride," and if such things as backgrounds are necessary for newly-married people the fireplace would certainly seem to have advantages over the expanse of heavenly empyrean which is considered good enough for the agile bridegroom. There is a certain order of precedence prescribed for the entry into the tea-room, beginning with the bride and ending with the bridesmaids and groomsmen—after whom, I read, "there is no precedence observed, but a general *sauve qui peut*," which looks like a hint that every guest who can should take the opportunity to escape from the premises as fast as he can go.

But the ordinary common or fireplace-and-steeple wedding is not all. I read about all sorts of weird anniversaries and how to behave at their celebrations. The first anniversary is the cotton wedding, the second the paper wedding, the next the leather wedding, and then the fourth year goes blank—I can't tell why. The fifth anniversary is the wooden wedding, and then there is another blank—though why this shouldn't be the putty wedding isn't explained. The seventh is the woollen wedding, the tenth the tin wedding, the fifteenth the crystal wedding, the twentieth the china wedding; and after that all is fairly plain sailing, through the silver wedding, the pearl, the ruby, the golden, and the diamond weddings, at the end respectively of twenty-five, thirty, forty, fifty, and seventy-five years of married etiquette. I little knew the vista of weddings I was entering on when I moped about that altar and didn't climb that steeple—what a desperate course of one-wifed, dry-goods polygamy lay before me.

I have endeavoured to express my admiration of these particular books, not because they are the most admirable in existence, but because they are all I have taken notes of. There are others just as charming without a doubt, and that is why I should like to collect them. And there are one or two very old books of etiquette, too, which have been collected and reprinted by the Early English Text Society. Several of these are addressed to children, and, indeed, the first in the collection is called the "Babee's Book." From these we learn nothing of the Philadelphia glide, and the topics are not always "select," though the author's "oral abilities" certainly seem to discuss them in a free and familiar way. For instance, we learn from the "Lytille Childrenes Lytil Boke" that in the dark times of the fifteenth century it was not considered the correct thing, in "smart" circles, to spit over the dinner-table, or even on it.

> Ne spytte thow not over the tabylle,
> Ne therupon, for that is no thing abylle,

is the neat and epigrammatic way in which

the instruction is put, and it is curious to note that in many old-fashioned households the rule is still observed, after all these years. The idea was not that of one writer alone, either; not merely one of those flashes of inspiration that come to one favoured person of genius, for in the "Boke of Curtasye" we find someone else of the same opinion:—

Gif thou spitt over the borde, or elles opon,
Thou schalle be holden an uncurtayse mon.

Wonderfully particular they seem to have been in those old days, to consider a person "an uncurtayse mon" for such a trifle as that. Indeed, in regard to the table-cloth, they seem to have been altogether morbidly sensitive:—

Theron thou shalt not thy nose wype

is one line in the moral poem called "Urbanitatis," a manuscript of about 1460. After this you are not surprised to read, in the "Booke of Nurture and Schoole of Good Manners":—

Pick not thy teeth with thy Knyfe,
nor with thy fyngers ende,
But take a stick or some cleane thyng,
then doe you not offende.

This same "Booke of Nurture" also tells us:—

And suppe not loude of thy Pottage
no tyme in all thy lyfe;
Dip not thy meate in the Saltseller,
but take it with thy Knyfe.

A little reflection convinces us that it is the salt which you must take "with thy Knyfe." We seem to have allowed this part of the rule to lapse, so far as my observation goes; but, in our weak-kneed, halting, modern way, we have not gone boldly to the time-honoured alternative of dipping our meat in the salt-cellar, but have made a miserably timid compromise with a spoon.

Whan thou etyst, gape not to wyde
That thi mouth be sene on yche a syde,

says the "Lytil Boke"; and I believe there is still a lingering prejudice against opening the mouth quite so wide at meals.

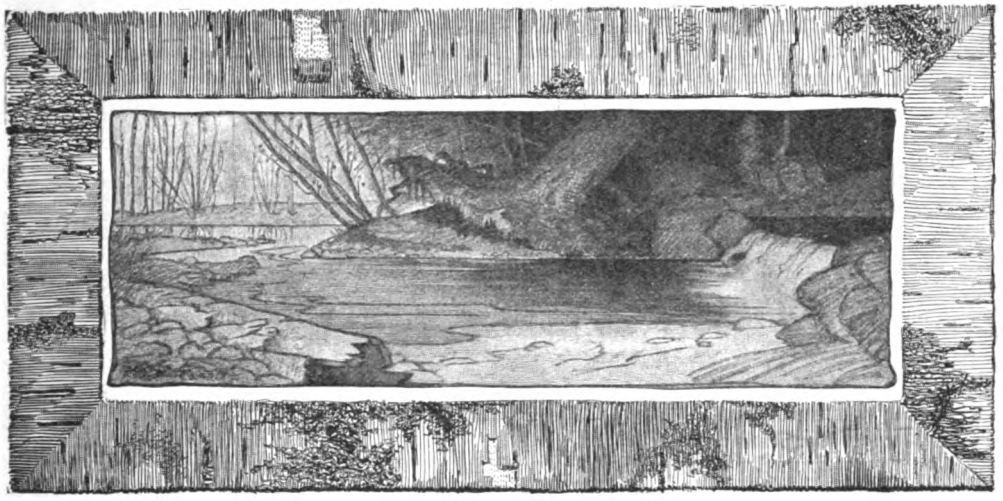
They were practical, too, in those times. Thus says the "Booke of Nurture" in the matter of eating soup—which the book, of course, calls "pottage":—

Fill not thy spoone to full, least thou
loose somewhat by the way.

And even now the experienced are aware of the danger of piling soup too high on a spoon. More, this same book taught caution in another way, for when your soup was finished:—

When thou haste eaten thy Pottage
doe as I shall thee wish;
Wype cleane thy spone, I do thee read,
leave it not in the dish;
Lay it downe before thy trenchoure,
thereof be not afrayde;
And take heed who takes it up,
for feare it be convayde.

Now, that is very excellent advice. Always be sure that the lady sitting next you does not "convey" your soup-spoon. The American book of etiquette which I began by quoting said nothing about this; and yet I should think it at least as important to see that your friends do not steal the spoons as to see that a lady does not carry your walking-stick in the city. On the whole, though these old books of over four hundred years back may be a trifle startling in places, yet they contain many admirable teachings (I have quoted some of them, in fact), and at least they do *not* enjoin you to "inquire after" a lady's thirst.



A Tale of the Trout Stream

by William Davenport Hulbert

IT was winter, and the trout stream ran low in its banks, hidden from the sky by a thick shell of ice and snow. But the trout stream was used to that, and it slipped along in semi-darkness, undismayed and not one whit disheartened, talking to itself in low, murmuring tones, and dreaming of the time when spring should come back and all the rivers should be full.

Mingled with its waters, and borne onward and downward by its current, were multitudes of the tiniest bubbles and particles of air—most of them too small to be seen by the human eye, yet large enough to be the very breath of life to thousands and thousands of living creatures. They went wherever the water could go, and some of them worked down into the gravel of the river-bed, and there, between the pebbles, they found a vast number of little balls of yellow-brown jelly, each about as large as a small pea. And the air-bubbles touched the trout eggs gently, and in some wonderful way their oxygen passed in through the pores of the shells, and the little lives within were quickened and stirred.

Through each of those thin, leathery, semi-transparent shells you could have seen, if you had examined it closely, a pair of bright, beady eyes and a little thread of a backbone. The backbones were all too long to lie straight, and had to curl up inside the eggs like so many horse-shoes, and along the outside of each one a set of the tiniest and daintiest muscles was getting ready for a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together. And one day, late in the winter, the muscles in one particular egg pulled with all their might, the backbone straightened, the shell was ripped open, and the tail of a new brook trout wriggled itself out into the water.

But his head and shoulders were still inside, and for a while it looked as if he would never get them out. A long, narrow fin ran aft from the middle of his back, around the end of his tail, and forward again on the under side of his body; and with this for an oar he

struggled and writhed and squirmed, and went bumping blindly about among the pebbles like a kitten with its head in the cream pitcher. And at last he backed out of the shell in which he had lain for several months, and lay down on a stone to rest and meditate.

The troutlet had to lie on his side, for attached to his breast was a large, round, transparent sac, which contained a goodly portion of the yolk of the egg. If you had examined it with a microscope you would have seen a most strange and beautiful sight. His heart was pumping blood into it through little arteries which kept branching and dividing, and in the very smallest of these branches a wonderful process was going on. Somehow, by life's marvellous and mysterious alchemy, the blood was laying hold of the material of the yolk, turning it into more blood, and carrying it away to be used in building up bone and muscle.

With a full haversack to be drawn upon in such a convenient manner, the baby trout was not obliged, for the present, to think about hustling around in search of a living. This was very fortunate, for the stream was full of beasts of prey who would be only too glad to gobble him up ; and, besides, his frail little body was so weak and delicate that he could not bear the light. So he simply dived down deeper into the gravel and stayed there, and for some weeks he led a very quiet existence among the pebbles.

His yolk-sac was gradually shrinking, and after a month or so it drew itself up into a little cleft in his breast and almost disappeared. It could no longer supply food enough for his growing body. And other changes had come. The embryonic fin which had made his tail so like a paddle was gone, the true dorsal and caudal and anal fins had taken their proper shape, and he looked a little less like a tadpole and a little more like a fish. He was stronger, and he no longer dreaded the light ; and so at last he came up out of the gravel bed to study swimming and to take his rightful place in the world of moving, murmuring waters.

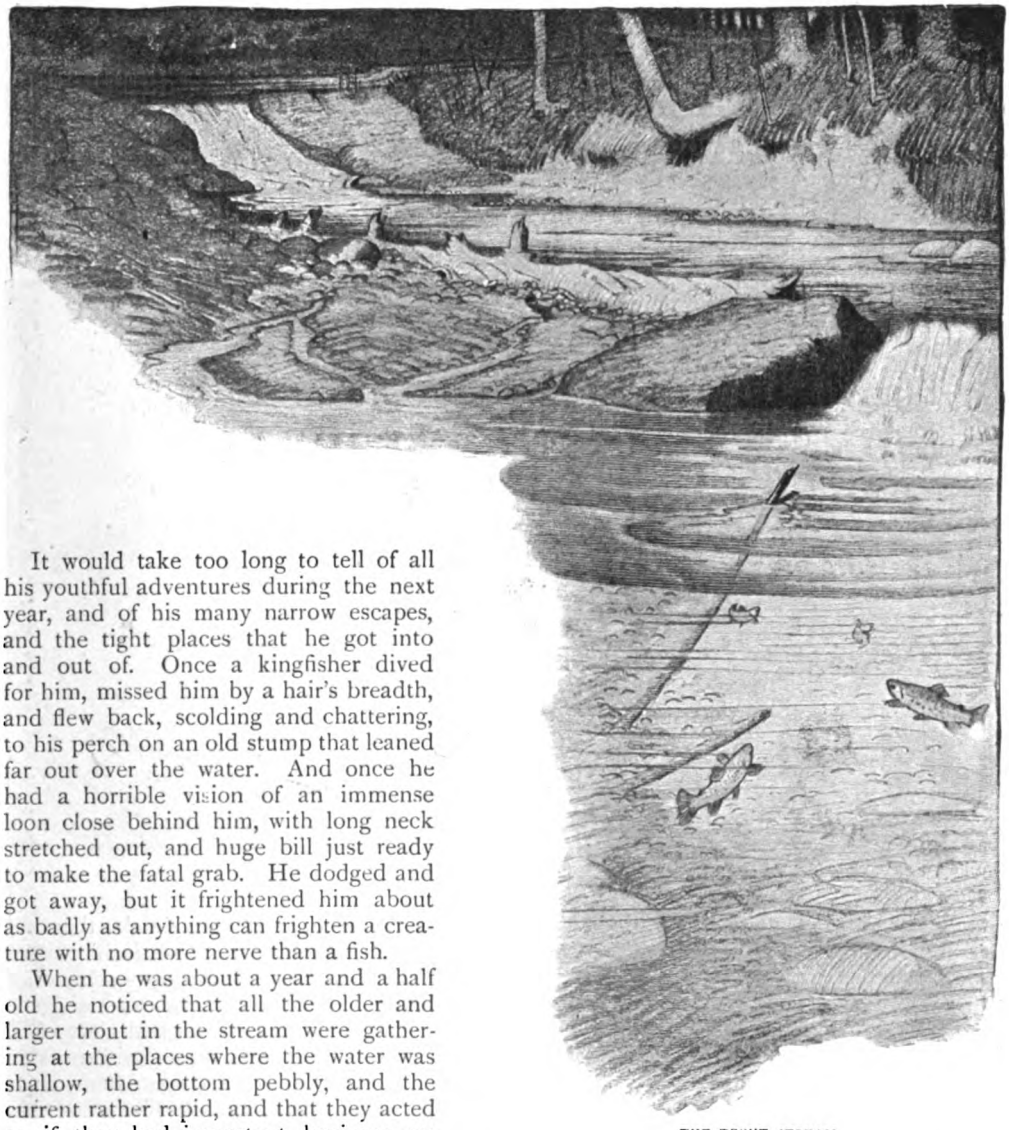
He had hardly emerged from his hiding-place in the gravel when a queer, big-headed little fish darted at him from under a big stone, with his jaws open and an awful cavity yawning behind them. The troutlet dodged between a couple of pebbles and escaped, but another youngster just behind him was caught and swallowed alive. This was his first meeting with the star-gazer, who kills more babies than ever Herod did. Then there were minnows, and herrings, and chubs, and lizards, and frogs, and weasels, and water-snakes, and other butchers of all sorts and sizes, too numerous to mention. Perhaps the worst of all were the older trout, who never seemed to have any scruples at all about eating their young relations. I don't believe that more than one or two in a thousand of the small fry ever lived to maturity.

His first taste of food was a great experience, and gave him some entirely new ideas of life. He was lying with his head up stream, as was his usual habit, when a particularly fat, plump little larva came drifting down with the current. He looked very tempting, and our friend sallied out from under a little black stick and caught him on the fly, just as he had seen the star-gazer catch his own brother.

Henceforth he was independent, and could take care of himself. He was no longer an embryo, he was real fish, a genuine *salvelinus fontinalis*, as carnivorous as the biggest and fiercest of his relations. The cleft in his breast might close up and the last remnant of yolk-sac vanish for ever.

It must be admitted, however, that he did not look much like a mature trout. He was less than three-quarters of an inch long, and his enormous head, bulging eyes, and capacious mouth were out of all proportion to his small and feeble body. But time and food were all that were needed to set these matters right ; and he had learned how to get the food, while the time came of itself. I should be afraid to guess how many tiny water creatures, insects and larvæ and crustacea, found their way down his ravenous little maw ; but it is pretty safe to say that he ate more than his own weight in a single day. Consequently

our friend grew rapidly in size and strength and symmetry; and from being a quiet, languid baby, always hiding in dark corners and attending strictly to his own affairs, he became one of the liveliest and most inquisitive little fishes in all the stream.



THE TROUT STREAM.

It would take too long to tell of all his youthful adventures during the next year, and of his many narrow escapes, and the tight places that he got into and out of. Once a kingfisher dived for him, missed him by a hair's breadth, and flew back, scolding and chattering, to his perch on an old stump that leaned far out over the water. And once he had a horrible vision of an immense loon close behind him, with long neck stretched out, and huge bill just ready to make the fatal grab. He dodged and got away, but it frightened him about as badly as anything can frighten a creature with no more nerve than a fish.

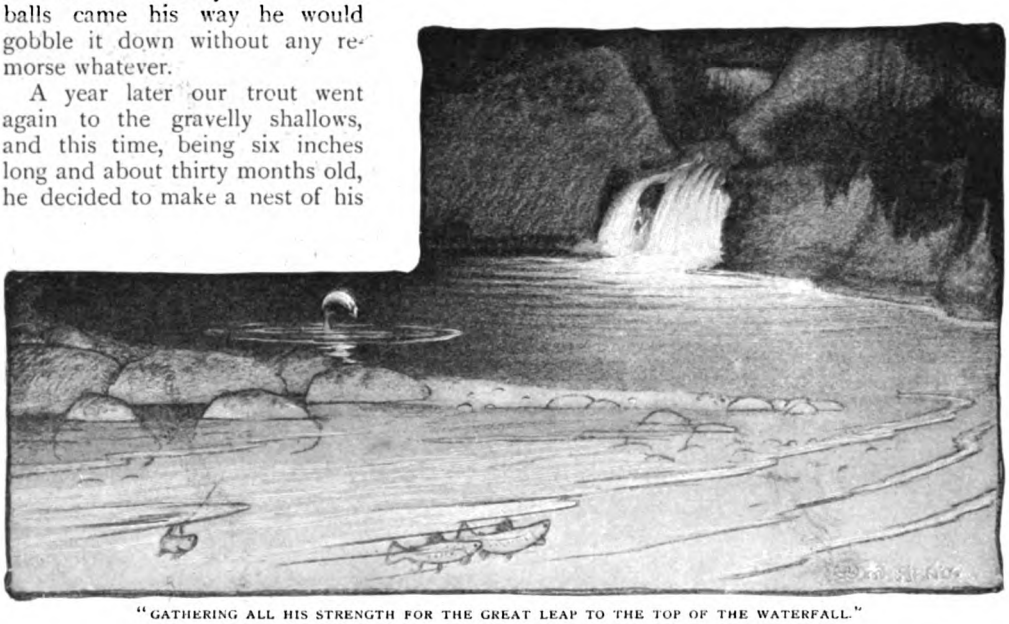
When he was about a year and a half old he noticed that all the older and larger trout in the stream were gathering at the places where the water was shallow, the bottom pebbly, and the current rather rapid, and that they acted as if they had important business on hand. He wanted to do as the others did, and thus it happened that he went back again to the gravelly shallows where the air-bubbles had first found him. By this time he was about as large as your finger, or possibly a trifle larger, and he had all the bumptiousness of youth, and was somewhat given to pushing himself in where he wasn't wanted.

The male trout were first to arrive, and they promptly set to work to prepare nests for their mates, who were expected a little later. It was a simple process—the nest-making. All they did was to shove the gravel aside with their noses and fins and tails, and then fan the sediment away until they had made nice, clean little hollows in the bed of the stream; but there was a good deal of excitement and jealousy over it.

Our trout was too young to bear a very prominent part in these proceedings, but he and a few companions of his own age and

size skirmished around the edges of the nesting-ground, and seemed to take a wicked delight in teasing the old males and running away just in time to escape punishment. And a little later, when the nests began to be put to practical use, the yearlings were very much in evidence. Strictly, fresh eggs are as good eating down under the water as they are on land, and partly for this reason, and partly because direct sunshine is supposed to be very injurious to them, the mothers always covered them with gravel as quickly as possible. But very often some of them were caught up by the current and swept away in spite of all precautions, and our young friend crept up as near as he dared, and whenever one of the little yellow-brown balls came his way he would gobble it down without any remorse whatever.

A year later our trout went again to the gravelly shallows, and this time, being six inches long and about thirty months old, he decided to make a nest of his own. He did so, and had just induced a beautiful young fish of the other sex to come and examine it with a view to matrimony, when the biggest old male in the stream appeared on the scene and promptly turned him out of house and home. It was very exasperating, not to say humiliating.



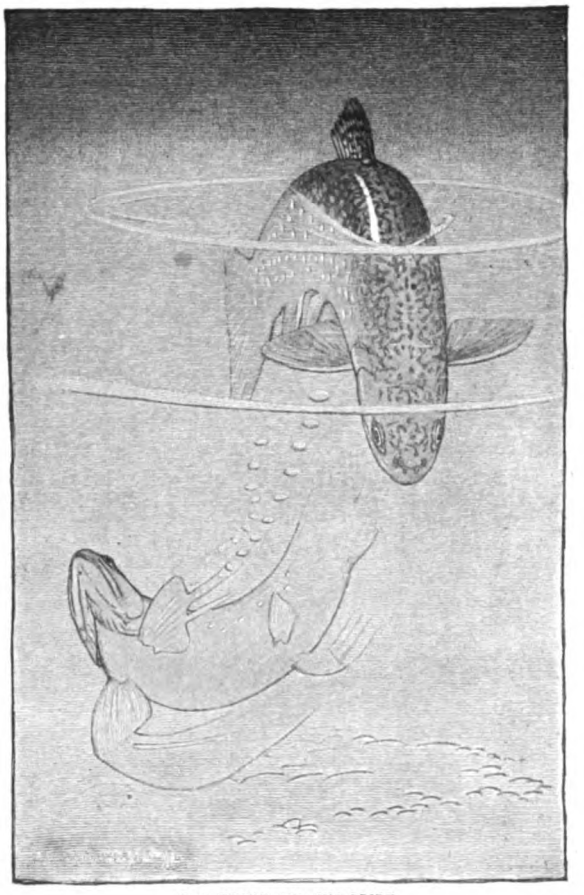
"GATHERING ALL HIS STRENGTH FOR THE GREAT LEAP TO THE TOP OF THE WATERFALL."

The next time he had better luck. As another summer passed away and the cooler weather came on he arrayed himself in his wedding finery, decking himself out in his gayest colours, and making a very brave display. In later years he was larger and heavier, but I don't think he was ever much handsomer than in that fourth autumn of his life. His back was a dark, dusky, olive green, with mottlings that were still darker and duskier. His sides were somewhat lighter, almost golden in some places, and scattered irregularly over them were the bright carmine spots which sometimes gave him the name of the Speckled Trout. Beneath he was usually of a light cream colour, but, now he had put on his best suit, his vest was bright orange, and some of his fins were variegated with red and white, while others were a fiery yellow. He was clothed in thousands on thousands of tiny scales, so small and fine that the eye could hardly separate them, and from the bony shoulder-girdle just behind his gills a raised line, slightly waving, ran back to his tail like the sheer-line of a ship. There might be other fishes that were more slender than he, and possibly more graceful; but in him there was something besides beauty—something that told of power, and speed, and doggedness. His broad mouth opened clear back under his eyes, and was armed with rows of strong, sharp teeth. His eyes were large and set well apart, and the bulge of his forehead between them hinted at more brains than are allotted to some of the people of the stream.

And now he started once more for the shallows, and travelled as he had never travelled before in all his life. Streams are made to swim against—every trout knows that—and the faster they run the greater is the joy of breasting them. One moment he

was working up the long rapid like a bird in the teeth of the wind, and the next he was gathering all his strength for the great leap to the top of the waterfall; now he rested for a little while in a quiet pool, and now he went swinging round the curves, diving under logs and fallen trees, darting up the still places where the water lay a-dreaming, and wriggling over bars where it was not half deep enough to cover him; until at last he reached the place where so many generations of brook trout had both begun their existence and fulfilled its great purpose.

He scooped out a fine large nest, a little apart from those of his rivals, and it seemed to him that he was very nicely situated indeed. But for some reason the first possible mates who came to look at his location declined to stay. Perhaps they were not quite ready to settle down, or perhaps it was merely that they were disposed to insist on the feminine privilege of changing their minds. Finally, however, there came one who seemed to be quite satisfied, and of whom our friend had every reason to be proud.



THE TROUT AND HIS BRIDE.

As she and our friend swam side by side her nose and the end of her tail were exactly even with his. Her colours were the same that he had worn before he had put on his wedding garment, and I don't think you could ever have told them apart if you had seen them together in the early summer. They were a well-matched pair.

But they were not to be allowed to set up housekeeping without fighting for the privilege. Hardly had she finished inspecting the nest, and made up her mind that it would answer, and that he was, on the whole, quite eligible as a husband, when a third trout appeared and tried to do as the big bully had done the year before. This time, however, our young friend's blood was up, and though the enemy was considerably larger than he, he was ready to strike for his altars and his fires. It was a comical little duel, down there under the water. One would almost have thought they were at play rather than fighting for the possession of a wife and a home, for at first they did nothing but make quick rushes and ram each other in the ribs, each one poking his snout into the other's fat sides as if he were trying to tickle him. It seemed only a trial of strength and speed and dexterity, and if our trout was not quite so powerful as the other, yet he proved himself more than his match in quickness and agility. But before it was over he did more than that, for suddenly his mouth opened and the sharp teeth of his lower jaw tore a row of bright scales from his adversary's side, and left a long, deep gash behind. That settled it.

The nesting season cannot last for ever, and by-and-by, when the days were very short and the nights were very long, when the stars were bright and the frost began to take hold, the last trout went in search of better feeding-grounds, and the gravelly shallows seemed deserted.

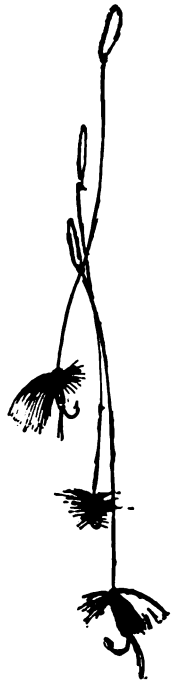
One of the trout's most exciting adven-

tures, and the one which probably taught him more than any other, came in the following summer. The stream had grown rather too warm for comfort, and he had formed the habit of spending a great deal of his time in deep, quiet pools, where icy springs bubbled out of the bank and imparted a delightful coolness to the water. It was delicious to idle away a long, hot July afternoon in the wash below one of these fountains, having a lazy, pleasant time, and enjoying the caressing touch of the cold water as it slid along his body from nose to tail. And one sunshiny day, as he lay in his favourite spring-hole, a fly lit on the surface almost directly over his head, a bright, gaily-coloured fly of a species which was entirely new to him, but which looked as if it might be very finely flavoured. He made a dash and seized it, but he had no sooner got it between his lips than he spat it out again, before the angler had time to strike. Instead of being soft and juicy and luscious, as all flies ought to be, it was stiff and hard and dry, with a long, crooked sting, different from anything possessed by any fly that he had ever before tasted. It disappeared as suddenly as it had come, and the trout sank back to the bottom of the pool.

But presently three more flies came down together and lit in a row, one behind another. They were different from the first, and the trout decided to try his luck once more. He chose the foremost of the three and found it quite as ill-tasting as its predecessor, but this time the angler's eye and hand were a trifle quicker, and before he could get rid of it the hook was fast in his lip. For the next few minutes he tore around the pool and up and down the stream as if he were crazy, frightening the smaller fishes almost out of their wits.

The first thing he did was to shoot along the surface for several feet, throwing his head from side to side as he went, and doing his best to shake that horrible fly out of his mouth. That didn't help matters in the least, and next he jumped clear out of the water and tried to strike the line with his tail. That was no better, so he rushed off up the stream as hard as he could go, then doubled and dashed away in the other direction, and so went streaking it back and forth, as if all the imps of darkness were after him instead of one pleasant-faced man who was really very good-natured and kind-hearted.

The worst of it was that wherever he went and whatever he did there was always a steady strain on the line—not strong enough to break it or to tear the hook away, but enough to keep him from getting a single inch of slack. If there had been any chance to jerk he would probably have got away in very quick time. He grew tired after a while, and dived to the bottom of the pool, hoping to lie still for a few minutes where he could rest and think of some new plan of escape. But that constant tugging on his lip was more than he could stand. It almost seemed as if it would pull the jaw out of his head, and presently he let himself be drawn up again to the surface. Once he was so close to the shore that the angler made a thrust at him with the landing-net and just grazed his side. It frightened him worse than ever, and he raced away again so fast that the reel sang and the line swished through the water like a knife.



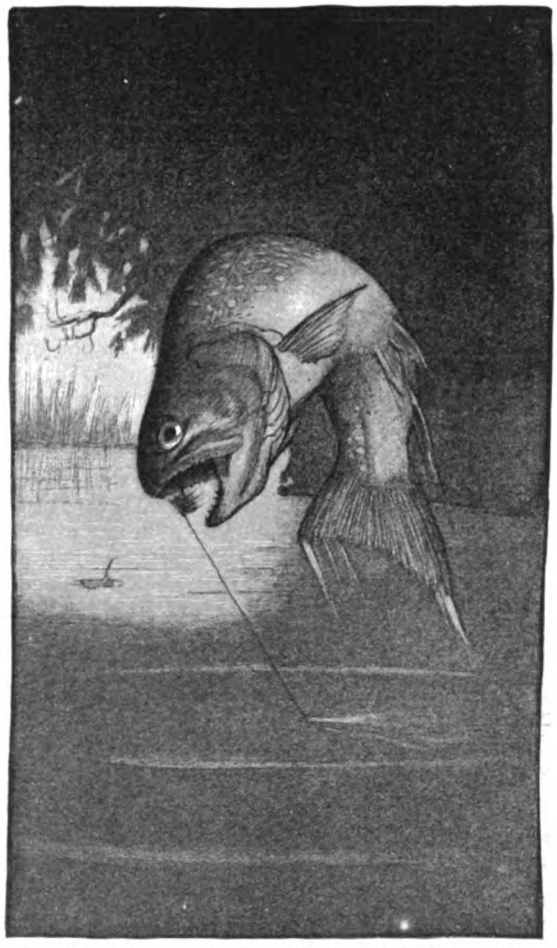
The other two flies were trailing behind, and the short line that held them was constantly catching on his fins and twisting itself around his tail in a way that annoyed him greatly. And yet, as it finally turned out, it was one of those flies that saved his life. He was coming back from that last unsuccessful rush for liberty, fighting for every inch, and only yielding to a strength a thousand times greater than his own, when it suddenly caught on a sunken log and held fast. Instantly the strain on his mouth relaxed, and he began jerking this way and that, backward and forward, right and left, tearing the hole in his lip a little larger at every yank, until the hook came away and he was free. The wound was a painful one, and he carried the scar as

long as he lived, but the lesson he learned was worth all it cost.

The years went by, and the trout increased in size and strength and wisdom, as a trout should. One after another his rivals disappeared, most of them losing their lives because they could not resist the allurements of the anglers, and at last there was only one left who was larger and stronger than he. This was the same big fellow who had turned him out of house and home on the occasion of a previous visit to the nesting-ground, and the way the fierce, solemn old brute finally departed this life deserves a paragraph all to itself.

It happened—or, rather, it began—one morning in early spring, just after the ice had gone out. Our trout was there, and was feeling a trifle sleepy and lazy after the long, dull winter, though he did not fail to keep an eye open for anything good to eat. I hardly think he would have jumped at a fly, for it was not the proper season for insects, and he was rather methodical in his diet; but almost anything else was welcome. The water was high that day from the melting snows, and many a delicious grub and earthworm had been washed from the bank by the freshet, only to find its way down the throat of some hungry trout. And presently, what should come drifting along but a poor little field mouse, struggling desperately in a vain effort to swim back to the shore. Once before our friend had swallowed a mouse whole, just as you would take an oyster from the half-shell, and he knew that they were very nice indeed. He made a rush for the unlucky little animal, and in another minute he would have had him, but just then the big trout ranged up alongside with an air which seemed to say: "That's my meat. You get out of this!"

Our friend obeyed, and the bully gave a leap and seized the mouse, and then—his time had come.



"HE JUMPED CLEAR OUT OF THE WATER AND TRIED TO STRIKE THE LINE WITH HIS TAIL."

He fought bravely, but he was fairly hooked, and in a few minutes he was out on the bank, gasping for breath, flopping wildly about, and fouling his beautiful sides with sand and dirt. And that was the end of him.

And so our friend became the king of the trout stream.

You are not to suppose, however, that he paid very much attention to his subjects, or that he was particularly fond of giving orders. On the contrary, he had become very solitary and hermit-like in his habits. In his youth he had been fond of society, but of late years his tastes seemed to have changed, and he kept to himself, and lurked in the shady, sunless places till his skin grew darker, and he more and more resembled the shadows in which he lived. His great delight was to watch from the depths of some cave-like hollow under an overhanging bank until a herring, or a minnow, or some other baby-eater came in sight, and then to rush out and swallow him head first.

Other changes had come beside those in his relations to his fellow-trout. The curving lines of his body were not quite so graceful as they had once been, and at times he wore a rather lean and dilapidated appearance, especially during the six months from November to May. His tail was not so handsomely forked as when he was young, but was nearly square across the end, and was beginning to be a little frayed at the corners. His lower jaw had grown out beyond the upper, and at its extremity it was turned up in a wicked-looking hook, which amounted almost to a disfigurement, but which was often very convenient in hustling smaller trout out of the way. Even his complexion had changed, as we have already seen. As to size, he succeeded, after many years of living and ruling, in attaining a weight of nearly three pounds, which made him considerably larger and heavier than his old enemy had been. Altogether, he was less prepossessing than in former days, and decidedly more formidable.

But the two great interests of his everyday life were the same that they had always been —namely, to get enough to eat and to keep out of the way of his enemies. For enemies he still had, and would continue to have as long as he lived. The fly-fishermen, with their feather-weight rods and their scientific tackle, came every spring and summer, and only the wisdom born of experience kept him from falling into their hands. Several times he met with an otter and had to run for his life. Once a bear, fishing for suckers, came near catching a brook trout. He certainly could not complain of any lack of excitement.

And when the end came it was a violent one and so inglorious that I am almost ashamed to tell it. He, the king of the trout stream—he, who had so often run Fate's gauntlet and escaped with his body unharmed and his wits sharper than ever—he, who knew the wiles of the fly-fishermen better than any other trout in the stream, fell a victim to a little boy with a piece of sapling for a rod, coarse string for a line, and a worm for bait.

I'm sure it wouldn't have happened if he had stayed at home, but one spring he took it into his head to go on an exploring expedition.

In the course of his wanderings he came to where a school of yellow perch was loafing in the shadow of a wharf, and just as he pushed his way in among them that little red piece of worm sank slowly down through the green water. It was something new to the trout, and the perch seemed to think it was good to eat, and so, although the string was in plain sight and ought to have been a sufficient warning, he exercised his royal prerogative, shouldered those yellow-barred plebeians aside, and took the tit-bit for himself. It is too humiliating; let us draw a veil over that closing scene.

The king of the trout stream had gone the way of his fathers, and another reigned in his stead.

The Sorceress of the Strand.

By L. T. Meade and Robert Eustace.

VI.—THE TEETH OF THE WOLF.

"I COUNT on your accepting," said Vandeleur.

"But why?" I asked, with some impatience. "I have never heard anything favourable with regard to Mrs. Bensasan. Her cruelties to her animals are well known. Granted that she is the best tamer of wild animals in Europe, I would rather not know her."

"That has nothing to do with the case in point," replied Vandeleur. "Mrs. Bensasan and Madame Sara are working one of Madame's worst plots. I have not the least doubt on the subject. It is my business to solve this mystery, and I want your aid."

"Of course, if you put it in that way I can refuse no longer," was my response. "But what do you mean?"

"Simply this." As Vandeleur spoke he leant back in his chair and drew a long puff from his meerschaum. "I am acting in the interests of Gerald Hiliers. You have, of course, heard of the missing girl?"

"Your enigmas become more and more puzzling," I replied. "I know but little of Gerald Hiliers. And who is the girl?"

"I have rather a pretty story to entertain you with. This is the state of things, as nearly as I can narrate it. Mrs. Bensasan, the owner of Bensasan's Menageries, is in some ways the talk of London. She has dared to do what hardly any other woman has done before her. She runs her shows herself, being always present at important exhibitions. Her lion-taming exploits were remarkable enough to arouse general attention in Paris last year, but now in London she is going on an altered tack. She is devoting herself to the taming of even wilder and more difficult animals to manage—I mean wolves."

"But what about the girl and your friend Hiliers?"

"I will explain. But first let me tell you about Mrs. Bensasan. I must describe her before I go any farther. She is built on a very large scale, being six feet in height. She has strong features, prominent eyes, and a ringing, harsh voice. Her mouth is remarkably large and wide. I understand that Madame Sara has supplied her with a perfect set of false teeth, so well made that they defy detection, but altogether she is disagreeable to look at, although the very essence of strength. Now, this woman is a widow and has one only child of the name of Laura, a girl about nineteen years of age, who is in all respects as unlike the mother as daughter could be, for she is slight, fair, and gentle-looking, with a particularly attractive face. Miss Laura has had the bad taste, according to Mrs. Bensasan, to fall in love with Hiliers, whereas the mother wants her for a very different bridegroom. I have known Hiliers for years, and his father is a friend of mine. He is a nice, gentlemanly fellow, with good commercial prospects. Now, although it is more than probable that Hiliers will be a rich man, Mrs. Bensasan does not wish for the match. She wants Laura to marry a horrible, misshapen little man—a dwarf of the name of Rigby. So far as I can ascertain Rigby is half Jew, half Greek, and he has evidently known Mrs. Bensasan for many years. He lives in expensive lodgings near Cavendish Square, drives a mail phaeton, and has all the externals that belong to a rich man. His face is as repulsive as his body is misshapen. The girl cannot stand him, and what the mother sees in him is the most difficult part of the problem which I have got to solve. It may be a case of blackmail. If so, I must prove it. There is not the slightest doubt that this extremely strong and disagreeable woman fears Rigby, although she professes to be a great friend of his.

"In addition, Madame Sara is Mrs. Bensasan's friend. She spends a great deal of her time at Cray Lodge, the pretty little place near Guildford where the Bensasans live. These two women are evidently hand in glove, and both have resolved to give the poor girl to Joseph Rigby; as things are at present Gerald Hiliers stands a poor chance of winning his bride."

"You say the girl is missing?"

"Yes. About a month ago Gerald wrote to Mrs. Bensasan asking her for Laura's hand. He had quite a civil letter in reply, stating that the matter required consideration, and that just at present she would rather he did not pay his addresses to her daughter. Nevertheless, he received an invitation, a few days later, to stay at Cray Lodge.

"He arrived there, was treated with marked kindness, and allowed to see Laura

as much as he liked. The poor girl seemed sadly restrained and unhappy. One day when the two found themselves alone she told him that he had better give her up, as she knew there was not the slightest chance of her being allowed to marry him; but she further added that under no circumstances would she marry Rigby. As she uttered the words Mrs. Bensasan came into the room. To all appearance she had heard nothing. Hiliers left Cray Lodge that afternoon.

"Early the next morning he received a letter from Mrs. Bensasan asking him to come to her at once. He hurried to the Lodge; he was received by his hostess, who told him that she had sent Laura from home, and that she did not intend to reveal her whereabouts until she had decided to give her as a bride to Joseph Rigby or to him. She would not say at present which suitor she most favoured; she only reserved to herself the absolute power to choose between them.

"'Laura shall only marry the man I choose her to marry,' was her final announcement, and then she added: 'In order to study your character, Mr. Hiliers, I again invite you to come here on a visit. My friend, Mr. Rigby, will also be a guest.'

"This state of things alone would have made Hiliers anxious, although not greatly alarmed; but Laura's old nurse, who had been hiding behind a laurustinus bush in the avenue, rushed up to him as he was returning to the railway-station and thrust a note into his hand. It was written by herself and was very illiterate. In this she managed to inform him that her young lady had been removed from her bed in the middle of the night and been put forcibly into a cab by Mrs. Bensasan and Madame Sara. It was the nurse's impression that the poor girl was about to be subjected to some very cruel treatment.

"Hiliers came to me at once and implored me to help him to find and rescue Miss Bensasan. I must own that I was at first puzzled how to act. It was just then that an extraordinary thing happened. Mrs. Bensasan came to see me. Her ostensible reason was to consult me with regard to some curious robberies which had lately taken place on her premises. Her great fear was that the people who committed the burglaries would try to injure her wolves by throwing poisoned meat to them. She had heard of me and my professional skill from her great friend, Madame Sara, and, in short, she wanted to know if I would take up the matter, assuring me that I should be handsomely paid for my services, and, further, that I might bring my friend, Mr. Dixon Druce, with me.

"LAURA'S OLD NURSE THRUST A NOTE INTO HIS HAND."

"'Madame Sara and I would like to have you both staying at Cray Lodge,' she said. 'I hope you will come. Will you, in company with your friend, Mr. Druce, visit me next Monday? We can then go carefully into the matter and you can give me your opinion. It would be a most serious thing for me, more serious than I can give you

the least idea of, if my wolves were tampered with. I ask for your presence as a great favour. Will you both come?'"

"And you accepted that sort of invitation?" was my remark.

"I accepted it," replied Vandeleur, gravely, "for us both."

"But why? Your attitude in this matter puzzles me very much. I should imagine that you would not care to darken that woman's doors."

"I suspect," said Vandeleur, slowly, "that the tale of the robberies is a mere blind. I look forward to a very interesting time at Cray Lodge, for I intend to become possessed of the necessary knowledge which will enable me to give Miss Laura to Gerald Hiliers as his bride."

I greatly disliked the idea of going to stay at Cray Lodge. I thought Vandeleur on the wrong track when he entered Mrs. Bensasan's house as her guest. There was no help for it, however; he was determined to go, and I, as his special friend, would not fail him in what was extremely likely to be an hour of danger.

On the following Monday accordingly I accompanied Vandeleur to Mrs. Bensasan's house. A smart dog-cart was waiting for us at Guildford, and we drove to the Lodge, a pretty house, situated about three miles out of the town. It stood in its own grounds. There was a pine wood to the left, and I might have thought I was approaching one of the most innocent and lovely homes of England, but for the sinister bay of a wolf that fell upon my ears as we drove up the avenue.

Tea was in full progress in the central hall when we arrived. Mrs. Bensasan wore a gown of tawny velvet, which suited her massive figure and harsh, yet in some ways handsome, face. Her hair was a shade redder in tone than the velvet, and she had it arranged in thick coils round her large head. Her dead-white complexion was unrelieved by any colour. Her reddish eyebrows were thick, and her eyes, large and the colour of agates, gleamed with approval as we entered the hall. She came forward at once to meet us.

"Welcome!" she said, in her harsh voice, and as she spoke she smiled, showing those white, regular teeth which Vandeleur had mentioned as the work of that genius, Madame Sara.

We stood for a moment or two by the fire, and as we did so I watched her face. The brow was low, the eyes very large and very brilliant, but I thought them altogether destitute of humanity. The nose was thick, with wide nostrils, and the mouth was hideous, cut like a slit across her face. Notwithstanding her

"'MY FRIEND, MR. JOSEPH RIGBY,' SHE SAID."

beautiful teeth, that mouth destroyed all pretence to good looks.

In the presence of one so coarse and colossal Madame Sara, who was standing in the background, appeared at first almost insignificant, but a second glance showed that this woman was the very foil she needed to bring out her remarkable and great attractions. Her slenderness and her young figure, the softness of her blue eyes, the golden sheen of that marvellous hair, which was neither dyed nor artificially curled, but was Nature's pure product, glistening and twining itself into tendrils long, thick, and soft as a girl's, all contrasted well with the heavy appearance of her hostess. Mrs. Bensasan looked almost an old woman; Madame Sara might have been twenty-eight or thirty. She wore a black dress of cobwebby lace, and nothing could better suit the delicacy of her complexion.

I had just taken my second cup of tea when a voice at my elbow caused me to turn round quickly. Then, indeed, I could not help starting, for one of the most misshapen and altogether horrible-looking men I had ever seen stood before me. His face was all hillocks and excrescences, the forehead bulging forward, the eyes going back very deeply into their sockets; they were small eyes, and seemed ever to glisten with an uneasy and yet watchful movement. The lower part of his face was covered with a thick black moustache and short beard. The nose was small, very *retroussé*, with wide nostrils. Mrs. Bensasan introduced him with a careless nod.

"My friend, Mr. Joseph Rigby—Mr. Druce," she said.

Rigby bowed rather offensively low, and then began to talk.

"YOU ARE CERTAIN YOU WILL NOT TURN COWARD?"

"I am glad you and Mr. Vandeleur are going to give us the pleasure of your company for a day or two," he said. "Mrs. Bensasan has a very fine scheme for our amusement on Wednesday night. You have, of course, heard of Mrs. Bensasan's wolves? I doubt not she will let you see them if you ask her. She is very proud of these animals, and no wonder. Taganrog, a great Siberian he-wolf, is alone likely to make her famous. It is Mrs. Bensasan's most kind intention to give us an exhibition of her power over Taganrog on Wednesday night."

"Indeed," I answered, "that will be interesting."

Someone called him and he moved away. Tea was over, but there were still a couple of hours of daylight left. Mrs. Bensasan stood a little apart from her other guests. She saw me and came up to my side.

"Should you be afraid if I took you to see my pets?" she said.

"I should like to go very much," I replied.

"You are certain you will not turn coward? Some people dread the special pack I am now training."

I smiled.

"I shall not be afraid," I answered.

A pleased expression crossed her face.

"Then you, Mr. Druce, shall come with me. You alone. Come at once," she added. "This way, please."

We left the house and, crossing the broad avenue, went down a sloping path which led through the pine woods. As we walked I peered through the trees, and just before me, a few hundred yards away, I saw a cluster of low buildings or kennels such as are used to keep foxhounds in. These kennels were, however, very much stronger than those required by the master of a pack of hounds. They were

of strong brick on three sides, and in front were placed high iron railings which fenced in a sort of yard. This was further divided into compartments, one compartment for each kennel, and the whole was covered over at the top with an iron penthouse. In short, the arrangements were very much on the scale employed by the Zoological Gardens in London.

"Before I bought Cray Lodge, the late owner kept foxhounds," said Mrs. Bensasan. "I had the old kennels pulled down and built up again to suit my purpose. I have kept all sorts of wild beasts in them. My present fancy is for wolves. Taganrog, my large Siberian wolf, has proved more troublesome than any other animal I have attempted to subdue. I shall, of course, conquer him in the end, but I own that the task is difficult."

We had now reached the kennels. Mrs. Bensasan and I stood together outside the iron bars. The doors of the cages themselves were all open, and the wolves were outside in their yards: some lying down and half asleep, others moving restlessly up and down the narrow confines of their prisons. Mrs. Bensasan walked from one enclosure to the other, looking into each and telling me different stories with regard to the special wolves. At last she came to the enclosure where Taganrog was confined.

"You must watch from there," she said, pointing to a grass mound that stood a few feet away. "I am the only one who ever ventures inside those doors. Taganrog fears me, although he will not as yet submit altogether to my treatment."

As she spoke she took a great key from her girdle and unlocked the gate in the centre of the bars. When she got within she put up her hand in the direction of the iron roof and took down a big stock whip. At the end of the fall of the whip were wires loaded with balls of lead. I now noticed that Taganrog's kennel was closed. I had not yet seen the great wolf.

"What an awful weapon!" I said, pointing to the whip.

Her ugly mouth opened wide and she showed all her glittering white teeth.

"Not more awful than my beautiful Taganrog deserves. He is the grandest creature on earth and the most untamable. But never mind; my heart is set on effecting his moral reformation."

She laughed discordantly. There seemed to be nothing in tune about the woman. Already her personality was getting on my nerves. She gave me a glance, half of contempt, half of amusement.

"Watch me from the grass bank," she said. "You will see what will appear to you an ugly sight; but remember all the time that it is the reformation of the great Siberian wolf Taganrog, and that by-and-by all England, all Europe, will ring with his exploits and mine. It is a strange thing, Mr. Druce, but that great wolf seems part of me. Once, in some primeval age, we must have been akin."

She turned, and before I could utter a word walked to the kennel. The next instant a huge grey wolf sprang into sight.

"SHE LASHED THE ANIMAL SEVERAL TIMES UNMERCIFULLY."

He was a beautiful creature, with long, very thick grey hair, a bushy tail, and a face which at first sight looked gentle as that of a Newfoundland dog. But when he saw Mrs. Bensasan a rapid change came over him. He crouched in one corner, his teeth were bared, he growled audibly, and shivered in every limb. Mrs. Bensasan stood a foot away, holding her loaded whip slightly raised. She said something to the animal. He crouched as though to spring. In another instant the whip descended smartly on his loins. The blood flowed freely from the poor beast's back. A fierce and terrible expression broke from the woman's lips, and raising the whip once again she lashed the animal several times unmercifully. I could not contain myself. I sprang forward to the doors of the cage.

"Don't be so cruel," I said; "this exhibition is too horrible."

She turned at once at the sound of my voice. I noticed that her face was deadly white and covered with perspiration.

"Don't interfere," she said, in a low tone of fierce anger.

Then, fixing her eyes on Taganrog, she raised the whip once more with a menacing attitude and pointed to the kennel. The wolf gave her a cowed look from his bloodshot eyes and slunk in, growling as he disappeared.

Going up to the kennel she shot the bolt and made it fast. Then, returning the whip to its place, she opened the iron gates, passed through, locked them, and faced me.

"When you came so near you were in danger," she said. "You did a mad thing. Taganrog was in the mood to spring at anyone. He fears me, but he would have torn you savagely even through the bars. In his moments of fear and passion, to tear anyone limb from limb would be his delight. You were foolhardy and in danger."

We were walking slowly back to the house, and had gone about twenty yards, when a cry, clear, full, and piercing, rang on the air. It was so terrible and so absolutely unexpected that I stood still and faced Mrs. Bensasan.

"That is the cry of a woman," I said. "What is wrong?"

She smiled, and stood still as though she were listening. The cry was not repeated, but the next instant the howl of many wolves in evident hunger broke on the stillness.

"What was that other cry?" I asked.

"One of the wolves, perhaps," she answered, "or"—she shrugged her shoulders—"the ghost may really exist."

"What ghost? Please speak, Mrs. Bensasan."

Again she shrugged her shoulders.

"There is a story extant in these parts, to which, of course, I give no credence," she replied; "but the country folks say that the old vaults under the kennels are haunted. Those vaults are useless now and out of repair, but they say that a madman once lived in Cray Lodge. He kept foxhounds, and his wife died under mysterious circumstances. The story is that he shut her into the cellars and starved her. I do not know any particulars—the whole thing happened years ago—but the country folks will tell you, if you question them, that now and then her cry comes out on the midnight or evening air. I am rather pleased with the story than otherwise, for it keeps people off the vicinity of my wolves. You know, of course, why I asked you and Mr. Vandeleur here? Not only for the pleasure of your company, but in order that your exceedingly clever friend may discover if there are any people in the neighbourhood who would dare to tamper with my special pets. It would be easy to throw them poisoned meat through the iron bars of their enclosures. A woman in my profession is surrounded by enemies. Ah! how excited my wolves are to-night! Listen to Taganrog; he is expressing his feelings."

A prolonged howl, full of misery, rent the air. We both returned in silence to the house.

"You will find the hall warm and comfortable, Mr. Druce. Ah! there is Madame Sara sitting by the fire; she is always good company. Go and talk to her. You need not begin to prepare for dinner for over an hour."

She left me and I went into the hall. Madame Sara was seated near the fire. The firelight fell on the red gold of her beautiful hair and lit up the soft complexion.

I sat down beside her.

"Will you answer a question?" I said, suddenly. "Where is Miss Bensasan?"

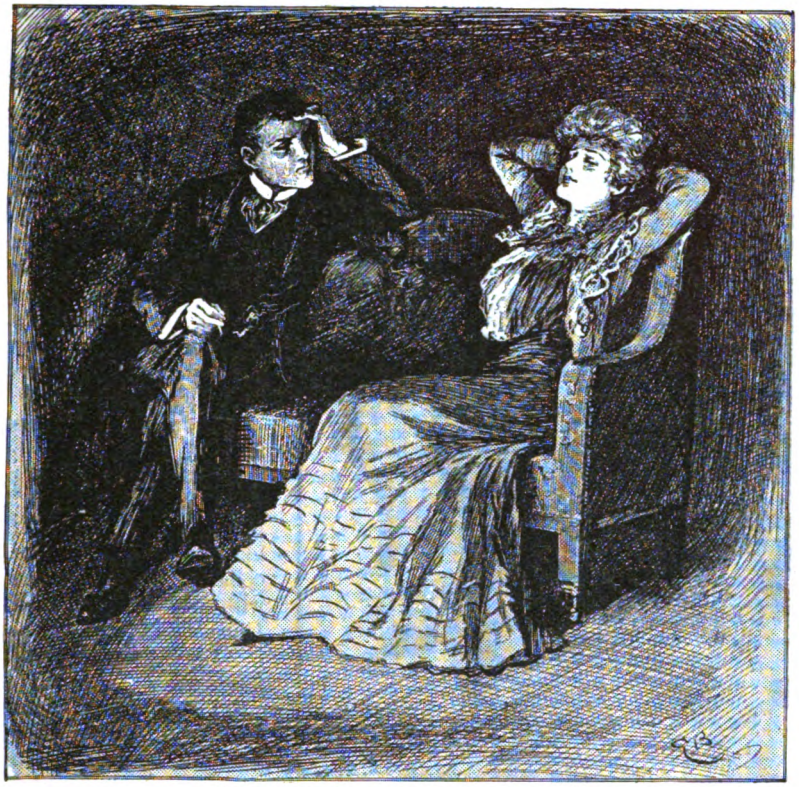
"That secret belongs to her mother."

"But you know—I am certain you know."

"The secret belongs to Mrs. Bensasan," was Madame's reply.

She sat still, gazing into the flames that licked the great logs on the hearth. I watched her. She was as great an enigma to me as ever. Suddenly she spoke in a reflective voice.

"You are, of course, aware that Mr. Hiliers is the son of a very wealthy man?"



"SHE SAT STILL, GAZING INTO THE FLAMES."

"I only know that he is a diamond merchant," I replied.

"And that," she answered, slowly, "is sufficient. I shall have something to do with the elder Mr. Hiliers before long. He has just purchased Orion, the most marvellous diamond that Africa has produced of late years."

"I was not aware of it," I said.

She looked at me again; her blue eyes grew dark, their expression altered, a look of age crept into them—there seemed to be the knowledge of centuries in their depths.

"I have a passion for jewels," she said, slowly, "for articles of vertu, for priceless, unique treasures. I am collecting such. I want Orion. If that gem of gems becomes my fortunate possession it would mean the overthrow of a certain lady, the recovery of an unfortunate girl, and the final extinction of a fiend in human guise."

As she spoke she rose, gave me a slow, inscrutable smile, and walked out of the hall.

By an arrangement which we both considered specially convenient Vandeleur and I had rooms each opening into the other, and when I heard my friend tap at my door just before midnight I felt a sense of relief. I opened it for him and he entered. Crossing the room he flung himself into a deep chair and looked up at me.

"You have something to say, Druce. What is it?"

I replied briefly, giving him a full account of my interviews, first with Mrs. Bensasan and then with Madame Sara.

"You have had all the innings this afternoon," he said, with a smile. "That cry coming from the kennels is certainly ghastly."

The smile faded from his face; it looked sterner than I had ever seen it before. After a pause he said, gravely:—

"This is our worst case. I offer my life willingly at the shrine of this mystery. Things have become intolerable; the end must be at hand. I have resolved to die or conquer in this matter."

As he spoke we both heard the cry of the wolves ringing out on the stillness of the midnight air.

"I shall examine those cellars to-morrow," said Vandeleur. "Good-night. I must be alone to think things over."

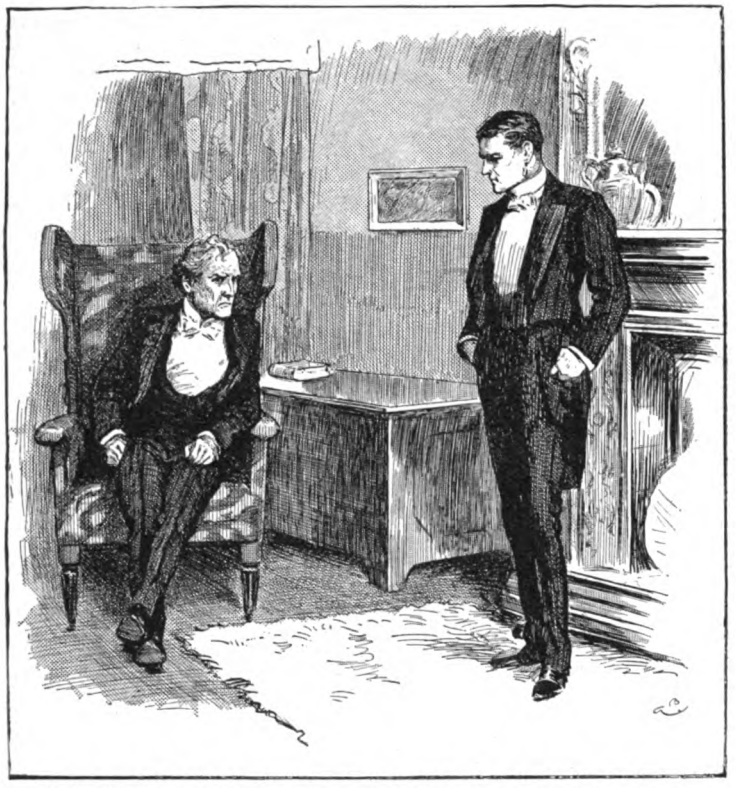
I did not detain him, and he left me.

At breakfast the next morning Mrs. Bensasan said:—

"I am glad to be able to tell you, Mr. Druce, that Taganrog is coming to his senses. I gave him a long lesson last night, and he begins to obey. He will be all right to-morrow night. In a fortnight's time he will be as meek as a lamb. He is, I consider, my greatest triumph. Mr. Vandeleur, I have already shown my pet wolf to Mr. Druce; would you like to see him?"

"I should," he answered, gently.

"I shall give Taganrog several lessons to-day," she continued, "and propose to give



"THE SMILE FADED FROM HIS FACE; IT LOOKED STERNER THAN I HAD EVER SEEN IT BEFORE."

him his first almost immediately. Will you come with me now or later? He is a great beauty. Mr. Druce admires him immensely. I am proud to feel that I am his conqueror. Although he will always be ferocious to the rest of the world, he will soon be amenable to my least word or look."

Neither of us made any reply, and Rigby, who was present, rose, gave Mrs. Bensasan a peculiar glance, and left the room. I noticed for the first time that with all her fearlessness she seemed to make an exception in his favour. When her eyes met his she did not look altogether at her ease. Fearless and strong as was her nature, was it possible that she was in this man's power?

"Have you told Mr. Vandeleur about that peculiar cry which we both heard yesterday?" continued Mrs. Bensasan, turning to me. "It frightened you, did it not?"

"It certainly did," I replied.

"Knowing so little about wild beasts as you do I am not surprised at that," was her answer. "It is, I assure you, quite a common error to mistake the cry of a brute for that of a human being, for brutes have many tones in their voices, and the wolf in particular has a long gamut of sound in his larynx. Be that as it may, however, I should like you both to be satisfied. Under my kennels are three old disused cellars. Would you not like to go and search them? You will then know for yourselves whether there is any poor creature incarcerated there or not."

Vandeleur rose to his feet.

"I take you at your word, Mrs. Bensasan," he said. "I should like to examine the cellars. Will you come with me, Druce, or shall I go alone?"

"I will go with you," I replied.

"I am going down now to have the wolves locked into their kennels," said Mrs. Bensasan. "Will you follow me in about ten minutes' time?"

We did so. There were no keepers present, but Mrs. Bensasan stood within the enclosure of Taganrog's kennel with a smile on her face and the cruel whip in her hand. She unlocked the iron gates and invited us to enter. To my surprise I noticed that a great flagstone was raised within a couple of feet from the entrance to the enclosure, and we saw a well-like opening in the ground.

"Here is a lantern," said Mrs. Bensasan, handing one to Vandeleur. "I will wait here until you return."

We went down at once in silence. We were both absolutely aware of the danger we ran. It would be easy for Mrs. Bensasan to drop the flagstone over us and to incarcerate us within to starve out our lives. Nevertheless, I do not think we feared.

The air struck damp and chill about us. We heard the cries of the imprisoned wolves over our heads. There were three cellars, each opening into the other, but search as we would we could not see the smallest sign of any human being. Vandeleur stayed some time in the second cellar, examining it most

minutely, feeling the walls, and stamping his feet on the ground in order to detect any hollow spot. At last he turned to me and said, slowly :—

"Whoever cried that time yesterday has been removed. There is no use in our staying any longer."

We retraced our steps and soon found ourselves in the open air. Mrs. Bensasan's eyes were shining with intense excitement. There was a small, angry red spot on the centre of each cheek.

"Well, gentlemen," she said, "I hope you are satisfied?"

"Absolutely," replied Vandeleur.

She opened the gate for us and we passed through.

A minute later the excited cry of the released pack broke on our ears.

"Will you walk with me to the railway-station?" asked Vandeleur.

"What!" I cried, in some amazement, "are you going to town?"

"Yes, for a few hours. I have got an idea in my mind. I am haunted by a memory; it goes back a good way, too. I want to have it confirmed; it may bear on this case. If it does I may be able to release Miss Laura, for that she is detained in most undesirable captivity I have not the slightest doubt."

"What about the robberies?" I asked. "Is there anything of the sort going on?"

"As far as I can tell, nothing. We must hurry, Druce, if I am to catch my train."

I saw him off and returned slowly to the house. On my way back I met Gerald Hiliers. He was waiting to see me, and began to talk at once on the subject nearest his heart.

"Taganrog will be in control by to-morrow night," he said. "The exhibition is to take place by electric light, and Mrs. Bensasan is having a small platform raised for us to stand on while she exhibits. She is anxious to accustom the wolves to the flare and light which must be present when she holds her public exhibitions. By the way," he added, suddenly, "I saw Madame Sara this morning, and she told me that she has given you her confidence. She promised to help me, but on an impossible condition. My father will never part with Orion except for a fabulous price. The diamond is watched day and night by two men, and the safe in which it is secured is practically impregnable. There is no help whatever in that direction."

"Have you told Madame Sara yet about your father's view of the matter?" I asked.

"Yes."

"And what did she say?"

"She smiled."

"Then, Hiliers, I counsel you to beware. I like Madame least of all when she smiles."

Vandeleur returned rather late that evening.

"THERE IS NO HELP WHATEVER IN THAT DIRECTION."

He informed me briefly that he was satisfied with his investigations, and that it was his intention to force Mrs. Bensasan's hand, by means known only to himself, if she did not soon reveal her daughter's whereabouts.

The next day was Wednesday; that night we were to see Mrs. Bensasan in the hour of her triumph. I awoke with an overpowering sense of restlessness and depression. Vandeleur was seen talking earnestly with Mrs. Bensasan soon after breakfast. Their conversation was evidently of an amicable kind, for when it was over she nodded to him, smiled, and hurried off in the direction of the kennels.

Vandeleur then, with long strides, disappeared up the avenue. I wondered what he was doing and what was the matter. I wanted his confidence, but did not care to press for it.

Shortly before lunch, as I was walking on the borders of the pine wood, I was amazed to see Madame Sara drive up in a dog-cart. She saw me, pulled in the mare which she was driving herself, flung the reins to the groom, and alighted with her usual agility.

"Ah!" she called out, "I am glad to see you. You wonder where I have been."

I made no reply.

"Confess to your curiosity," she continued. "This is an extraordinary day, and my nerves are in a strange state. Much—everything—hangs on the issues of to-night. Mr. Druce, I want to confide in you."

"Don't!" I could not help exclaiming.

"You must listen. This is what has happened. When friends fall out—ah! you know the old proverb—well, friends have fallen out, for Mrs. Bensasan and I have quarrelled; oh, my friend, *such* a quarrel! A point was to be solved. Julia Bensasan wished the solution to take one form, while I was just as resolved that it should take another. She is a powerful woman, both physically and mentally, but she is destitute of tact. She has no reserve of genius in her nature. Now, I——"—she drew herself up—"I am Madame Sara, known to the world for very remarkable abilities. In this conflict I shall win."

"Explain, will you?" I said.

"Ah! you are curious at last. Mr. Druce, it is a very remarkable fact that you and your friend should have been fighting so hard against me for so many months, and in the end be altogether on my side."

"What do you mean?"

"Need you ask?" she replied. "Are not your wishes and mine identical? We want to make a girl happy. We have resolved to give her to the man who loves her and whom she loves. Need I say any more?"

"Madame Sara," I said, "you do nothing without a price. Have you a chance of receiving the diamond?"

"I have a passion," she said, slowly, "for things unique, strange, and priceless. I go far to seek them, still farther to obtain them. Neither life nor death stands in my way. Yes, the stone is mine."

"Impossible!"

"It is true. I went to town this morning. I saw old Mr. Hiliers. He gave me the diamond. I keep it on a condition."

I was speechless from amazement. She looked at me, then said, slowly:—

"I find the lost girl and give her to Gerald Hiliers."

"But why has his father changed his mind? Gerald told me only yesterday how callous he was with regard to the whole matter."

"Ah! he is callous no longer. He and I have both a desire, I for unique treasures and he for unlimited wealth. The love of gold is his passion. I have informed him with regard to some things in connection with Mrs. Bensasan. She is one of the richest women in England; Laura is her only child and heiress. I have done something else for him."

"What is that?"

"Imparted to him a secret by which he can in a measure recover his lost youth. To offer a man both youth and riches presents a temptation impossible for the ordinary man to resist. Mr. Hiliers is quite ordinary; he struggled, but in the end succumbed. I knew he would."

Her eyes sparkled.

"Will you tell me one thing?" I said. "Why does Mrs. Bensasan want her daughter to marry Joseph Rigby? Is he so rich and so desirable?"

She came a step nearer.

"Your friend, Mr. Vandeleur, is on the track of that secret," she said. "I could tell him now, but I delay just for a time. As you know so much you may as well know this. Rigby is greater and more powerful than the richest man or the most beautiful or the greatest on earth. He holds a secret—it is connected with Mrs. Bensasan. Laura is the price of his silence. Ah! have I been overheard?"

She sprang away from me. There was a rustle in the bushes near by. I rushed up to them and tore them asunder. No one was to be seen. But Madame Sara's face had changed. It was full of a curious, most ghastly fear.

"I have been imprudent," she said, in a low voice, "and for the first time in my life. Is it possible that success has turned my brain?"

She did not wait to give me another glance, but hurried to the house.

We dined early that night, as Mrs. Bensasan's exhibition was to take place at eight o'clock. The dinner was gay; the conversation bright; repartee and wit sparkled like champagne. On the face of Mrs. Bensasan, however, there was a fierce, cruel look, which was so dominant that, with

all her efforts to appear friendly, sociable—in fact, the perfect hostess—she utterly failed. Once her eyes fixed themselves on Madame Sara's beautiful and charming face, and the expression in their agate depths was far from good to see.

The dinner came to an end. It was too soon to go to the kennels.

"There is still time enough," remarked Mrs. Bensasan, addressing Madame Sara. "Follow me in five minutes. You and I have our work to do first. When we are quite ready for the curtain to rise and the show to begin, my keeper, Keppel, shall announce the fact to the gentlemen."

Mrs. Bensasan went slowly from the room. I had never before been so impressed. Madame Sara beside her hostess looked young, slender, almost childish.

"That woman is the greatest of her age," said Madame. "How great only I who have known her for years can imagine. Mr. Rigby and I both know Mrs. Bensasan well, don't we, sir?"

We none of us spoke, and she went slowly towards the door. Just as she reached it she turned and faced us.

"I have provided against possible mischief," she said.

She thrust her hand into the bosom of her dress and drew out a small revolver. Minute as it was, I knew the sort, and was well aware that it could be used with deadly effect. With a gentle and sweet smile she returned it to its place; then, taking up a cloak which lay on a chair near, she flung it over her evening dress and disappeared into the night.

Four of us were now left in the hall—Rigby, Hiliers, Vandeleur, and myself.

"We shall be summoned in a minute," said Vandeleur. "This is a state of tension quite unpleasant in its strain."

He walked to the house door and threw it open. He had scarcely done so before the sharp crack of a shot sounded from the pine wood below the house. It was followed instantly by another. Fearing we knew not what, we all rushed from the hall and flew down the path through the pine wood. The bright electric light guided us; the howl of many wolves smote savagely on our ears.

In a very short time we had reached the little platform which had been erected in front of the huge cage where Mrs. Bensasan had arranged to give her exhibition. The cage was there, but to my surprise there was no keeper in sight. We instantly crowded on the platform and saw Mrs. Bensasan standing upright in the middle of the cage. She had the stock whip in her hand. A woman lay prostrate at her feet. The woman's fair hair streamed along the floor of the cage; her cloak was torn aside. There was a large and ghastly wound in her throat; blood covered the floor. At a little distance lay Taganrog, shot through the head and motionless. When she saw us approach Mrs. Bensasan turned. Her face was quite calm and her manner quiet. She looked down at the figure of the fallen woman.

"'THE GREAT MADAME SARA IS DEAD,' SHE SAID."

"Madame Sara, the great Madame Sara, is dead," she said, with slow distinctness. "She ventured into the cage; it was imprudent — I implored her not to come, but she would not heed. Her death is due to Taganrog. He feared me, but the sight of her maddened him. He sprang at her and tore her throat. It was but the work of a second. See, I have shot him. But Madame had also a revolver, and just in the moment of—of—ah! Heavens! Ah!"

She tottered; over her face there came an awful expression, and the next instant she also was

lying on the floor of the cage. Long quivers passed over her frame. She was evidently in mortal agony. We all rushed forward, burst open the door of the cage, and entered.

Vandeleur went on his knees and bent over the prostrate woman.

"I die," she said; "I have only a few minutes to live. Listen!"

She tried to press her hand to her side; a great spurt of blood poured from her lips.

"I am shot through the lungs," she said. "Hers was the surest aim in the world. You may know all now. Madame Sara and I arranged this exhibition, and you, Mr. Vandeleur, were to be the victim. Madame got you both down here on purpose. It was she who thought the thing out; we did not believe we could manage the death of you both, but one at least seemed certain. Your methods were more deadly than those of Mr. Druce, therefore you were appointed to be the victim. But when the wicked quarrel—ah! you see for yourselves the result. You shall know all now.

"Joseph Rigby—yes, he is there, but it doesn't matter; he knew a story about me. Madame also knew, but he had the evidence and she had not. He could hang me—it happened years ago—I poisoned my husband."

"I know," said Vandeleur. "I found the particulars yesterday, in the books at Westminster. I meant to speak to you to-morrow—but no matter."

"Bah!" she said, "nothing matters now. I hated that feeble man. I poisoned him with arsenic. Rigby knew, and from that day he blackmailed me heavily. Six months ago he set his heart on securing my pretty, gentle Laura—Laura with her money was to be his price. I did not dare to give her to another. I was determined that she should marry him; I would make her submit. One night Madame and I took her away in a cab. This was to blind the neighbours. Towards morning we brought her back and put her into the cellars below the kennels. When you, Mr. Vandeleur, examined them, you knew nothing of a small dungeon below the second cellar. Laura was put there. She is gagged in the dungeon now. You will find the spot by a jagged cross scratched over the stone above. She is uninjured. She inherits my money. When I die Rigby will be powerless. You can give her to the other man."

Vandeleur placed his hand under her shoulders and slightly raised her head.

"Madame shot me through the lungs," she continued. "My life is only a matter of minutes. I go to my death unabsolved and unafraid. Madame, at least, is dead. She was cleverer than I and more subtle. Ah! there never was a brain like hers. She arranged to help me; Rigby should obtain Laura, and you, Mr. Vandeleur, should die. All was going well, but avarice got the better of her. For the sake of a stone, a bauble, she gave me up, and I could not brook that. I resolved that the means which were meant to compass your death should compass hers. Revenge became the strongest motive of my life. My intention was, had all succeeded, to lay the blame on Taganrog. It would have been natural, would it not, to suppose that the wolf——But look!"

Her eyes sought the floor, and Vandeleur, bending down, picked up two great sets of steel teeth, fashioned somewhat after the teeth of a wolf. They jangled horribly as he shook them in his hand. The dying eyes gleamed.

"She made them," whispered the exhausted voice. "She made them for me to use in order to take you by surprise, to spring on you and tear your throat out. An excuse was to be made which was to bring you first on the scene to-night. The keepers were to be dismissed beforehand. All the world would suppose that it was an accident and that the wolf had destroyed you. She and I would have known better. I guessed her treachery and followed her to-day, and heard what she said to Mr. Druce. Instantly I changed my tactics. *You should live*, but SHE should die! I sent for her first on purpose. She must have scented my change of front, for she had her revolver. The wolf killed her—I had no need to use those hideous teeth; but before she died she raised that toy instrument and inflicted my death wound. It was I who shot the wolf——"

Her voice faded away into silence. The dimness of death covered her awful, too bright eyes. A minute or two later she breathed her last.

We rescued Laura Bensasan from her terrible prison. We took from that den a distracted and nearly mad girl. We brought her back to the house, and did all that ingenuity and kindness could suggest for her benefit. But one look at Hiliers was better for her than all our sympathy. She flew to him. He took her in his arms. He loved her and she loved him. There was no longer any bar to their happiness and future union.

My Shakespeare Autograph Book.

By George J. Beesley.

IN a recent number of The Strand Magazine an article appeared on "Autograph Hunters," by one of the hunted. The Editor now invites one of the hunters to say a few words.

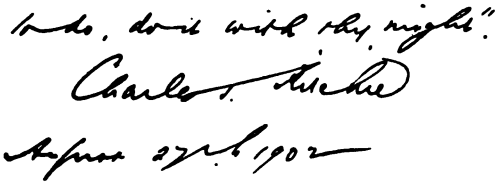
Mr. Harry Furniss asks, "Is there any inoculation possible to avert autograph

MR. BALFOUR.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

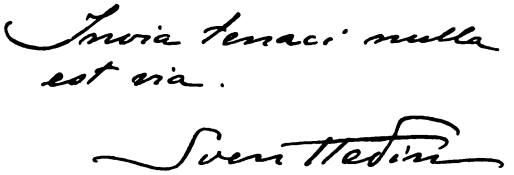
fever?" I don't think there is. I have closely observed the course of the fever in several instances, from the first attack, through its most virulent stages, to the steady-going, chronic sort of condition that sets in sooner or later.

Only recently I attended a meeting at which a member of the committee



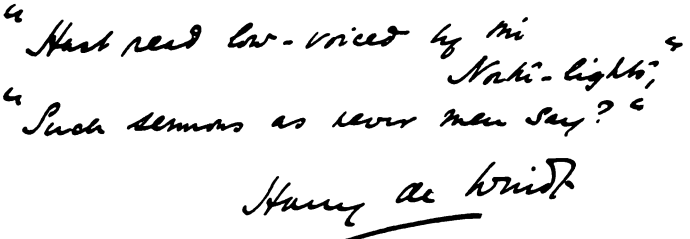
MR. RITCHIE.

was to report on an interview he had had with a well-known personage on some matter connected with the society he represented. A letter he had received from the person in question was read at the meeting, and at the conclusion of the proceedings "the deputation" arose and said, "I suppose, gentlemen, I may keep the letter?" On receiving the consent of the committee he said, as he carefully replaced the missive in his breast-pocket, his eyes at the same time glowing with an unnatural light, "That's worth five quid!" Of course, it wasn't, but that was the beginning of the madness.



DR. SVEN HEDIN.

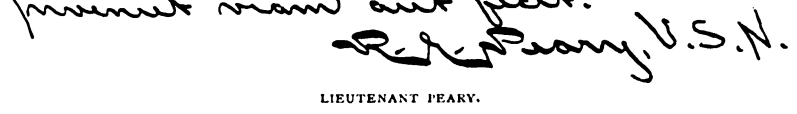
The autograph fever clutches all sorts and conditions of men in its deadly grip, from the small boy with a ruled MS. book, in which he requests you to "write something," to the monarch on the throne, whose autograph album is a triumph of the bookbinder's art.



MR. HARRY DE WINDT.

At the commencement I must tell you that I am not an ordinary autograph hunter; there was method in my madness, for I wished by my efforts to help the fund which is being raised to complete the restoration of Shakespeare's Church, for the autographs of celebrities have a commercial value.

Referring to the scheme, Field-Marshal Sir J. L. A. Simmons wrote: "You have hit upon a most ingenious method for raising funds; may you be successful." But it seems that the idea had suggested itself to at least

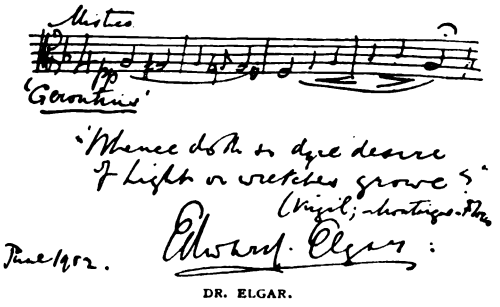


LIEUTENANT PEARY.

HERR KUBELIK.

one other person, for in a letter to me early in the year Mr. Louis Wain says: "We have already arranged a somewhat similar thing for the dinner to the cats'-meat men of London, but it is, of course, on a much smaller scale. It is curious that both should be doing the same, but I dare say the idea is not the first."

My collection is now practically complete; not quite so complete, perhaps, as I should like it to be, for a large

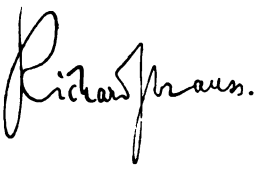


DR. ELGAR.

number of persons refuse to give their autographs under any circumstances; but I have specimens of the handwriting of upwards of four hundred living celebrities of almost all nationalities.

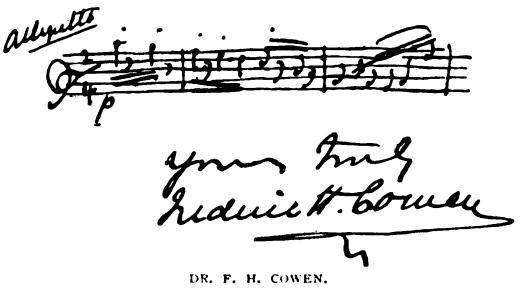
I have asked only those who have "achieved greatness" to contribute to the collection—persons whose names would be well known apart from any hereditary title. A title makes no man great in the best acceptance of the word; it in some instances but "plates tin with gold," and many persons of title leave the world, so far as they are concerned, not one atom the better than they found it.

Before going farther I propose to give my readers three specimen letters of regret. The first is a message from Her Majesty the Queen, which shows how kindly considerate she is, even to an autograph hunter. Had it been

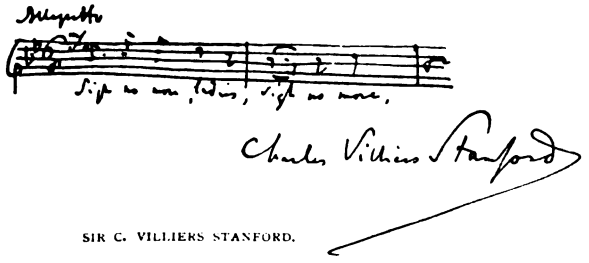


HERR RICHARD STRAUSS.

for any other purpose than to include in a collection I wished to make unique, and which was to benefit an object of world-wide interest, I should not have presumed to address Her Majesty:—



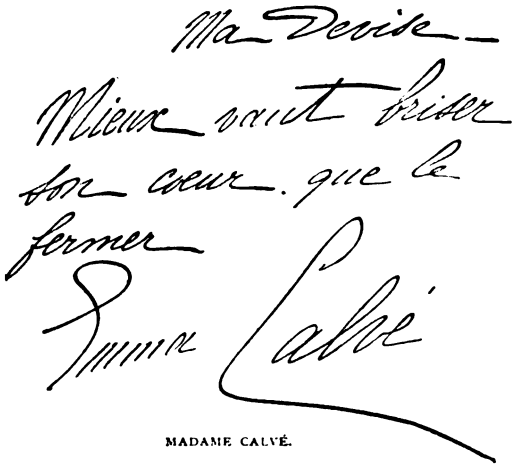
DR. F. H. COWEN.



SIR C. VILLIERS STANFORD.

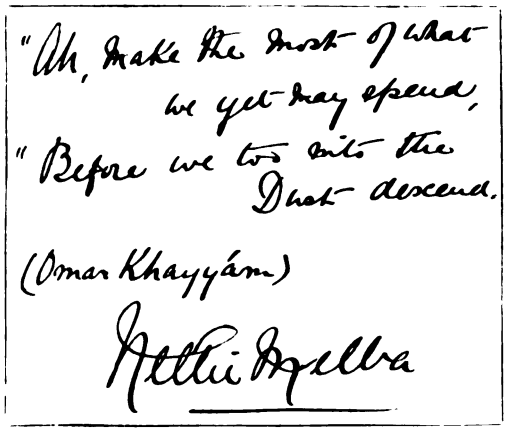
"Marlborough House,
"Pall Mall, S.W.,
"13th February, 1902.

"Miss Knollys is commanded to convey to Mr. G. J. Beesley the expression of the Queen's great regret that she is unable to have the pleasure of complying with his request, as Her Majesty has been obliged to make it a strict rule never



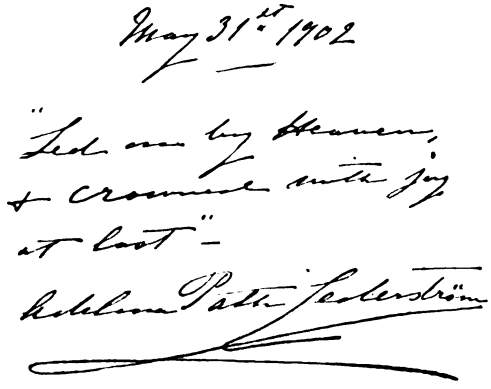
MADAME CALVÉ.

to give her autograph to anyone with whom she is unacquainted; and Miss Knollys is directed to add the Queen feels sure

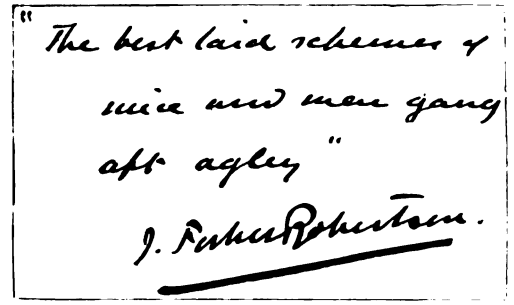


MADAME MELBA.

Mr. Beesley will quite understand her inability to accede to his request, as were

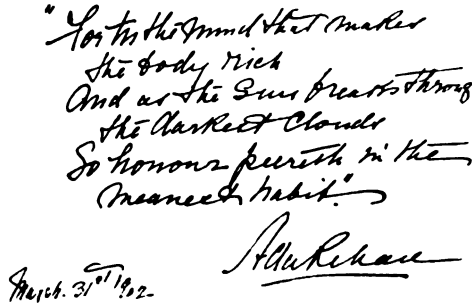


MADAME ADELINA PATTI.



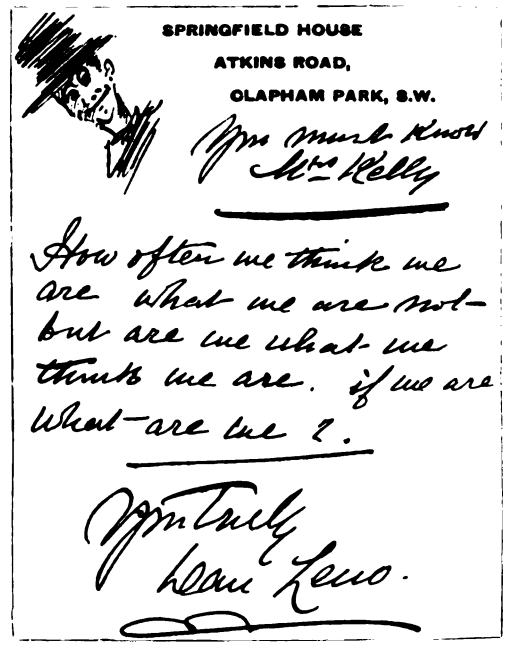
MR. FORBES ROBERTSON.

she to break her rule in favour of Mr. Beesley a very inconvenient precedent would thereby be created."

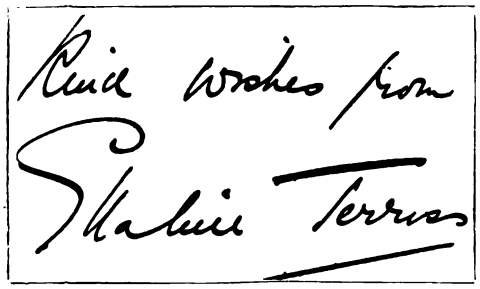


MISS ADA REHAN.

The second letter is the late Archbishop of Canterbury's reply to my letter inviting him to contribute to the book, and the third



MR. DAN LENO.



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS.

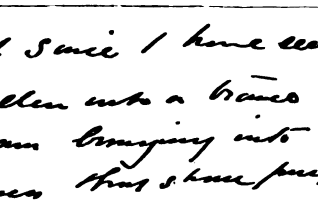
is the printed form sent by Lord Rosebery to everyone who asks for his lordship's autograph :—

"Lambeth Palace, S.E.,
"February 3rd, 1902.

"DEAR SIR,—The Archbishop desires me to reply that he cannot break his rule never to give his autograph. At the same time his Grace sees no harm in your plan.—Yours fathifully, W. J. CONYBEARE, Chaplain."

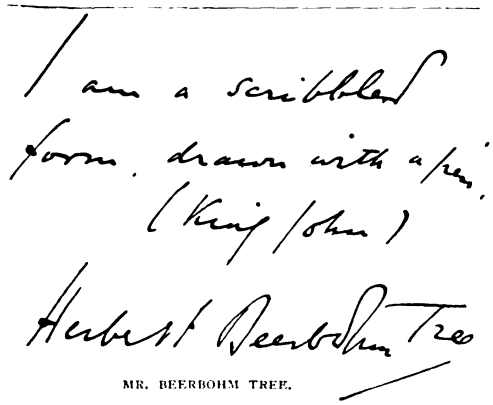
"Lord Rosebery presents his compliments to Mr. G. J. Beesley, and, while fully conscious of the flattering nature of the request, regrets that he cannot comply with it, as he makes a rule not to intrude his handwriting on any collection of autographs."

So much for the regrets, of which I received fewer than a score, but there are about two hundred unused, stamped, addressed envelopes knocking about somewhere, if they have not been destroyed.

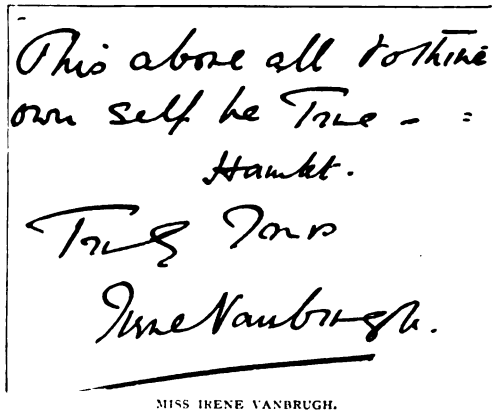


MR. JOHN HARE.

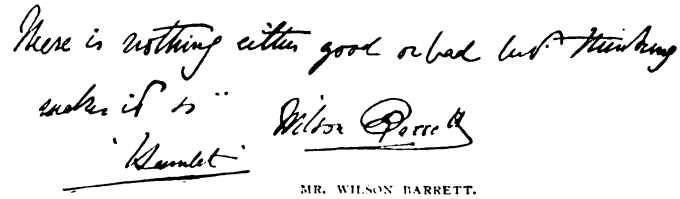
MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.



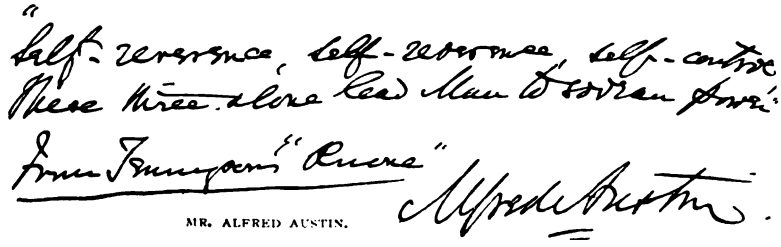
MR. BEERBOHM TREE.



MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.



MR. WILSON BARRETT.

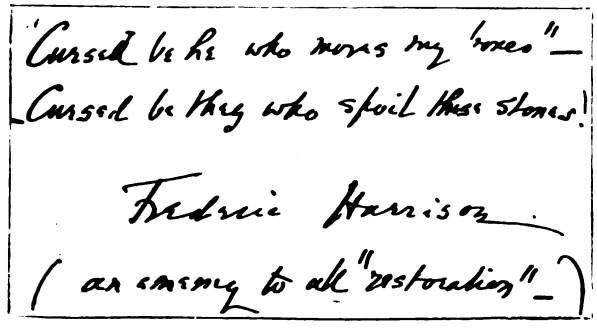


MR. ALFRED AUSTIN.

Autographs No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3, being those of our Prime Minister, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Chancellor of the Exchequer respectively, will interest the majority of my readers; and here I may say that in the political section, with the exception of Lord Rosebery, not a single member of the Opposition replied to my letters, and this I much regret, as I wished the collection to be thoroughly representative. I give this explanation, or I might be accused of party prejudice.

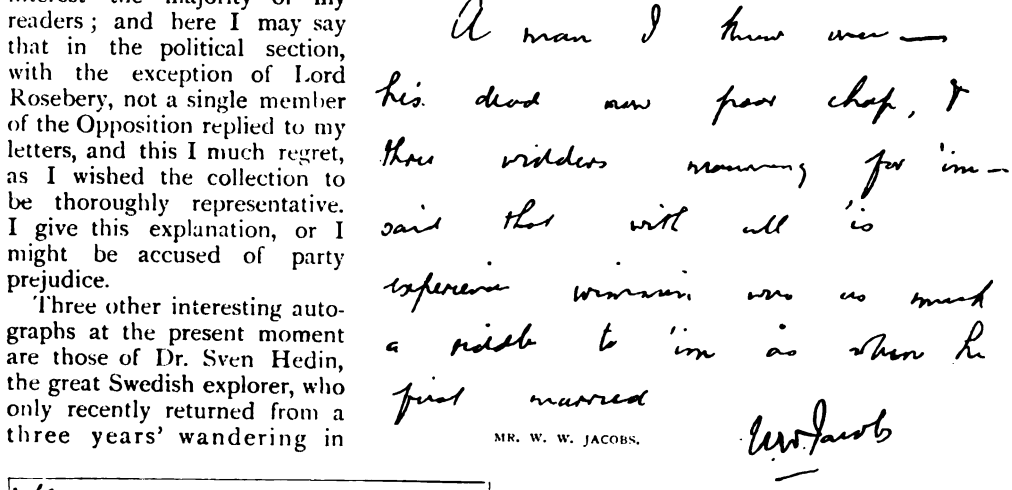
Three other interesting autographs at the present moment are those of Dr. Sven Hedin, the great Swedish explorer, who only recently returned from a three years' wandering in Central Asia; Mr. Harry de Windt, with whose story readers of *The Wide World Magazine* are already familiar; and Lieutenant Peary, the Arctic explorer. The quotation given is from one of Joaquin Miller's works.

MR. STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

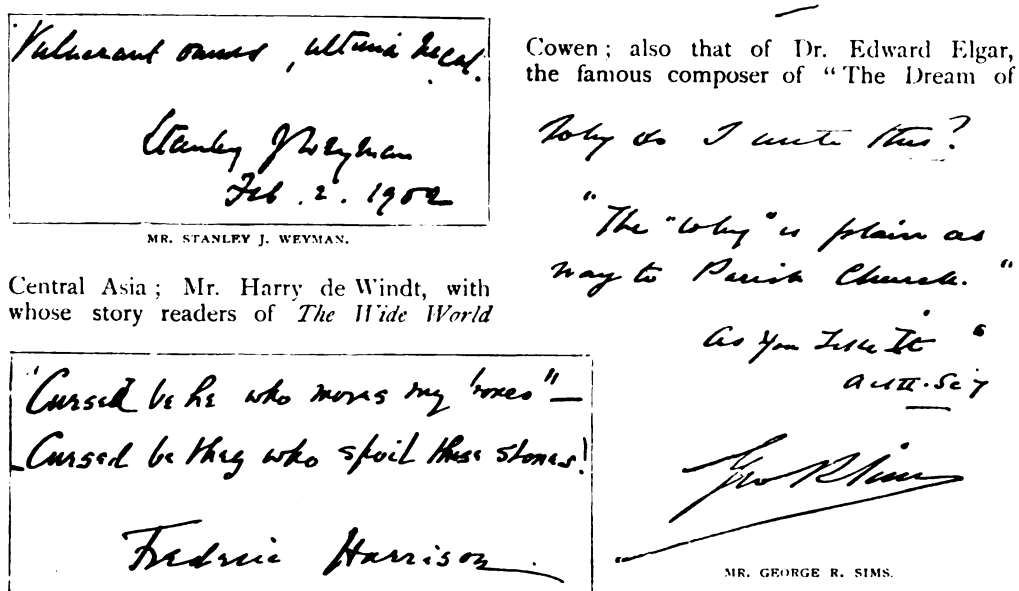


MR. FREDERIC HARRISON.

In the musical section I am reproducing facsimile copies of the autographs of those two masters of the Renaissance—Sir C. Villiers Stanford and Dr. F. H. Cowen; also that of Dr. Edward Elgar, the famous composer of "The Dream of Gerontius." I was fortunate, too, in obtaining a contribution from Herr Kubelik, for I am told that he rarely



MR. W. W. JACOBS.



MR. GEORGE R. SIMS.

Dear mercifully with
the man beside you
for he also has a
hard battle to fight.
Ian Maclaren

"IAN MACLAREN."

gives his autograph. The name of Richard Strauss, the greatest living master of orchestration, is familiar to Queen's Hall audiences, but is, perhaps, not so well known in the provinces. Lovers of opera

"Know ye not," The Brownie cries.
"At our coming trouble flies?
Joy and peace and goodly gain,
Surely follow in our train.
Give me then a little room
In protecting Shakespeare's tomb."

Palmer Cox

Brownieland. Sept 6th 1902

MR. PALMER COX.

will not require to be told anything concerning Mesdames Melba and Calvé.

The other theatrical autographs reproduced are of persons well known to present-day audiences, perhaps the least well-known name to English playgoers being that of the great American actress,

La vérité est en marche
et rien ne l'arrêtera.

Emile Zola

M. ZOLA.

"Rightly to be great,
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake."

Hamlet

Transcribed by
M. E. Braddon

MISS BRADDON.

"What needs my Shakespeare, for his honoured bones,
The labour of an age in piled stones?"

Milton

Arthur W. Pinero
15th February 1902

MR ARTHUR PINERO.

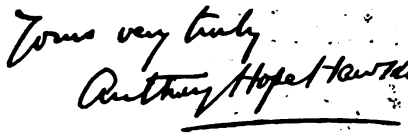
"It is because there are all
men & all aspects of existence
in Shakespeare, that he sits
supreme, throned lord of
the Literature of Life."
from "Without Prejudice"
by I Zangwill

MR. ISAAC ZANGWILL.

Miss Ada Rehan. One of the most interesting and characteristic contributions to my collection is from the pen of the inimitable Mr. Dan Leno.

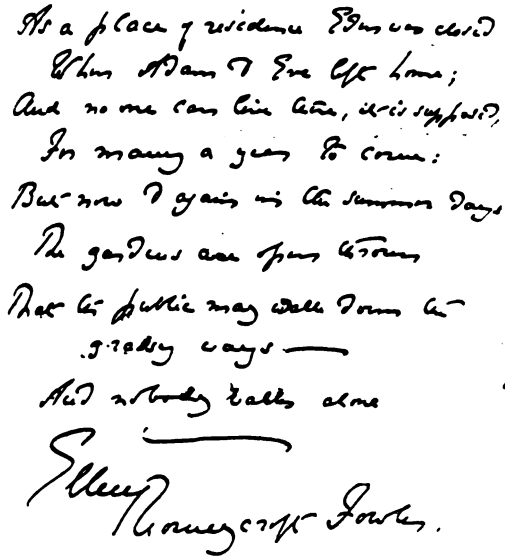
Suppose we now look through the autographs of some of the best-known persons in the world of letters. Mr. Frederic Harrison sends his compliments, a provisional curse, and signs himself "An Enemy to all Restoration."

Punch's worthy editor is also represented in my collection. Mr. W. W. Jacobs's is a characteristic piece of work. The author of "A Double Thread" sends a little poem; and the Poet Laureate quotes Tennyson, but with a slight error. Mr.

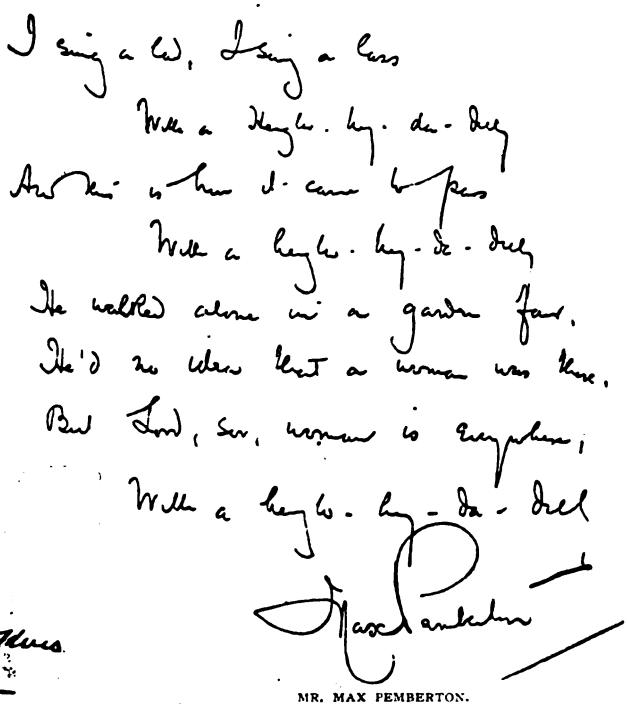


MR. ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS.

G. R. Sims is represented by a very apt quotation from Shakespeare, and Mr. Max Pemberton, in a little ditty, tells "How It

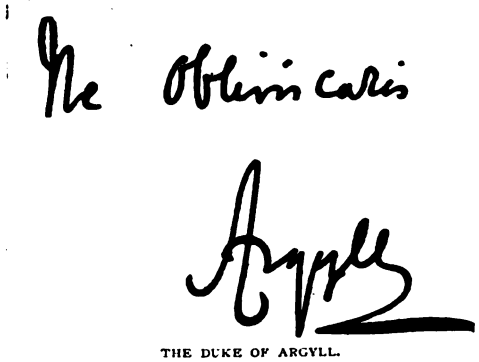


MISS ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.



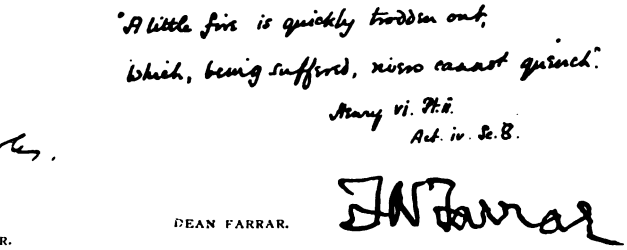
MR. MAX PEMBERTON.

Came to Pass." The late M. Zola wrote for me a sentence from his famous letter "J'Accuse," a sentence which was, at the



THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

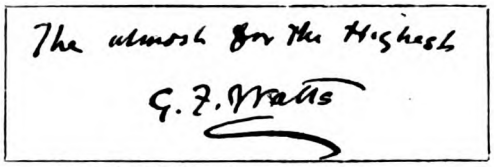
time of the interment of the great novelist in Montmartre Cemetery, quoted by a Parisian workman over the grave. "Thanks to thee,"



DEAN FARRAR.

MR. ALFRED EAST, A.R.A.

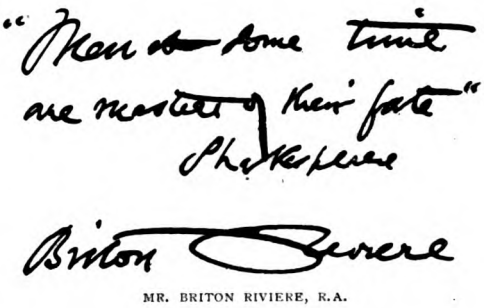
said he, "truth is on the march and nothing can stop its progress."



MR. G. F. WATTS, R.A.

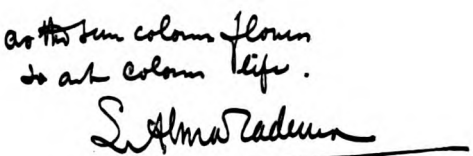
Mr. Alfred East, A.R.A., the well-known landscape painter, very kindly sent me a sketch, "A Recollection of Shakespeare's River," which is here reproduced, and Mr. Palmer Cox, the Canadian author-artist, is responsible for a very interesting item in the form of a verse and illustration.

The chess champion, Dr. Lasker, is referring to Shakespeare when he says, "All humanity stands bare-headed at thy grave." Sir Frederick Treves little thought, when writing the proverb which appears above his name, with what force those words would apply to a piece of work that he was to perform only a month later, for the autograph here reproduced was written in the latter part



MR. BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.

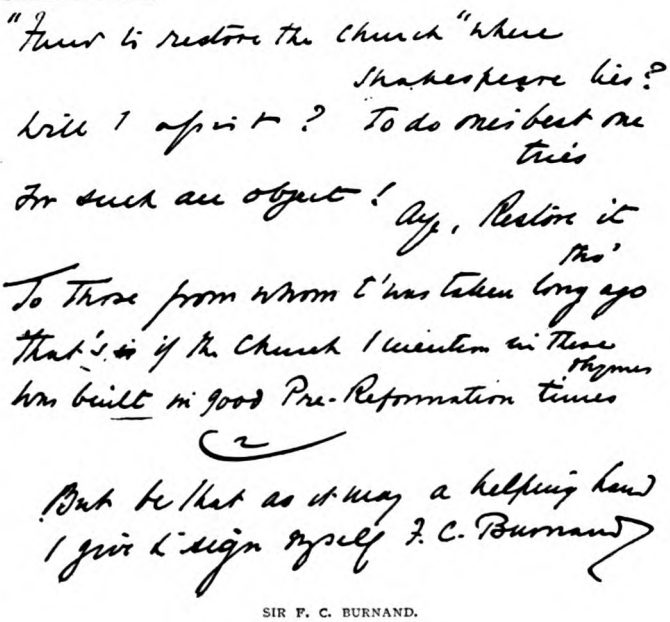
of May, and towards the end of June Sir Frederick was called upon to perform, as all the world knows, an operation on His



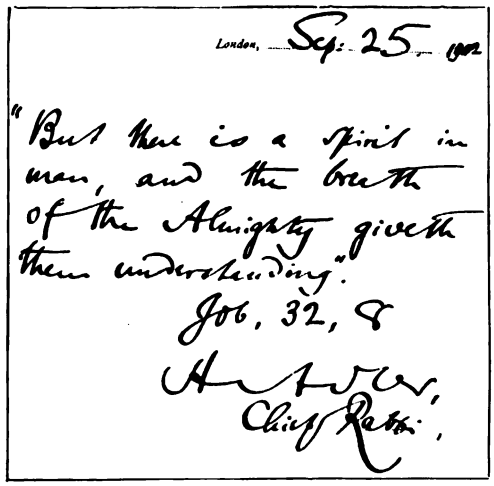
SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

Majesty the King, fortunately with the greatest success.

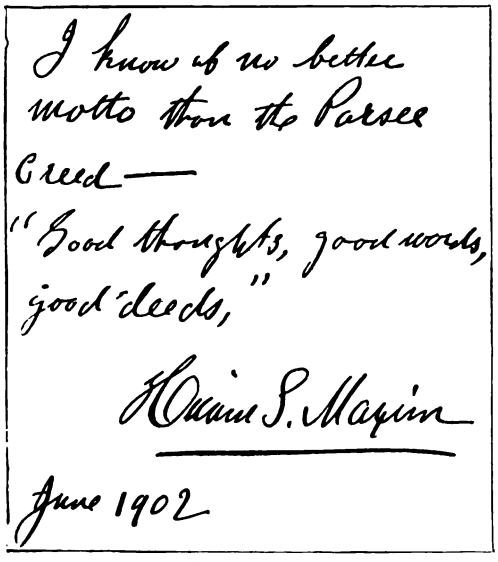
Other very interesting autographs are those



SIR F. C. BURNAND.



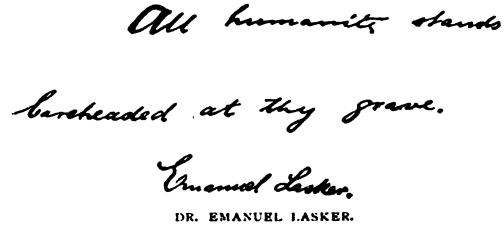
THE VERY REV. H. ADLER.



SIR HIRAM S. MAXIM.

of the Commander-in-Chief, the Chief Rabbi, and Dean Farrar.

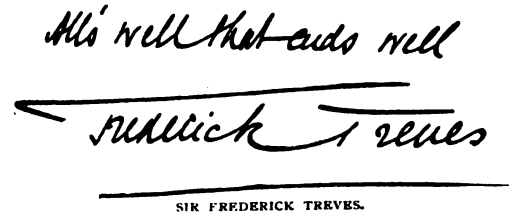
The other autographs reproduced but not



DR. EMANUEL LASKER.

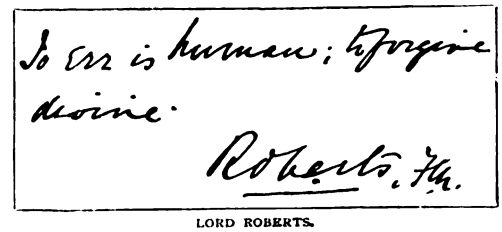
referred to in this article are too well known to need comment.

In conclusion, I may say how deeply indebted I feel to all those ladies and



SIR FREDERICK TREVES.

gentlemen who have so kindly contributed to the collection, many of whom, although they are very busy persons indeed, found time to write me most charming letters of encouragement and wishes for success.



LORD ROBERTS.

Mrs. Timson-Smith's Lion.

By Tom Gallon.

"IT ain't what *you* think," said Mrs. Timson-Smith, sharply. "Come to that, we might as well go back to Camberwell Green and keep one general."

"But it seems such a bold thing to do," urged Mr. Timson-Smith, meekly. "We don't even know the gentleman; I'm sure I've never even seen him act."

"Well, don't tell anybody else so. I only saw him myself once, when I went in the Jacksons' box; and I'd had such a hearty dinner I fell asleep till the middle of the last act, and the poor man had been stabbed, or poisoned, or something, the act before. But I enjoyed myself immensely."

"Do you really mean, Maria——"

"Marie, if *you* please, Mr. S.," broke in his wife, chillingly. "At my time of life a letter more or less doesn't matter; and the other's more delicate-like. What I mean is that I intend to ask this man down here; I mean to let some of these people round about understand that we're in with the best of them and know what to do. With all your money they haven't hesitated to snub you; they only call when they want something for a charity. I tell you, Tim, that if we once get the great Mr. Leopold Wakerley down here, over a week-end, they'll come flocking round us like the pigeons used to when we threw out crumbs and corn in the old back garden at Camberwell Green. Besides, it's done every day; these actors expect it."

"Well, my dear—Marie," said Mr. Timson-Smith, with a gulp, "I suppose you'll have your own way."

"Of course I shall," replied the lady, calmly. "And I tell you, Tim, it'll be the easiest thing in the world. These sort of people are only too grateful to be asked to sit down with the nobs; he'll jump at it. And we might get him to speak a piece, or anything of that kind, in the drawing-room. Come to that, I wouldn't mind if he blacked himself and gave us a bit of that gent who smothered somebody in the Tower of London."

"Would the drawing-room hold him?" innocently asked Mr. Timson-Smith.

"You leave details to me," said his wife. "As he'll be play-acting on Saturday night we might get him down by the last train, or even on Sunday morning. And I'll send out the biggest lot of invitations I can; I'll send a private note with each, letting 'em know who's coming. Gracious!—we'll pack the place!"

Let it be explained that Mr. Timson-Smith—late of the City and of Camberwell Green — had suddenly come into money. Mr. Timson-Smith (known to his intimates as Timothy Smith; the change of name and the hyphen were an inspiration on the part of Mrs. Timson-Smith) had been a very happy and contented little man during the years he had taken the early train from Camberwell every morning (Sundays excepted) and the late train back at night, to and from the City. He had not been quite so happy since this change of fortune. Mrs. Timson-Smith —a large lady, with certain large social aspirations—had seen the dream of her life fulfilled, had taken an estate within reasonable distance of London, and had patiently waited for the county to call upon her. The patience with which she had waited had grown into impatience as time went on. Now, at last, she saw a chance to capture them and to get her name into the papers in one breathless hour.

The house of the Timson-Smiths was all that it should be; gorgeous flunkeys got in each other's way, with nothing particular to do; splendid horses drew the equally splendid carriage of little Mr. Timson-Smith and large Mrs. Timson-Smith about the country lanes. Mr. Timson-Smith told himself, at times, that he was "getting used to it"; if the truth be told, he was a little afraid of the gorgeous flunkeys, and was not quite sure if he could find his way about his own house. Having a sublime belief in Mrs. Timson-Smith, however, he felt that it would be all right in time.

A certain young and fashionable actor had recently gone into management on his own account; had played difficult parts in an eccentric way, and yet with some distinction; had, in a word, been taken up by Society. Mrs. Timson-Smith saw here her chance; to get this man down to her beautiful house, and make much of him, and have obscure country people to meet him, would give her at once that position to which she had aspired. So she wrote to him—addressing the letter to the theatre.

Gushingly she expressed a desire to meet

him; said how much pleasure it would afford Mr. Timson-Smith and herself if Mr. Leopold Wakerley would give them the pleasure of his company at the Hall on Saturday evening next, to stay until the Monday following. Every arrangement should be made for the comfort of the great Wakerley—and so on and so forth.

"I'm sure I hope it'll be all right," said little Mr. Timson-Smith, feebly, to his son Jack that night in the smoking-room. "You see, my boy, your mother has a way with her that sweeps you along"—the little man made a movement with his hands indicative of that sweeping process—"and you've got to be swept. What am I to say to this gentleman if he comes down?"

Jack was a young man who had seen, perhaps, even in his limited twenty years of existence, something more of the world than his father had done. He laughed, and spoke confidently enough.

"Oh, I wouldn't worry, dad," he said. "They're rum fellows, these actors, but jolly sociable, I've heard; be nice to 'em and don't make a fuss about 'em, and you'll find they're ripping. A bit eccentric, mind you; but that's all the better fun."

"'OH, I WOULDN'T WORRY, DAD,' HE SAID. 'THEY'RE RUM FELLOWS, THESE ACTORS.'"

Mr. Timson-Smith, partially reassured, passed the next day or two in wondering what was going to happen. Sitting alone, after breakfast, with two embarrassing servants looking coldly at him, he was surprised by the sudden appearance of Mrs. Timson-Smith. In the old days of Camberwell Green the lady had been in the habit of making her voice heard, for the benefit of the "general," at a very early hour of the morning; in these later times Mrs. Timson-Smith stopped in bed and read the fashionable intelligence before getting up.

"My love, is anything the matter?" asked Mr. Timson-Smith.

Without a word, but with her lips pursed in a triumphant way, his wife laid an open letter before him. "Now, what did I tell you?" she asked.

The little man read the letter. The handwriting was a scrawl, going here, there, and everywhere; but it announced that Mr. Leopold Wakerley would be delighted to accept Mrs. Timson-Smith's invitation. He would leave London by the afternoon train on Sunday (it was quite impossible for him to get away before that time) and would arrive at about six o'clock on that Sunday evening. The last clause of his letter was a curious one.

"Let me beg of you," he wrote, "not to lionize me. It is repugnant to that finer sensitiveness which characterizes me. Let me join you as one of yourselves; think of me as being a friend. The many photographs, in my varied characters, you have seen in the papers, and the flattering notices which have invariably accompanied their insertion, will probably have led you to a false impression of me. I desire to

be a mere private individual in your household."

"It's all right," said Mrs. Timson-Smith, a little doubtfully, "but it ain't quite what I wanted. However, we'll draw him out when he gets down here; and we've got him, anyway."

Those artful little notes accompanying the invitations had their effect; out of quite a large number there were only two "regrets."

Sunday though it was, the name of Mr. Leopold Wakerley acted like magic; there was to be a big dinner-party, and after it one of those indefinable functions destined to crowd the rooms and make the guests generally hot and uncomfortable.

Mrs. Timson-Smith was confident of success; at last she had achieved her ambition. It was a far cry that night from Camberwell Green; perhaps Mr. Timson-Smith wished it might have been a smaller cry back again. However, the ordeal had to be faced; he knew that he would have to be pushed into corners, and dragged forth to meet people, and pushed back again; he only hoped he might manage to slip away to his own private sanctum for a smoke occasionally.

"Halloa, dad, you're looking rather chippy!" exclaimed Mr. Jack Timson-Smith, coming upon his father suddenly in a corridor. "What's wrong?"

"N-nothing," said Mr. Timson-Smith, with a little sigh. "Only I do hope the man will be all that your mother anticipates. You see, Jack, this is not my way of living at all. I wasn't brought up to it, and I haven't dropped into it, so to speak, as your mother has. However, we'll hope for the best."

It becomes necessary that we should leave the Timson-Smiths for a while and take two flying leaps. The first we take is to the flat of Mr. Leopold Wakerley on the afternoon of Sunday. Mr. Leopold Wakerley—tired out after a *matinée* and an evening performance on the previous day—had risen late; then someone had dropped in to lunch and someone else to tea. Only at about six o'clock did Mr. Wakerley remember, with a start, that he should at that time have been miles away in the country, near the home of the Timson-Smiths. It was a raw and blustering night—not inviting, by any means, though it was early summer. Mr. Wakerley had to think of his health. More than that, what was he to do? It was Sunday; there was no possibility of sending a telegram. Finally, he thrust the matter aside, telling himself that he did not know these people and that a letter of apology would be sufficient to excuse his absence. Let it be said that, with the carelessness which is supposed to belong to the artistic temperament, Mr. Leopold Wakerley forgot the letter of apology and never wrote at all. With that our first flying leap is over, and we will leave the young actor-manager going out to dinner, cosily enough, not a mile from his flat.

Our second leap takes us back again to that country wherein the home of the Timson-Smiths was situated. A bleak country part it was, on this night at least—wind-swept and rain-swept—a bad night for a man to be out in. And there was a man out on this night, and in curious language he cursed the fate that had placed him in such a position. He stood just within the gates of the grounds of the Timson-Smiths' mansion; with one hand thrust within the breast of his frock-coat, and with his legs planted a little way apart, he shook his head at the lighted windows and spoke:—

"Methinks yonder is the boyhood home of what might once have been—no, no; all that is past." Then, coming down very suddenly from his heights, he said in a smaller voice, "I wonder if there might be a chance here?"

He was a small man, yet with a presence. There was an indefinable air about him, as of one used to doing everything in public; although he was quite alone at this moment, he actually paused now and again in the midst of a speech as though waiting for the applause which should inevitably follow before he could go on again. His boots were soddened with rain and mud; he had no overcoat; and an old and very shiny hat was perched on one side of his grey head. His face was clean shaven—or might have been, had it seen a razor during the past two days.

Truth to tell, the man was in a sorry plight. One of that great company who "live to please," he had been stranded, with other members of a small touring company, in bad weather and in a bad part of the country. The manager had bolted; the "ghost" resolutely refused to take the most ordinary exercise; and Mr. Ramsey Porter, together with some eight or nine other individuals, was left lamenting.

Some of the others had friends—some had not. At all events, the little company separated, and Mr. Ramsey Porter set out to walk to London. Too proud to beg, he had supported himself for some days by reciting the immortal bard, in sections, in public-houses and other places. The game had

not paid; and on this Sunday night Ramsey Porter was, to use his own expression, "on his uppers."

Behold him, then, with his courage screwed to the sticking-place, marching on the home of the Timson-Smiths. What his idea was, Heaven only knows; perhaps he hoped, if he spouted the lines of the immortal one badly enough, he might get a shilling to pass on. But whatever the reason, it must be recorded here that in sheer desperation he walked up to the principal entrance and loudly rang the bell.

"'Tis not in mortals to command success'—but we'll do more; we'll get in, my boy, if the gods are kind," he murmured to himself, as he gave a second tug at the bell.

"IN SHEER DESPERATION HE WALKED UP TO THE PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE."

Ramsey Porter got in. The door was opened by a gorgeous footman, who stared at him in perplexity; Ramsey Porter waved the menial aside, advanced into the hall, and looked about him critically. It happened that Mrs. Timson-Smith—impatient, and wondering what had become of her lion—was crossing the hall at that very moment. Ramsey Porter saw, in the big, richly-dressed woman, wealth and luxury and all that was desirable. Removing his hat with a flourish and beaming upon her genially, he burst forth.

"Madam, I am an ac-tor," he began, in a sonorous voice; and Mrs. Timson-Smith gave a violent start and looked at him rather nervously. "An unkind fate has cast me, at this dead hour, within the walls of one with whom time stands hesitant, and on whom love and luxury attend as willing slaves. Madam, I implore you to pardon——"

"Oh, please don't mention it," said Mrs. Timson-Smith, hurriedly, with a nervous glance behind her towards the drawing-room, where her guests were assembled. "You see, Mr. What-d'you-call-it—you took me a bit by surprise. I didn't quite expect—I didn't exactly know—you look so different in the pictures."

Of course, Mrs. Timson-Smith was convinced that this was the great Leopold Wakerley, and she was a little disappointed and a little shocked. Remembering the guests who had been invited specially to meet the great man, she began to feel that she had made a hideous blunder. On the other hand, Mr. Ramsey Porter, after that one reference to his pictures, positively blushed, and held out his hand cordially to the lady.

"My dear lady, you have noticed them, then?" he exclaimed. "'Twas said they were not unlike—the last ones, I mean—what time I played heavy lead for Fostick's Combination of Talent. But—pooh!—that was nothing; I have had them twelve feet in length and on every hoarding."

"Yes, yes—quite so," murmured Mrs. Timson-Smith. She turned to the footman. "Will you take this gentleman to his room?"

Mr. Ramsey Porter staggered, passed his hand over his bald forehead, and wondered if the world had come to an end. But Mrs. Timson-Smith had turned away, and only came back for an instant to murmur sweetly, "You will be quick, won't you? The first bell has gone, and we dine in twenty minutes."

Then she was gone. Ramsey Porter

looked at the big footman and the big footman looked back at him. The big footman, being used to surprises in that household, was not greatly upset by this one. Being a conscientious man, however, he determined to warn the butler to keep an eye upon the silver.

"This way, if you please, sir," said the man.

As they went up the stairs, the footman leading, Ramsey Porter took two stairs at a jump and linked his arm confidentially through that of the footman.

"Tell me, me friend," he said, in a stage whisper, "what is their intention regarding me? What part do I play here to-night—or is this but a trap?"

"The trap went to fetch you, sir," said the man, in some astonishment. "By the look of you, you might have walked."

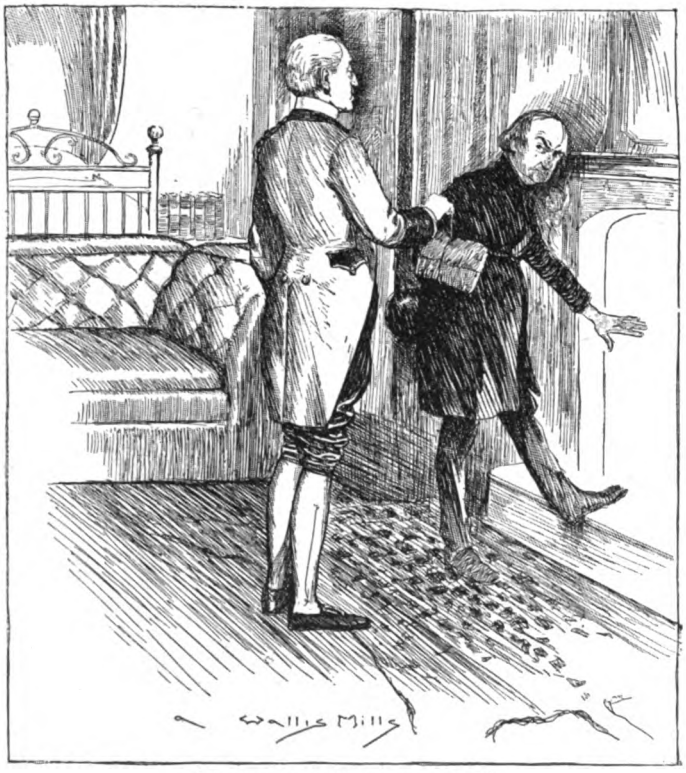
"Walked?" cried Ramsey Porter, stopping still on the stairs. "You may well say walked, me friend; I seem never to have ceased walking lately. But, come—where are you taking me?"

"To your room, sir."

Ramsey Porter nodded his head slowly, as he was shown into the beautifully furnished, well-lighted room, with a cheerful fire burning in the grate. "I see—I see," he muttered to himself. "I have fallen by the wayside; I am dying, in that attitude suggestive of flights of angels hovering; I shall be found in the morning, probably with a leaf or two placed upon my person, by the thoughtful wanderers of the air. This is a vision, a taunting dream of luxury, from which I shall awake."

"Is this—all your luggage, sir?"

The footman was holding up gingerly a small, rain-soaked brown-paper parcel, tied about clumsily with string. In a moment Mr. Ramsey Porter had snatched it from him.



"IS THIS—ALL YOUR LUGGAGE, SIR?"

"Young man, you know not what you do!" he exclaimed. "'Who steals my—wardrobe—steals trash,' I fully admit; nevertheless, I may, in some more fortunate hour, need a change. Me friend," he added, a little pitifully, "I would eat. Now, do you think you could manage—say, even a crust of bread and a morsel of cheese?"

"Dinner will be served in a few minutes," replied the footman, and went away to tell his fellow-servants what an astonishing lot these actors were, when you came to know 'em intimate!

"Now, I wonder what it means?" asked poor Ramsey Porter, standing thoughtfully before the fire and drying his soddened boots. "They all seem to say that dinner will be served in a few minutes, and I seem to be expected. Can it be possible that my name—and eke my fame—has travelled so far? One never knows; a mere whisper—a breath—will go a long way at times. And that Juno-like creature in the diamonds certainly seemed to recognise me; spoke of my pictures!"

Meanwhile, in the drawing-room below, Mrs. Timson-Smith had gone in great agitation to her son Jack; hurriedly she whispered him:—

"Jack, I am in such trouble. That man—that play-actor—has come."

"That's all right, mater," said the young man. "Now we're all complete."

"You don't understand. He's not at all the sort of person I expected," she whispered. "He—he isn't exactly clean; and he doesn't seem to have much luggage. I do hope it will be all right; but I wish, Jack, you'd just run up and—and see that he's got all he wants."

So young Timson-Smith nodded cheerfully and ran upstairs. To say that he was surprised when he entered the room and saw the apparition before him would be to put it very mildly indeed. He closed the door quickly and went in, with a blank look on his face. Recovering, however, he held out his hand, in his own genial fashion, to Ramsey Porter.

It was the first friendly hand that had been extended to that poor mummer for quite a long time; he grasped it fervently.

"I say, you'll be awfully late, you know," said young Timson-Smith; "they're all waiting for you in the drawing-room."

"For—for me?" asked Ramsey Porter, faintly.

"Rather! I say, aren't you going to get dressed?"

Dimly Ramsey Porter understood that he was in a tight place. He could not know how the mistake had arisen; he only knew that certain smartly-dressed people were waiting for him in the room below, while he stood, unkempt, unshaven—a mere wastrel out of the darkness—to fill someone else's place.

"I—I regret that I am not quite the figure to appear——"

"Oh, don't you worry about that," said young Timson-Smith. "I heard something about there being a little accident. Missed your luggage, I suppose?"

"I miss it more every hour," murmured Ramsey Porter to himself. Aloud he said: "Yes; I missed it somehow, on—on the road."

"I should think dad's things would about fit you," said Jack, looking him over critically. "But you'll have to jump, you know; we're dreadfully late."

"Jump, young man? Let me tell you that I have ere now changed to the skin in two minutes and a quarter. Jump, indeed!"

He was so quick about it that he got down—hurriedly shaved, and with Mr. Timson-Smith's spare dress-suit upon him—just as the guests were rustling across the hall. The getting into that dress-suit was a miracle, for Timson-Smith was small and lean, while Ramsey Porter, although small, was yet a little bigger than his host, and was, above all things, considerably more rotund. The waistcoat, after being buttoned, creaked ominously; while the coat had already given way in one place across the shoulders, owing to tightness. Ramsey Porter fervently hoped that he might get through his scene without further accident.

The worst of the business was that everyone looked at him, and, having looked at him, began to talk about things and plays of which he knew nothing. They all knew him to be an actor, and he felt that his fame had travelled farther than he had imagined; but they spoke of parts of which he had never heard. Fortunately for him the great Mr. Leopold Wakerley had sprung into fame quite in a hurry, and so was practically unknown, save in these later months. More than that, his portraits had never appeared except in character, and the world outside knew nothing of his every-day appearance.

"Will you sit here?" asked Mrs. Timson-Smith, beaming upon him and waving a jewelled hand to the place at her right. "We were so late, and"—lowering her voice a little—"people get so impatient that I could not wait any longer. I will introduce you gradually."

"Madam, there are no words upon my tongue to thank you," said Ramsey Porter, placing one hand upon his breast and bowing low. Immediately afterwards, however, he started upright, with a somewhat shocked expression; the dress-suit was tighter than

he had anticipated, and he was not quite sure which part had given way this time.

It was a fearful and a wonderful sight to see this man, who knew only the backwaters of his profession, playing his part in that great house for all that that part was worth. His stiff collar rasped his newly-shaved chin; he was in agonies about the waist; yet with what an air he carried himself! This was no ordinary feast; he had been called upon, at a moment's notice, to "gag" for someone else, and he gagged magnificently. The only thing that troubled him was that the courses came so slowly, and that the people about him would talk of things he did not understand. A simpering, elderly lady on the opposite side of the table first set the ball rolling.

"I really must thank you personally for the great pleasure you gave me in that last part of yours," she gushed. "At the moment when you entered there in the moonlight——"

"Madam," said Ramsey Porter, feeling that at last he had been recognised; "indeed, you mistake. My last performance —wherein I enacted three rôles in one evening—was not in the moonlight. You are confusing me with some lesser man who probably played in a mere farce. I entered, it is true, but through the burning mill. I had myself fired that mill and perished nobly, smoking my trusty cigarette to the last before a slow curtain."

People began to look puzzled and to whisper; then a callow youth broke in from the end of the table:—

"I say, don't you find it awfully funny, don't you know, putting that stuff on your face?"

Ramsey Porter swelled so much with indignation that another seam went. "Stuff, sir?" he cried. "'Tis the glorious livery of the profession in which I was cradled. Let me tell you, sir, that I was born in a tent, and was, at the early age of four, an infant phenomenon, and playing, sir, to good money!"

"You have had a very wide experience," ventured Mr. Timson-Smith.

Ramsey Porter tossed off a glass of champagne with the air of one drinking out of a stage goblet, smacked his lips, and smiled. "Sir, I have been, as one might say, everything by turns and nothing long. Heavy lead has been my line, and other things have come to me on occasion. My Othello has been the talk of provincial audiences; I am told that my Mother Crusoe rocked the house with foolish laughter; I once reached Newcastle as one of the Three Witches. Experience? Heaven forgive me! I have played clown in a circus—and was rolled in a carpet for my pains. And the carpet was dusty!"

"I had no idea that it was necessary for one to go through so much," said Mrs. Timson-Smith.

"We go through everything, madam," said Ramsey Porter, with something of a sigh. "If one would succeed, one must be prepared not only to be an actor but an author. The authors upon whose work I in my time have improved are countless; there is no work, however noble, that will not bear improvement."

"Is there really a prompter who stands in the flies?" asked the gushing lady again.

"Not in the flies, madam—perchance at the wings," said Ramsey Porter. "For my part I know not a prompter—we prompt ourselves; no actor of standing needs a prompter. If the line won't come another will serve, and probably better."

"It must be interesting to play so many parts," suggested another guest at the farther end of the table.

"Parts, sir? I remem-bar, on one occasion"—Ramsey Porter leaned back in his chair and held a glass of champagne between one half-closed eye and the light—"in a drama, not unknown, perchance, to some of you, 'A Dream of Gold, or Shall She Speak?' it was my fate to play six parts. At first I was the grey-haired butler, with a soliloquy into which one could, so to speak, set one's teeth; I perished, defending to the last the family plate. Next I was a giddy youth returned from abroad and falsely accused of the murder of a rich aunt. While the scene was set I danced a hornpipe as a comic sailor, who came from Heaven-knows-where for the occasion. I was tried for my life in the next act, but escaped; I was a sentry outside the prison, and made love (in a red wig and whiskers) to a singing chambermaid; I was the inspector of police, in a fireman's helmet, who arrested the real murderer of the butler; and I had a topical song, as the village innkeeper in the last act, before changing again to the persecuted hero returning to the home of his ancestors."

It was, of course, impossible for Ramsey Porter to avoid making blunders. More than that, the strange life he had led had given him that curious view of things, and that easy familiarity with people, which was not all that could be desired at the aristo-

cratic board of the Timson-Smiths. He addressed one elderly lady, to her horror, as "my dear"; drank, perhaps, rather more champagne than was good for him; and capped his performances by rising, somewhat unsteadily, to address the company.

"Friends—fellow-citizens—men of Rome—to say nothing of the ladies," he began, kissing his finger-tips and beaming upon Mrs. Timson-Smith; "it is meet that I

"'FRIENDS—FELLOW-CITIZENS—MEN OF ROME—TO SAY NOTHING OF THE LADIES,' HE BEGAN."

should return some thanks to you for all that I have enjoyed this evening. I could have been happier, perchance, had my borrowed garments clung to me less closely; but I have worn many things in my time. It is good to think that I, who have delighted thousands (quite setting aside certain benighted audiences who have flung undesirable things at me; I forgive them all)—I say that it is meet that I should be recognised and taken to your hearts as I have been taken to-night. I do not understand why the merits I possess should have entitled me to this—but let it pass. As some slight return for a feast I had not expected I will—while, as someone whose name has slipped my mind for the moment once said, I am 'full of meat'—I will recite to you, at length, 'The Dream of Eugene Aram.' If, by chance, under the influence of the rosy god, I should omit a line or should forget any part, I will give you a specimen of my powers in the art of gagging."

He had actually got through the first two lines, at a slow and ponderous pace, before Mrs. Timson-Smith realized what was happening; she hurriedly rose and gave the signal for the ladies to depart. At the same moment young Timson-Smith came down the room and took the arm of Ramsey Porter.

"I say, old chap, I want you a moment," said the young man.

"I come with you straight," said Ramsey Porter, making an elaborate bow to the rest of the men.

"Or as straight as you can, eh?" laughed Jack.

They went upstairs to the room in which Ramsey Porter had changed. Jack shut the door and then looked at the other man with a whimsical expression of face.

"I say, who are you, really?"

"Don't you know?" asked Ramsey Porter.

"I know who you're supposed to be," said Jack. "The mater thinks you're Leopold Wakerley, the London actor."

"Do you mean to tell me that I, Ramsey Porter, who once was billed twelve feet high and who played on a certain notable occasion in Newcastle (where jealous spite kept my name out of the bill)—do you mean to tell me that I have been mistaken for another?"

"Well, it looks like it," said Jack, quietly. "How did you come here?"

"A harsh world would have naught of me; I"—the poor mummer's voice broke a little and he turned away his head—"I was starving; I had tramped for nearly three days and slept at nights—well, Heaven knows how!"

"Poor beggar!"

"Poor no longer!" cried Ramsey Porter, with a sudden change of manner. "I have been, for one night at least, playing lead; for one night at least I have tasted of the best; for one night in all his strolling life Ramsey Porter has stood out among men and has been looked upon by the eyes of beauty." He kissed his finger-tips. "Call me not poor after that!"

"Well, in return for that, will you do me a favour?" asked Jack.

"Ask of me what you will; it is granted."

"I wouldn't care to let the mater know that any mistake had been made," said young Timson-Smith. "You see, she expected this man from London to come down, and you turned up in his place. Don't you think you might slip away — quietly, you know—without making any explanation?"

"YOU WOULD HAVE ME DISSEMBLE?—GO FORTH INTO THE DARKNESS?"

"You would have me dissemble?—go forth into the darkness, as it were?"

"If you wouldn't mind," said Jack.

"It shall be done," said Ramsey Porter, in a low voice. "But tell me, young sir, how did I play my part?"

"You were deuced funny," said Jack, with a laugh.

"Ah! I had not desired to be funny," said Ramsey Porter, with a sigh. "If you would assist me to—to remove my garments, I would be ready to go the sooner," he added.

So young Timson-Smith stripped him with care, and Ramsey Porter put on again his own old garments. At the last moment Jack said, delicately enough:—

"I say, I'd be awfully glad if you'd accept——"

"Sir!" exclaimed Ramsey Porter, with dignity; "I am no beggar!"

"Oh, you quite misunderstand me; I was only suggesting a loan—a small matter between gentlemen, surely."

The face of Ramsey Porter cleared; he shook the hand of his young friend and accepted a sovereign—very gravely writing down in an old pocket-book the amount of the debt and the name and address of young Timson-Smith.

"It shall be repaid," he said, gravely. "Now I will dissemble, as before suggested. Having played my part — dressed for it, too, by George! I will go off without the usual slow music. Farewell; you shall hear from me."

Young Timson-Smith has never heard from him; perhaps it was hardly to be expected that poor Ramsey Porter should have had the opportunity to scrape together again so large a sum of money. Mrs. Timson-Smith, for her part, has never been undeceived; but she was a little relieved, perhaps, at the sudden disappearance of the man she thought she had invited to her dinner-party.

"Never again!" she murmured to herself, with a decided shake of the head. "They are much too eccentric, these really great men!"

The Flight of a Golf Ball.

By Frank Broadbent, M.I.E.E.

Preliminary Note. — The experiments described in this article were carried out by Mr. Harry Smith, F.I.C., and the writer, the idea originating with Mr. Smith, who, besides being a skilful experimentalist, is a keen and expert golfer.—F. B.

ANYONE—that is to say, anyone who is at all observant—who has watched a game of tennis, cricket, or golf must have noticed at times the erratic course taken by the ball during its flight through the air.

When a ball or a stone is dropped from a height it falls, under normal conditions, in a perfectly straight line, assuming no strong wind to be blowing. When thrown through the air it describes a regular curve before reaching the ground. But when struck by a racket, bat, or golf club, something happens which causes the ball to describe what, in popular language, might be called an irregular curve.

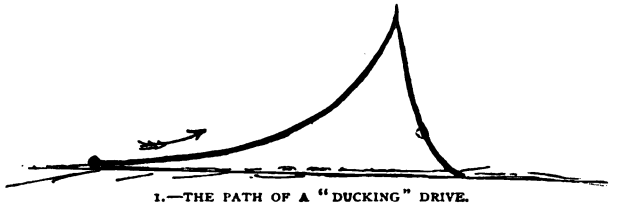
So far as tennis and cricket are concerned players recognise that this is caused by the "spin" on the ball due to the way in which it is struck, or to the "twist" put on it by the bowler.

The fielder at "slip" rarely has a ball which is not twisting, and he needs generally to be pretty smart to hold a catch.

Just consider what happens after a ball has left the hands of a fast bowler. Travelling at a terrific pace the ball touches the bat, runs along it, acquires a rapid twist in so doing, and flies through the "slips." The fielder puts out his hand and just misses it. He could swear he held his hand at the spot the ball was travelling to, and so he did. But the ball had a "twist" on it, and deviated from the straight path in which it started on leaving the bat. Or perhaps the fielder's eye is quick enough to follow the irregular course of the ball and he "fields" it. But it is too "hot," and he drops it. "Buttered" is all the sympathy he gets from the man in the crowd, who does not understand that the ball was revolving so rapidly that it took the skin off the player's hand, and that to have stopped it at all was a far more difficult task than some of the "brilliant" catches that the spectators frantically applaud.

In lawn-tennis the same thing occurs; but for two reasons it is not so noticeable. First, the ball does not travel so far as in cricket; and, second, it is caught on a racket and not in the hand, so the twist is not felt in the same way. But the effects are there, whether recognised or not. The ball is approaching a player from the opposite court, and he thinks to himself, "Yes, I will just place this over in that corner," but the ball goes anywhere but into the corner in which it ought to have dropped. Why? Because it was spinning when it touched the player's racket, the spin having been put on it by the stroke of his opponent.

In the championship matches at Queen's Club between the English and the American players, the American serves had a distinct "curl" in the air, which at first bothered the English players. This, again, was due to the twist or spin put on the ball by the server in striking it.



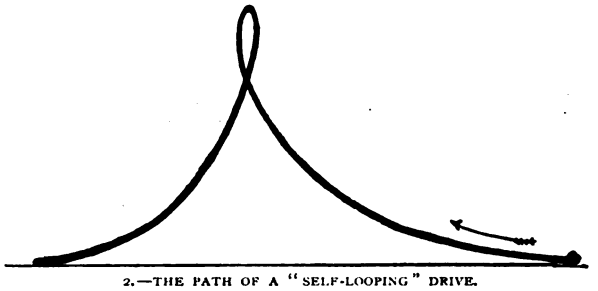
1.—THE PATH OF A "DUCKING" DRIVE.

In baseball an expert pitcher can send down some very tricky deliveries, and make the ball describe a double curve in the air before it reaches the striker. As for golf, when a golfer has made a particularly good drive from the tee he is generally so pleased with himself that he does not worry much about the path followed by the ball, but hands his driver to the caddie, and looks round for approbation with that air of satisfaction which only the pure-blooded golfer can assume.

But the two-hundred yards' drive does not always come off. The ball rises, then suddenly "ducks" and buries itself in the ground; or it starts off low down, rising gradually for a little distance, then, curving sharply upwards, rises almost perpendicularly, and falls—well, perhaps fifty yards from the tee. The path described is shown in Fig. 1.

Sometimes the ball will emulate Diavolo in looping the loop, and follow a path indicated by the line in Fig. 2.

At other times, instead of rising, the ball travels low, and taking a graceful curve, say to the right, instead of travelling towards the next green, drops about as far from the latter as at starting. To add to its diversions it rolls into a ditch or behind a bunker. It is at such times as these that the remarkable fluency and extraordinary range of vocabulary of the average golfer get full licence and are heard at their best—or worst.



2.—THE PATH OF A "SELF-LOOPING" DRIVE.

This extraordinary behaviour on the part of the ball is due to "spin." But, as a golf ball is not caught in the hand as in cricket, nor on a racket as in tennis, how do we know that it spins at all? And, if the ball be fairly hit with a straight-faced driver, why should it spin?

Now, I do not propose to attempt to answer conundrums of that sort. The fact was demonstrated some time ago by Professor Tait, father of the late Lieutenant Tait, of the Black Watch, at one time golf champion, who was killed by a ball smaller than used in the golf game, whilst serving his country in South Africa in the much more serious game of war.

Professor Tait enlisted his son's services in the carrying out of certain experiments, which had for their object the determination of the direction and amount of spin given to a golf ball when struck in the ordinary way.

A length of narrow tape was wound round the ball, which was then set on a tee at a short distance from a box of clay. Lieutenant Tait then drove the ball into the clay; and the amount of spin or twist given to it was determined by the length of tape unwound from the ball.

A little crude, perhaps, but the point was proved. As an illustration of life's little ironies the tale is told that Professor Tait, having proved to his own satisfaction that it was theoretically impossible to drive a golf ball beyond a given distance—that is, without touching the ground—his son next day somewhat upset the theory by driving a ball considerably farther than the theoretical limit.

In this article, therefore, theory will be left severely alone, and the reader may base his own conclusions upon the results obtained.

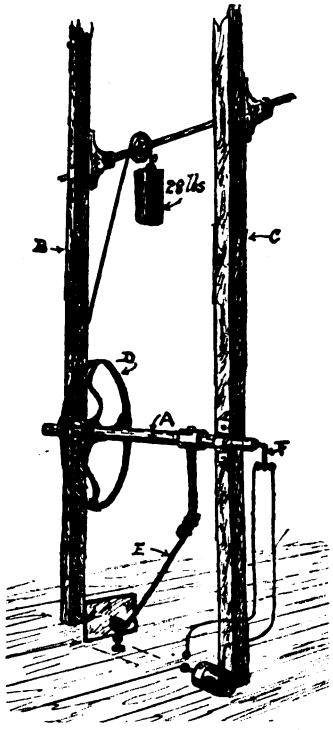
As mentioned before, the tape business was a little crude, and the idea of photography occurred to us as a possible method. Now, anyone who has tried to snap-shot a golfer in the act of driving a ball knows that it is not easy. It is easy enough to obtain a good picture at the top of the stroke, when the club is practically stationary, just preparatory to the swing; but at the instant when the club face meets the ball it is travelling at something like eighty to one hundred feet a second. In such attempts at snap-shotting a drive with an ordinary Kodak, the club head generally does not come out at all, owing to the pace at which it is travelling; and to attempt to photograph the travelling ball in this way, in the hope of learning anything as to its motion, is futile. So we decided to try the method employed by Professor Vernon Boys in his well-known researches on the motion of rifle bullets. This consists in obtaining a shadow of the bullet on a photographic plate by means of an electric spark.

But it is one thing to shadowgraph a bullet and quite another thing to succeed with a golf ball. The one is metallic and can be used to close an electric circuit in order to produce a spark; the other is an insulator of electricity and cannot, therefore, be utilized in this way. Again, the bullet will travel in a straight line for a short distance from the muzzle of the rifle, so there is very little fear of its missing the electrical contacts. The ball, on the other hand, not being fired from a rifle but struck by a club, is not so precise, and in nine cases out of ten would fail to make the desired contact; besides which the club following up behind the ball would carry away or destroy any delicate apparatus in its path.

This is precisely what happened in our first experiments. The club head was provided with a metal finger, which made contact with a brass plate on the floor just as it struck the ball. But the force of impact was such that either the plate or the project-

ing finger moved or bent, so that it was a matter of considerable difficulty to reset them in precisely the same relative positions.

As the experiments must necessarily be carried out in a dark room with just sufficient red light to find one's way about, it is obvious that no man, however expert with a golf club, could possibly hit the ball fairly time after time in exactly the same way and miss the photographic plate fixed about half an inch from the ball. It was therefore necessary to devise a mechanical golfer which could be depended on to do this. After many fruitless attempts to hit the ball and produce an electric spark at the precise moment required, we succeeded; and the general arrangement of the apparatus is shown in Fig. 3.



3.—SKETCH OF THE DRIVING APPARATUS.

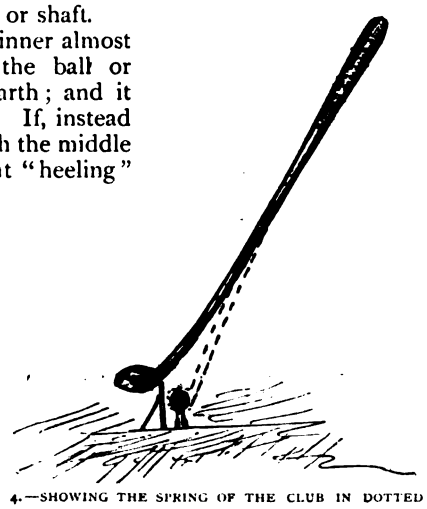
A short length of shafting (A) is supported by two bearings, fixed to the uprights (B and C) at a height of about four feet six inches above the floor. This is about the average shoulder height of a man. On the shaft a pulley (D) is keyed, having a circumference of about twelve feet, and to this the golf club (E) is attached by means of a bent arm representing the arms of the golfer.

If now a golf ball be placed in the correct position on the floor, it is only necessary to revolve the shaft to make the club strike it. It was not sufficient for our purpose to merely strike the ball; we wanted to strike it repeatedly at a certain definite speed. As we could only revolve the shaft once for each stroke, we decided that to drive it by means of a falling weight would be the most reliable method to adopt. As is well known, a falling weight travels sixteen feet during the first second, and acquires a velocity of thirty-two feet per second; so, as we could allow a twelve-foot drop, we could count upon a speed of twenty-four feet per second just as the weight touched the ground. A rope was, therefore, coiled round the pulley on the shaft, passed over a guide pulley in the ceiling, and the end made fast to a weight. In order to eliminate any retardation effect due to friction we chose a pretty heavy weight, viz., twenty-eight pounds, and it goes without saying that we stood clear when it fell—not only clear of the weight, but of the golf club, which came round at a terrific pace. As the circle described by the club head was roughly two and a half times the circumference of the pulley, the ball was struck at a speed of about sixty feet per second, and the photographs which follow show it to be travelling at about double the speed of the club. In the later experiments, practically all those with the iron tools (technically known as "cleeks" and "mashies"), the speed was increased to about eighty feet per second. The speed of the ball was then nearly two miles a minute, which, although fairly good travelling, is often exceeded in practice, as in all our experiments we never quite got the characteristic "swish" which is heard when a good golfer drives off from the tee.

A front view of the club and ball is given in Fig. 4, from which it will be seen that the golf club is set well above the ball, the latter being supported on a piece of indiarubber tube slipped over a short peg in the floor, and that the photographic plate is between the ball and the club. As Shakespeare says, "Thereby hangs a tale." In the first attempts the club head was set exactly in line with the ball, and for some time we could not make out why it invariably missed fire, so to speak. The weight would come down with a crash that almost shook the very foundations; the club whizzed round in a truly alarming fashion; but the ball took it all calmly and kept its seat, sort of "winking the other eye" at us. At first we were mystified, but after a few ineffectual shots a mark appeared on the floor, about three inches away from the ball on the near side. Then we realized that had the club not been a pretty good-tempered one it would have broken its neck with the first shot, as it had been hitting the floor each time. The fact is that centrifugal force comes in largely in swinging a golf club, the effect of which is to bring the club head towards the striker. In our experiments this effect was somewhat exaggerated, as the club in the position

shown in Fig. 3 does not describe exactly the true golf swing. On repeating them, however, with a specially made club, fixed in a perfectly vertical position, the same effect was observed, the head moving backwards about an inch, so that its centre lay in a line with the stick or shaft.

This explains why a beginner almost invariably either "toes" the ball or cuts a clod from mother earth; and it also points to the remedy. If, instead of trying to hit the ball with the middle of the club face, he aims at "heeling" it—that is, striking it with the heel (a club head, being a "freak," possesses a face, a toe, and a heel)—he will generally make a better shot. A practised golfer unconsciously makes the necessary allowance for the bending of the driving shaft, but had he known during his novitiate *why* he so often "struck Scotland," as the caddie remarked to Balfour, he would probably have made more rapid progress.

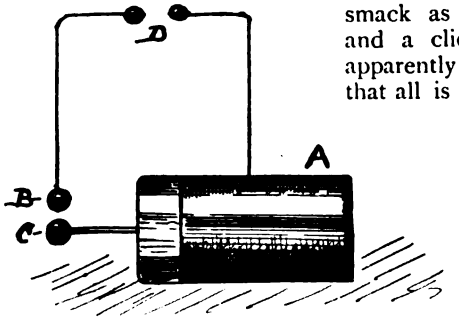


4.—SHOWING THE SPRING OF THE CLUB IN DOTTED LINES.

To allow for this bending action it was necessary to start the stroke with the club above and beyond the ball and negative as shown in Fig. 4, and such was the precision and uniformity of the swing that the club never failed to strike the ball full in the face, and only once was a negative broken, and this was due to the momentum carrying the club twice round. Means were at once devised to prevent a recurrence of this.

Having overcome all difficulties in connection with striking the ball, the next difficulty was to produce the electric spark automatically at the right moment. As has already been pointed out, contact pieces fixed on the club head were carried away or destroyed, or lost their shape each time they came into action; nor is this to be wondered at, seeing that they were travelling at upwards of two miles a minute.

The final arrangement, which worked quite satisfactorily, was a short metal arm (F) fixed to the revolving spindle of the machine. At a certain point in its travel this arm made contact between two knobs; the effect of which was to close a gap in the discharging circuit of a Leyden jar, causing the latter to emit a brilliant spark.



5.—DIAGRAM OF SPARKING ARRANGEMENT.

The simple diagram (Fig. 5) explains this clearly. A is a Leyden jar, placed on its side, so as to bring the sparking knobs (B and C) in line with the ball. D is the gap or switch, which is closed at the right moment by the moving arm. Assuming the Leyden jar to be fully charged — which was done for each stroke, by means of a powerful Wimshurst machine — the closing of the gap (D) causes the jar to discharge across B and C, producing a bright but instantaneous flash. The actual duration of the spark, which is of the same nature as a flash of lightning, is said to be 1-25,000,000th (one twenty-five millionth) of a second.

The short arm referred to could be adjusted so as to make contact at any portion of the golf stroke; but as one-eighth of an inch of movement corresponded to a movement of one inch at the end of the club, the adjustment had to be very carefully and exactly done.

And now everything is ready for a trial. Before each actual attempt a trial run is made. The Leyden jar is charged, the spindle turned round to bring the weight up to the ceiling, a piece of plain card placed in position to represent the negative plate, and the ball carefully poised on the india-rubber tee. "Ready! Off!" Down comes the weight with a bang, round goes the club with a slight "swish"; a sharp smack as the club hits the ball, and a click at the Leyden jar, apparently simultaneously, tells us that all is O.K. This is not quite the end, as there is the back-lash to contend with—that is, the swinging back of the club, endangering the negative.

The ball is found, replaced on the tee, and everything made

6.—FLAT-FACED IRON CLUB.
Club and ball in contact. Ball has just moved, as shown by the small clearance between it and the tee, on the side nearest to the club.

ready as before. All lights, except a faint red glow, are switched off, and the negative is placed in position. "Let go"—and in one second it is all over. But what a long second it seems in the dark; and we don't feel quite safe till all is still again. The negative is at once developed. This is very necessary, for although the spark is so instantaneous—less than a millionth of a second—to the eye it seems longer, and it is an easy matter during the trial run to misjudge the position of the ball when the spark actually occurs. If, therefore, two or three plates are exposed one after the other and all developed together, the chances are that there is a cry of "lost ball." On the whole we were fairly fortunate, and did not, I think, develop more than one blank plate.

7.—FLAT-FACED IRON CLUB.
Ball just started in its flight. Comparing this with Fig. 6 it is seen that the ball has travelled about twice the distance of the club's travel; showing that it has about twice the velocity (about 120ft. a second).

And now a word of explanation of the actual photographs. The nine shown are selected from a large number taken at very short distances apart in the ball's travel. The first six are shots with the specially made straight "cleek." Driven with a perfectly straight-faced club, it would scarcely be supposed that the ball would spin if fairly hit and not "sliced." That it does so is certain, as is conclusively proved by the photographs.

In Fig. 6 the club has just hit the ball, which has moved forward about an eighth of an inch. This is clear from the fact that the ball is resting on the forward edge of the india-rubber tee, but has risen from the back edge. The club face is not quite perpendicular, and is therefore still descending slightly. It may possibly be this downward motion which imparts the underspin to the ball. The pin seen projecting from the ball was set for each shot, as exactly as possible on the top. Of course, it was bent out of position by the rolling, and some of the photos. show that it was not always quite straight.

Fig. 7 shows the club about one-eighth of an inch nearer to the tee, and the centre of the ball is practically over the forward edge, having travelled about a quarter of an inch, or twice the distance through which the club has travelled.

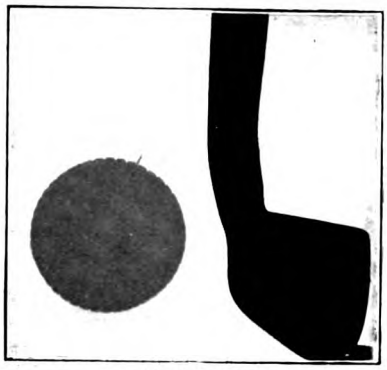
As these photos. do not represent different positions of the same flight, but of two quite distinct drives, we cannot accept their evidence as absolutely conclusive. But the four succeeding photos. (Figs. 8, 9, 10, and 11), although representing different shots, all tend to confirm the view that the ball starts off with twice the speed of the club at the moment of impact.

And what do they show as to the underspin theory? They confirm it most decidedly. In the first five photos. the tee is visible, and the distances travelled by the ball are respectively one-eighth, a quarter, one and a quarter, three, and five inches; the pin shown stuck in the floor on the fifth photo. marks a distance of four and a half inches from the tee. In Fig. 11 the tee is not shown, but the three pins mark a distance of nine inches from the starting-point, so the ball has travelled almost one foot.

The position of the pin, it will be noted, moves gradually backwards as the ball advances, and has revolved nearly a quarter of a turn during the first foot of its flight; this works out to about four and a half revolutions a second. This is not very fast, nor is the ball rising rapidly, but there *is* a slight rise undoubtedly. The next photo. (Fig. 12) shows one of the shots with a wood (bulger) "driver," the one almost invariably used in practice for driving off from the tee. The reason is not far to seek, as on comparing this print with Fig. 9 it will be seen that the ball travels considerably

8.—FLAT-FACED IRON CLUB.
Ball has travelled about 1¼in. The position of the pin indicates the underspin. The club is seen to be twisted owing to the impact.

faster from the "driver" than from the "cleek." Although both have travelled the same distance—three inches—the "driver" shaft is only just over the tee, whereas the shaft of the "cleek" is a good inch beyond

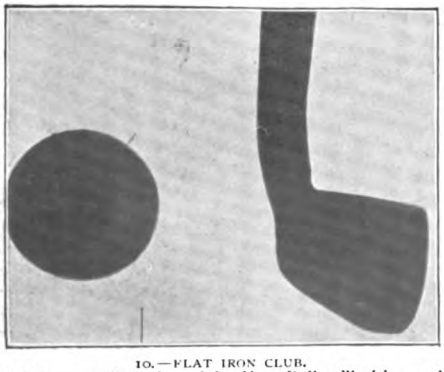


9.—FLAT IRON CLUB.
Ball 3in. from tee. Pin shows the underspin. Club twisted, due to impact. Ball rising.

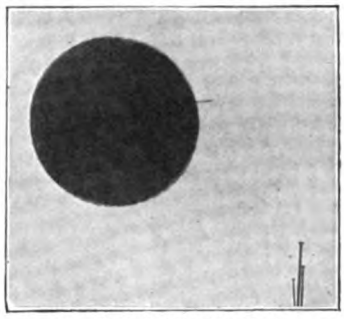
it. The speed of the ball at the instant this shadow was cast on the negative was not far short of three miles a minute.

The last two photos. (Figs. 13 and 14) show the "mashie" shot. A mashie head is set at an angle, so as to get well under the ball for the purpose of "lofting" it. And it did loft it with a vengeance in our experiments.

In Fig. 13 the club is just about over the centre line of the tee, the corner of which can just be seen at the bottom of the print, lying over at an angle of about forty-five degrees. The pin is eclipsed by the shaft, but it reappears in the next photo. (Fig. 14). This shows in a remarkable manner the great speed of the club, as, although it has travelled about a couple of inches past the tee, the latter has not yet recovered from the shock, and is only just



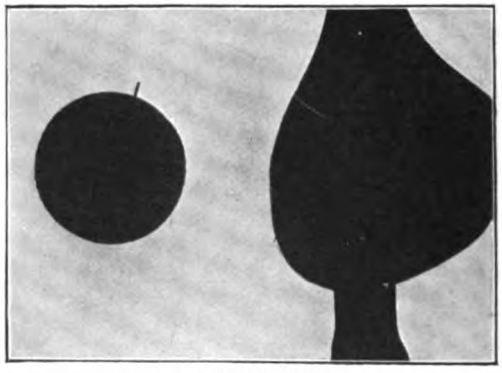
10.—FLAT IRON CLUB.
Ball has travelled 5in., club 2½in. Ball still rising and spinning. The pin stuck in the floor marks a distance of 4½in. from the tee.



11.—FLAT-FACED IRON CLUB.
Ball is now 11in. from the tee. The three pins stuck in the floor mark a distance of 9in. from the tee, which is now not seen in the photo. Ball has turned through almost a quarter of a revolution, which means one revolution in about 40ft. of travel, which gives a rate of about 4½ revolutions a second.

commencing to regain its vertical position. The position of the pin indicates how rapidly the ball is spinning. As nearly as can be judged it is revolving at the rate of one revolution in two and a half feet, which works out to approximately nine per second or five hundred and forty revolutions a minute.

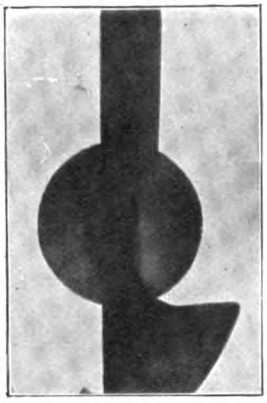
The effect of this on the upward curvature of the ball was most marked, and Mr. Smith, who was holding a net to catch it,



12.—WOOD DRIVER.
Ball has travelled about 3in. from the tee, whilst the driver is only about half-way through, showing how much faster than the club the ball is travelling. The pin indicates through what angle the ball has spun whilst travelling 3in., and to what height it has risen above the tee.

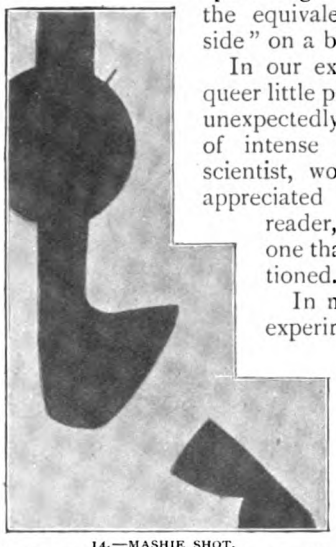
narrowly escaped being hit in the face. Had the ball followed the straight path in which it started it would certainly have struck about the middle of the net, but, scorning this kind of bunker, it whistled like a bullet just past Mr. Smith's head, and the next thing heard was a crash of breaking glass. The ball had gone clean through a thick plate-glass skylight. The experiment was repeated with a new ball and with the net fixed higher. The result was the same, the ball scoring another bull's-eye within

a few inches of the last. Careful measurements were made as to the position of the skylight relatively to the tee, and by measuring the angle at which the ball started on its journey, as shown in the photographs, it is proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that the ball took a very sharp turn upwards soon after it left the tee. In the diagram (Fig. 15) the dotted line represents the straight path in which the ball would have travelled had it continued as it started; that is to say, it is a straight line drawn from the starting-point through its position on the photograph. The full line shows the path it must have taken to get through the skylight.



13.—MASHIE SHOT.
Ball has just left the club. Top of indiarubber tee is just seen bent over at foot of photo.

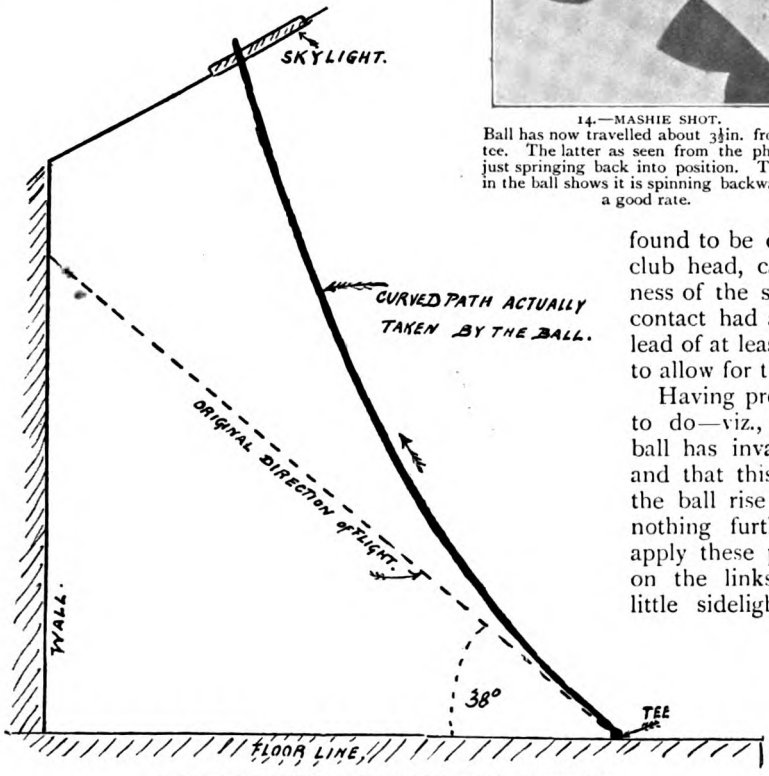
This would be a beautiful shot for getting over a bunker on the edge of a "putting green," as the ball, due to its backward twist, would drop practically "dead" on the green—that is, it would not travel after dropping; it might even run backwards a little, if twisting sufficiently. The underspin of a golf ball is, in effect, the equivalent of "bottom side" on a billiard ball.



14.—MASHIE SHOT.
Ball has now travelled about 3½in. from the tee. The latter as seen from the photo. is just springing back into position. The pin in the ball shows it is spinning backwards at a good rate.

In our experiments many queer little points cropped up unexpectedly, which, whilst of intense interest to the scientist, would scarcely be appreciated by the general reader, but there is just one that might be mentioned.

In many of the first experiments, although the electrical contact was adjusted to "spark" just as the club touched the ball, the photographs invariably showed the club about two inches behind. This we found to be due to the lag of the club head, caused by the springiness of the shaft; so the sparking contact had always to be given a lead of at least two inches in order to allow for this.



15.—DIAGRAM SHOWING CURVED PATH TAKEN BY THE BALL.

Having proved what we set out to do—viz., that a clean-hit golf ball has invariably an underspin, and that this spin tends to make the ball rise in a curved path—nothing further remains but to apply these principles to practice on the links, together with the little sidelights which the experiments throw on the general subject, leaving to theorists the enunciation of any theory to account for the phenomena.

The Flying Death.

A STORY IN THREE WRITINGS AND A TELEGRAM.

By Samuel Hopkins Adams.

Part I.—The Tracks in the Sand.

Document No. 1.—A letter of explanation from Harris Haynes, Reporter for the *New Era*, New York, off on Vacation, to his Managing Editor.

Montauk Point, L.I., Sept. 20th, 1902.

Mr. John Clare, Managing Editor,
The *New Era*, New York City.

MY DEAR MR. CLARE,—Here is a case for your personal consideration. At present it is—or, at least, it would appear on paper—a bit of pure insanity. Lest you should think it that, and myself the victim, I have two witnesses of character and reputation who will corroborate every fact in the case, and who go farther with the incredible inferences than I can bring myself to do. They are Professor Willis Ravenden, expert in entomology and an enthusiast in every other branch of science, and Stanford Colton, son of old Colton, of the Button Trust, and himself a medical student about to obtain his diploma. Colton, like myself, is recuperating. Professor Ravenden is studying the metamorphosis of a small, sky-blue butterfly species of insect with a disjointed name which inhabits these parts.

We three constitute the total late-season patronage of Third House, and probably five per cent. of the population of this forty square miles of grassland, the remainder being the men of the Life Saving Service, the farmer families of First, Second, and Third Houses, and a little settlement of fishermen on the Sound side.

This afternoon—yesterday, to be accurate, as it is now past midnight—we three went out for a tramp. On our return we ran into a fine, driving rain that blotted out the landscape. It's no trick at all to get lost in this country, where the hillocks were all hatched out of the same egg and the scrub-oak patches out of the same acorn. For an hour or so we circled around. Then we caught the booming of the surf plainly, and came presently to the crest of the sand-cliff, eighty feet above the beach. As the mist blew away we saw, a few yards out from the cliff's foot and a short distance to the east, the body of a man lying on the hard sand.

There was something in the huddled posture that struck the eye with a shock as of violence. With every reason for assuming at first sight the body to have been washed up, I somehow knew that the man had not met death by the waves. Where we stood the cliff fell too precipitously to admit of descent, but opposite the body it was lower, and here a ravine cut sharply through a dip between the hills at right angles to the beach. We half fell, half slipped down the

"WE HALF FELL, HALF SLIPPED DOWN THE ABRUPT DECLIVITY."

abrupt declivity, made our way to the gully's opening, which was almost blocked by a great boulder, and came upon a soft and pebbly beach only a few feet wide, beyond which the hard, clean level of sand stretched to the receding waves. As we reached the open a man appeared around a point to the eastward, saw the body, and broke into a run. Colton had started toward the body, but I called him back. I didn't want the sand marked just then. Keeping close to the cliff's edge, we went forward to meet the man. As soon as he could make himself heard above the surf he hailed us.

"How long has that been there?"

"We've just found it," said Colton, as we turned out toward the sea. "It must have been washed up at high tide."

"I'm the coastguardsman from the Bow Hill Station," said the man, briefly.

"We are guests at Third House," said I. "We'll go through with this together."

"Come along, then," said he.

We were now on a line with the body, which lay with the head toward the waves. The coastguardsman suddenly checked his steps and exclaimed, "It's Paul Serdholm." Then he rushed forward with a great cry, "He's been murdered!"

"Oh, surely not murdered," expostulated the Professor, nervously. "He's been drowned, and——"

"Drowned!" cried the other, in a heat of contempt. "And how about that gash in the back of his neck? He's the guard from Sand Spit, two miles below. Three hours ago I saw him on the cliff yonder. Since then he's come and gone betwixt here and his station. And—" he gulped suddenly and turned upon us so sharply that the Professor jumped—"what's he met with?"

"The wound might have been made by the surf dashing him on a sharp rock," I suggested.

"No, sir," said the coastguardsman, with emphasis. "The tide ain't this high once in a month. It's murder, that's what it is—foul murder," and he bent over the dead man with twitching shoulders.

"He's right," said Colton, who had been hastily examining the corpse. "This is no drowning case. The man was stabbed and died instantly. Was he a friend of yours?" he asked of the guard.

"No; nor of nobody's, was Paul Serdholm," replied the man. "No later than last week we quarrelled." He paused, looking blankly at us.

"How long would you say he had been dead?" I asked Colton.

"A very few minutes."

"Then get to the top of the cliff and scatter," I said; "the murderer must have escaped that way. From the hill-top you can see the whole country. Keep off that sand, can't you? Make a *détour* to the gully."

"And what will you do?" inquired Colton, looking at me curiously.

"Stay here and study this out," I replied, in a low tone. "You and the Professor meet me at Sand Spit in half an hour. Guard, if you don't see anything, come back here in fifteen minutes." He hesitated. "I've had ten years' experience in murder cases," I added. "If you will do as you're told for the next few minutes we should clear this thing up."

No sooner had they disappeared on the high ground than I set myself to the solution of the problem. Inland from the body stretched the hard beach. Not one of us had stepped between the body and the soft sand into which the cliff sloped. In this soft, pebbly mass of rubble footprints would be indeterminable. Anywhere else they should stand out like the stamp on a coin. As we approached I had noticed that there were no prints to the east. On the side of the sea there was nothing except numerous faint bird tracks, extending almost to the water. Taking off my shoes I followed the spoor of the dead man. It stood out, plain as a poster, to the westward. For a hundred yards I followed it. There was no parallel track. To make certain that his slayer had not crept upon him from that direction, I examined the prints for the marks of superimposed steps. None was there. Three sides, then, were eliminated. My first hasty glance at the sand between the body and the cliff had shown me nothing. Here, however, must be the evidence. Striking off from the dead man's line, I walked out upon the hard surface.

The sand was deeply indented beyond the body, where the three men had hurried across to begin the hunt. But no other footmark broke its evenness. Not until I was almost on a line between the corpse and the mouth of the gully did I find a clue. Clearly imprinted on the clean level was the outline of a huge claw. There were the five talons and the nub of the foot. A little forward and to one side was a similar mark, except that it was slanted differently. Step by step, with starting eyes and shuddering mind, I followed the trail. Then I became aware of a second, confusing the first, the track of the

same creature. At first the second track was distinct, then it merged with the first, only to diverge again. In this second series the points of the talons were toward the cliff. From the body to the soft sand stretched the unbroken lines. Nowhere else within a radius of many yards was there any other indication. The sand lay blank as a white sheet of paper; as blank as my mind, which struggled with one stupefying thought —that between the dead life-saver and the refuge of the cliff no creature had passed except one that stalked on monstrous clawed feet. You will appreciate now, Mr. Clare, that this wasn't just the thing to inflict upon a matter-of-fact telegraph editor, without preparing his mind.

My first thought was to preserve the evidence for a more careful examination. I hastily collected some flat rocks and had covered those marks nearest the soft sand when I heard a hail. For the present I didn't want the others to know what I had found. I wanted to think it out, undisturbed by conflicting theories. So I hastily returned, and was putting on my shoes when the Bow Hill coast-guardsman — his name was Schenck—came out of the gully.

"See anything?" I called.

"Nothing to the northward. Have you found anything?"

"Nothing definite," I replied. "Don't cross the sand there. Keep along down. We'll go to the Sand Spit Station and report this."

But the man was staring out beyond my little column of rock shelters.

"What's that thing?" he said, pointing to the nearest unsheltered print. "Heavens! It looks like a bird track. And it leads straight to the body," he cried, in a voice that jangled on my nerves. But when he began to look fearfully overhead into the gathering darkness, drawing in his shoulders like one shrinking from a blow, that was too much. I jumped to my feet, grabbed him by the arm, and started him along.

"Don't be a fool," I said. "Keep this to yourself. I won't have a lot of idiots prowling around those tracks. Understand? You're to report this murder and say nothing about what you don't know. Later we'll take it up again."

The man seemed stunned. He walked along quietly, close to me, and it was no comfort to feel him now and again shaken by a violent shudder. We had nearly reached the station when Professor Ravenden and Colton came down to the beach in front of us. But they had nothing to tell.

"'DON'T BE A FOOL,' I SAID. 'KEEP THIS TO YOURSELF.'"

Before we reached the station I cleared another point to my satisfaction.

"The man wasn't stabbed; he was shot," I said.

"I'll stake my life that's no bullet wound," cried Colton, quickly. "I've seen

plenty of shooting cases. The bullet never was cast that made such a gap in a man's head as that. It was a sharp instrument, with power behind it."

"To Mr. Colton's opinion I must add my own for what it is worth," said Professor Ravenden.

"Can you qualify as an expert?" I demanded, with the rudeness of rasped nerves and in some surprise at the tone of certainty in the old boy's voice.

"When in search of a sub-species of the Papilionidæ in the Orinoco region," said he, mildly, "my party was attacked by the Indians that infest the river. After we had beaten them off it fell to my lot to attend the wounded. I thus had opportunity to observe the wounds made by their slender spears. The incision under consideration bears a rather striking resemblance to the spear-gashes which I then saw. I may add that I brought away my specimens of Papilionidæ intact, although we lost most of our provisions."

"No man has been near enough the spot where Serdholm was struck down to stab him," I said. "Our footprints are plain; so are his. There are no others. The man was shot by someone lying in the gully or on the cliff."

"I'll bet you five hundred to five dollars that the post-mortem doesn't result in the finding of a bullet," cried Colton.

I accepted, and it was agreed that he should stay and report from the post-mortem. At the station I talked with several of the men, and, assuming for the time that the case presented no unusual features of murder, tried to get at some helpful clue. Motive was my first aim. Results were scant. It is true that there was a general dislike of Serdholm, who was a moody and somewhat mysterious character, having come from nobody knew whence. On the other hand, no one had anything serious against him. The four clues that I struck, such as they were, I can tabulate briefly:—

(I.) A week ago Serdholm returned from Amagansett with a bruised face. He had been in a street fight with a local loafer who had attacked him when drunk. Report brought back by one of the farmers that the life-saver beat the other fellow soundly, who went away threatening vengeance. Found out by telephone that the loafer was in Amagansett as late as five o'clock this afternoon.

(II.) Two months ago Serdholm accused a local fisherman of stealing some tobacco. Nothing further since heard of the matter.

(III.) Three weeks ago a stranded juggler and mountebank found his way here and asked aid of Serdholm; claimed to be his cousin. Serdholm sent him away next day. Played some tricks and collected a little money from the men. Serdholm, angry at the jeers of the men about his relative, threw a heavy stick at him, knocking him down. As soon as he was able to walk juggler went away crying. Not since seen.

(IV.) This is the most direct clue for motive and opportunity. Coastguard Schenck (the man who met us at the scene of the murder) quarrelled with the dead man over the daughter of a farmer, who prefers Schenck. They fought, but were separated. Schenck blacked Serdholm's eye. Serdholm threatened to get square. Schenck cannot prove absolute alibi. His bearing and behaviour, however, are those of an innocent man. Moreover, the knife he carried was too small to have made the wound that killed Serdholm. And how could Schenck —or any other man—have stabbed the victim and left no track on the sand? That is the blank wall against which I come at every turn of conjecture.

Professor Ravenden, Schenck, and I started back, we two to Third House, Schenck to his station. Colton remained to wait for the coroner, who had sent word that he would be over as soon as a horse could bring him. As we were parting Schenck said:—

"Gentlemen, I'm afraid there's likely to be trouble for me over this."

"It's quite possible," I said, "that they may arrest you."

"Heaven knows I never thought of killing Serdholm or any other man. But I had a grudge against him, and I wasn't far away when he was killed. The only evidence to clear me is those queer tracks."

"I shall follow those until they lead me somewhere," said I, "and I do not myself believe, Schenck, that you had any part in the thing."

"Thank you," said the guard. "Good-night."

Professor Ravenden turned to me as we entered the house.

"Pardon a natural curiosity. Did I understand that there were prints on the sand which might be potentially indicative?"

"Professor Ravenden," said I, "there is an inexplicable feature to this case. If you'll come up to my room I should very much like to draw on your fund of natural history."

When we were comfortably settled I began.

"Would it be possible for a wandering ostrich or other huge bird, escaped from some zoo, to have made its home here?"

"Scientifically quite possible. May I inquire the purpose of this? Can it be that the tracks referred to by the guard were the cloven hoof-prints of——"

"Cloven hoofs!" I cried, in sharp disappointment. "Is there no member of the ostrich family that has claws?"

"None now extant. In the processes of evolution the claws of the ostrich, like its wings, have gradually——"

"Is there any huge-clawed bird large enough and powerful enough to kill a man with a blow of its beak?"

"No, sir," said the Professor. "I know of no bird which would venture to attack man except the ostrich, emu, or cassowary, and the fighting weapon of this family is the hoof, not the beak. But you will again pardon me if I ask——"

"Professor Ravenden, the only thing that approached Serdholm within striking distance walked on a foot armed with five great claws." I rapidly sketched on a sheet of paper a rough, but careful, drawing. "And there's it's sign-manual," I added, pushing it towards him.

Imagination could hardly picture a more precise, unemotional, and conventionally scientific man than Professor Ravenden. Yet at sight of the paper his eyes sparkled, he half started from his chair, a flush rose in his cheeks, he looked briskly and keenly from the sketch to me, and spoke in a voice that rang with a deep under-thrill of excitement.

"Are you sure, Mr. Haynes—are you quite sure that this is substantially correct?"

"Minor details may be inexact. In all essentials that will correspond to the marks made by a thing that walked from the mouth of the gully to the spot where we found the body, and back again."

Before I had fairly finished the Professor was out of the room. He returned almost immediately with a flat slab of considerable weight. This he laid on the table, and taking my drawing sedulously compared it with an impression, deep-sunken into the slab. For me a single glance was enough. That impression, stamped as it was on my brain, I would have identified as far as the eye could see it.

"That's it," I cried, with the eagerness of triumphant discovery. "The bird from whose foot that cast was made is the thing that killed Serdholm."

"THE BIRD FROM WHOSE FOOT THAT CAST WAS MADE IS THE THING THAT KILLED SERDHOLM."

"Mr. Haynes," said the entomologist, drily, "this is not a cast."

"Not a cast?" I said, in bewilderment. "What is it, then?"

"It is a rock of the Cretaceous period."

"A rock?" I repeated, dully. "Of what period?"

"The Cretaceous. The creature whose footprint you see there trod that rock when it was soft ooze. That may have been one hundred million years ago. It was at least ten million."

I looked again at the rock, and unnecessary emotions stirred among the roots of my hair.

"Where did you find it?" I asked.

"It formed a part of Mr. Stratton's stone fence. Probably he picked it up in his pasture yonder. The maker of the mark inhabited the island where we now are—this land was then distinct from Long Island—in the incalculably ancient ages."

"What did this bird thing call itself?" I demanded. A sense of the ghastly ridiculousness of the thing was jostling, in the core of my brain, a strong shudder of mental nausea born of the void into which I was gazing.

"It was not a bird. It was a reptile. Science knows it as the Pteranodon."

"Could it kill a man with its beak?"

"The first man came millions of years later—or so science thinks," said the Professor. "However, primeval man, unarmed, would have fallen an easy prey to so formidable a brute as this. The Pteranodon was a creature of prey," he continued, with an attempt at pedantry which was obviously a ruse to conquer his own excitement. "From what we can reconstruct, a reptile stands forth spreading more than twenty feet of bat-like wings, and bearing a four-foot beak as terrible as a bayonet. This monster was the undisputed lord of the air; as dreadful as his cousins of the earth, the Dinosaurs, whose very name carries the significance of terror."

"And you mean to tell me that this billion-years-dead flying sword-fish has flitted out of the darkness of eternity to kill a miserable coastguard within a hundred miles of New York in the year 1902?" I cried. He had told me nothing of the sort. I didn't want to be told anything of the sort. I wanted reassuring. But I was long past weighing words.

"I have not said so," replied the entomologist, quickly. "But if your diagram is correct, Mr. Haynes—if it is reasonably accurate—I can tell you that no living bird ever made the print which it reproduces, that science knows no five-toed bird and no bird whatsoever of sufficiently formidable beak to kill a man. Furthermore, that the one creature known to science which could make that print, and could slay man or a creature far more powerful than man, is the tiger of the air, the Pteranodon. Probably, however, your natural excitement, due to the distressing circumstances, has led you into error, and your diagram is inaccurate."

"Will you come with me and see?" I demanded.

"Willingly. I shall have to ask your help, however, with the rock. We had better sup first, I think."

It was a hasty supper. We got a light, for it was now very dark, and, taking turns with the lantern and the Cretaceous slab (which hadn't lost any weight with age, by the way), we went direct to the shore and turned westward. Presently a light appeared around the face of the cliff and Colton hailed us. He was on his way back to Third House, but, of course, joined us in our excursion.

I hastily explained to him the matter of the footprints, the diagram, and the fossil marks. "Professor Ravenden would have us believe that Serdholm was killed by a beaked ghoul that lived ten or a hundred or a thousand million years ago," I said, recklessly. "A few years one way or the other doesn't make any odds."

"I'll tell you one thing," said Colton, gravely. "He wasn't killed by a bullet. It was a stab wound—a broad-bladed knife or something of that sort, but driven with terrific power. The post-mortem settled that. You lose your bet, Haynes. Why," he cried, suddenly, "if you come to that it wasn't unlike what a heavy, sharp beak would make. But—but—this Pteranodon—is that it? Oh, the deuce! I thought all those Pteranothings were dead and buried before Adam's great-grandfather was a protoplasm."

"Science has assumed that they were extinct," said the Professor. "But a scientific assumption is a mere makeshift, useful only until it is overthrown by new facts. We have prehistoric survivals—the gar of our rivers is unchanged from his ancestors of fifteen million years ago. The creature of the water has endured; why not the creature of the air?"

"Oh, come off," said Colton, seriously. "Where could it live and not have been discovered?"

"Perhaps at the North or South Pole," said the Professor. "Perhaps in the depths of unexplored islands. Or possibly inside the globe. Geographers are accustomed to say loosely that the earth is an open book. Setting aside the exceptions which I have noted, there still remains the interior, as unknown and mysterious as the planets. In its possible vast caverns there may well be reproduced the conditions in which the Pteranodon and its terrific contemporaries found their suitable environment on the earth's surface ages ago."

"Then how would it get out?"

"The violent volcanic disturbances of this summer might have opened an exit."

"Oh, that's too much!" I protested. "I was at Martinique myself, and if you expect

me to believe that anything came out of that welter of flame and boiling rocks alive——"

"You misinterpret me again," said the Professor, blandly. "What I intended to convey is that these eruptions are indicative of great seismic changes, in the course of which vast openings may well have occurred in far parts of the earth. However, I am merely defending the Pteranodon's survival as an interesting possibility. My own belief is that your diagram, Mr. Haynes, is faulty."

"Hold the light here, then," I said, laying down the slab, for we were now at the spot. "I will convince you as to that."

While the Professor held the light I uncovered one of the tracks. A quick exclamation escaped him. He fell on his knees beside the print, and as he compared the to-day's mark on the sand with the rock print of millions of years ago his breath came hard. I would not care to say that I breathed as regularly as usual. When he lifted his head his face was twitching nervously, but his voice was steady.

"I have to ask your pardon, Mr. Haynes,"

"WHILE THE PROFESSOR HELD THE LIGHT I UNCOVERED ONE OF THE TRACKS."

he said. "Your drawing was faithful. The marks are the same."

"But what in Heaven's name does it mean?" cried Colton.

"It means that we are on the verge of the most important discovery of modern times," said the Professor. "Savants have hitherto scouted the suggestions to be deduced from the persistent legend of the roc, and from certain almost universal North American Indian lore, notwithstanding that the theory of some monstrous winged creature widely different from any recognised existing forms is supported by more convincing proofs. In the North of England, in 1844, reputable witnesses found the tracks, after a night's fall of snow, of a creature with a pendent tail, which made flights over houses and other obstructions, leaving a trail much like this before us. There are other corroborative instances of a similar nature. In view of the present evidence I would say that this was unquestionably a Pteranodon, or a descendant little altered, and a very large specimen, as the tracks are distinctly larger than the fossil prints. Gentlemen, I congratulate you both on your part in so epoch-making a discovery."

"Do you expect a sane man to believe this thing?" I demanded.

"That's what I feel," said Colton. "But, on your own showing of the evidence, what else is there to believe?"

"But see here," I expostulated, all the time feeling as if I were arguing in and against a dream. "If this is a flying creature, how explain the footprints leading up to Serdholm's body as well as away from it?"

"Owing to its structure," said the Professor, "the Pteranodon could not rapidly rise from the ground in flight. It either sought an acclivity from which to launch itself or ran swiftly along the ground, gathering impetus for a leap into the air with outspread wings. Similarly, in alighting, it probably ran along on its hind feet before coming to a halt. Now, suppose the Pteranodon to be on the cliff's edge, about to start upon its evening flight. Below it appears a man. Its ferocious nature is aroused. Down it swoops, skims swiftly with pattering feet toward him, impales him on its dreadful beak, then returns to climb the cliff and again launch itself for flight."

All this time I had been holding one of the smaller rocks in my hand. Now I flung it toward the gully and turned away, saying, vehemently :—

"If the shore was covered with footprints I wouldn't believe it. It's too——"

I never finished that sentence. From out of the darkness there came a hoarse cry. Heavy wings beat the air with swift strokes. In that instant panic seized me. I ran for the shelter of the cliff, and after me came Colton. Only the Professor stood his ground, but it was with a tremulous voice that he called to us :—

"That was a common marsh or short-eared owl that arose ; the Asio acciptrinus is not rare hereabouts. There is nothing further to do to-night, and I believe that we are in some peril in remaining here, as the Pteranodon appears to be nocturnal."

We returned to him ashamed. But all the way home, despite my better sense, I walked under an obsession of terror hovering in the blackness above.

So here is the case as clearly as I can put it. I shall have time to work it out unhampered, as the remoteness of the place is a safeguard so far as news is concerned, and only we three know of the Pteranodon prints.

It is now 4 a.m., and I will send this over by the early waggon, which takes stuff to market. Then I'll get a couple of hours' sleep and go back to the place before anyone else overruns it with tracks. It has come on to rain, and the trail will be washed out, I fear, except the spots still protected by my rock shelters. Professor Ravenden is going to write a monograph on the survival of the Pteranodon. So there is one basis for a newspaper article. If he can afford to identify himself with that theory surely we can.

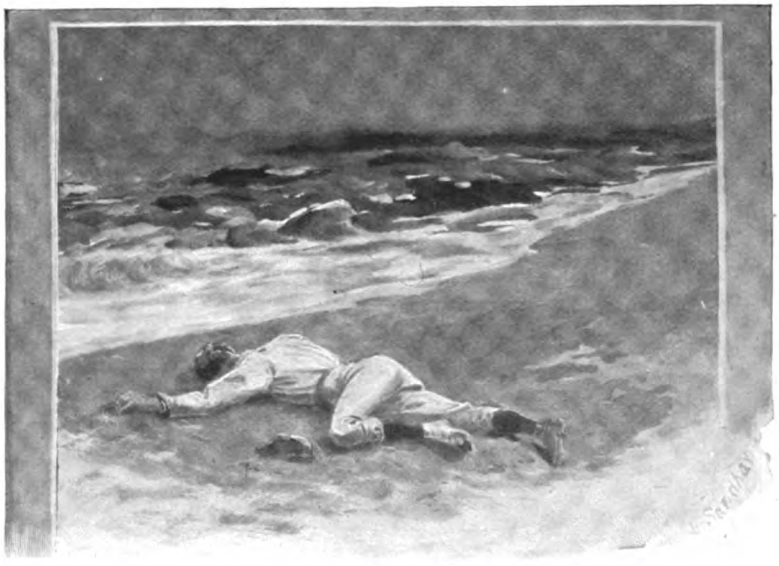
It seems like a nightmare—formless, meaningless. What you will think of it I can only conjecture. But you must not think that I have lost my senses. I am sane enough ; so is Colton ; so, to all appearances, is Professor Ravenden. The facts are exactly as I have written them down. I have left no clue untouched thus far. I will stake my life on the absence of footprints. And it all comes down to this, Mr. Clare : Pteranodon or no Pteranodon, as sure as my name is Haynes, the thing that killed Paul Serdholm never walked on human feet. — Very sincerely yours, HARRIS D. HAYNES.

P.S.—I shall send for a gun to-morrow, and if there's any queer thing flying I'll try to get a shot at it.

DOCUMENT NO. 2.—*A telegram.*

MONTAUK POINT, L.I., 8 a.m., Sept. 21st, 1902.
JOHN CLARE, Managing Editor,
New Era Office, N.Y.

Haynes mysteriously killed on beach this morning. Stab wound through heart. Send instructions. WILLIS RAVENDEN,
STANFORD COLTON.



"HAYNES MYSTERIOUSLY KILLED ON BEACH THIS MORNING."

(*To be concluded next month.*)

Whistles.

By Francis J. Ziegler.

MOST of us think of a whistle as a harmless little instrument for noise-making, simple in construction and intended chiefly as a plaything for children. But there are whistles and whistles. The toy intended for the delectation of the nursery has a way of appearing in unexpected and bewildering shapes, sometimes so odd that we fail to recognise it. Locality modifies its aspect and the purpose for which it is intended. Under certain conditions a whistle may be the last thing in the world we would care to have in our pocket should we have the ill-luck to fall into the hands of the police. Or, again, a whistle may assume a political complexion and play a prominent part in an election, even at times serving as a badge of party fealty or a caricature of some candidate.

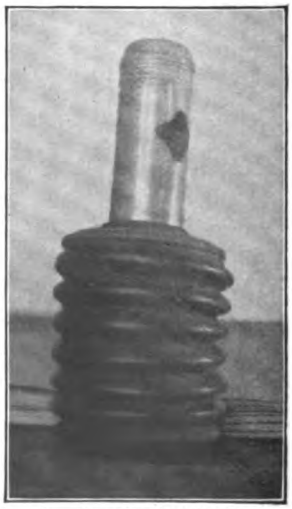
1.—A SPANISH POLITICAL WHISTLE.

Take the curious example with the Spanish inscription pictured in our illustration (No. 1). This was used by the opponents of the late Señor Sagasta, nicknamed "The Rat" by his political adversaries, and was intended to represent the little beast in question tied securely in a bag, although, truth to tell, the head looks more like Alice's Cheshire cat in full grin than that of the familiar rodent. By blowing through the mouthpiece and pulling a string attached to the animal's papier-maché skull the jaws are made to snap aggressively while giving forth a discordant squeak. The motto, "Ya está el rata en la talega," means, "Already is the rat in the bag," intended evidently as a prophecy of impending political oblivion.

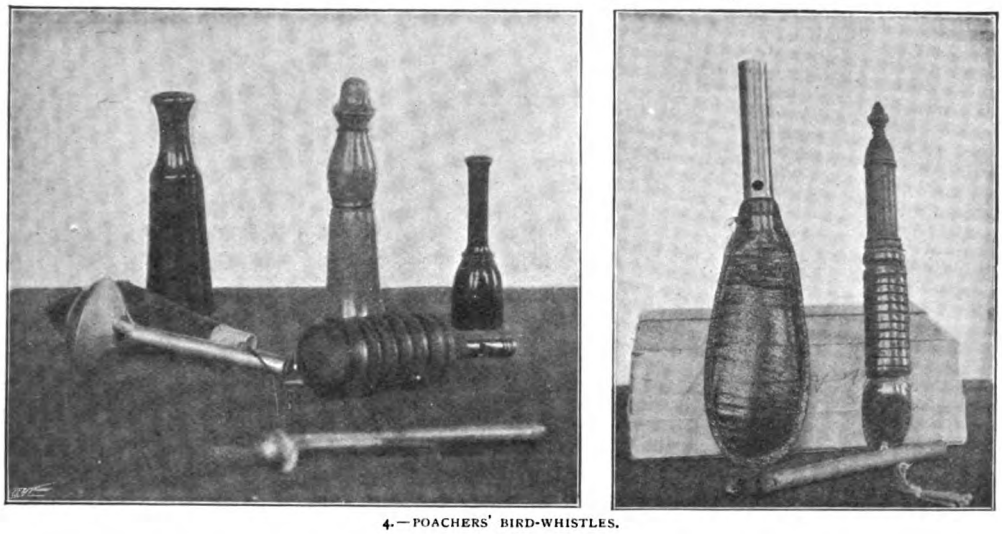
Still another political whistle (No. 2), likewise from Spain, is that fashioned in the form of a head with a fez, but so very red and puffy-faced is this specimen that I fear its features are not as plain as they might be in the illustration, and I am unable to say whose likeness is intended.

2.—ANOTHER POLITICAL WHISTLE.

As a mere producer of uproar the American kazoo (No. 3)—name suggestive of the wild and woolly West—stands pre-eminent, merely rivalled by the tin horn in volume of sound; but its dulcet strains are relished alike by all political parties, its function being merely to contribute to the general din which an American crowd considers a necessary outlet for enthusiasm. The kazoo, therefore, cannot be considered as a strictly political whistle, but



3.—THE AMERICAN KAZOO.



4.—POACHERS' BIRD-WHISTLES.

the Democratic rooster, which is sometimes heard to crow defiance along their thoroughfares during a heated Presidential contest, certainly comes in this class.

The proverbial man who paid dear for his whistle must have been a poacher, and probably a Spanish one. Followers of his precarious means of livelihood who live in Southern Europe count a series of whistles part of their stock-in-trade (No. 4). And most ingenious are these bird lures, some of which are blown with the mouth, while others are provided with little bellows which furnish exactly the right amount of wind to produce the desired effect. Armed with a set of these the fowler can imitate the sounds of the feathered tribe to perfection, and it must be an old bird indeed that can detect the imposition. A tiny pipe will give the peep of a partridge chick to the life; while a larger affair, provided with a double tube and operated by a bellows, will simulate the whirr of wings made by the parent bird rising in hurried flight. Among the group of small whistles shown there are devices for imitating the hone of the goose, the sweet note of the lark, and even the chirp of the sparrow, the latter being a tiny pipe and bellows that may be hidden in the palm of the hand. In some cases the bellows used with these whistles are padded so as to regulate the supply of air. One odd poacher's whistle—smallest in the group of three—is made of a slender reed, to the bottom of which is cemented a little nut bored with a

5.—A GROTESQUE JAPANESE WHISTLE.

6.—A JAPANESE PARROT WHISTLE.

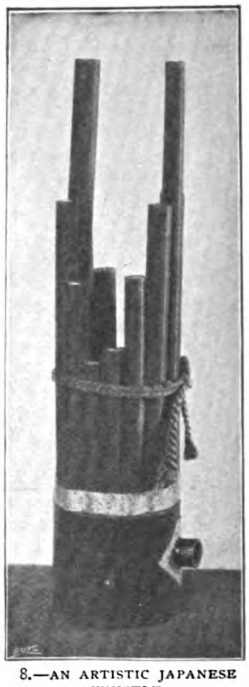
minute orifice, the wind rushing into which gives forth the ghost of a cheep.

Some very grotesque whistles come from the land of Japan for the edification or fright of Occident youngsters. Pray observe the agonized expression of this paper gentleman (No. 5), whose discomfort may be due to the fact that his insides are nothing more than wind. This is a sort of combination whistle and Jack-in-the-box. In repose it resembles

7.—A WHISTLE AND RATTLE FROM JAPAN.

a miniature tea-chest, ornamented with gay pictures and having two hollow pieces of bamboo projecting from one side. Blow into these two orifices and, presto, the gentleman of the cut makes a sudden appearance through a hole in the top, trembling nervously and squalling with anger. He is a double-faced gentleman, however, having a second set of features painted on the back of his head in lieu of hair. This second countenance is much more pleasant in expression, and the old fellow is much less offensive than he looks. After the shock of his first appearance one gets used to him and rather enjoys his company.

The grave-looking parrot (No. 6) seems wondering how he ever managed to pack himself away in the egg from which he is pictured as emerging. Truly it is a problem over which he might well be puzzled. He is a Japanese parrot, made of thin paper, and constructed on the same principle as the genii of the tea-chest.



8.—AN ARTISTIC JAPANESE WHISTLE.

Did you ever see anything much more woe-begone than the expression on this fish with a bell strung through his nostrils? (No. 7.) Poor fellow! he seems to have telescoped himself in some submarine accident and to feel his position keenly. He is a useful sort of fish, though, despite his misfortune, combining in himself the functions of a whistle and a rattle, and he, like the paper gentleman of the tea-chest and the thoughtful parrot, comes from the Mikado's Empire.

Quite an artistic thing in its way is the next specimen from Japan (No. 8), with its lacquered red pipes bound with twisted cord and its base of black with floral ornamentation in gilding. Although but a toy, considerable care has been taken in its construction, and it is modelled in the shape of a Chinese

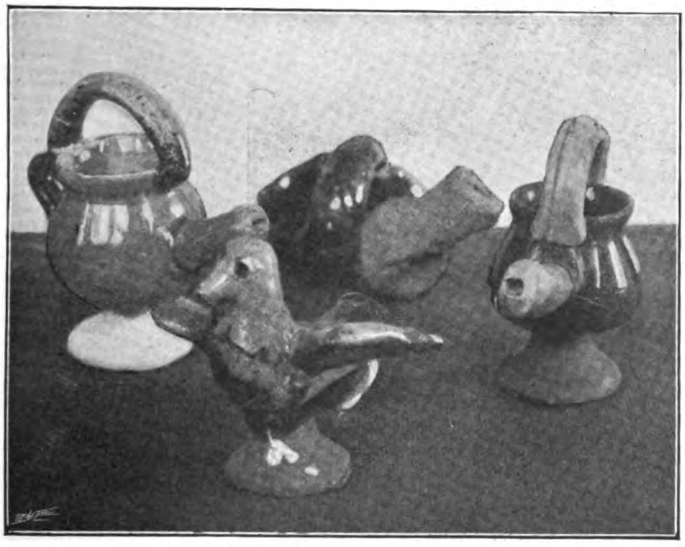
9.—POTTERY WHISTLES FROM PALERMO.

musical instrument. When blown it sounds a sweet chord, quite pleasing to the ear.

Now here is a really touching group from Palermo, Sicily (No. 9). Notice the easy, though somewhat *blasé*, attitude of the baby in the cradle and the friendly alertness of its canine guardians. One would be quite at a loss to classify these animals at a kennel show, their markings as well as their forms being so peculiar and so out of the ordinary, while their size, when compared with the baby, is gigantic; but there can be no doubt as to their fidelity as watch-

10.—DOBBIN, FROM PALERMO.

likewise from Palermo (No. 10). Alas, poor Dobbin! he looks like a circus horse that has outlived his usefulness in the ring and been debased to a mere carrier of water. Even his spots seem to have run, and there is a half-hearted, dejected appearance about his eyes that bespeaks a sorrowing soul. The wen upon his haunches is the mouth-piece by which this equine whistle is made to sound a plaintive note, quite in keeping with his forlorn demeanour.



11.—POTTERY WHISTLES FROM THE RIVIERA.

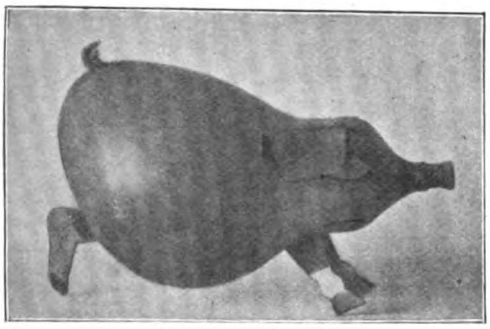
Rather more alert is the dove with outstretched wings that occupies the foreground of our next illustration (No. 11). It, too, is of pottery, but of somewhat better character than the Sicilian variety, and it comes from the Riviera. Its associates are two miniature tea-pots and a nondescript object used, like the rest, as a whistle. When filled with water and blown through the spouts the tea-pots gurgle musically.

Then here we have three sad dogs from Spain (No. 12), made of china and standing upon little islands

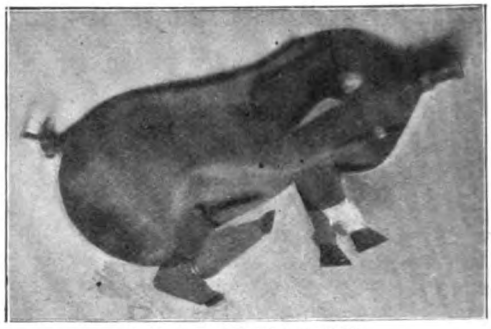
dogs. All three of these odd whistles are of the earth, earthy — dogs, baby, and cradle being of the crudest pottery, roughly modelled and decorated with daubs of glazing.

Our friend Dobbin with the jugs across his back is

12.—"THREE SAD DOGS FROM SPAIN."

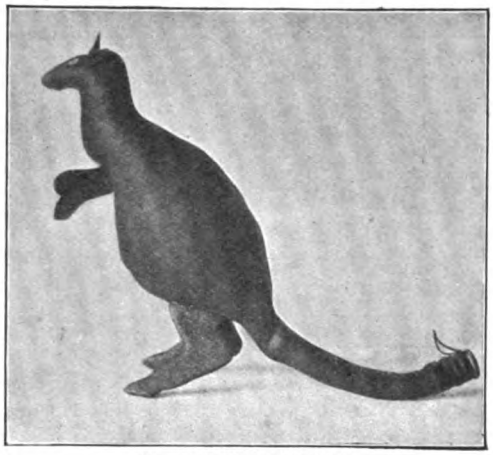


13.—THE AMERICAN PIG.



COLLAPSING AS HE WHISTLES.

into which their feet seem to have taken root and which serve as mouthpieces for these whistles. The dog in the centre, with the haughty curl to his tail, is an aristocrat, evidently. As is the case with some other grandees, his mental development is not very much in evidence—in fact, his head seems somewhat like a baboon's; but there is a haughty reserve about him that lends a dignity totally lacking in his companions, both of whom appear of a more gentle, homelike disposition, and remind us of the china figures that used to deck our grandmother's chimney-place when we were boys.



14.—A KANGAROO WHISTLE.

15.—A WHISTLING CHANTICLEER.

Strangely enough, the American youngster of to-day does not seem much given to whistles. If he happen to be a baby his inquisitive mouth may discover one in the handle of his rattle, and if he be a country lad it is probable that a pipe made of willow twig is a familiar acquaintance, but should he live in town the toy-shops offer little variety in whistles for his edification. A generation ago one could buy quite an assortment of such things, but nowadays there seems to be little demand for them. One's choice is limited, usually, to what is known as a car whistle, a simple affair of bone or wood, or one of the queer animals made of rubber, which one inflates and which utter a doleful sound as the wind escapes from their interior. The pig, the kangaroo, and the cock (Nos. 13, 14, and 15) shown in the pictures belong to this latter class. The porcine example is particularly funny. After being blown up and stood upon his feet he shrinks rapidly in bulk, silently, however, until at last, just before he collapses utterly, he gives vent to a disheartened moan and falls supine, bereft of power to remain upright, a shadow of his former self.

But you have heard enough about whistles by this time to convince you that there is considerable difference in them individually.

NOTE.—To the kindness of Mr. Stewart Colin, Curator of the Archæological Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, I am indebted largely for my illustrations, the originals of most of the accompanying photographs being part of his interesting collection of toys.

THE CASTAWAY

BY

W. W. JACOBS.

MRS. JOHN BOXER stood at the door of the shop with her hands clasped on her apron. The short day had drawn to a close, and the lamps in the narrow little thoroughfares of Shinglesea were already lit. For a time she stood listening to the regular beat of the sea on the beach some half-mile distant, and then with a slight shiver stepped back into the shop and closed the door.

The little shop with its wide-mouthed bottles of sweets was one of her earliest memories. Until her marriage she had known no other home, and when her husband was lost with the *North Star*, some three years before, she gave up her home in Poplar and returned to assist her mother in the little shop.

In a restless mood she took up a piece of needlework, and a minute or two later put it down again. A glance through the glass of the door leading into the small parlour revealed Mrs. Gimpson, with a red shawl round her shoulders, asleep in her easy-chair.

Mrs. Boxer turned at the clang of the shop bell, and then, with a wild cry, stood gazing at the figure of a man standing in the doorway. He was short and bearded, with oddly-shapen shoulders, and a left leg which was not a match; but the next moment Mrs. Boxer was in his arms sobbing and laughing together.

Mrs. Gimpson, whose nerves were still quivering owing to the suddenness with which she had been awakened, came into the shop; Mr. Boxer freed an arm, and placing it round her waist kissed her with some affection on the chin.

"He's come back!" cried Mrs. Boxer, hysterically.

"Thank goodness," said Mrs. Gimpson, after a moment's deliberation.

"He's alive!" cried Mrs. Boxer. "He's alive!"

She half-dragged and half-led him into the small parlour, and thrusting him into the easy-chair lately vacated by Mrs. Gimpson seated herself upon his knee, regardless in her excitement that the rightful owner was with elaborate care selecting the most uncomfortable chair in the room.

"Fancy his coming back!" said Mrs. Boxer, wiping her eyes. "How did you escape, John? Where have you been? Tell us all about it."

Mr. Boxer sighed. "It 'ud be a long story if I had the gift of telling of it," he said,

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slowly, "but I'll cut it short for the present. When the *North Star* went down in the South Pacific most o' the hands got away in the boats, but I was too late. I got this crack on the head with something falling on it from aloft. Look here."

He bent his head, and Mrs. Boxer, separating the stubble with her fingers, uttered an exclamation of pity and alarm at the extent of the scar; Mrs. Gimpson, craning forward, uttered a sound which might mean anything—even pity.

"When I come to my senses," continued Mr. Boxer, "the ship was sinking, and I just got to my feet when she went down and took me with her. How I escaped I don't know. I seemed to be choking and fighting for my breath for years, and then I found myself floating on the sea and clinging to a grating. I clung to it all night, and next day I was picked up by a native who was paddling about in a canoe, and taken ashore to an island, where I lived for over two years. It was right out o' the way o' craft, but at last I was picked up by a trading schooner named the *Pearl*, belonging to Sydney, and taken there. At Sydney I shipped aboard the *Marston Towers*, a steamer, and landed at the Albert Docks this morning."

"Poor John," said his wife, holding on to his arm. "How you must have suffered!"

"I did," said Mr. Boxer. "Mother got a cold?" he inquired, eyeing that lady.

"No, I ain't," said Mrs. Gimpson, answering for herself. "Why didn't you write when you got to Sydney?"

"Didn't know where to write to," replied Mr. Boxer, staring. "I didn't know where Mary had gone to."

"You might ha' wrote here," said Mrs. Gimpson.

"Didn't think of it at the time," said Mr. Boxer. "One thing is, I was very busy at Sydney, looking for a ship. However, I'm 'ere now."

"I always felt you'd turn up some day," said Mrs. Gimpson. "I felt certain of it in my own mind. Mary made sure you was dead, but I said 'no, I knew better.'"

There was something in Mrs. Gimpson's manner of saying this that impressed her listeners unfavourably. The impression was deepened when, after a short, dry laugh *à propos* of nothing, she sniffed again—three times.

"Well, you turned out to be right," said Mr. Boxer, shortly.

"I gin'rally am," was the reply; "there's very few people can take me in."

She sniffed again.

"Were the natives kind to you?" inquired Mrs. Boxer, hastily, as she turned to her husband.

"Very kind," said the latter. "Ah! you ought to have seen that island. Beautiful yellow sands and palm trees; cocoa-nuts to be 'ad for the picking, and nothing to do all day but lay about in the sun and swim in the sea."

"Any public-'ouses there?" inquired Mrs. Gimpson.

"Cert'nly not," said her son-in-law. "This was an island—one o' the little islands in the South Pacific Ocean."

"What did you say the name o' the schooner was?" inquired Mrs. Gimpson.

"*Pearl*," replied Mr. Boxer, with the air of a resentful witness under cross-examination.

"And what was the name o' the captin?" said Mrs. Gimpson.

"Thomas—Henery—Walter—Smith," said Mr. Boxer, with somewhat unpleasant emphasis.

"An' the mate's name?"

"John Brown," was the reply.

"Common names," commented Mrs. Gimpson, "very common. But I knew you'd come back all right—*I* never 'ad no alarm. 'He's safe and happy, my dear,' I says. 'He'll come back all in his own good time.'"

"What d'you mean by that?" demanded the sensitive Mr. Boxer. "I come back as soon as I could."

"You know you were anxious, mother," interposed her daughter. "Why, you insisted upon our going to see old Mr. Silver about it."

"Ah! but I wasn't uneasy or anxious afterwards," said Mrs. Gimpson, compressing her lips.

"Who's old Mr. Silver, and what should he know about it?" inquired Mr. Boxer.

"He's a fortune-teller," replied his wife.

"Reads the stars," said his mother-in-law.

Mr. Boxer laughed—a good ringing laugh. "What did he tell you?" he inquired.

"Nothing," said his wife, hastily.

"Ah!" said Mr. Boxer, waggishly, "that was wise of 'im. Most of us could tell fortunes that way."

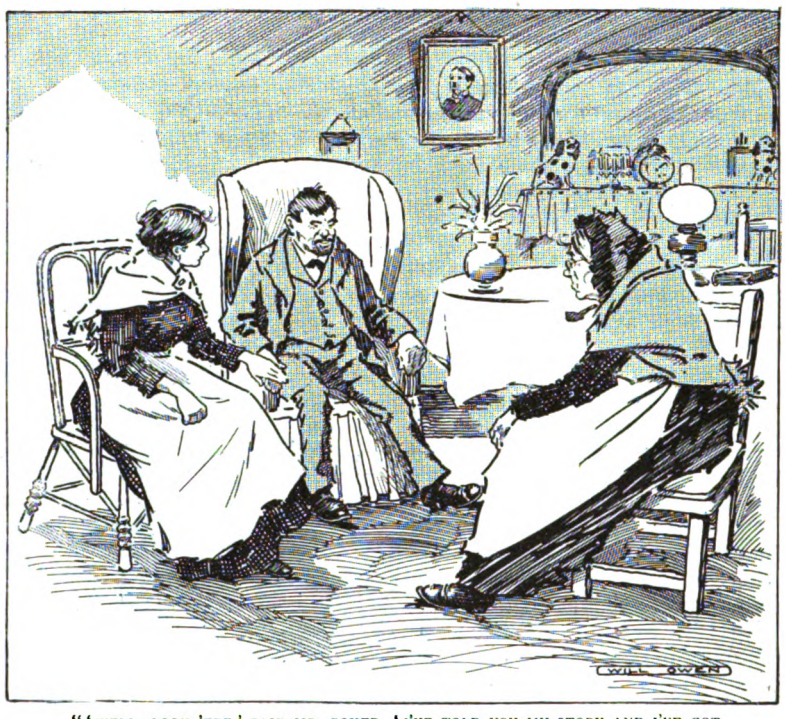
"That's wrong," said Mrs. Gimpson to her daughter, sharply. "Right's right any day, and truth's truth. He said that he knew all about John and what he'd been doing, but he wouldn't tell us for fear of 'urting our feelings and making mischief."

"Here, look 'ere," said Mr. Boxer, starting up; "I've 'ad about enough o' this. Why don't you speak out what you mean? I'll mischief 'im, the old humbug. Old rascal."

"Never mind, John," said his wife, laying her hand upon his arm. "Here you are safe and sound, and as for old Mr. Silver, there's a lot o' people don't believe in him."

"Ah! they don't want to," said Mrs. Gimpson, obstinately. "But don't forget that he foretold my cough last winter."

"Well, look 'ere," said Mr. Boxer, twisting his short, blunt nose into as near an imitation of a sneer as he could manage, "I've told you my story and I've got witnesses to prove it. You can write to the master of the *Marston Towers* if you like, and other people besides. Very well, then; let's go and see your precious old fortune-teller. You needn't say who I am; say I'm a friend, and tell 'im never to mind about making mischief, but to say right out where I am and what I've been doing all this time. I have my 'opes it'll cure you of your superstitiousness."



"'WELL, LOOK 'ERE,' SAID MR. BOXER, 'I'VE TOLD YOU MY STORY AND I'VE GOT WITNESSES TO PROVE IT.'"

"We'll go round after we've shut up, mother," said Mrs. Boxer. "We'll have a bit o' supper first and then start early."

Mrs. Gimpson hesitated. It is never pleasant to submit one's superstitions to the tests of the unbelieving, but after the attitude she had taken up she was extremely loth to allow her son-in-law a triumph.

"Never mind, we'll say no more about it," she said, primly, "but I 'ave my own ideas."

"I dessay," said Mr. Boxer; "but you're afraid for us to go to your old fortune-teller. It would be too much of a show-up for 'im."

"It's no good your trying to aggravate me, John Boxer, because you can't do it," said Mrs. Gimpson, in a voice trembling with passion.

"O' course, if people like being deceived they must be," said Mr. Boxer; "we've all got to live, and if we'd all got our common sense fortune-tellers couldn't. Does he tell fortunes by tea-leaves or by the colour of your eyes?"

"Laugh away, John Boxer," said Mrs. Gimpson, icily; "but I shouldn't have been alive now if it hadn't ha' been for Mr. Silver's warnings."

"Mother stayed in bed for the first ten days in July," explained Mrs. Boxer, "to avoid being bit by a mad dog."

"*Tchee—tchee—tchee*," said the hapless Mr. Boxer, putting his hand over his mouth and making noble efforts to restrain himself; "*tchee—tch*——"

"I s'pose you'd ha' laughed more if I 'ad been bit?" said the glaring Mrs. Gimpson.

"Well, who did the dog bite after all?" inquired Mr. Boxer, recovering.

"You don't understand," replied Mrs. Gimpson, pityingly; "me being safe up in bed and the door locked, there was no mad dog. There was no use for it."

"Well," said Mr. Boxer, "me and Mary's

going round to see that old deceiver after supper, whether you come or not. Mary shall tell 'im I'm a friend, and ask him to tell her everything about 'er husband. Nobody knows me here, and Mary and me'll be affectionate like, and give 'im to understand we want to marry. Then he won't mind making mischief."

"You'd better leave well alone," said Mrs. Gimpson.

Mr. Boxer shook his head. "I was always one for a bit o' fun," he said, slowly. "I want to see his face when he finds out who I am."

Mrs. Gimpson made no reply; she was looking round for the market-basket, and having found it she left the re-united couple to keep house while she went out to obtain a supper which should, in her daughter's eyes, be worthy of the occasion.

She went to the High Street first and made her purchases, and was on the way back again when, in response to a sudden impulse, as she passed the end of Crowner's Alley, she turned into that small by-way and knocked at the astrologer's door.

A slow, dragging footstep was heard approaching in reply to the summons, and the astrologer, recognising his visitor as one of his most faithful and credulous clients, invited her to step inside. Mrs. Gimpson complied, and, taking a chair, gazed at the venerable white beard and small, red-rimmed eyes of her host in some perplexity as to how to begin.

"My daughter's coming round to see you presently," she said, at last.

The astrologer nodded.

"She—she wants to ask you about 'er husband," faltered Mrs. Gimpson; "she's going to bring a friend with her—a man who doesn't believe in your knowledge. He—he knows all about my daughter's husband, and he wants to see what you say you know about him."

The old man put on a pair of huge horn spectacles and eyed her carefully.

"You've got something on your mind," he said, at last; "you'd better tell me everything."

Mrs. Gimpson shook her head.

"There's some danger hanging over you," continued Mr. Silver, in a low, thrilling voice; "some danger in connection with your son-in-law. There"—he waved a lean, shrivelled hand backwards and forwards as though dispelling a fog, and peered into distance—"there is something forming over you. You—or somebody—are hiding something from me."

Mrs. Gimpson, aghast at such omniscience, sank backwards in her chair.

"Speak," said the old man, gently; "there is no reason why you should be sacrificed for others."

"THERE IS SOMETHING FORMING OVER YOU."

Mrs. Gimpson was of the same opinion, and in some haste she reeled off the events of the evening. She had a good memory, and no detail was lost.

"Strange, strange," said the venerable Mr. Silver, when she had finished. "He is an ingenious man."

"Isn't it true?" inquired his listener. "He says he can prove it. And he is going to find out what you meant by saying you were afraid of making mischief."

"He can prove some of it," said the old man, his eyes snapping spitefully. "I can guarantee that."

"But it wouldn't have made mischief if you had told us that," ventured Mrs. Gimpson. "A man can't help being cast away."

"True," said the astrologer, slowly; "true. But let them come and question me; and whatever you do, for your own sake don't let a soul know that you have been here. If you do, the danger to yourself will be so terrible that even *I* may be unable to help you."

Mrs. Gimpson shivered, and more than ever impressed by his marvellous powers made her way slowly home, where she found the unconscious Mr. Boxer relating his adventures again with much gusto to a married couple from next door.

"It's a wonder he's alive," said Mr. Jem Thompson, looking up as the old woman entered the room; "it sounds like a story-book. Show us that cut on your head again, mate."

The obliging Mr. Boxer complied.

"We're going on with 'em after they've 'ad supper," continued Mr. Thompson, as he and his wife rose to depart. "It'll be a fair treat to me to see old Silver bowled out."

Mrs. Gimpson sniffed and eyed his retreating figure disparagingly; Mrs. Boxer, prompted by her husband, began to set the table for supper.

It was a lengthy meal, owing principally to Mr. Boxer, but it was over at last, and after that gentleman had assisted in shutting up the shop they joined the Thompsons, who were waiting outside, and set off for Crowner's Alley. The way was enlivened by Mr. Boxer, who had thrills of horror every ten yards at the idea of the supernatural things he was about to witness, and by Mr. Thompson, who, not to be outdone, persisted in standing stock-still at frequent intervals until he had received the assurances of his giggling better-half that he would not be made to vanish in a cloud of smoke.

By the time they reached Mr. Silver's abode the party had regained its decorum, and, except for a tremendous shudder on the part of Mr. Boxer as his gaze fell on a couple of skulls which decorated the magician's table, their behaviour left nothing to be desired. Mrs. Gimpson, in a few awkward words, announced the occasion of their visit. Mr. Boxer she introduced as a friend of the family from London.

"I will do what I can," said the old man, slowly, as his visitors seated themselves, "but I can only tell you what I see. If I do not see all, or see clearly, it cannot be helped."

Mr. Boxer winked at Mr. Thompson, and received an understanding pinch in return; Mrs. Thompson in a hot whisper told them to behave themselves.

The mystic preparations were soon complete. A little cloud of smoke, through which the fierce red eyes of the astrologer peered keenly at Mr. Boxer, rose from the table. Then he poured various liquids into a small china bowl and, holding up his hand to command silence, gazed steadfastly into it. "I see pictures," he announced, in a deep voice. "The docks of a great city; London. I see an ill-shaped man with a bent left leg standing on the deck of a ship."

Mr. Thompson, his eyes wide open with surprise, jerked Mr. Boxer in the ribs, but Mr. Boxer, whose figure was a sore point with him, made no response.

"The ship leaves the docks," continued Mr. Silver, still peering into the bowl. "As she passes through the entrance her stern comes into view with the name painted on it. The—the—the——"

"Look agin, old chap," growled Mr. Boxer, in an undertone.

"The *North Star*," said the astrologer. "The ill-shaped man is still standing on the fore-part of the ship; I do not know his name or who he is. He takes the portrait of a beautiful young woman from his pocket and gazes at it earnestly."

Mrs. Boxer, who had no illusions on the subject of her personal appearance, sat up as though she had been stung; Mr. Thompson, who was about to nudge Mr. Boxer in the ribs again, thought better of it and assumed an air of uncompromising virtue.

"The picture disappears," said Mr. Silver. "Ah! I see; I see. A ship in a gale at sea. It is the *North Star*; it is sinking. The ill-shaped man sheds tears and loses his head. I cannot discover the name of this man."

Mr. Boxer, who had been several times on the point of interrupting, cleared his throat and endeavoured to look unconcerned.

"The ship sinks," continued the astrologer, in thrilling tones. "Ah! what is this? a piece of wreckage with a monkey clinging to it? No, no-o. The ill-shaped man again. Dear me!"

His listeners sat spellbound. Only the laboured and intense breathing of Mr. Boxer broke the silence.

"He is alone on the boundless sea," pursued the seer; "night falls. Day breaks, and a canoe propelled by a slender and

"AH! WHAT IS THIS? A PIECE OF WRECKAGE WITH A MONKEY CLINGING TO IT?"

patient triumph of one who knew men and could not be surprised at anything they do.

"The scene vanishes," resumed the monotonous voice, "and another one forms. The same man stands on the deck of a small ship. The name on the stern is the *Peer*—no, *Paris*—no, no, no, *Pearl*. It fades from the shore where the dusky maiden stands with hands stretched out implor-ingly. The ill-shaped man smiles and takes the portrait of the young and beautiful girl from his pocket."

"Look 'ere," said the infuriated Mr. Boxer, "I think we've 'ad about enough of this rub-bish. I have—more than enough."

"I don't wonder at it," said his wife, trembling furiously. "You can go if you like. I'm going to stay and hear all that there is to hear."

"You sit quiet," urged the intensely interested Mr. Thompson. "He ain't said it's pretty but dusky maiden approaches the castaway. She assists him into the canoe and his head sinks on her lap, as with vigorous strokes of her paddle she propels the canoe towards a small island fringed with palm trees."

"Here, look 'ere——" began the over-wrought Mr. Boxer.

"*H'sh, h'sh!*" ejaculated the keenly interested Mr. Thompson. "W'y don't you keep quiet?"

"The picture fades," continued the old man. "I see another: a native wedding. It is the dusky maiden and the man she rescued. Ah! the wedding is interrupted; a young man, a native, breaks into the group. He has a long knife in his hand. He springs upon the ill-shaped man and wounds him in the head."

Involuntarily Mr. Boxer's hand went up to his honourable scar, and the heads of the others swung round to gaze at it. Mrs. Boxer's face was terrible in its expression, but Mrs. Gimpson's bore the look of sad and you. There's more than one misshaped man in the world, I s'pose?"

"I see an ocean liner," said the seer, who had appeared to be in a trance state during this colloquy. "She is sailing for England from Australia. I see the name distinctly: the *Marston Towers*. The same man is on board of her. The ship arrives at London. The scene closes; another one forms. The ill-shaped man is sitting with a woman with a beautiful face—not the same as the photo-graph."

"What they can see in him I can't think," muttered Mr. Thompson, in an envious whisper. "He's a perfick terror, and to look at him——"

"They sit hand in hand," continued the astrologer, raising his voice. "She smiles up at him and gently strokes his head; he——"

A loud smack rang through the room and startled the entire company; Mrs. Boxer, unable to contain herself any longer, had, so far from profiting by the example, gone to the other extreme and slapped her husband's

head with hearty goodwill. Mr. Boxer sprang raging to his feet, and in the confusion which ensued the fortune-teller, to the great regret of Mr. Thompson, upset the contents of the magic bowl.

"I can see no more," he said, sinking hastily into his chair behind the table as Mr. Boxer advanced upon him.

Mrs. Gimpson pushed her son-in-law aside, and laying a modest fee upon the table took her daughter's arm and led her out. The Thompsons followed, and Mr. Boxer, after an irresolute glance in the direction of the ingenuous Mr. Silver, made his way after them and fell into the rear. The people in front walked on for some time in silence, and then the voice of the greatly impressed Mrs. Thompson was heard, to the effect that if there were only more fortune-tellers in the world there would be a lot more better men.

Mr. Boxer trotted up to his wife's side. "Look here, Mary," he began.

"Don't you speak to me," said his wife, drawing closer to her mother, "because I won't answer you."

Mr. Boxer laughed, bitterly. "This is a nice home-coming," he remarked.

He fell to the rear again and walked along raging, his temper by no means being improved by observing that Mrs. Thompson, doubtless with a firm belief in the saying that "Evil communications corrupt good manners," kept a tight hold of her husband's arm. His position as an outcast was clearly defined, and he ground his teeth with rage as he observed the virtuous uprightness of Mrs. Gimpson's back. By the time they reached home he was in a spirit of mad recklessness far in advance of the character given him by the astrologer.

His wife gazed at him with a look of such strong interrogation as he was about to follow her into the house that he paused with his foot on the step and eyed her dumbly.

"Have you left anything inside that you want?" she inquired.

Mr. Boxer shook his head. "I only wanted to come in and make a clean breast of it," he said, in a curious voice; "then I'll go."

Mrs. Gimpson stood aside to let him pass, and Mr. Thompson, not to be denied, followed close behind with his faintly protesting wife. They sat down in a row against the wall, and Mr. Boxer, sitting opposite in a hang-dog fashion, eyed them with scornful wrath.

"'HAVE YOU LEFT ANYTHING INSIDE THAT YOU WANT?' SHE INQUIRED."

"Well?" said Mrs. Boxer, at last.

"All that he said was quite true," said her husband, defiantly. "The only thing is, he didn't tell the arf of it. Altogether, I married three dusky maidens."

Everybody but Mr. Thompson shuddered with horror.

"Then I married a white girl in Australia," pursued Mr. Boxer, musingly. "I wonder old Silver didn't see that in the bowl; not arf a fortune-teller, I call 'im."

"What they *see* in 'im!" whispered the astounded Mr. Thompson to his wife.

"And did you marry the beautiful girl in the photograph?" demanded Mrs. Boxer, in trembling accents.

"I did," said her husband.

"Hussy," cried Mrs. Boxer.

"I married her," said Mr. Boxer, considering—"I married her at Camberwell, in eighteen ninety-three."

"Eighteen *ninety-three!*" said his wife, in a startled voice. "But you couldn't. Why, you didn't marry me till eighteen ninety-*four*."

"What's that got to do with it?" inquired the monster, calmly.

Mrs. Boxer, pale as ashes, rose from her seat and stood gazing at him with horror-struck eyes, trying in vain to speak.

"You villain!" cried Mrs. Gimpson, violently. "I always distrusted you."

"I know you did," said Mr. Boxer, calmly.

"'YOU VILLAIN!' CRIED MRS. GIMPSON, VIOLENTLY. 'I ALWAYS DISTRUSTED YOU.'"

"You've been committing bigamy," cried Mrs. Gimpson.

"Over and over agin," assented Mr. Boxer, cheerfully. "It's got to be a 'obby with me."

"Was the first wife alive when you married my daughter?" demanded Mrs. Gimpson.

"Alive?" said Mr. Boxer. "O' course she was. She's alive now—bless her."

He leaned back in his chair and regarded with intense satisfaction the horrified faces of the group in front.

"You—you'll go to gaol for this," cried Mrs. Gimpson, breathlessly. "What is your first wife's address?"

"I decline to answer that question," said her son-in-law.

"What is your first wife's address?" repeated Mrs. Gimpson.

"Ask the fortune-teller," said Mr. Boxer, with an aggravating smile. "And then get 'im up in the box as a witness, little bowl and all. He can tell you more than I can."

"I demand to know her name and address," cried Mrs. Gimpson, putting a bony arm round the waist of the trembling Mrs. Boxer.

"I decline to give it," said Mr. Boxer, with great relish. "It ain't likely I'm going to give myself away like that; besides, it's agin the law for a man to criminate himself. You go on and start your bigamy case, and call old red-eyes as a witness."

Mrs. Gimpson gazed at him in speechless wrath, and then stooping down conversed in excited whispers with Mrs. Thompson. Mrs. Boxer crossed over to her husband.

"Oh, John," she wailed, "say it isn't true, say it isn't true."

Mr. Boxer hesitated. "What's the good o' me saying anything?" he said, doggedly.

"It isn't true," persisted his wife. "Say it isn't true."

"What I told you when I first came in this evening was quite true," said her husband, slowly. "And what I've just told you is as true as what that lying old fortune-teller told you. You can please yourself what you believe."

"I believe you, John," said his wife, humbly.

Mr. Boxer's countenance cleared and he drew her on to his knee.

"That's right," he said, cheerfully. "So long as you believe in me I don't care what other people think. And before I'm much older I'll find out how that old rascal got to know the names of the ships I was aboard. Seems to me somebody's been talking."

"Burning the Winter."

By James Walter Smith.

From a Photo. by] BURNING THE SNOW IMAGE OF WINTER AT ZÜRICH. *[Link, Zürich.*

IT sounds like nonsense, but it is a fact. If you think of it for a moment it will be as clear as daylight. It can hardly mean that a person deliberately puts himself to work to set a calendar season on fire, for that would be arrant nonsense. But you can set on fire and burn up that which represents the winter. You can rig up a dummy snow-man, stuff him with cotton-wool and oil, set him alight, and stand by while he disappears to a rapid death, and then go home with a feeling that winter is indeed dead because you have done away with his image. If you think it can't be done, the answer is, it is.

Of course, it requires a slight stretch of imagination, but where you get an imaginative people, with traditions extending back to times well-nigh forgotten, you make allowance for many things and understand more. Accordingly, if you were to be in Zürich when the so-called "Sechseläuten" festival is celebrated and a snow-man is enthusiastically burned in public to mark the death of winter and the birth of budding spring, you would find that it is the day of days in the Zürich year, when joy is uncontrolled and the hard-working Züricher, with his wife and child, makes holiday from morn till night. *Cafés* and restaurants are open, to be sure, for the Züricher must drink and eat, but shop and factory are shut, and from the confines of city and canton come the people to bid adieu to ill-tempered winter. It is a day of procession and banquetry, banner-clad houses and crowded streets, ending at evening on the waterside of the beautiful lake of Zürich with a scene of excitement and brilliancy to be duplicated nowhere else in the world.

The inhabitants of Zürich burn the winter towards the middle or end of April, when the lessening rigours of climate note the onrush of warmer days. To be consistent with the calendar the ceremony should be observed earlier, at the time of the vernal equinox, but Switzerland is a land of high altitudes, and winter is there loth to give up its icy hold. The stuffed snow-man, however, is but part of the festival. Since olden times—at least, since the golden age of the guilds—it has been a Zürich custom for the bell of the Grossmünster to ring all summer through at the hour of six in the evening, as a signal for the various crafts to stop work. The first Monday after equal day and night was set apart as a holiday, when the bell rang for the first time in the year, and the festal day which it signalized was called "Sechseläuten," the "six o'clock ringing" of the bell. To this day the belfry of the twin-towered old pile in which Zwingli preached performs its time-honoured function, and to the Zürichois tells anew, with each clang of its iron tongue, the history of a sturdy, intellectual, yet pleasure-loving people.

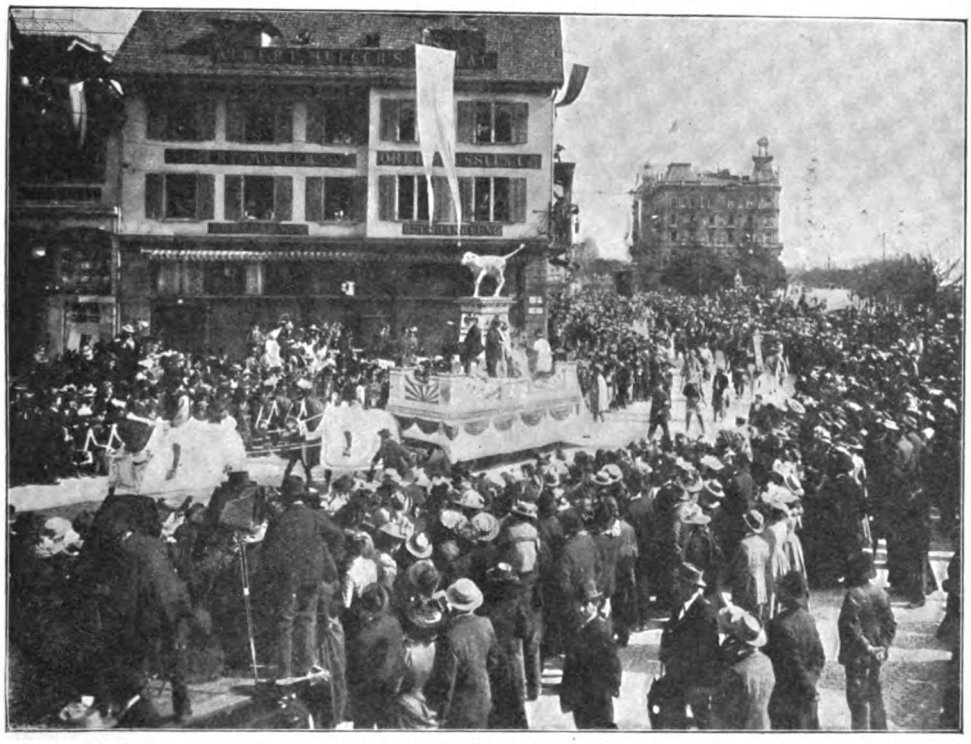
At eight in the morning of the "Sechseläuten" the fun begins with the formation of a procession of gaily-clothed boys and

girls of all sorts and sizes, to whom is entrusted the important ceremony of escorting the dummy snow-man to his place of martyrdom. Imagination can hardly recall the variety of the costumes in which these tots are dressed. You can tell, as the procession gets into line with a hubbub of childish cries and jubilation, that the maternal brains of Zürich have been taxed for days with colour schemes and ornamental patterns. The little pierrots—for most of the children are decked out as merry-andrews, with cocked hats, enormous buttons, and bulging pantaloons—have a lively time with the snow-man, getting him into line, for he is a bulky bit of stuffing on a car, surrounded by little fir trees, with a long pipe in his capacious mouth, a broom under his arm, and eyes as black as coal, which they are. The "Bögg," such being the name by which this portly man of white is known to the people, is a giant indeed amongst these little men and women, yet they do not seem to pay him over-abundant respect. He has a lot in him, nevertheless, particularly combustibles; and he starts on his travels through the streets with the knowing air of one who possesses the true fire of a martyr's spirit.

From a Photo. by] THE PROCESSION OF THE GUILDS. *[Link, Zürich.*

At last the procession moves, defiling through the principal streets with slow step, as befits the movements of children who have far to travel, preceded by a motley band of juvenile knights in armour with their squires, powdered marquises with little patched marchionesses, clowns, fishermen and fish-wives, and cowherds of six to eight years, with deceptive pipes in their mouths and pretty *calottes* on their heads. The pierrots drag the car on which the snow-man stands by means of ropes. As he bumps his way along the pavement to his place of doom he is greeted with derision by the crowds in the streets and doorways; but he stolidly disdains to notice the scoffing of the multitude. The real welcome of the crowd is given to the dainty figure of Spring, who, seated on a car amid a wealth of flowers, follows immediately in the centre of the procession. She has a number of retainers, all appropriately garbed, who, with the horde of interested small boys and older people usually to be found on occasions like these, bring up the rear of the procession.

The morning is taken up with this spectacle. The procession ends its long march at the "Stadthausplatz," near which the broad and beautiful lake runs into the Limmat, and, with some ceremony, the



From a Photo. by] THE GOLDEN CALF IN THE PROCESSION. *[Link, Zürich.*

"Bögg" is put upon the top of a huge pile of combustible material. To be more accurate, we should add that he is stuck on the end of a long stick, which is then placed in the middle of the pile, the better to be seen by the crowd. From this high perch the snow-man gets his first and last view of the ancient city and its expanse of neighbouring water.

Meanwhile, the crowd goes home to dinner, for there is more to do in the afternoon, before winter is committed to the flames. The children who have taken part in the procession are given a banquet in the Tonhalle, after which, to the joy of the populace, another and much more ambitious function takes place. This time it is a procession of guilds, something like the Lord Mayor's procession of old, but more carefully and artistically carried out. Here, for instance, comes a corps of workers, with an elaborate banner at their head, each member clothed in the costume of his craft, redolent of the olden time. No sooner do they pass from sight than Santos Dumont appears on his airship—a semblance of a man with stuffed legs astride an elliptical structure of wood. The valiant aeronaut attracts, of course, the major portion of popular attention, and all the cars or "floats" significant of up-to-dateness are greeted with delight. We must not, however, carry our prejudices too far. The "Sechseläuten" is a *Volksfest*, and this sort of procession is what the people like.

A year or two ago it was a tribe of Bedouins and a detachment of Boers who aroused the populace to a high pitch of interest, and, if truth must be told, one or two Continental representations of a British soldier came in, as the procession passed, for a rather hard time. But even the Swiss do not always understand things. One car in to-day's procession represents the Golden Calf, not so artistically made as to be entirely worthy of worship. Prettier still is that on which sits Ceres, the goddess of the harvest, surrounded by maidens and flowers. These and others pass slowly along the public thoroughfares, a long line of marching men and decorated cars, pulled by horses or bullocks. Their progress is met with enthusiasm from the people who line the way, and from the balconies of the adjacent buildings, decorated for the day. For there is hardly a family in Zürich that does not have some son taking part in this procession, and it is a pageant worth going many leagues to see. In many ways it is a lesson in successful

frugality, for, if large amounts of money be not spent upon it, the most pleasing results are certainly obtained by economy in expenditure.

All processions, however, have their end, and the final stage of this one marks the beginning of the end for the snow-man. As the afternoon draws to a close procession and public wend their way to the square overlooking the lake, where the "Bögg" has awaited their coming, lonesome, at the top of the pole. The crowd now gathers round him, standing several thousands strong, ready to give him a pleased farewell. The lake is dotted with boats, and all points of vantage—the trees, bridges, balconies, roofs—are black with people. Beneath him a group of men stand by to put torch to pile when the proper signal is given. The signal is the boom from the belfry across the Limmat, which he, poor man of stuffing, knows nothing of. As the time draws nearer the excitement increases. A band near by begins to tune up for a joyful blast of music, and the little children who brought the snow-man to the square in the morning begin to feel sorry that their day is almost done.

Suddenly the boom of bells and cannon resounds across the square and dies out upon the lake. A flash—and the bonfire is alight. The flames lick their way to the top of the pile, and as the fire increases in volume and brilliancy it stretches upward to the snow-man greedily. The huzzas of the people and the smoke from the burning pile fill the air. Excitement is intense, for if, as sometimes happens, a strong wind prevents the flames from reaching the top of the pole, half the fun is gone. But no one need worry to-night, for the air is still.

At last the end. The flames have not fought in vain. With a savage dart they have caught the snow-man in their clutches, and a loud explosion, which shatters him into a thousand pieces, tells the crowd that winter has passed into nothingness. The cheers are redoubled and the bells again ring out to say that spring has come. The crowd thins and the bonfire drops to a smouldering ruin. Shadow falls upon the lake and the sober Zürichois go home to eat and to bed. Winter has been forgotten, and all that remains of it is a pile of ashes, with, perhaps, a long pole sticking upright from the middle of the pile.

From a Photo. by] THE LAST OF THE WINTER. *[Link, Zürich.*

ONLY TOYS!

By F. ANSTEY.

A STORY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS—PART I.

CHAPTER V.

THE SHOWING-UP OF MR. GROCER.

QUEEN CLEMENTINA seemed a little cast down as they left the model farm. "I'm afraid," she remarked, uneasily, to Torquil and Irene, "you'll think I can't be very clever to have taken a toy railway and farm for real ones all this time?"

Torquil said, "Oh, I don't know!" and Irene, "Not at all!"—which might mean anything.

"The fact is," continued Clementina, "I've lived too much in my own drawer. I oughtn't to have left everything to the Lord High Acrobat. I thought he knew all about railways and farming. But now I'll take you to see the Grocer," she added, more brightly; "*he's* real enough, at all events. He has a splendid shop with the largest assortment of everything. The Admiral gets all the stores from him—for the Navy."

"I didn't know you *had* a Navy," said Torquil, in some surprise.

"Every Sovereign has to have a Navy of some sort," said the Queen. "Mine's a magnificent one. We'll go and inspect it presently, when we've done our shopping."

By this time they had arrived at the Grocer's shop, which, as both the children knew, had come from the old Lowther Arcade just before it was pulled down. It would have been more like a real shop if it had had a roof and windows instead of being perfectly open, and if there had been a counter along each side instead of only one in front. And it had big drawers with china labels, and queer wooden pots and jars, which you would never find in any proper grocer's establishment.

The proprietor was a meek little plaster man with a flat top to his head, side whiskers, and a faint smirk on his pink and white face; he seemed slightly disconcerted by the arrival of his Sovereign and so august a company, and would evidently have rubbed his hands if they had not been so closely folded in front of him.

"Good evening, Mr. Grocer," said Clementina, for, like Mr. and Mrs. Farmer, he appeared to have no private name of his own. "I want some wine for my next State banquet. *Real* wine, I mean. My friends here, Buffidella and Chipsitop, can't drink any other kind. Do you keep it?"

"Certainly, your Majesty, certainly! I have a most extensive stock of everything."

"Didn't I *tell* you!" whispered Clementina in Irene's ear. "Which wine," she said aloud, "do you recommend?"

Mr. Grocer's eye wandered round his shelves until at length it rested on a cask labelled "Essig." "There—there is Essig,"

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he said; "that is very nice wine." He, too, they noticed, spoke with a slightly foreign accent.

"I thought Essig was German for vinegar," said Irene, who had lately begun German.

"*German* for vinegar, certainly," answered the Grocer, readily; "English for *wine*—excellent, I can assure you!"

"It wasn't at all excellent when *I've* tasted it," said Irene; "it was all sour and horrid."

"Indeed?" he said. "Perhaps you tasted it in German. Will you have a pound of it now, or a yard only?"

"You can't sell vinegar by the yard!" said Irene.

"Not vinegar—no," he replied; "but Essig—yes." He was so serious that Irene was a little puzzled by him.

"Then you can give me a *little* Essig, just to taste," she said.

"I am sorry," he stammered; "but I cannot sell less than a yard."

"Very well," said Irene, who now felt convinced that he couldn't sell any at all. "I'll have a yard of it—only you must put it in a jug or a pail, you know."

As she expected, this embarrassed the plaster Grocer most frightfully, for he couldn't possibly have turned the tap of the cask labelled "Essig," even if it had been made to turn (which it wasn't), not to mention that the cask—as he must have known perfectly well—was empty. At last he said: "I should strongly advise you to have some starch instead."

"Starch doesn't *sound* like anything to drink!" said Irene.

"It makes no sound whatever," said the Grocer; "it—it's the same quality I supply to Mr. and Mrs. Farmer."

"Never mention them again in *my* presence!" interrupted Clementina, with feeling. "I fear, Mr. Grocer, they have imposed on you, as they have on us all!"

"Imposed on *me!*" cried the Grocer. "Is it possible?"

"They aren't real farm people at all," said the Queen; "just wooden Toys. And they never said a *word* about it. So *deceitful* of them!"

"Very, your Majesty!" agreed the Grocer. "I'm sure I'd no idea they weren't plaster."

"I should never have found them out if it hadn't been for my two friends here," said the Queen. "They're so clever they can tell *directly* whether a person is what he pretends to be, or only a Toy."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the plaster Grocer "Can they, indeed? A—a most desirable accomplishment, I dare say." But he looked far from comfortable. "And no wonder!" thought Irene, indignantly. "Anyone but Clementina would have found out long ago that *he* doesn't know much about grocering!"

"Now this *is* fortunate!" cried the Queen, suddenly, forgetting her annoyance. "Here comes the dear Admiral."

Accustomed as they were becoming to the Toys' extraordinary powers of making-believe, even Torquil and Irene were surprised when the Admiral turned out to be nobody but Noah.

He came lumbering up in the same old broad-brimmed hat and long brown coat with big yellow buttons; his features were just as sketchy and undecided, and his beard was too obviously down or rabbit's fur to give him a really venerable appearance. He did not even wear epaulettes or a sword, which was perhaps as well, for they would only have made him look more absurd.

Clementina, however, evidently thought he was all right, and introduced Torquil and Irene with the remark that they would like very much to inspect the fleet presently, if it was ready.

"The Navy," said Noah, stolidly, "is *always* ready. Which is only its duty as the first line of defence. And so long—as I've often told your Majesty—so long as our fleet retains the command of the carpet no enemy can effect a landing upon our national oil-cloth."

"I'm sure *you'll* take care he doesn't do that," said Clementina, comfortably. "Have you come to order some stores for the fleet?"

"Only a little hempseed to-day," said Noah, who evidently was also of German origin. "For the lions, you know."

"Are you *quite* sure you don't mean the canaries?" inquired Irene.

"For the canaries *too*, of course!" said Noah. "*All* two-legged animals are fond of hempseed."

"But a lion is a *quadruped*," objected Torquil.

"*Never*—if treated properly!" replied Noah, with great decision.

"I mean, a lion has four legs—not two," said Torquil; "I should have thought you knew *that*."

"Not *my* lions," said Noah, with an air of triumph; "why, they've only three legs between the pair of them. How much is your very best hempseed to-day, Mr. Grocer?"

"The *very* best is two beads a pound," replied the Grocer, glibly. "But I've also an inferior quality at four beads a pound which is quite as good."

"HOW MUCH IS YOUR VERY BEST HEMPSEED TO-DAY, MR. GROCER?"

"Why do you charge exactly twice as much for it?" Torquil wanted to know.

The Grocer paused before answering. "Because," he said at length, "the best is exactly twice as bad."

"That's nonsense," said Torquil. "The best *can't* be the worst."

"It can," said the Grocer, "when bad's the best of it."

"I don't believe you know a bit what you're talking about," said Torquil. "But aren't you going to serve Mr. Noah with something?"

"Thankee, thankee," said Noah, hastily. "He *has* served me!"

"No, he hasn't. He hasn't given you a single seed yet!"

"How can I," said the Grocer, "when he hasn't given *me* a single bead?"

"You can give him *credit* for it, can't you? That's what grocers do."

"I know *that*," said the Grocer, who was getting very badgered. "But it so happens that I'm quite out of credit. I sold the last pot I had of it only a little time ago to—to—a gentleman of the name of Golliwogg," he added, unblushingly.

"You can't keep credit in *pots!*" said Torquil.

"Exactly so," said the Grocer; "that's why I sold it!"

"You *couldn't* have sold it to a Golliwogg," said Irene, "because nobody ever gave me—I mean," she corrected herself, "because I *know* there's no such person *here*."

"Perhaps you are not aware," retorted the Grocer, with a mild attempt to assert himself, "that some of my customers reside at a considerable distance — all over the world, in fact."

"Any way," said Torquil, "I can't see why you shouldn't put the hempseed down in Admiral Noah's bill."

"That's impossible," replied the Grocer, "because, not being a bird, he hasn't *got* a bill. The canaries have bills, but it would puzzle you to put anything in *them*."

"It strikes me, Mr. Grocer," said Clementina, "that Chipsitop is cleverer about business than you are. Now, I've a splendid idea. Why shouldn't you two go into partnership?"

Torquil turned extremely red. "Thanks," he said, "but—but I'd rather not."

Of course, he knew that nowadays you can be in almost any sort of business and still be a gentleman, provided that you are one already; but Irene guessed that he was afraid that, if he ever recovered his proper size and went to school again, and it came out that he had been partners with a plaster grocer, the fellows might "rot" him about it.

"But why not?" asked Clementina, opening her eyes very wide. "I'm sure you're quite *clever* enough!"

"It isn't me—it's him!" explained Torquil (he knew his grammar wouldn't have satisfied Miss Barlow, but it was good enough for Toys). "He isn't even a real grocer—he's got nothing inside any of his jars and drawers and things, and he wouldn't know how to sell it if he had. There's no fun in pretending to keep a *toy* grocer's shop."

"Oh, Mr. Grocer!" cried Clementina, much pained. "I did *not* expect this. So *you* are only a Toy, too!"

"Your Majesty," protested the Grocer, "I can only say that never in all the time I have been in business has such a thing been even suggested before!"

"You have been very clever in avoiding suspicion," said the Lord High Acrobat; "but I'm afraid there's little doubt that your grocery shop is a sham, and that you yourself are no better than a Toy."

"No doubt whatever," declared the Nine-

pins, and the one with the knob on his head hinted that, if it had been his place to speak, he could have told them as much long ago.

"After this," said Admiral Noah, "I shall most certainly get my supplies somewhere else."

"It's really very dreadful," complained the Queen; "so many of my subjects seem to be turning out to be Toys in disguise. First the Court Painter, and then the Station-master, and Mr. and Mrs. Farmer—and now Mr. Grocer here! It must be stopped somehow. I must make an example of Mr. Grocer. Let him be confiscated immediately!"

"Oh, your Majesty!" pleaded the unfortunate Grocer; "not that! not *that!* Why, I don't even know what it means!"

"Well," said Clementina, who obviously was by no means sure herself, "I will let you off being confiscated this once, on condition that you never do it again."

"I promise," said the Grocer.

"Then mind you don't," said the Queen. "Admiral, we will now inspect the Navy, if you please."

"But what *is* it that the Grocer has promised not to do again?" Irene could not resist asking her as they moved on.

"I really don't know, Buffidella, my dear," she replied; "but it doesn't signify, as he isn't going to *do* it."

"But if he doesn't know what it is himself?" pursued Irene.

"In *that* case," said Clementina, "he *couldn't* do it again if he *tried!*"

CHAPTER VI.

MORE PLAIN TRUTHS.

"FORTUNATELY," said the Queen, as Admiral Noah conducted the party towards the edge of the drugget, "there's no danger of Buffidella and Chipsitop not being impressed by the *Navy*. Nobody could say *that* was a Toy, *could* they, Admiral?"

"It is not possible," said Noah, though he seemed to be getting a little nervous. "No, no, the Navy is all right—there it lies, you see, in the—er—offing." And he jerked his head stiffly in the direction of Irene's old Noah's Ark, which was lying high and dry on the carpet.

"You don't mean to say that's *all* the Navy?" cried Torquil, who, in spite of himself, had half expected a gunboat or two—or at least a clockwork steamer.

"Yes, all of it—from stem to stern," said Noah. "You are surprised—yes?"

"Well," said Torquil, "I *did* expect more than that old ark of yours."

"It is not the *newest* pattern of fighting ship, perhaps," said Noah; "but the only one *I* should ever feel myself at home in."

"I shouldn't call it a *fighting* ship at all myself."

"You would if you were inside it," said Noah; "it is full of lions, and tigers, and elephants, and guinea pigs and things—and you know that such animals will fight when they get together. I assure you the bottom of the hold is already over my feet in horns and tails and ears and legs, and such articles!"

"But where do you put the big guns?"

"With the other animals, of course; I make no favourites."

"Guns aren't *animals*," Irene informed him.

"Then I can't take them on board *my* navy," said Noah.

"You see, Buffidella," put in the Queen, "guns would be no use to guinea-pigs, *would* they, now?"

"You can't have a real navy without guns," said Torquil, "or funnels, and torpedoes, and searchlights, and lots of other things arks don't have."

"I've put to sea without them all *my* life," said Noah, obstinately.

"*I* don't believe you've ever put to sea at all," said Torquil; "how can you, when you haven't any engines, or even masts and sails?"

"I can *float*, I suppose?" retorted Noah, sulkily.

"Only on the carpet. If you tried to on real water your ark would sink, or else turn topsy-turvy."

"A very good reason for sticking to the carpet," was Noah's reply to this.

"Of course," said Clementina. "The Navy would be no use topsy-turvy, you know!"

"A navy that daren't go to sea is no use anyhow," persisted Torquil. "Why, even a clockwork steamer could get half-way across the Round Pond."

"So could the ark," said Noah, stoutly; "in the dustiest weather, too!"

"It isn't dusty on the Round Pond—it's jolly wet!"

"Then all the paint would wash off, and my beautiful ark would be good for nothing."

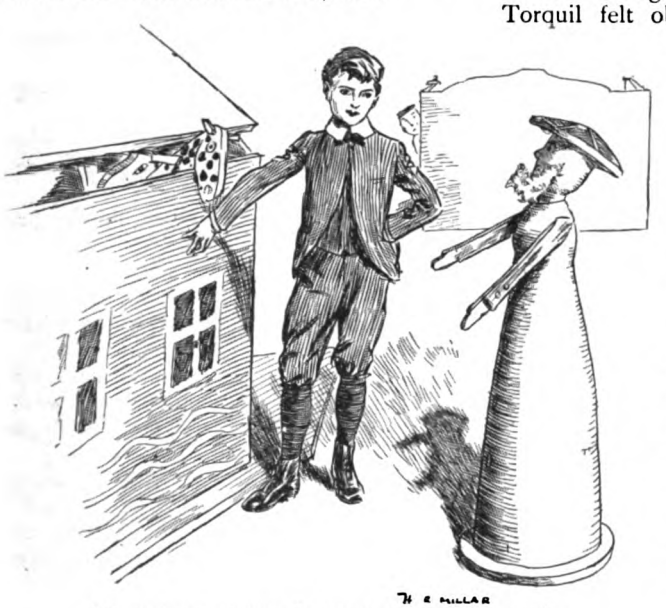
"It can't be good for much as it is, with nothing but a lot of broken animals on board!"

"We have all the pieces," said Noah; "with a little glue they will be as fit as ever to defend their country!"

"But they never *were* fit!" argued Torquil. "You can't call it a navy when it won't float on real water and hasn't got a single cannon — now *can* you?"

"Certainly I can, if I choose," said Noah; "what *else* do you call it?"

"Well," said Torquil, "*I* call it a toy Noah's Ark—and that's all it *is*, too!"



"'WELL,' SAID TORQUIL, 'I CALL IT A TOY NOAH'S ARK."

There was a general outcry at this. The whole Court was horrified to hear that the Navy they were so proud of was nothing but a Toy after all.

"I shouldn't make such a fuss about it if I were you," said Irene, a little disdainfully. "There's no reason why you shouldn't go on *pretending* it's a navy, if you choose!"

"No, Buffidella," said the Queen; "I can't put up with pretences now that I know the truth. And I *do* think the Lord High Acrobat ought to have seen that I had a regular real navy, like other crowned heads!"

"I don't pretend to be a judge of navies myself, your Majesty," said the Prime Minister. "I left all naval matters to Admiral Noah and he seemed perfectly satisfied—at least, he made no complaints."

"Over and over again," protested Noah, "I have complained that every animal ought to have a berth to itself, and that the grasshopper and ladybirds had not nearly enough elbow-room. But you took no notice!"

"It would have made no difference," said the Lord High Acrobat, "if, as it seems, they are nothing but wooden Toys."

"It is not so!" said Noah. "They are no more Toys than *I* am!"

"Perhaps not," replied the Lord High Acrobat. "But you may be one *yourself*, you know!"

"Oh, Chipsitop, no!" cried Clementina, "Not the *Admiral!* He *can't* be a Toy!"

"He belongs to the same *set*, you know," Torquil felt obliged to answer. "I don't know what else he is *but* a Toy."

"Then," said Clementina, pettishly, "if I've only a pretence navy and a toy Admiral I might just as well have none at all. Mr. Noah, I sha'n't require your services any more, and don't ever let me see you again."

Noah stood staring at her as if he hadn't understood; at last he said, in a dull, muffled voice, "Very good, your Majesty. Then I shall have to go aboard and break it to my poor wife and the boys and my three daughters-in-law that we're only a set of useless Toys after all. I expect the shock will send them all off their stands; but, there, I'd better get it over."

And he shuffled feebly away without the least display of sympathy from the Court; the Lord High Acrobat remarked that it was quite clear that the Navy required to be brought up to a more modern standard, while the chief Ninepin considered that it was lucky they had made the discovery in time, and the others agreed that anything was better than living in a state of false security.

I should like to be able to say that Irene was a little sorry for poor old Noah, or for Clementina's evident disappointment; but the truth is she considered it served them both right for giving themselves such airs. "Though why she should dismiss him like that, I *don't* know," she said to Torquil, privately; "he did quite well enough for all she is likely to want."

Clementina soon cheered up. "After all," she said, "it doesn't matter so much about the Navy—it's only the first line of defence, and, fortunately, I've a splendid Army to defend me if an invader ever *does* come. Would you like to see my Army, Chipsitop?"

Torquil knew they would only be tin and

wooden soldiers, which he never had cared much about. However, as she made such a point of it, he had to say, ungraciously enough, that he "didn't mind."

"The Field-Marshal is just going to have a review," she said; "we'll go and look on, and you shall tell me what you think of my troops."

The whole army was drawn up on an open space not very far away, and really made a most imposing appearance; there were horse, foot, and artillery of various sizes; only one regiment of Grenadiers was wood, and that was the one the sentry belonged to—the rest were lead.

The Field-Marshal himself was lead, and looked extremely smart in his cocked hat and feathers and scarlet tunic. He had a very pink complexion, and the rings of white paint round each eye gave him quite a fierce expression. He was mounted on a spirited charger, which seemed unaware that it had lost its tail.

Clementina at once informed him of the painful discovery she had made about her Navy, and, on the whole, he seemed rather pleased than otherwise. "I always thought it a mistake to rely too much on the fleet, your Majesty," he said, in a thin metallic voice. "Never was what I call 'efficient.' I'd certainly no notion that Noah and his crew were Toys—but they were thoroughly behind the times; antiquated, in fact. You can't hope to defeat an enemy nowadays without modern weapons. I'm glad to say the Army is provided with rifles of the latest pattern—all except the Grenadiers, and they stick to the old 'pink Bess'—it's one of their regimental customs, and, of course, it doesn't do to interfere with them unnecessarily."

"Of course not," said the Queen. "And they're all brave, *aren't* they, Mr. Field-Marshal?"

"Brave!" he repeated. "Why, these fellows will face the hottest fire of peas and slate-pencil, and stand firm under it, without so much as flinching!"

"They don't seem to stand very firm when they *aren't* under fire," said the terrible Torquil, as a private at one end of a rank fell against his neighbour and brought down the entire line, which is a common habit of tin soldiery, and one that Torquil had always found too much for his patience.

"That's only the regulation way of falling in," said the Field-Marshal; "and very smartly they did it, too!"

Whether this was a mere excuse or not, the men certainly managed to pick themselves up again without assistance, as they had never done for Torquil.

"You *do* think the Army's all right, *don't* you, Chipsitop?" Clementina asked, anxiously. "I mean, if I had to go to war or anything."

"It all depends on what sort of wars you have," he replied; "but they wouldn't have been of any use out in South Africa!"

"Why not?" said the Field-Marshal, sharply. "What makes you think that?"

"Because," said Torquil, "for *one* thing, their rifles won't fire powder and shot."

"Pooh!" said the Field-Marshal; "what does a civilian like you know about such things?"

"Well, I can see for myself they're just solid pieces of painted tin."

"But they've got bayonets!"

"You must know perfectly well that a gun isn't the least good if there's no barrel for the bullet."

"I don't know anything of the kind, and I'll guarantee that every gun here will go off when it's wanted to. I've every confidence in the gallant fellows under me!"

"Are their guns loaded now?" asked Torquil.

"I have no reason to suppose they are *not*," replied the Field-Marshal, with dignity.

"Well, I don't mind letting them have a shot at *me*, if they can."

"No," said the Field-Marshal; "no, I won't order them to stain their hands with useless bloodshed, especially at a review!"

"Then tell one of them to fire in the air, and see what happens."

"That's quite safe, Mr. Field-Marshal," said Clementina; "and really I should like to feel quite sure that the guns will shoot properly."

"Entirely as your Majesty pleases," said the Field-Marshal, stiffly. "Send a soldier forward, will you?" he called out to the Army, and presently a rather small private in a red coat and white helmet, with his rifle held at the charge, as if to defend himself against cavalry, came sliding out on his green tin stand, until he stood in front of the commander.

"Her Majesty wishes to see if you can let your gun off," said the Field-Marshal.

"Well," said the soldier, cheerfully, "I can but *try*, sir." (He was pointing the muzzle full at the Queen as he spoke, but nobody seemed to mind.) "Let me see, it's done with the *trigger*, ain't it?"

"According to the new drill," said the Field-Marshal, gravely. "Press the trigger

before you shoot and fire in the air. Ready—present—*shoot!*"

Of course, there was no discharge, or the bullet, if there had been one, would certainly have gone through Clementina. "It's a

"HE WAS POINTING THE MUZZLE FULL AT THE QUEEN."

funny thing," said the soldier, "but this rifle seems to be the kind that won't fire *in* the air."

"You should have put it up to your shoulder," said his commanding officer.

"Begging your pardon, sir, it's another regiment as fires from the shoulder, not mine."

"Then you couldn't have pressed the trigger," the Field-Marshal said.

"Well, no, I didn't do that, sir; because, you see, there *ain't* no trigger to this here rifle."

"Oh, very well. I see. You may go, then," said the Field-Marshal. "He *would* have fired, your Majesty," he explained, "but his rifle didn't happen to have a trigger."

"Of course it hadn't," said Torquil; "*none* of them have. That's why I say they're no real protection."

"But you don't mean that they aren't brave?" cried Clementina.

"I never said they were *funks*," he replied. "All *I* say is they're ordinary tin soldiers. You can get them for elevenpence-halfpenny a box at any toy-shop."

"Then *they* are Toys, too?" gasped the Queen.

"Of course they are, and it's all rubbish to call them defenders of your country when one or two peas will bowl over the lot!"

"Ah! he's right *there*," said the Ninepins, shaking their heads. "We don't pretend to be military men, but it would take more than that to upset *us*. This army's a hollow fraud!"

"I'm afraid it's only too true!" said Clementina, looking as depressed as a wax doll ever *can* look; "I must get along without you and the army in future, Mr. Field-Marshal."

It might have been fancy, but Irene thought she could see two tin tears glittering in the General's eyes as he sat there on his tailless horse.

"But what's to become of us all?" he said. "We can't be anything *but* soldiers, because our uniforms won't come off!"

"I can't help it," said Clementina; "you're no soldiers of *mine*. The best thing you can do is to march your troops back to the toy-shop, and defend *that*."

And she toddled off haughtily, for she was seriously vexed.

Irene and Torquil were quite ready to let the matter end there, but the Lord High Acrobat wouldn't hear of it. He said that he had grave reasons for fearing that there might be other fellow-citizens who were really undetected Toys, and proposed to form a committee of inquiry, on which all the Ninepins eagerly volunteered to serve.

"I suppose we had better know the worst!" agreed Clementina, with a little sigh, "and if you *should* find anyone at all suspicious, we must ask Chipsitop and Buffidella to decide whether he's a Toy or not."

It was extraordinary how sharp the Ninepins were, and how zealously they entered upon their work. In next to no time the Ninepin with the knob created a sensation by reporting that the little market women were suspiciously like the ladies of

ex-Admiral Noah's family. They had much the same figure, with, perhaps, rather smaller waists; their arms were glued to their sides, and none of their vegetables would come off their stalls or out of the baskets; he had no hesitation, he said, in taxing them with being Toys.

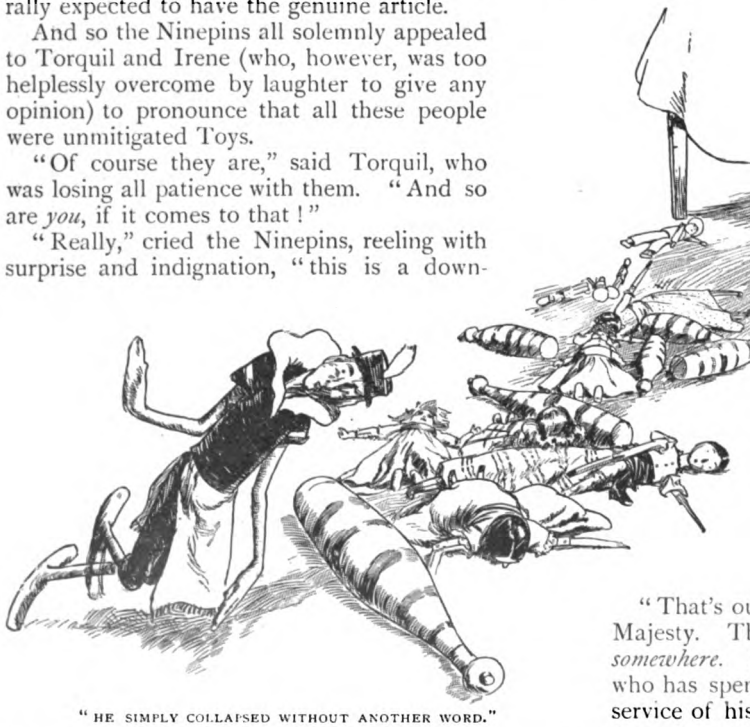
Another Ninepin denounced the butcher for being unable to explain how he conducted his business or even say which of his joints were mutton and which beef, while a third had serious doubts about the gentleman in a tall hat and top boots who kept the livery stables, and who certainly couldn't harness a single one of his horses.

A fourth Ninepin inspected the theatre, and found that the cardboard company were perfectly flat and plain when you went behind—from which he inferred that they couldn't be real actors and actresses. This, it is true, was of less consequence, because there were never any performances; still, as the Ninepin said, very justly, if they *should* patronize the drama at any time, they naturally expected to have the genuine article.

And so the Ninepins all solemnly appealed to Torquil and Irene (who, however, was too helplessly overcome by laughter to give any opinion) to pronounce that all these people were unmitigated Toys.

"Of course they are," said Torquil, who was losing all patience with them. "And so are *you*, if it comes to that!"

"Really," cried the Ninepins, reeling with surprise and indignation, "this is a down-



"HE SIMPLY COLLAPSED WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD."

right insult. But we scorn to answer it. Why, we don't even *look* like toys!"

"You great stuck-up, thick-headed things!" said Irene, scornfully. "You don't look like anything but a set of Ninepins—the very stupidest toys that were ever invented—so *there!*"

"And we actually took them for real courtiers," exclaimed the Dutch dolls. "Why, now we come to look at them, they've no arms or legs, and their faces are positively *plain*. In our position we can't be expected to associate with them any longer."

"You needn't be so particular," retorted the chief Ninepin. "For all *you* know, you're no better than we are."

"What a shameful thing to say!" cried all the Dolls of honour. "It's a wicked story—*isn't* it, Buffidella."

"Oh, don't ask *me*," said Irene, faintly; "it's too ridiculous, you know."

"Buffidella," cried the Queen, "don't go and be ill again. Tell me—*are* they Toys?"

"Well," said Irene, "they're *dolls*, you know. And dolls are a kind of Toys."

"Dolls!" repeated Clementina, closing her eyes. "Then I haven't even a real *Court* now!"

"Don't give way, your Majesty!" put in the Lord High Acrobat, hopping to her side.

"You have still a real Prime Minister."

"How do *I* know?" she said, peevishly. "Chipsitop may say *you're* a Toy next!"

"That's out of the question, your Majesty. The line must be drawn *somewhere*. Me—a Prime Minister who has spent his quicksilver in the service of his Sovereign and turned more somersaults, though I say it myself, than any statesman living. Me, with a career like mine, a *Toy!* The very idea is absurd!"

"Real Prime Ministers," remarked Torquil, "don't turn somersaults downstairs. I know *that*."

"No one ever said they did!" replied the Lord High Acrobat. "So I've given it up since I became Prime Minister."

"*That* wasn't why, though!" said Torquil. "And you wouldn't have done it at all unless you had been a toy. After all," he added, generously, "there's no *harm* in being one. I don't see why you should mind."

But, whether it was unreasonable or not, the Lord High Acrobat evidently *did* mind very much; he simply collapsed without another word. The Ninepins, too, had staggered off in different directions and toppled over; the Dutch and composition dolls lay about in forlorn heaps; the entire army had fallen in their ranks, and such Toys as still remained standing had no expression or animation left in them.

"I've got no subjects left now," said poor Clementina, "so it's hardly worth while going on being a Queen. But *I* don't care!" she went on, gushingly; "I've got *you*, my darling Buffidella, and *you*, my clever Chipsitop—and you are all the companions *I* want!"

And here, to Torquil's embarrassment, she flung her waxen arms round his neck.

"I say, you know," he said, flushing, "I don't like being pawed about. And I'd rather you wouldn't call me 'Chipsitop'—it's such a feeble name to call a fellow!"

"Is it?" she said, good-temperedly. "I can easily invent another. How do you like 'Topsichip?'"

"Not a bit!" he said. "If you *must* call me anything, I'd rather it was my own name—and so would Irene."

"I don't know why you're so cross," she said, staring. "I'm so fond of both of you, and you don't seem to care a bit for *me*. *I* couldn't help my kingdom being all Toys. It isn't as if——" but here she stopped short. "Oh, it can't be *that!*" she cried. "Don't tell me *I'm* one, too!"

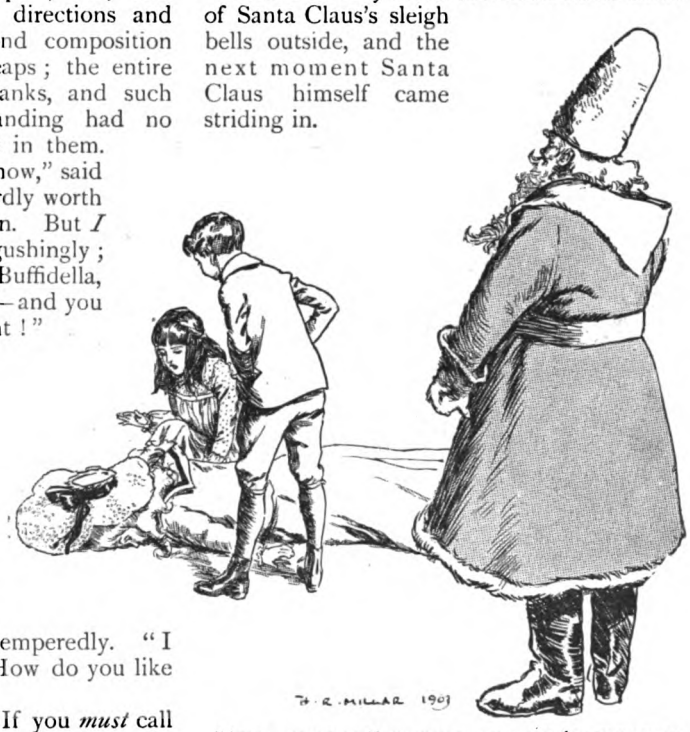
To do Irene justice, she really felt a little sorry for her then—but what could she say? Clementina *was* only a doll, and not even a clever one, and it was no use to pretend otherwise; so Irene didn't say anything. Torquil was silent, too; he objected to sentiment, especially in dolls—it made him feel so uncomfortable.

"I see," said Clementina at last, with her set smile. "It's *true*, then. I *am* only a Toy."

"Well, a *doll*," said Irene; "and quite an expensive one. I shouldn't *worry* about it, you know," she added, consolingly. "*We* don't mind, so long as you don't cuddle us, or call us stupid pet names. One doesn't expect that from dolls, you know!"

Clementina made no answer. She fell forward, still smiling vacantly, and lay there, limp and motionless, at their feet.

And then they heard the chink-chink-chink of Santa Claus's sleigh bells outside, and the next moment Santa Claus himself came striding in.



"'WELL, CHILDREN!' HE BEGAN, CHEERILY, 'BEEN HAVING A PLEASANT TIME WITH ALL YOUR TOYS, EH?'"

"Well, children!" he began, cheerily, "been having a pleasant time with all your toys, eh?"

And then he took in the scattered rows and heaps of prostrate figures, and his expression suddenly altered. "I arranged," he said, slowly, "that the Toys should be able to move about and talk on purpose to make it easier for you to get to know them all. How is it that I find them like this?"

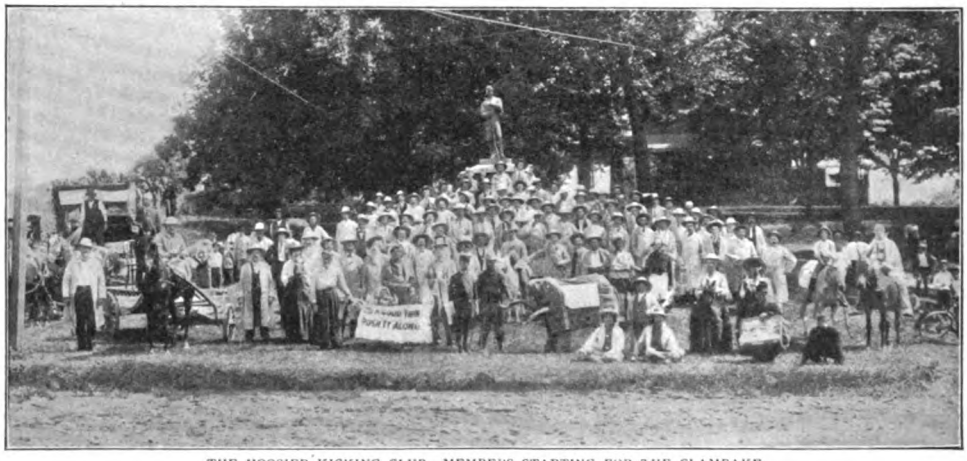
It was curious—but, although Torquil and Irene felt quite sure that it was no fault of theirs, neither of them for the moment was ready with an answer.

(*To be continued.*)

Some Wonders from the West.

L.—A CLUB OF GRUMBLERS.

SOME time last year it was flashed across the wires that the Hoosier Kicking Club, of White Plains, New York, had held its annual outing and clambake at Rye Beach. A clambake, it may be added for the information of the British reader, is a feast consisting mainly of baked clams. The newspaper report added that more than one hundred and twenty-five members took part in the annual parade of the club through the streets of White Plains. "Each one"—so the report went on, referring, probably, to the members and not to the streets—"wore a new linen duster, a fancy hat, and a fancy-coloured parasol."



THE HOOSIER KICKING CLUB—MEMBERS STARTING FOR THE CLAMBAKE.
From a Photo. by John Rösch, White Plains, N.Y.

Here, then, was indeed something new, and Americans began to ask questions about this curious New York club which ventured, under such an unusual name, to hold respectable clambakes in such an extraordinary manner. Investigation brought to light the story of one of the most interesting organizations in the United States.

So far as can be gathered, the Hoosier Kicking Club is made up of so-called "chronic kickers." No man can get into this charmed circle unless he be an inveterate grumbler and fault-finder in his business and home life. Moreover, he must prove that he is what he says he is, if people have not already found out. Under the circumstances of these stringent qualification rules it is somewhat surprising to find that the membership roll includes bankers, brokers, public officials, politicians, and millionaires. We should think that millionaires, at least, would never be able, through sheer content with earth, to get into the club.

To be able to "kick" requires a little strength of mind, but to pass through the initiation ceremony requires more. The initiation ceremonies, of course, are held behind closed doors, but it is said that every candidate has to take the oath over a loaded cannon, while a member stands by with a lighted torch for the purpose of blowing the candidate into bits, out of the window, unless he swears true allegiance. The proprietor of the hotel at White Plains in which these secret meetings are held might have reason to object to the imminent danger which his hotel undergoes on initiation nights. The club has, however, forestalled such reasonable objections by making the proprietor, Mr. Eugene Halpin, a member. Mr. Halpin is also the treasurer of the organization, and in these modern days the man who holds the money wields the power.

The club has been in existence since February 8th, 1894. On that day the American members of the Concordia Singing Society, having been invited to attend a "barn-warming" at the country seat of Corporation Counsel Henry T. Dykman, found, at the last moment, that Dutch singers only were being allowed to go. This decision roused the patriotism of the American singers to the "kicking point," and the Hoosier Kicking Club was formed instanter with a membership of seventeen. The dues were fixed at sixty dollars per year, and every penny taken in was to be placed in a fund to

From a Photo. by] COOKING THE CLAMS IN A PILE OF SEAWEED. *[Daymon.*

be eaten up at the annual clambake of the club. Later, the club received its certificate of incorporation from the Secretary of State. The present officers of the club are: Chief high kicker, John R. Pye, who is warden of the Westchester County Gaol; second high kicker, Richard L. Hopkins, millionaire merchant; treasurer, Eugene Halpin, rich hotel man; secretary, Frank Jarvis, trolley capitalist.

To attend the annual "bake" requires ten dollars and a capacity for consuming not only clams, but also potatoes, blue-fish, sweet corn, tripe, onions, water-melons, beer, and champagne. The kickers do not do things by halves, for at last year's banquet the members consumed twenty bushels of the first, ten barrels of the second, five hundred of the third, one thousand ears of the fourth, unnumbered barrels of the fifth, sixth, and seventh, thirty kegs of the eighth, and two hundred bottles of the ninth, and one thousand lobsters. And they still live.

Before the "bake" was served the club paraded through the streets, each member wearing the costume just mentioned.

Our photographs give some idea of this remarkable feast. One shows particularly the actual clambake, with the mound of steaming seaweed. Those who know the clam at its best need not wonder that a ritual should be recited in their presence by three hundred able-bodied men.

One of the most interesting of the club's initiations each spring is the formation of its battery of soldiers on Chatterton Hill, where General Washington and his American soldiers encountered the British and fought a fierce battle. The members gather in formal battle array, with their initiation mortars and battery, in charge of Commander Moran and the officers. Any member who falls out of line or goes to sleep while on picket duty is ordered to be shot. The victim is placed before the cannon and a heavy shot fired, which nearly kills him from fright. It does not kill him outright because it is fired from the wrong end.

From a Photo. by] THE CLUB AT THE CLAMBAKE. *[Daymon.*

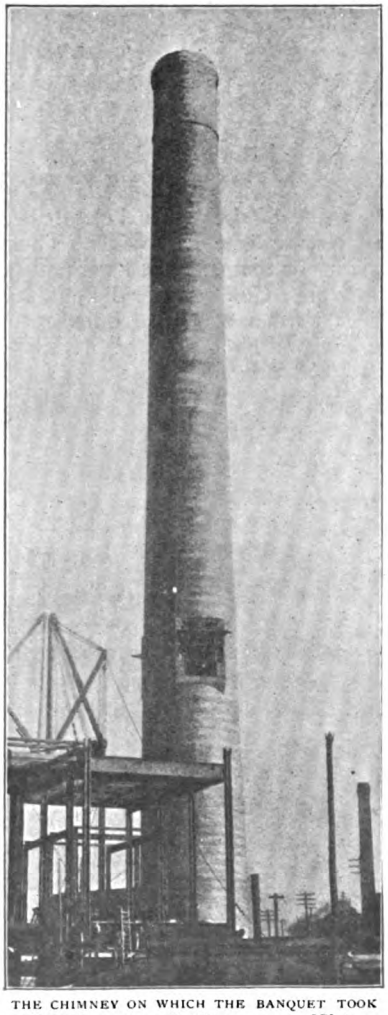
LI.—A BANQUET ON A SMOKE-STACK.

TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE FEET above ground, in the mouth of a smoke-stack, one of the highest of its kind in the world, a party of business men of Philadelphia, Pa., took luncheon recently. With a temporary platform—which from time to time creaked ominously—as the only thing between them and the earth, which could not be seen by looking down the pitch-dark chimney, they laughed and joked merrily as they consumed chicken — higher than it ever flew before—in the delectable form of salad, together with fried oysters—which had gone up in an unprecedented way—sandwiches, coffee, and claret lemonade. They all agreed that it was the oddest luncheon of which they had ever heard, and appeared sad when they thought that from the place where they ate vast volumes of smoke would soon be pouring. The event marked the completion of the chimney.

As the guests arrived they were met by Engineer Eglin at the base of the stack—it is twenty-three feet in diameter at that point—and each one was presented with a little silken flag similar in colours and design to the big national emblem, which was set afloat on the top by Mr. Eglin just before they all partook of the bountiful repast.

With nothing but blue sky above them the guests sat down to the table, which was laid on a platform a few feet below the mouth of the chimney. The huge American flag floated over the centre of the table. Another table was spread at the base of the stack for those who did not care to make the hazardous trip on the small-freight elevator.

It was a strange sight to watch from the inner base of the chimney the little wobbling elevator take the diners up two at a time. This miniature elevator, which had been built for the purpose of hauling up bricks and cement, did not run in a shaft, so that the trip was somewhat unsteady, and everyone had to hold on as best he could. Those inclined to dizziness shut their eyes and trusted. The trip took one minute, but to some it seemed an hour. There was, however, a great treat in store for the guests when at last they got to the top. The panorama which was spread out so far below took in the whole city and the surrounding country for many miles.

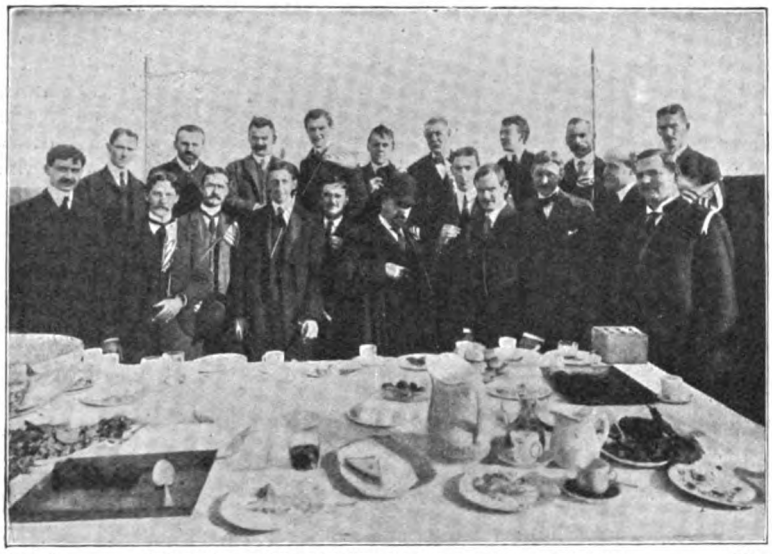


THE CHIMNEY ON WHICH THE BANQUET TOOK PLACE. *From a*] [*Photo.*

Three months ago, when the work on the stack was started, William C. Eglin, the engineer representing the company, being somewhat uncertain that the builders would complete their work in time, offered a dinner for them and their friends as an extra inducement for being punctual, and that is how this strange meal came to take place.

It is only natural that there should be a number of amusing incidents in connection with such a strange repast, though fortunately there were no accidents. The first laugh was created when, after the guests were all seated, it was discovered that the *chef* had failed to send up any knives or forks. This oversight resulted in a long discussion between a man at the top and another at the bottom.

"Hi! send up some knives and forks," shouted the man at the top. Down below, two hundred and seventy-five feet in the distance, the message sounded like a call for more sandwiches. Five or six things were sent up before the desired articles arrived. When, finally, they were brought, the meal proceeded pleasantly again, although



From a] THE PARTY AT THE BANQUET ON THE TOP OF THE CHIMNEY. *[Photo.*

one humorist at the end asked for something he couldn't possibly have. He thought he might obtain a stray cloud for a napkin!

The stack on which this curious luncheon was given is located at Christian Street Wharf, on the Schuylkill River, Philadelphia. It was erected for the Southern Electric Light and Power Company of the Quaker City.

LII.—TEMPTING DEATH FOR A PHOTOGRAPH.

"I FEEL as safe at the top of a flag-pole as I do in the parlour of my own little home," said Mr. James Raney, recently, in San Francisco. And to watch him calmly painting at the top of a pole a hundred feet or more in height one can well believe his statement. Even in a strong wind he continues his work, although admitting that a sudden squall might have unpleasant consequences.

Raney, who is a thin and pale, though wiry-looking man, has not been a flag-pole painter all his life. He was brought up to quite a different trade, but finding that he could work with ease at altitudes which made others sick and dizzy, he forsook his first business and entered the ranks of flag-pole painters. This was a little more than five years ago, and so far he has been fortunate enough not to meet with an accident. Naturally enough, this particular trade is by no means overcrowded, so that men like Raney are able to command good terms and to keep in almost constant employment.

From a] JAMES RANEY CLIMBING THE POLE. *[Photo.*

His method of working is to commence operations at the bottom of a pole, hoisting himself up foot by foot as his work progresses until the ball at the top is reached. While gilding this ball he usually

assumes a more or less standing position, grasping the pole by his feet only.

The photographs of Raney which we reproduce were taken under somewhat interesting circumstances. Mr. Charles H. Singleton, secretary of the Merchants' Club, San Francisco, who has kindly sent them to us, one day noticed a man within a short distance of his office-window, painting away at the top of a flag-pole nearly two hundred feet from the street, as unconcernedly as though he were actually standing on the ground. Being an enthusiastic photographer, this sight naturally appealed to him very strongly. He therefore climbed on to the roof of the building and called out to Raney to look towards him while he secured a photograph. When, a few days later, Raney called to see the result, he offered to pose again in order that a specially striking picture might be obtained. Mr. Singleton at first refused to allow him thus needlessly to endanger himself, but all his objections were ridiculed, and finally he agreed to take the photographs. This climb was but little more than child's play to him; it was when the top was reached that his difficulties began. A strong wind blowing at the time caused the pole to sway considerably. It will be noticed that Raney succeeded in hoisting himself well above the ball at the top of the pole. At a prearranged signal he raised himself to as upright a position as possible and extended his arms horizontally, while Mr. Singleton obtained his photographs of what may surely be called one of the most daring feats ever accomplished in mid-air. Raney seemed to be much amused by the large crowd which had gathered in the street to watch him.

From a] RANEY ON THE TOP OF THE POLE. *[Photo.*

LIII.—A POSSIBILITY IN PIPES.

THE slight line of demarcation which exists between little things and big—or, as we might better express it, the difference between fancy and reality—is shown by the illustrations in this article. They do not show what they seem to show. Some may think they are gingerbread houses as built in German folk-lore, and, if an additional guess might be hazarded, that they are bits of wickerwork artistically fashioned out of bands of straw.

In fact, were we to put off until some later day the elucidation of this structural mystery we might keep our youthful readers guessing till the crack of doom. We prefer to say at once that the things shown in this article are made of continuous wooden tubes. They are the miniature representations by a clever inventor of what might be done if his invention were not wood, but terra-cotta or iron; and the buildings, with their accompanying arches, spires, framework, etc., were not on his drawing-room carpet, but on the public thoroughfares of any city you might name.

MR. ELMER E. VAN WIE, INVENTOR OF THE TUBE-BRICKS.
From a Photo. by Steyelcooper, Chicago.

These bricks, or blocks,

From a Photo. by] SMALL ARTICLES BUILT OF TUBE-BRICKS. *[Hollister & Thiers.*

which are not toy bricks or blocks, are a simple and ingenious contrivance which Mr. Elmer E. Van Wie, of Kenosha, Wisconsin, has thought out in the line of architectural reform. The name tells partly what the invention is. The tubes in our illustrations are of wood, but in larger form are made of terra-cotta, so slit as to make it possible to interlace them into a compact whole. Other material, of course, may be used, and where iron or steel is necessary, in order to gain additional strength, the tubes may be constructed of those materials. Each tube contains four slits running half-way down from one end. By slipping the slotted and solid ends together it is possible, with these tubes, to build up anything that fancy suggests, from a cottage to a cathedral, or from the most simple to the most intricate forms. Alphabets, numbers, vases, towers, bridges, chairs, tables — in fact, anything — may be turned out, either in miniature or in larger form, by a simple manipulation of the slots.

This ingenious contrivance is a marvel of simplicity, and has been praised by many prominent constructing engineers in America. If the hopes of those who know it are realized it will revolutionize many trades in the construction line, because it simplifies many methods now in vogue. All sorts of roofs, floors, walls, partitions, chimneys, conduits, fortifications, armour-plate, breastworks, and almost everything that the mason puts up with mortar and trowel, or that the engineer constructs for the defence of his country, at a good salary, can be built by this simple means. Engineering difficulties may be readily overcome, for the tube adapts itself to any formation of country, and its shape is correct for stopping rifle balls. We live in an age of progress. Possibly we shall soon be smoking pipes, made by continuous tube construction, which we can put together to any desired length, with the bowl outside the window. Thus might domestic as well as architectural problems be happily solved.

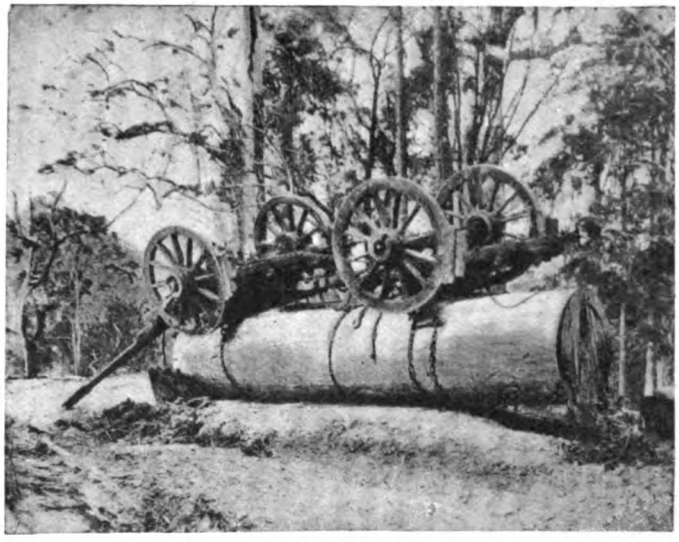
From a Photo. by] A MODEL CATHEDRAL BUILT OF TUBE-BRICKS. *[Hollister & Thiers.*

Curiosities.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

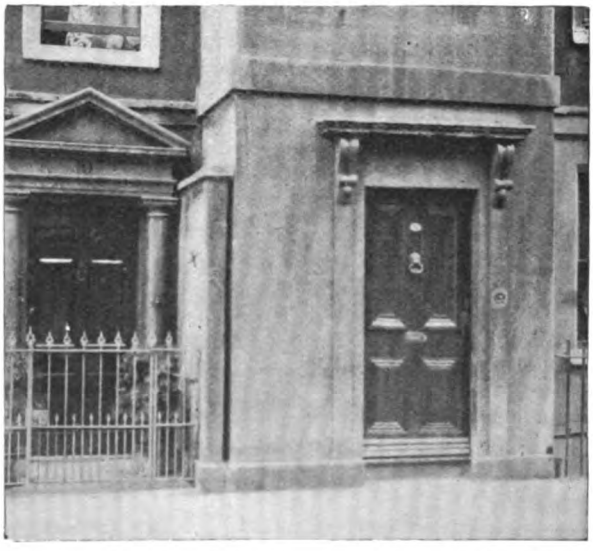
AN EXTRAORDINARY ACCIDENT.

"This bullock-waggon was coming down the Blackall Range, Queensland, when the off wheels of the waggon got into a rut in the road, with the result that the waggon turned turtle. The most curious part was that there was not a portion of the waggon broken, not even a chain loosened. The waggon is loaded with a pine log."—Mr. M. A. Becher, Lanarborough, *viâ* Brisbane, Queensland.



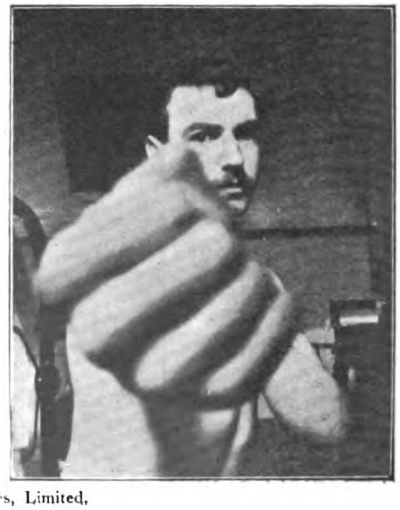
A "SPITE WALL."

"What may be termed a 'spite wall' is to be seen in New King Street, Bath. The facts are these. The owner of the house shown built out the porch as seen, with side windows. The occupant next door (No. 9) objected strongly to this and tried to prevent the building, as the window on her side overlooked her door. Finding she could do nothing, she promptly had the wall erected (I have marked it with a cross) of sufficient height to block the side window of the porch. The wall was erected strictly on her ground, though the widest space between it and the window is but two inches and at the top and bottom barely a quarter of an inch. The occurrence happened about forty years ago, but the wall is still there, blocking up the window. The peculiar feature is that there are several other porches built out in the same way in this street, but this is the only one in which the next-door occupant has built an obstruction in this fashion."—Mr. Fred. Horner, 10, Bellott's Road, Twerton-on-Avon, Bath.



ANOTHER FREAK OF THE CAMERA.

"I send you a curious photograph for your 'Curiosities.' It is a portrait of myself taken by my brother. The position explains itself."—Mr. Joseph O'Donoghue, Dingle, Ireland.



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THE BIGGEST BOY IN THE WORLD.

The following paragraph appeared recently in *Tit-Bits*: "C. P. says that in a village in Kent there is a boy twelve years of age who weighs 18st., measures 47in. round the chest, 53in. round the loins, and is 5ft. 5½in. in height. It is probable that he is the biggest boy of his age in the world." The outcome of this is the accompanying photograph and the following particulars: "My son, who takes in *Tit-Bits*,

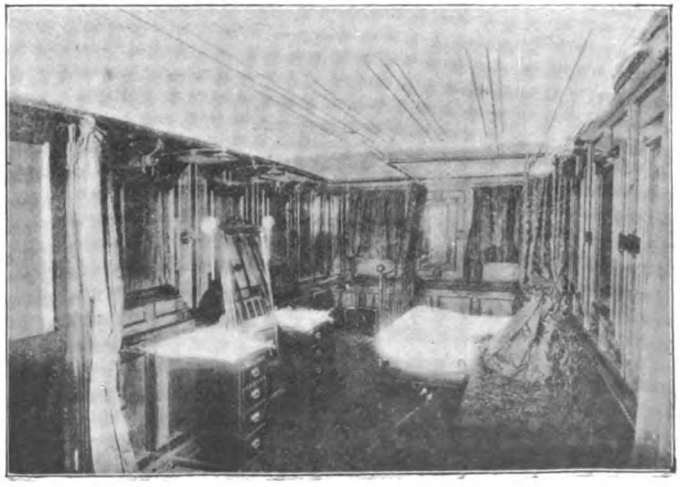
saw the above paragraph in the issue of December 13. I strongly suspect the identity of C. P., and so does the boy's father. I have sent the paper to the latter, and he has authorized me to tell you that the figures given were correct. I am head master of the national schools here, and have known the boy all his life. His father, whose name is Albert Law Watts, is a farmer here. The boy's name is Charles Law Watts, and he was born in this parish. When he was nine years of age he weighed 9st., at eleven years of age he went 17st., and now he tips the beam at 18st. He has been in my school four and a half years, is in the fifth standard, and is a good scholar. He plays football and cricket on the village green, and is 'great' on tops and marbles. The last offer his father had to put him 'on show' was £7 a week and expenses. He enjoys perfect health and is the only child." —Mr. T. Chas. Kenward, Woodchurch, Ashford, Kent.

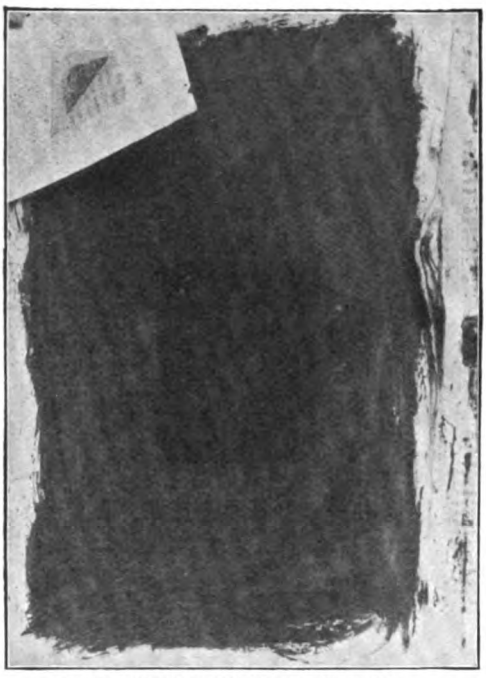
A KENTISH SPHINX.

"It is unnecessary to go to Egypt to see the Sphinx, for an excellent specimen (with a decidedly jovial expression) is carved upon the sandstone rocks of Oldbury Hill, near Ightham, in Kent. The name of the sculptor is unknown, but possibly this note may induce him to reveal himself. His initials appear to be E. A. G. The broken nose and battered eye of the Sphinx are due to the attentions of the small boys of Ightham."—A Constant Reader of THE STRAND.

TURN THIS UPSIDE DOWN.

"This photo. is of a cabin on one of the Flushing Line steamers. It has the peculiarity that, while showing a small room (cabin), on looking at it upside down it gives an excellent representation of a very large room, which can be likened to a ball-room, with on right-hand side a doorway, large open fireplace, pictures, windows, etc.; on left-hand a series of pictures and windows, with doorway at far end."—George A. Goodwin, 28, Victoria Street, S.W.



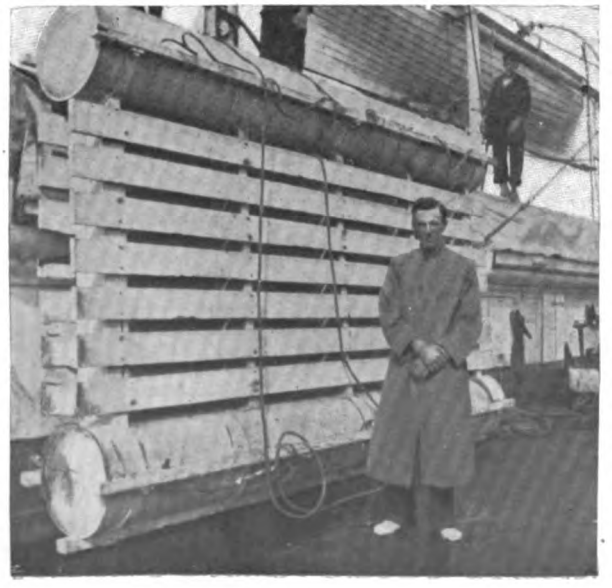


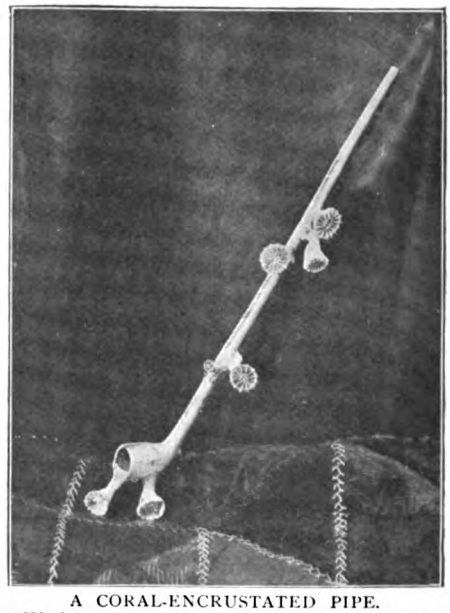
THE RUSSIAN CENSOR AT WORK.

"My photo. represents page 658 of last December's issue of THE STRAND as it reached me after submitting to the attentions of the Russian Press Censor. It will be noticed that the first page of Mr. De Windt's article has been defaced with printer's ink and the next six leaves torn out, the rough edges appearing to the right of the photo."—A Briton in Russia.

A TERRIBLE STORY OF THE SEA.

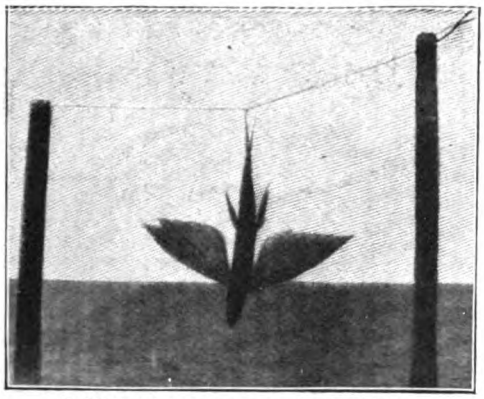
"You will remember that the *Elingamite* was wrecked on Three Kings Islands, to the north of New Zealand, on November 9th, and that sixteen of the passengers and crew left the sinking ship on a small raft (about twelve feet long by eight feet broad) and drifted out to sea. They were found by this ship, H.M.S. *Penguin*, which had been sent in search, late on the afternoon of November 13th. By this time eight of the unfortunate people, including a stewardess—the only woman of the party—had either died or jumped overboard in delirium. The eight survivors were taken to Auckland by the *Penguin* and landed there on November 15th. They had been four and a half days on the raft without a drop of water, and had only had two apples for food. The first apple was divided between the sixteen, and the remaining one was two days later divided between the eight who then survived. When received on board the survivors were in a pitiable state from exposure, hunger, and thirst, but they very rapidly picked up strength. I took this photograph on the morning of the 15th. It shows the raft propped up against the bulwarks of the *Penguin*, and Mr. S. Neill, one of the survivors, standing alongside it. He was the only one of the party who was able to be on deck, and he certainly looked wonderfully well considering his terrible experience."—One of the Officers of H.M.S. *Penguin*.





A CORAL-ENCRUSTATED PIPE.

"We have been requested by a client in Barbados to send you the photo. of a great curiosity which one of the pearl fishermen whom he employs brought up from the bottom of the sea, at a depth of about one thousand feet. The pipe is of a very peculiar formation, and has evidently, from the amount of coral encrustation, been immersed probably a hundred years. It shows evidences also of having been smoked. The finder being a very poor man, our client wishes to sell the curiosity, and we wonder if any of your readers might be willing to purchase it."—Messrs. Kearton, Piper, and Co., 28, Fenchurch Street, E.C.



IS THIS THE LARGEST FLYING-FISH?

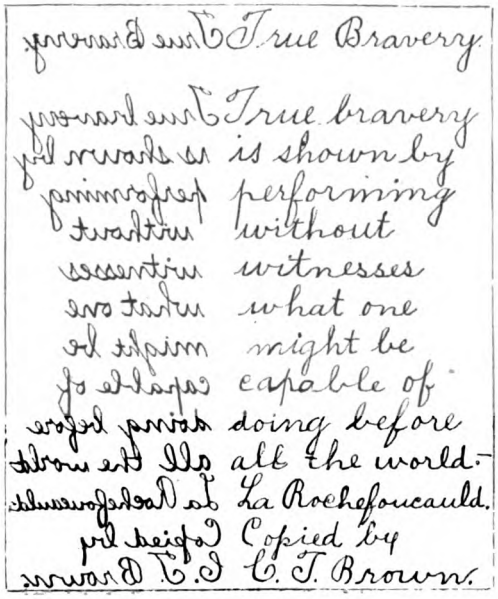
"This flying-fish, which measured nineteen inches in length, flew on board one night while on the passage between Lisbon and the Canary Islands. It is an extraordinary length compared to those usually caught, which are considered large at nine to ten inches, and in all my travels I have never heard of or seen one this size before. It was one of the items on the menu for breakfast next morning, and the passengers were both delighted and surprised to have such a dainty dish set before them, as it tastes just like fresh-water trout."—Mr. H. Maclean, Commander R.M.S. *Ardeola*, Liverpool.

A MILITARY STATE CHAIR.

"I send you the photo. of a military State chair constructed by myself of obsolete weapons of war. The seat is inlaid with ivory and the back consists of two panels, the lower one richly carved with national and Imperial symbols, intertwined with floral leafage and ribbons with mottoes. Inscribed on the sides are the various British battles. The panel above is Elizabethan. The two back legs are guns, the butt ends of which rest on the ground, the barrels maintaining the line of the back and being mounted with double bayonets. These branch out and form a spandril, richly carved with thistles, that carries an elaborate canopy. This characteristic part of the work is garnished and gemmed with steel and pearl, and carries the Imperial crown. The arms are fitted up with large cavalry pistols of different types, which take the contour of the general lines designed for them. The front legs again are the butt ends of rifles, and between these there is a complex glittering arrangement of knives, pistols, carbines, guns, bayonets, swords, etc. I sold the chair to an Edinburgh gentleman for £125."—Mr. Andrew J. L. Tait, Gas Works House, Stow, N.B.

WRITTEN WITH BOTH HANDS.

"I send you a quotation written by my son, Master Carroll T. Brown. It is written with both hands at the same time. He uses two pens and writes each word simultaneously, as will be seen from the photograph of himself taken whilst this writing was done. To read the left-hand writing hold in front of a mirror."—Mr. Geo. Brown, Atlanta, Ga.



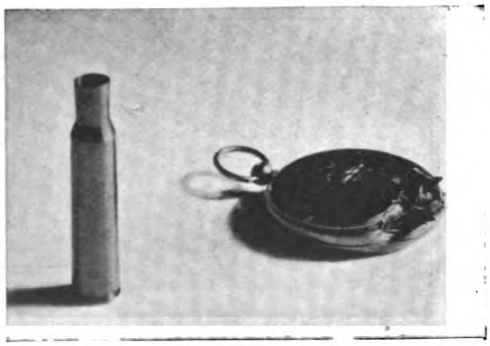
THE KING IN HARDWARE.

"This is a portrait I made of the King's head. It is entirely composed of goods obtainable in a hardware shop. The hair is composed of scissors, beard and moustache of small chains, the collar of foot-

measures, and the outline of the face of nails; the rest of the face has numerous other small articles. It was done by a clerk in a hardware store to attract attention."—Miss Lilian C. Whitney, 106, Wentworth Street South, Hamilton, Ontario.

A WATCH THAT SAVED AN OFFICER'S LIFE.

"The illustration is that of a gold repeater (by Benson, of London), which was hit by a Mauser bullet, whilst in the waistcoat pocket of a British officer, during the Boer War. The bullet penetrated the officer's body from left to right, passing right through it, being deflected by the watch from inflicting a mortal wound, though the wounded officer lay for weeks betwixt life and death. It may safely



be said that under Providence the deflection of the bullet saved the life of the owner of the watch. A Mauser (empty) cartridge near by shows the relative size of bullet and watch."—Mr. E. K. Pearce, Kempstone, Bournemouth.

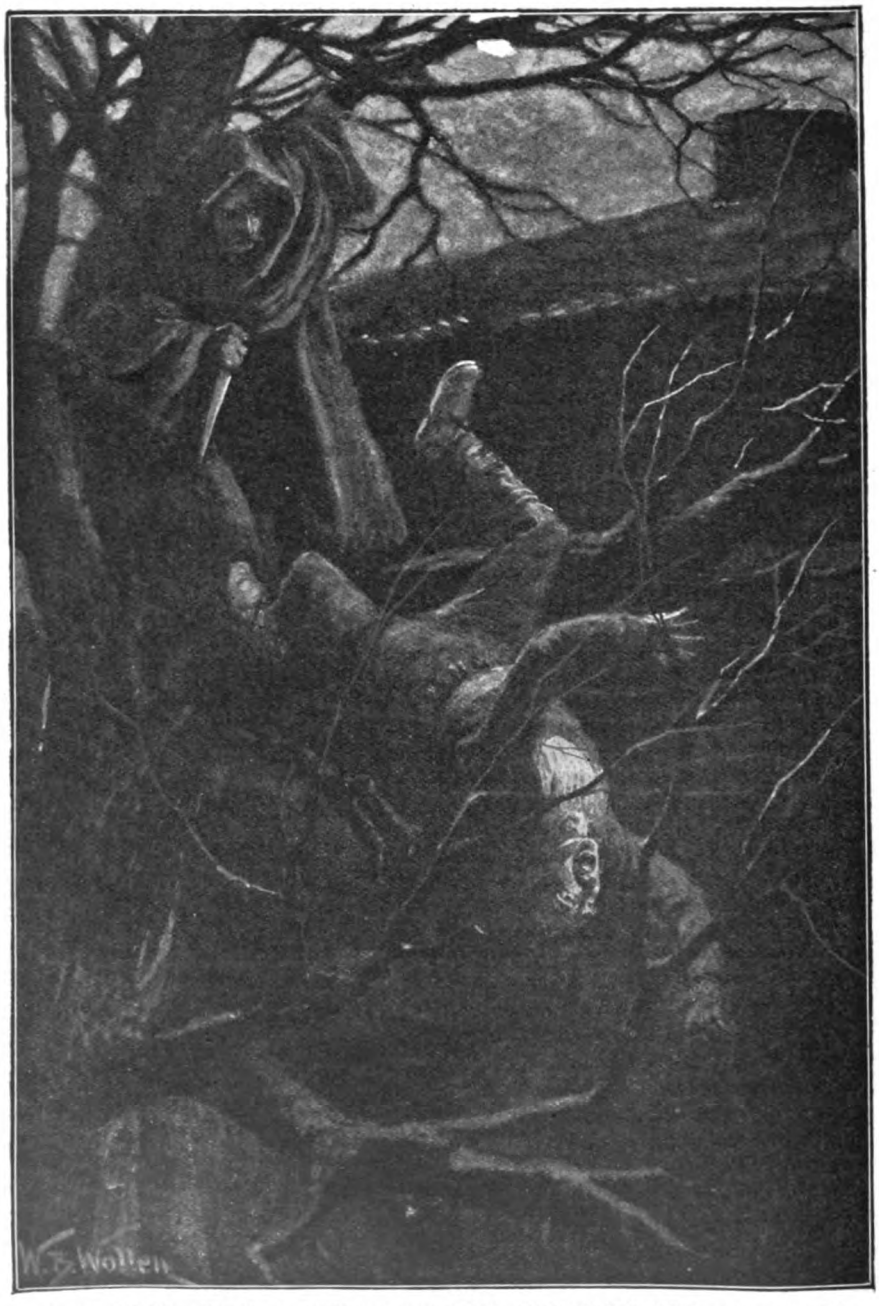
THE POST OFFICE SCORES AGAIN.

"I believe that from time to time you give instances of curious addresses reaching their destination through the cleverness of the Post Office officials. One somewhat extraordinary instance, emphasizing this ingenuity as well as the value of public advertis-

ing, has just occurred in the case of a letter addressed by an unknown correspondent to Messrs. Bovril, Limited, with simply a reproduction of half their current poster, without even the word 'Bovril' or any other wording than the phrase To 'I hear they want more.' This letter was delivered, and without any delay, to the head office in Old Street."

A BOY IN A BOTTLE.

"This is the photograph of a boy fourteen years of age as he appeared inside a sixteen-ounce medicine bottle. The manipulator of this photograph is his senior by only two years."—Mr. Archie L. Cranch, Merrick House, Monmouth.



"HE FELL WITH A LOUD CRASHING THROUGH THE BRANCHES AND CAME WITH A THUD TO THE GROUND,"

(*See page* 368.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxv. APRIL, 1903. No. 148.

The Adventures of Etienne Gerard.

By A. Conan Doyle.

VII.—HOW THE BRIGADIER JOINED THE HUSSARS OF CONFLANS.

HAVE I ever told you, my friends, the circumstances connected with my joining the Hussars of Conflans at the time of the siege of Saragossa and the very remarkable exploit which I performed in connection with the taking of that city? No? Then you have indeed something still to learn. I will tell it to you exactly as it occurred. Save for two or three men and a score or two of women, you are the first who have ever heard the story.

You must know, then, that it was in the 2nd Hussars—called the Hussars of Chamberan—that I had served as a lieutenant and as a junior captain. At the time I speak of I was only twenty-five years of age, as reckless and desperate a man as any in that great army. It chanced that the war had come to a halt in Germany, while it was still raging in Spain, so the Emperor, wishing to reinforce the Spanish army, transferred me as senior captain to the Hussars of Conflans, which were at that time in the 5th Army Corps under Marshal Lannes.

It was a long journey from Berlin to the Pyrenees. My new regiment formed part of the force which, under Marshal Lannes, was then besieging the Spanish town of Saragossa. I turned my horse's head in that direction, therefore, and behold me a week or so later at the French head-quarters, whence I was directed to the camp of the Hussars of Conflans.

You have read, no doubt, of this famous siege of Saragossa, and I will only say that no general could have had a harder task than that with which Marshal Lannes was confronted. The immense city was crowded with a horde of Spaniards—soldiers, peasants, priests—all filled with the most furious hatred of the French, and the most savage determination to perish before they would surrender. There were eighty thousand men in the town and only thirty thousand to besiege them. Yet we had a powerful artillery, and our Engineers were of the best. There was never such a siege, for it is usual that when the fortifications are taken the city falls, but here it was not until the fortifications were taken that the real fighting began. Every house was a fort and every street a battlefield, so that slowly, day by day, we had to work our way inwards, blowing up the houses with their garrisons until more than half the city had disappeared. Yet the other half was as determined as ever and in a better position for defence, since it consisted of enormous convents and monasteries with walls like the Bastille, which could not be so easily brushed out of our way. This was the state of things at the time that I joined the army.

I will confess to you that cavalry are not of much use in a siege, although there was a time when I would not have permitted anyone to have made such an observation. The Hussars of Conflans were encamped to the south of the town, and it was their duty to throw out patrols and to make sure that no Spanish force was advancing from that quarter. The colonel of the regiment was not a good soldier, and the regiment was at that time very far from being in the high condition which it afterwards attained. Even in that one evening I saw several things which shocked me, for I had a high standard, and it went to my heart to see an ill-arranged camp, an ill-groomed horse, or a slovenly trooper. That night I supped with twenty-six of my new brother-officers, and I fear that in my zeal I showed them only too plainly that I found things very different to what I was accustomed in the army of Germany. There was silence in the mess after my remarks, and I felt that I had been indiscreet when I saw the glances that were cast at me. The colonel especially was furious, and a great major named Olivier, who was the fire-eater of the regiment, sat opposite to me curling his huge black moustaches, and staring at me as if he would eat me. However, I did not resent his attitude, for I felt that I had indeed been indiscreet, and that it would give a bad impression if upon this my first evening I quarrelled with my superior officer.

So far I admit that I was wrong, but now I come to the sequel. Supper over, the colonel and some other officers left the

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room, for it was in a farmhouse that the mess was held. There remained a dozen or so, and a goat-skin of Spanish wine having been brought in we all made merry. Presently this Major Olivier asked me some questions concerning the army of Germany and as to the part which I had myself played in the campaign. Flushed with the wine, I was drawn on from story to story. It was not unnatural, my friends. You will sympathize with me. Up there I had been the model for every officer of my years in the army. I was the first swordsman, the most dashing rider, the hero of a hundred adventures. Here I found myself not only unknown, but even disliked. Was it not natural that I should wish to tell these brave comrades what sort of man it was that had come among them? Was it not natural that I should wish to say, "Rejoice, my friends, rejoice! It is no ordinary man who has joined you to-night, but it is I, *the* Gerard, the hero of Ratisbon, the victor of Jena, the man who broke the square at Austerlitz"? I could not say all this. But I could at least tell them some incidents which would enable them to say it for themselves. I did so. They listened unmoved. I told them more. At last, after my tale of how I had guided the army across the Danube, one universal shout of laughter broke from them all. I sprang to my feet, flushed with shame and anger. They had drawn me on. They were making game of me. They were convinced that they had to do with a braggart and a liar. Was this my reception in the Hussars of Conflans? I dashed the tears of mortification from my eyes, and they laughed the more at the sight.

"Do you know, Captain Pelletan, whether Marshal Lannes is still with the army?" asked the major.

"I believe that he is, sir," said the other.

"Really, I should have thought that his presence was hardly necessary now that Captain Gerard has arrived."

Again there was a roar of laughter. I can see the ring of faces, the mocking eyes, the open mouths—Olivier with his great black bristles, Pelletan thin and sneering, even the young sub-lieutenants convulsed with merriment. Heavens, the indignity of it! But my rage had dried my tears. I was myself again, cold, quiet, self-contained, ice without and fire within.

"I SPRANG TO MY FEET, FLUSHED WITH SHAME AND ANGER."

"May I ask, sir," said I to the major, "at what hour the regiment is paraded?"

"I trust, Captain Gerard, that you do not mean to alter our hours," said he, and again there was a burst of laughter, which died away as I looked slowly round the circle.

"What hour is the assembly?" I asked, sharply, of Captain Pelletan.

Some mocking answer was on his tongue, but my glance kept it there. "The assembly is at six," he answered.

"I thank you," said I. I then counted the company and found that I had to do with fourteen officers, two of whom appeared to be boys fresh from St. Cyr. I could not condescend to take any notice of their indiscretion. There remained the major, four captains, and seven lieutenants.

"Gentlemen," I continued, looking from one to the other of them, "I should feel myself unworthy of this famous regiment if I did not ask you for satisfaction for the rudeness with which you have greeted me, and I should hold you to be unworthy of it if on any pretext you refused to grant it."

"You will have no difficulty upon that score," said the major. "I am prepared to waive my rank and to give you every satisfaction in the name of the Hussars of Conflans."

"I thank you," I answered. "I feel, however, that I have some claim upon these other gentlemen who laughed at my expense."

"Whom would you fight, then?" asked Captain Pelletan.

"All of you," I answered.

They looked in surprise from one to the other. Then they drew off to the other end of the room, and I heard the buzz of their whispers. They were laughing. Evidently they still thought that they had to do with some empty braggart. Then they returned.

"Your request is unusual," said Major Olivier, "but it will be granted. How do you propose to conduct such a duel? The terms lie with you."

"Sabres," said I. "And I will take you in order of seniority, beginning with you, Major Olivier, at five o'clock. I will thus be able to devote five minutes to each before the assembly is blown. I must, however, beg you to have the courtesy to name the place of meeting, since I am still ignorant of the locality."

They were impressed by my cold and practical manner. Already the smile had died away from their lips. Olivier's face was no longer mocking, but it was dark and stern.

"There is a small open space behind the horse lines," said he. "We have held a few affairs of honour there and it has done very well. We shall be there, Captain Gerard, at the hour you name."

I was in the act of bowing to thank them for their acceptance when the door of the mess-room was flung open and the colonel hurried into the room, with an agitated face.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I have been asked to call for a volunteer from among you for a service which involves the greatest possible danger. I will not disguise from you that the matter is serious in the last degree, and that Marshal Lannes has chosen a cavalry officer because he can be better spared than an officer of infantry or of Engineers. Married men are not eligible. Of the others, who will volunteer?"

I need not say that all the unmarried officers stepped to the front. The colonel looked round in some embarrassment. I could see his dilemma. It was the best man who should go, and yet it was the best man whom he could least spare.

"Sir," said I, "may I be permitted to make a suggestion?"

He looked at me with a hard eye. He had not forgotten my observations at supper. "Speak!" said he.

"I would point out, sir," said I, "that this mission is mine both by right and by convenience."

"Why so, Captain Gerard?"

"By right because I am the senior captain. By convenience because I shall not be missed in the regiment, since the men have not yet learned to know me."

The colonel's features relaxed.

"There is certainly truth in what you say, Captain Gerard," said he. "I think that you are indeed best fitted to go upon this mission. If you will come with me I will give you your instructions."

I wished my new comrades good-night as I left the room, and I repeated that I should hold myself at their disposal at five o'clock next morning. They bowed in silence, and I thought that I could see from the expression of their faces that they had already begun to take a more just view of my character.

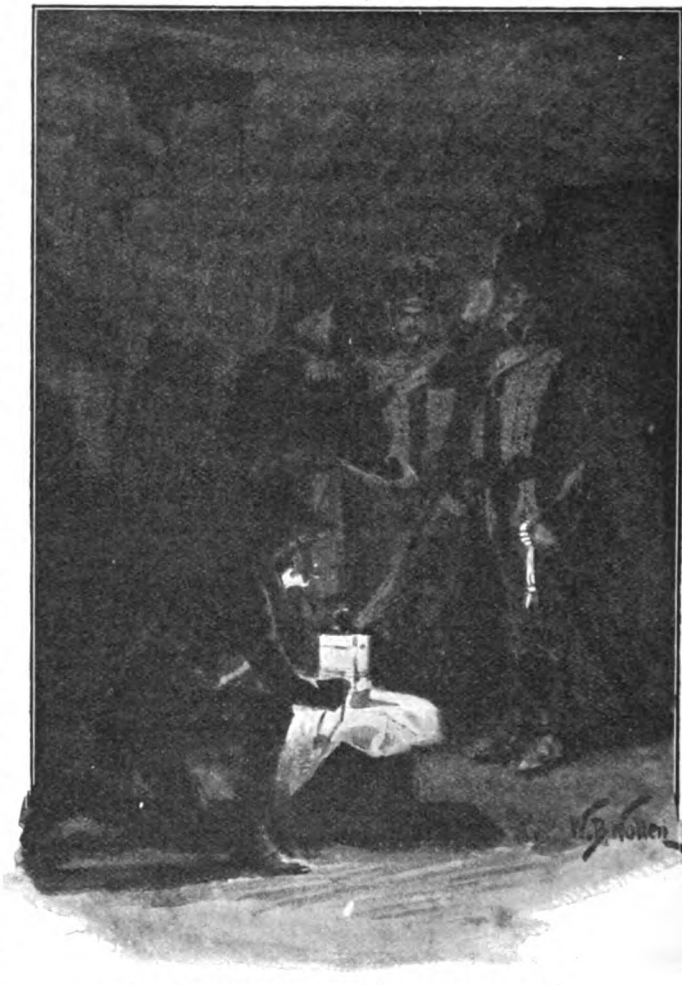
I had expected that the colonel would at once inform me what it was that I had been chosen to do, but instead of that he walked on in silence, I following behind him. We passed through the camp and made our way across the trenches and over the ruined heaps of stones which marked the old wall of the town. Within there was a labyrinth of passages formed among the *débris* of the

houses which had been destroyed by the mines of the Engineers. Acres and acres were covered with splintered walls and piles of brick which had once been a populous suburb. Lanes had been driven through it and lanterns placed at the corners with inscriptions to direct the wayfarer. The colonel hurried onwards until at last, after a long walk, we found our way barred by a high grey wall which stretched right across our path. Here behind a barricade lay our advanced guard. The colonel led me into a roofless house, and there I found two general officers, a map stretched over a drum in front of them, they kneeling beside it and examining it carefully by the light of a lantern. The one with the clean-shaven face and the twisted neck was Marshal Lannes, the other was General Razout, the head of the Engineers.

"Captain Gerard has volunteered to go," said the colonel.

Marshal Lannes rose from his knees and shook me by the hand.

"You are a brave man, sir," said he. "I have a present to make to you," he added, handing me a very tiny glass tube. "It has been specially prepared by Dr. Fardet. At the supreme moment you have but to put it to your lips and you will be dead in an instant."



"A COLD CHILL PASSED UP MY BACK AND MY HAIR ROSE."

This was a cheerful beginning. I will confess to you, my friends, that a cold chill passed up my back and my hair rose upon my head.

"Excuse me, sir," said I, as I saluted, "I am aware that I have volunteered for a service of great danger, but the exact details have not yet been given to me."

"Colonel Perrin," said Lannes, severely, "it is unfair to allow this brave officer to volunteer before he has learned what the perils are to which he will be exposed."

But already I was myself once more.

"Sir," said I, "permit me to remark that the greater the danger the greater the glory, and that I could only repent of volunteering if I found that there were no risks to be run."

It was a noble speech, and my appearance gave force to my words. For the moment I was a heroic figure. As I saw Lannes's eyes fixed in admiration upon my face it thrilled me to think how splendid was the *début* which I was making in the army of Spain. If I died that night my name would not be forgotten. My new comrades and my old, divided in all else, would still have a point of union in their love and admiration of Etienne Gerard.

"General Razout, explain the situation!" said Lannes, briefly.

The Engineer officer rose, his compasses in his hand. He led me to the door and

pointed to the high grey wall which towered up amongst the *débris* of the shattered houses.

"That is the enemy's present line of defence," said he. "It is the wall of the great Convent of the Madonna. If we can carry it the city must fall, but they have run countermines all round it, and the walls are so enormously thick that it would be an immense labour to breach it with artillery. We happen to know, however, that the enemy have a considerable store of powder in one of the lower chambers. If that could be exploded the way would be clear for us."

"How can it be reached?" I asked.

"I will explain. We have a French agent within the town named Hubert. This brave man has been in constant communication with us, and he had promised to explode the magazine. It was to be done in the early morning, and for two days running we have had a storming party of a thousand Grenadiers waiting for the breach to be formed. But there has been no explosion, and for these two days we have had no communication from Hubert. The question is, what has become of him?"

"You wish me to go and see?"

"Precisely. Is he ill, or wounded, or dead? Shall we still wait for him, or shall we attempt the attack elsewhere? We cannot determine this until we have heard from him. This is a map of the town, Captain Gerard. You perceive that within this ring of convents and monasteries are a number of streets which branch off from a central square. If you come so far as this square you will find the cathedral at one corner. In that corner is the Street of Toledo. Hubert lives in a small house between a cobbler's and a wine-shop, on the right-hand side as you go from the cathedral. Do you follow me?"

"Clearly."

"You are to reach that house, to see him, and to find out if his plan is still feasible or if we must abandon it." He produced what appeared to be a roll of dirty brown flannel. "This is the dress of a Franciscan friar," said he. "You will find it the most useful disguise."

I shrank away from it.

"It turns me into a spy," I cried. "Surely I can go in my uniform?"

"Impossible! How could you hope to pass through the streets of the city? Remember, also, that the Spaniards take no prisoners, and that your fate will be the same in whatever dress you are taken."

It was true, and I had been long enough in Spain to know that that fate was likely to be something more serious than mere death. All the way from the frontier I had heard grim tales of torture and mutilation. I enveloped myself in the Franciscan gown.

"Now I am ready."

"Are you armed?"

"My sabre."

"They will hear it clank. Take this knife and leave your sword. Tell Hubert that at four o'clock before dawn the storming party will again be ready. There is a sergeant outside who will show you how to get into the city. Good-night and good luck!"

Before I had left the room the two generals had their cocked hats touching each other over the map. At the door an under-officer of Engineers was waiting for me. I tied the girdle of my gown, and taking off my busby I drew the cowl over my head. My spurs I removed. Then in silence I followed my guide.

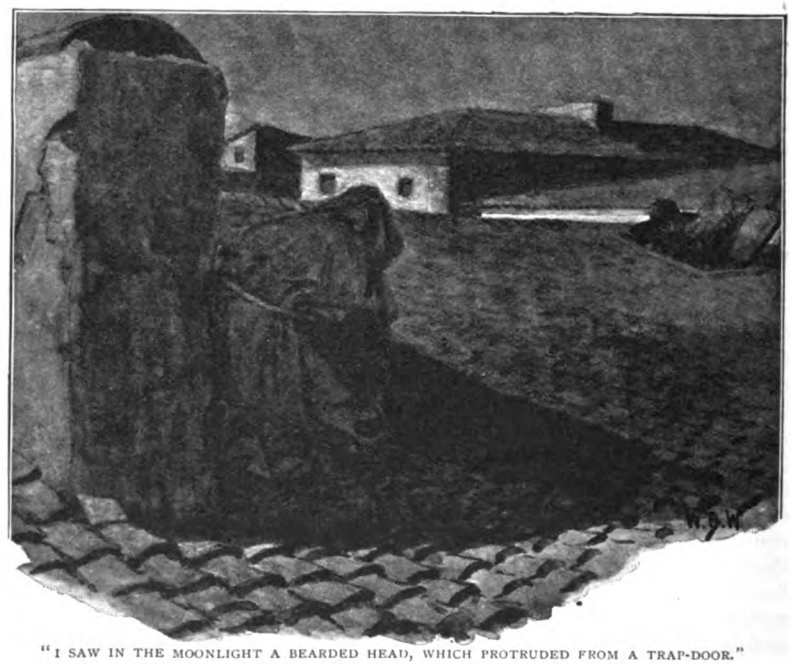
It was necessary to move with caution, for the walls above were lined by the Spanish sentries, who fired down continually at our advance posts. Slinking along under the very shadow of the great convent, we picked our way slowly and carefully among the piles of ruins until we came to a large chestnut tree. Here the sergeant stopped.

"It is an easy tree to climb," said he. "A scaling ladder would not be simpler. Go up it, and you will find that the top branch will enable you to step upon the roof of that house. After that it is your guardian angel who must be your guide, for I can help you no more."

Girding up the heavy brown gown I ascended the tree as directed. A half moon was shining brightly, and the line of roof stood out dark and hard against the purple, starry sky. The tree was in the shadow of the house. Slowly I crept from branch to branch until I was near the top. I had but to climb along a stout limb in order to reach the wall. But suddenly my ears caught the patter of feet, and I cowered against the trunk and tried to blend myself with its shadow. A man was coming towards me on the roof. I saw his dark figure creeping along, his body crouching, his head advanced, the barrel of his gun protruding. His whole bearing was full of caution and suspicion. Once or twice he paused, and then came on again until he had reached the edge of the parapet within a few yards of me. Then he knelt down, levelled his musket, and fired.

I was so astonished at this sudden crash

at my very elbow that I nearly fell out of the tree. For an instant I could not be sure that he had not hit me. But when I heard a deep groan from below, and the Spaniard leaned over the parapet and laughed aloud, I understood what had occurred. It was my poor, faithful sergeant who had waited to see the last of me. The Spaniard had seen him standing under the tree and had shot him. You will think that it was good shooting in the dark, but these people used trebucos, or blunderbusses, which were filled up with all sorts of stones and scraps of metal, so that they would hit you as certainly as I have hit a pheasant on a branch. The Spaniard stood peering down through the darkness, while an occasional groan from below showed that the sergeant was still living. The sentry looked round and everything was still and safe. Perhaps he thought that he would like to finish off this accursed Frenchman, or perhaps he had a desire to see what was in his pockets; but whatever his motive he laid down his gun, leaned forward, and swung himself into the tree. The same instant I buried my knife in his body, and he fell with a loud crashing through the branches and came with a thud to the ground. I heard a short struggle below and an oath or two in French. The wounded sergeant had not waited long for his vengeance.



"I SAW IN THE MOONLIGHT A BEARDED HEAD, WHICH PROTRUDED FROM A TRAP-DOOR."

For some minutes I did not dare to move, for it seemed certain that someone would be attracted by the noise. However, all was silent save for the chimes striking midnight in the city. I crept along the branch and lifted myself on to the roof. The Spaniard's gun was lying there, but it was of no service to me, since he had the powder-horn at his belt. At the same time, if it were found it would warn the enemy that something had happened, so I thought it best to drop it over the wall. Then I looked round for the means of getting off the roof and down into the city.

It was very evident that the simplest way by which I could get down was that by which the sentinel had got up, and what this was soon became evident. A voice along the roof called "Manuelo! Manuelo!" several times, and, crouching in the shadow, I saw in the moonlight a bearded head, which protruded from a trap-door. Receiving no answer to his summons the man climbed through, followed by three other fellows, all armed to the teeth. You will see here how important it is not to neglect small precautions, for had I left the man's gun where I found it a search must have followed and I should certainly have been discovered. As it was, the patrol saw no sign of their sentry and thought, no doubt, that he had moved along the line of the roofs. They hurried on, therefore, in that direction, and I, the instant that their backs were turned, rushed to the open trap-door and descended the flight of steps which led from it. The house appeared to be an empty one, for I passed through the heart of it and out, by an open door, into the street beyond.

It was a narrow and deserted lane, but it opened into a broader road, which was dotted with fires, round which a great number of soldiers and peasants were sleeping. The

smell within the city was so horrible that one wondered how people could live in it, for during the months that the siege had lasted there had been no attempt to cleanse the streets or to bury the dead. Many people were moving up and down from fire to fire, and among them I observed several monks. Seeing that they came and went unquestioned, I took heart and hurried on my way in the direction of the great square. Once a man rose from beside one of the fires and stopped me by seizing my sleeve. He pointed to a woman who lay motionless on the road, and I took him to mean that she was dying, and that he desired me to administer the last offices of the Church. I sought refuge, however, in the very little Latin that was left to me. "Ora pro nobis," said I, from the depths of my cowl. "Te Deum laudamus. Ora pro nobis." I raised my hand as I spoke and pointed forwards. The fellow released my sleeve and shrank back in silence, while I, with a solemn gesture, hurried upon my way.

As I had imagined, this broad boulevard led out into the central square, which was full of troops and blazing with fires. I walked swiftly onwards, disregarding one or two people who addressed remarks to me. I passed the cathedral and followed the street which had been described to me. Being upon the side of the city which was farthest from our attack, there were no troops encamped in it, and it lay in darkness, save for an occasional glimmer in a window. It was not difficult to find the house to which I had been directed, between the wine-shop and the cobbler's. There was no light within and the door was shut. Cautiously I pressed the latch and I felt that it had yielded. Who was within I could not tell, and yet I must take the risk. I pushed the door open and entered.

It was pitch-dark within—the more so as I had closed the door behind me. I felt round and came upon the edge of a table. Then I stood still and wondered what I should do next and how I could gain some news of this Hubert, in whose house I found myself. Any mistake would cost me not only my life but the failure of my mission. Perhaps he did not live alone. Perhaps he was only a lodger in a Spanish family, and my visit might bring ruin to him as well as to myself. Seldom in my life have I been more perplexed. And then, suddenly, something turned my blood cold in my veins. It was a voice, a whispering voice, in my very ear. "Mon Dieu!" cried the voice in a tone of agony. "Oh, mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" Then there was a dry sob in the darkness and all was still once more.

It thrilled me with horror, that terrible voice, but it thrilled me also with hope, for it was the voice of a Frenchman.

"Who is there?" I asked.

There was a groaning, but no reply.

"Is that you, Monsieur Hubert?"

"Yes, yes," sighed the voice, so low that I could hardly hear it. "Water, water, for Heaven's sake, water!"

I advanced in the direction of the sound, but only to come in contact with the wall. Again I heard a groan, but this time there could be no doubt that it was above my head. I put up my hands, but they felt only empty air.

"Where are you?" I cried.

"Here! Here!" whispered the strange, tremulous voice. I stretched my hand along the wall and I came upon a man's naked foot. It was as high as my face and yet, so far as I could feel, it had nothing to support it. I staggered back in amazement. Then I took a tinder-box from my pocket and struck a light. At the first flash a man seemed to be floating in the air in front of me, and I dropped the box in my amazement. Again with tremulous fingers I struck the flint against the steel, and this time I lit not only the tinder but the wax taper. I held it up, and if my amazement was lessened my horror was increased by that which it revealed.

The man had been nailed to the wall as a weasel is nailed to the door of a barn. Huge spikes had been driven through his hands and his feet. The poor wretch was in his last agony, his head sunk upon his shoulder and his blackened tongue protruding from his lips. He was dying as much from thirst as from his wounds, and these inhuman wretches had placed a beaker of wine upon the table in front of him to add a fresh pang to his tortures. I raised it to his lips. He had still strength enough to swallow, and the light came back a little to his dim eyes.

"Are you a Frenchman?" he whispered.

"Yes. They have sent me to learn what had befallen you."

"They discovered me. They have killed me for it. But before I die let me tell you what I know. A little more of that wine, please! Quick! Quick! I am very near the end. My strength is going. Listen to me! The powder is stored in the Mother Superior's room. The wall is pierced, and the end of the train is in Sister Angela's cell next the chapel. All was ready two days

ago. But they discovered a letter and they tortured me."

"Good heavens! have you been hanging here for two days?"

"It seems like two years. Comrade, I have served France, have I not? Then do one little service for me. Stab me to the heart, dear friend! I implore you, I entreat you to put an end to my sufferings."

"THE MAN WAS INDEED IN A HOPELESS PLIGHT."

The man was indeed in a hopeless plight, and the kindest action would have been that for which he begged. And yet I could not in cold blood drive my knife into his body, although I knew how I should have prayed for such a mercy had I been in his place. But a sudden thought crossed my mind. In my pocket I held that which would give an instant and a painless death. It was my own safeguard against torture, and yet this poor soul was in very pressing need of it, and he had deserved well of France. I took out my phial and emptied it into the cup of wine. I was in the act of handing it to him when I heard a sudden clash of arms outside the door. In an instant I put out my light and slipped behind the window-curtains. Next moment the door was flung open and two Spaniards strode into the room, fierce, swarthy men in the dress of citizens, but with muskets slung over their shoulders. I looked through the chink in the curtains in an agony of fear lest they had come upon my traces, but it was evident that their visit was simply in order to feast their eyes upon my unfortunate compatriot. One of them held the lantern which he carried up in front of the dying man, and both of them burst into a shout of mocking laughter. Then the eyes of the man with the lantern fell upon the flagon of wine upon the table. He picked it up, held it with a devilish grin to the lips of Hubert, and then, as the poor wretch involuntarily inclined his head forward to reach it, he snatched it back and took a long gulp himself. At the same instant he uttered a loud cry, clutched wildly at his own throat, and fell stone-dead upon the floor. His comrade stared at him in horror and amazement. Then, overcome by his own superstitious fears, he gave a yell of terror and rushed madly from the room. I heard his feet clattering wildly on the cobble-stones until the sound died away in the distance.

The lantern had been left burning upon the table, and by its light I saw, as I came out from behind my curtain, that the unfortunate Hubert's head had fallen forward upon his chest and that he also was dead. That motion to reach the wine with his lips had been his last. A clock ticked loudly in the house, but otherwise all was absolutely still. On the wall hung the twisted form of the Frenchman, on the floor lay the motionless body of the Spaniard, all dimly lit by the horn lantern. For the first time in my life a frantic spasm of terror came over me. I had seen ten thousand men in every conceivable degree of mutilation stretched upon the ground, but the sight had never affected me like those two silent figures who were my companions in

that shadowy room. I rushed into the street as the Spaniard had done, eager only to leave that house of gloom behind me, and I had run as far as the cathedral before my wits came back to me. There I stopped panting in the shadow, and, my hand pressed to my side, I tried to collect my scattered senses and to plan out what I should do. As I stood there, breathless, the great brass bells roared twice above my head. It was two o'clock. Four was the hour when the storming party would be in its place. I had still two hours in which to act.

The cathedral was brilliantly lit within, and a number of people were passing in and out; so I entered, thinking that I was less likely to be accosted there and that I might have quiet to form my plans. It was certainly a singular sight, for the place had been turned into an hospital, a refuge, and a storehouse. One aisle was crammed with provisions, another was littered with sick and wounded, while in the centre a great number of helpless people had taken up their abode and had even lit their cooking fires upon the mosaic floors. There were many at prayer, so I knelt in the shadow of a pillar and I prayed with all my heart that I might have the good luck to get out of this scrape alive, and that I might do such a deed that night as would make my name as famous in Spain as it had already become in Germany. I waited until the clock struck three and then I left the cathedral and made my way towards the Convent of the Madonna, where the assault was to be delivered. You will understand, you who know me so well, that I was not the man to return tamely to the French camp with the report that our agent was dead and that other means must be found of entering the city. Either I should find some means to finish his uncompleted task or there would be a vacancy for a senior captain in the Hussars of Conflans.

I passed unquestioned down the broad boulevard, which I have already described, until I came to the great stone convent which formed the outwork of the defence. It was built in a square with a garden in the centre. In this garden some hundreds of men were assembled, all armed and ready, for it was known, of course, within the town that this was the point against which the French attack was likely to be made. Up to this time our fighting all over Europe had always been done between one army and another. It was only here in Spain that we learned how terrible a thing it is to fight against a people. On the one hand there is no glory, for what glory could be gained by defeating this rabble of elderly shopkeepers, ignorant peasants, fanatical priests, excited women, and all the other creatures who made up the garrison? On the other hand there were extreme discomfort and danger, for these people would give you no rest, would observe no rules of war, and were desperately earnest in their desire by hook or by crook to do you an injury. I began to realize how odious was our task as I looked upon the motley but ferocious groups who were gathered round the watch-fires in the garden of the Convent of the Madonna. It was not for us soldiers to think about politics, but from the beginning there always seemed to be a curse upon this war in Spain.

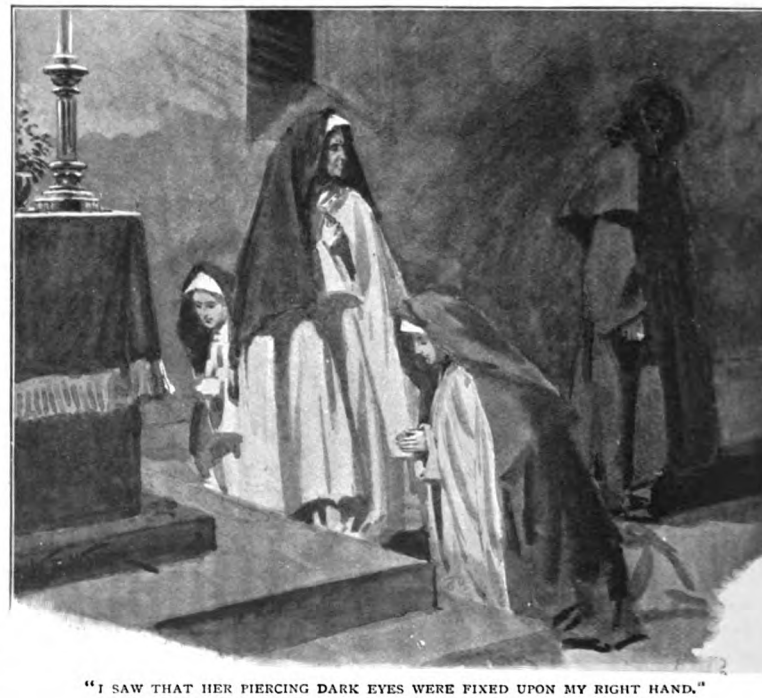
However, at the moment I had no time to brood over such matters as these. There was, as I have said, no difficulty in getting as far as the convent garden, but to pass inside the convent unquestioned was not so easy. The first thing which I did was to walk round the garden, and I was soon able to pick out one large stained-glass window which must belong to the chapel. I had understood from Hubert that the Mother Superior's room in which the powder was stored was near to this, and that the train had been laid through a hole in the wall from some neighbouring cell. I must at all costs get into the convent. There was a guard at the door, and how could I get in without explanations? But a sudden inspiration showed me how the thing might be done. In the garden was a well, and beside the well were a number of empty buckets. I filled two of these and approached the door. The errand of a man who carries a bucket of water in each hand does not need to be explained. The guard opened to let me through. I found myself in a long, stone-flagged corridor lit with lanterns, with the cells of the nuns leading out from one side of it. Now at last I was on the high road to success. I walked on without hesitation, for I knew by my observations in the garden which way to go for the chapel.

A number of Spanish soldiers were lounging and smoking in the corridor, several of whom addressed me as I passed. I fancy it was for my blessing that they asked, and my "Ora pro nobis" seemed to entirely satisfy them. Soon I had got as far as the chapel, and it was easy enough to see that the cell next door was used as a magazine, for the floor was all black with powder in front of it. The door was shut, and two

fierce-looking fellows stood on guard outside it, one of them with a key stuck in his belt. Had we been alone it would not have been long before it would have been in my hand, but with his comrade there it was impossible for me to hope to take it by force. The cell next door to the magazine on the far side from the chapel must be the one which belonged to Sister Angela. It was half open. I took my courage in both hands and, leaving my buckets in the corridor, I walked unchallenged into the room.

I was prepared to find half-a-dozen fierce Spanish desperadoes within, but what actually met my eyes was even more embarrassing. The room had apparently been set aside for the use of some of the nuns, who for some reason had refused to quit their home. Three of them were within, one an elderly, stern faced dame who was evidently the Mother Superior, the others young ladies of charming appearance. They were seated together at the far side of the room, but they all rose at my entrance, and I saw with some amazement, by their manner and expressions, that my coming was both welcome and expected. In a moment my presence of mind had returned, and I saw exactly how the matter lay. Naturally, since an attack was about to be made upon the convent, these sisters had been expecting to be directed to some place of safety. Probably they were under vow not to quit the walls and they had been told to remain in this cell until they received further orders. In any case I adapted my conduct to this supposition, since it was clear that I must get them out of the room, and this would give me a ready excuse to do so. I first cast a glance at the door and observed that the key was within. I then made a gesture to the nuns to follow me. The Mother Superior asked me some question, but I shook my head impatiently and beckoned to her again. She hesitated, but I stamped my foot and called them forth in so imperious a manner that they came at once. They would be safer in the chapel, and thither I led them, placing them at the end which was farthest from the magazine. As the three nuns took their places before the altar my heart bounded with joy and pride within me, for I felt that the last obstacle had been lifted from my path.

And yet how often have I not found that that is the very moment of danger? I took a last glance at the Mother Superior, and to my dismay I saw that her piercing dark eyes were fixed, with an expression in which surprise was deepening into suspicion, upon my right hand. There were two points which might well have attracted her attention. One was that it was red with the blood of the sentinel whom I had stabbed in the tree. That alone might count for little, as the knife was as familiar as the breviary to the monks of Saragossa. But on my forefinger I wore a heavy gold ring—the gift of a certain German baroness whose name I may not mention. It shone brightly in the light of the altar lamp. Now, a ring upon a friar's hand is an impossibility, since they



"I SAW THAT HER PIERCING DARK EYES WERE FIXED UPON MY RIGHT HAND."

are vowed to absolute poverty. I turned quickly and made for the door of the chapel, but the mischief was done. As I glanced back I saw that the Mother Superior was already hurrying after me. I ran though the chapel door and along the corridor, but she called out some shrill warning to the two guards in front. Fortunately I had the presence of mind to call out also, and to point down the passage as if we were both pursuing the same object. Next instant I had dashed past them, sprang into the cell, slammed the heavy door, and fastened it upon the inside. With a bolt above and below and a huge lock in the centre it was a piece of timber that would take some forcing.

Even now if they had had the wit to put a barrel of powder against the door I should have been ruined. It was their only chance, for I had come to the final stage of my adventure. Here at last, after such a string of dangers as few men have ever lived to talk of, I was at one end of the powder train, with the Saragossa magazine at the other. They were howling like wolves out in the passage, and muskets were crashing against the door. I paid no heed to their clamour, but I looked eagerly around for that train of which Hubert had spoken. Of course, it must be at the side of the room next to the magazine. I crawled along it on my hands and knees, looking into every crevice, but no sign could I see. Two bullets flew through the door and flattened themselves against the wall. The thudding and smashing grew ever louder. I saw a grey pile in a corner, flew to it with a cry of joy, and found that it was only dust. Then I got back to the side of the door where no bullets could ever reach me—they were streaming freely into the room—and I tried to forget this fiendish howling in my ear and to think out where this train could be. It must have been carefully laid by Hubert lest these nuns should see it. I tried to imagine how I should myself have arranged it had I been in his place. My eye was attracted by a statue of St. Joseph which stood in the corner. There was a wreath of leaves along the edge of the pedestal, with a lamp burning amidst them. I rushed across to it and tore the leaves aside. Yes, yes, there was a thin black line, which disappeared through a small hole in the wall. I tilted over the lamp and threw myself on the ground. Next instant came a roar like thunder, the walls wavered and tottered around me, the ceiling clattered down from above, and over the yell of the terrified Spaniards was heard the terrific shout of the storming column of Grenadiers. As in a dream—a happy dream—I heard it, and then I heard no more.

When I came to my senses two French soldiers were propping me up, and my head was singing like a kettle. I staggered to my feet and looked around me. The plaster had fallen, the furniture was scattered, and there were rents in the bricks, but no signs of a breach. In fact, the walls of the convent had been so solid that the explosion of the magazine had been insufficient to throw them down. On the other hand, it had caused such a panic among the defenders that our stormers had been able to carry the windows and throw open the doors almost without assistance. As I ran out into the corridor I found it full of troops, and I met Marshal Lannes himself, who was entering with his staff. He stopped and listened eagerly to my story.

"Splendid, Captain Gerard, splendid!" he cried. "These facts will certainly be reported to the Emperor."

"I would suggest to your Excellency," said I, "that I have only finished the work that was planned and carried out by Monsieur Hubert, who gave his life for the cause."

"His services will not be forgotten," said the Marshal. "Meanwhile, Captain Gerard, it is half-past four and you must be starving after such a night of exertion. My staff and I will breakfast inside the city. I assure you that you will be an honoured guest."

"I will follow your Excellency," said I. "There is a small engagement which detains me."

He opened his eyes.

"At this hour?"

"Yes, sir," I answered. "My fellow-officers, whom I never saw until last night, will not be content unless they catch another glimpse of me the first thing this morning."

"Au revoir, then," said Marshal Lannes, as he passed upon his way.

I hurried through the shattered door of the convent. When I reached the roofless house in which we had held the consultation the night before, I threw off my gown and I put on the busby and sabre which I had left there. Then, a Hussar once more, I hurried onwards to the grove which was our rendezvous. My brain was still reeling from the concussion of the powder, and I was exhausted by the many emotions which had shaken me during that terrible night. It is like a dream, all that walk in the first dim grey light of dawn, with the smouldering

camp-fires around me and the buzz of the waking army. Bugles and drums in every direction were mustering the infantry, for the explosion and the shouting had told their own tale. I strode onwards until, as I entered the little clump of cork oaks behind the horse lines, I saw my twelve comrades waiting in a group, their sabres at their sides. They looked at me curiously as I approached. Perhaps with my powder-blackened face and my bloodstained hands I seemed a different Gerard to the young captain whom they had made game of the night before.

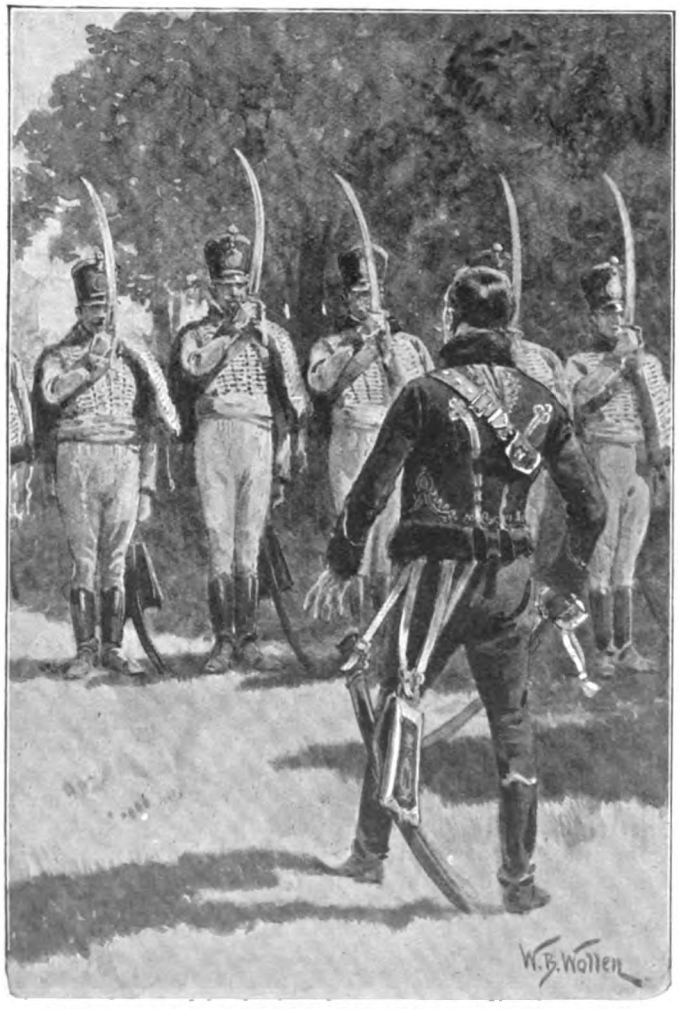
"Good morning, gentlemen," said I. "I regret exceedingly if I have kept you waiting, but I have not been master of my own time."

They said nothing, but they still scanned me with curious eyes. I can see them now, standing in a line before me, tall men and short men, stout men and thin men: Olivier, with his warlike moustache; the thin, eager face of Pelletan; young Oudin, flushed by his first duel; Mortier, with the sword-cut across his wrinkled brow. I laid aside my busby and drew my sword.

"I have one favour to ask you, gentlemen," said I. "Marshal Lannes has invited me to breakfast and I cannot keep him waiting."

"What do you suggest?" asked Major Olivier.

"That you release me from my promise to give you five minutes each, and that you will permit me to attack you all together." I stood upon my guard as I spoke.



"WITH ONE IMPULSE THE TWELVE SWORDS FLEW FROM THEIR SCABBARDS AND WERE RAISED IN SALUTE."

But their answer was truly beautiful and truly French. With one impulse the twelve swords flew from their scabbards and were raised in salute. There they stood, the twelve of them, motionless, their heels together, each with his sword upright before his face.

I staggered back from them. I looked from one to the other. For an instant I could not believe my own eyes. They were paying me homage, these, the men who had jeered me! Then I understood it all. I saw the effect that I had made upon them and their desire to make reparation. When a man is weak he can steel himself against danger, but not against emotion. "Comrades," I cried, "comrades——!" but I could say no more. Something seemed to take me by the throat and choke me. And then in an instant Olivier's arms were round me, Pelletan had seized me by the right hand, Mortier by the left, some were patting me on the shoulder, some were clapping me on the back, on every side smiling faces were looking into mine; and so it was that I knew that I had won my footing in the Hussars of Conflans.

From the Painting by] ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON. *[Carpaccio.*

St. George of England.

St. George he was for England, St. Denis was for France ;
Sing "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

UPON the twenty-third of the present month falls St. George's Day. The patron saint of England is perhaps better known to the majority of Englishmen by name than in the details of his history ; and there are comparatively few who could say offhand how and why St. George of Cappadocia became St. George of England, or when his image made its first appearance upon certain of our coins.

The lines quoted at the head of this article are the refrain of one of the old ballads in honour of the patron saint of England, and present St. George to us in two of the three guises in which we know him : as the Champion of England, as the Conqueror of the Dragon, and as the Patron of the Order of the Garter, whose motto, as no one needs reminding, is the French phrase above quoted, which was spoken by King Edward III., at that memorable ball when the Countess of Salisbury of the time met with an embarrassing accident.

The legend which associated St. George and the dragon dates from the time when, as a tribune in the Roman army, he visited the City of Silena, in Libya. Outside the walls of the town was a great lake in which the dragon dwelt. In the pursuit of its prey the dragon used to go up to the very walls of the city. The terrified people, to keep it at a distance, used to lead two sheep into the country beyond the walls on the way to the lake in order to satisfy the hunger of the dragon. Eventually, when the supply of sheep was nearly gone, and they could only give the beast one a day, they were compelled to add a man or a woman, who was chosen by lot. At last, when nearly all the young men and women had fallen victims to the dragon, the lot fell on the King's daughter, who was her parents' only child. The Royal couple prevailed on the people to grant a respite for a week, in the hope that some means might be devised to stop the ravages of the dragon. On the eighth day, however, the Princess, dressed in

her richest garments, by order of the King, so that it might seem as if she were going to her bridal rather than her death, was led to the field to be devoured. Then it was that, with dramatic suddenness, St. George appeared upon the scene, offered battle to the monster, and, after a terrific combat, slew him with his lance.

According to one of the traditions, however, St. George, having wounded the dragon, told the Princess to bind her girdle around the dragon's neck and not be afraid. When she did this "the dragon followed as it had been a meke beest and debonayre," and an old wood engraving thus represents them. In this way the Princess led the dragon back to the city. When the people saw them coming they fled for fear, but St. George bade them return, and promised to slay the dragon if they would adopt Christianity and be baptized. The King consented, and was followed by more than fifteen thousand men, in addition to the women and children, whereupon St. George slew the dragon and cut off his head. This baptism of the King and the nobles was taken as a subject by Carpaccio in the picture. Indeed, Carpaccio painted several versions of the legend, which may be seen in the different churches of Venice, and one of the most striking of which is reproduced at the head of this article. His treatment is realistic in the extreme, for he always introduces bones and skulls, as well as the mangled bodies of men who had been eaten by the dragon, and the skulls and bones of animals, with crawling reptiles that dwelt in the mud by the margin of the lake.

From the Painting by ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON. [*Raphael.*

But was this feat of dragon-slaying the reason why St. George was adopted as the patron saint of England? By no means That position he achieved not by any imaginary exploit, but by real feats of valour and of arms. What these were may now be briefly told.

He was born in Cappadocia about 269 A.D. His parents, who were of noble birth, were Christians; but when he was quite a boy he lost his father. His mother thereupon took him to Palestine, where she was born and had a considerable estate. Even in those days the profession of arms was as alluring to the sons of the rich as it is to-day, and young George entered the Roman army, where he was soon advanced to the rank of tribune. Brave, handsome, daring, he was just the sort of youth to win the regard of the soldiery, for men are men whether they wear the plumed helmets of ancient Rome or the khaki of King Edward VII., and the same qualities produce the same effects whatever the year may be.

George's fame soon reached the ears of the Emperor Diocletian, who advanced him to a high position in the Imperial Court. Just then the soothsayers of the Oracle of Apollo, with an outburst of candour as unexpected as it was impolitic, declared that the Oracle could no longer foretell the future by reason of the multiplication of the generation of the just. "Who are the just?" demanded the Emperor. "The Christians, sire," replied the soothsayers.

The Emperor thereupon issued an edict threatening with death every Christian in the province who did not renounce his faith. George tore down the proclamation, thus revealing his Christianity to all the Roman world; and going into the Senate, before which Diocletian had presented a request

that the edict should be proclaimed throughout the whole of the Roman Empire, he denounced the idolators with such eloquence and invective that the Emperor had him removed in chains, imprisoned, tortured with all the barbarity of which the Romans were capable, and finally beheaded. This occurred in the City of Nicomedia on Good Friday, April 23rd, A.D. 290, when George had just completed his twenty-first year, and he was buried, in accordance with his own request, in Palestine.

George's bravery in the face of the Romans was seized by the soldiery as a type of what a soldier should be, and he thus became the patron of all military men. For this reason he was held in honour by most of the European nations. In the Holy Land his fame was at its height during the time of the Crusades. And now the reason why he became chosen as the patron saint of England becomes easy to understand. He was the choice of the Crusaders.

St. George has formed a favourite subject of all the great artists of the world, both in painting and sculpture. He is for the most part represented as a very young man, notably in the picture by Raphael, which is reproduced on the preceding page, for which it is by no means improbable the painter used his own face as the model, for he sometimes did introduce himself into his own pictures. Paris Bordone, whose rendering is given on this page, on the other hand, makes St. George look decidedly older than twenty or twenty-one, and Albrecht Dürer makes him seem about middle-aged. The former artist, it will be noticed, too, by looking closely at the reproduction, introduces some of the realistic details of dead men's bones into his picture.

From the Painting by ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON. [*Paris Bordone.*

Particularly interesting is the picture of St. George by Rubens at Buckingham Palace, in which Charles I. is represented as St. George and Queen Henrietta Maria as the Princess Cleodelinde, who is thus given a name which very rarely appears in any of the legends. Charles I. impersonating St. George brings to mind the fact that the saint was at one time very frequently introduced on the stage, especially at pantomime time, and the sub-title "Harlequin St. George and the Dragon" was constantly occurring, especially in those theatres like the Astleys', of which our fathers and grandfathers still talk, and Ducrow was an actor who won great fame by his spirited representation of the patron saint.

In the old days, when our soldiers went into battle with a war-cry, St. George's name was the one they invariably uttered, as every reader of Shakespeare's historical plays will remember. Richmond, for instance, finishes his address to his soldiers with —

> Sound, drums and trumpets, bold and cheerfully,
> God and St. George, Richmond and victory.

And Henry V., addressing his men, bade them

> Upon this charge
> Cry "God for Harry, England, and St. George."

From the Painting by] CHARLES I. AS ST. GEORGE. *[Rubens, in Buckingham Palace.*

(By permission of Franz Hanfstaengl.)

In the reign of Henry VII. the Irish were forbidden to use their own battle-cry, "Aboo," or "other words like or otherwise contrary to the King's laws, his crown, dignity, and peace, but to call on St. George or the name of his Sovereign Lord the King of England for the time being." Indeed, in a glossary it is furthermore stated "that all souldiers entering into battaile, assault, skirmish, or other faction of armes, shall have for their common cry and word, 'St. George Forward,' or, 'Upon them, St. George,' whereby the soldier is much comforted, and the enemie dismaied by calling to minde the ancient valour of England, which with that name has so often been victorious."

St. George, as every happy possessor of a sovereign or a five-shilling piece can testify, also figures on the coinage, though, strange as it must seem, when we consider how many centuries he has been the patron saint, it was not until so recently as 1817 that he first appeared on our money as the result of a design by Benedetto Pistrucci.

Some six centuries and a half before this, however, St. George was used as an emblem on a piece of money, for he is represented in the twelfth century on the obverse of a Byzantine coin at the time of Isaac II. In this he stands on the left hand of the King, and, that there may be no possibility of error as to who is intended, his name is added. The dragon may, however, be seen on a much earlier English coin than that of George III., for it is on the angel, which dates back to the reign of Edward IV., the figure which is piercing the beast being St. Michael, whence the coin got its name.

THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF ST. GEORGE ON A COIN—REIGN OF ISAAC II. OF BYZANTIUM, TWELFTH CENTURY.

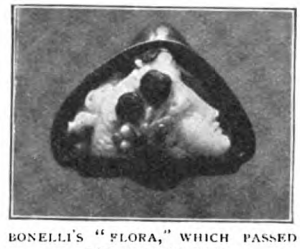
Pistrucci's design is the one which appears on all the coins of our time, and anyone who will take the trouble to look at a sovereign with a magnifying glass will see just under the dragon, and to the right of the date, the initials "B. P.," with which Pistrucci always signed his work.

His was a remarkable career. Born in Rome in 1784, he began to learn gem engraving at fourteen, and so great was his skill that in a few months he cut a stone of three strata for a cameo merchant named Bonelli, who was able to pass it off as an antique, when it went into the cabinet of the then Empress of Russia. Before he was sixteen he began, as he has said himself, "the career of a professor, loaded with commissions on all sides." Before he was thirty he came to London,

bringing some cameos with him. He was introduced to Sir Joseph Banks, at whose house he met Richard Payne-Knight, who had called to show Sir Joseph a fragmentary cameo of a Flora he had bought in Rome as an antique from Bonelli for a hundred pounds.

"Antique!" said Pistrucci, when it was shown to him; "why, I made that cameo myself for Bonelli six years ago, and he didn't pay me five pounds for it. If you will look in the corner you will see my private mark."

Not unnaturally Mr. Payne-Knight flew into a rage. He refused to cede the point, and declared "It *is* an antique," and to prove the point he added, "The wreath of the Flora is not a wreath of roses, but an extinct species of pomegranate blossom." Sir Joseph, to settle the matter, got a stronger glass and looked more carefully at the cameo. "But, by gad, they *are* roses," he exclaimed, "and *I* am a botanist."



BONELLI'S "FLORA," WHICH PASSED FOR AN ANTIQUE.

That very cameo of Flora formed part of the Payne Knight bequest to the British Museum, and it can, no doubt, be seen in the national collection by anyone who is curious enough to ask to have it pointed out.

So impressed was Sir Joseph Banks with Pistrucci's talent that, when the artist made him a head of George III., he sent him with it to Wellesley Pole, the Master of the Mint, and Pole told the chief engraver to copy it for reproduction on the new half-crown piece which was about to be coined. Pistrucci also showed Pole the wax model for a gem on the subject of St. George and the dragon which he had been commissioned by the then Earl Spencer to make for him for a George, as the jewel of the Garter is called. Pole was struck with the appropriateness of the design for the reverse of the new gold coinage he had under consideration, and he gave Pistrucci a commission to do him a jasper cameo on the same lines. This Pistrucci did, modifying his original design and modelling the figure from life, using for the purpose an Italian servant who was employed at the hotel in Leicester Square where he lived. This design was subsequently repeated on the crown of George IV., which Denon, the director of the French Mint, declared was the most beautiful coin in Europe.

Denon's opinion was shared by no less an authority than Ruskin, who, however, found much to criticise in the design from another point of view. "As a piece of mere die-cutting," he wrote, "that St. George is one of the best pieces of work we have on our money. But, as a design, how brightly comic it is! The horse looks abstractedly into the air, instead of where precisely it would have looked, at the beast between its legs; St. George, with nothing but his helmet on (being the last piece of armour he is likely to want), putting his naked feet—at least, his feet showing their toes through the buskins—well forward, that the dragon may, with the greatest convenience, get a bite at them; and about to deliver a mortal blow at him with a sword which cannot reach him by a couple of yards—or, I think, in George III.'s piece with a field-marshal's truncheon."

When the chief engraver to the Mint died Pistrucci was offered the appointment, but so great was the opposition on the ground that he was a foreigner, not only by the Corporation of the Mint, but by the Press, that the office remained vacant for several years, though Pistrucci did all the work. At last, however, the second engraver was made chief, and a special appointment as "chief medallist" was instituted for Pistrucci, an honour he thoroughly deserved, for all the critics and connoisseurs agree in awarding him the premier position among the coin designers not only of his day, but probably of the nineteenth century. It was he who made the Waterloo medal, the commission for which was given in 1817, though the work was not delivered until 1850. For this he received no less a sum than three thousand five hundred pounds, as it was supposed to represent more work than thirty ordinary medals, for each of which he always got a hundred pounds.

In honour of St. George several military orders have been founded, among them being one by the Emperor Frederick III., in 1470, to guard the frontiers of Bohemia and Hungary against the Turks, and the Order of St. George of Alfama by the Kings of Aragon.

Most important of all, however, is the Order of the Garter, the oldest European order extant, preceding, as it did, the institution of the Order of St. Michael, by Louis XI., by fifty-nine years, the Golden Fleece by eighty years, the Elephant of Denmark by two hundred and nine years, and the St. Esprit by two hundred and twenty-nine years.

The Flying Death.

By Samuel Hopkins Adams.

Part II. — The End of the Trail.

Document No. 3. —Extract from letter written by Stanford Colton to his father, John Colton, Esq., of New York City. Date, September 21st, 4 p.m.

SO there, my dear dad, is the case against the Pteranodon. To your hard business sense it will seem a thing for laughter. You wouldn't put a cent in Pteranodon stock on the word of an idealistic, scientific theorist like old Ravenden, backed by a few queer marks on a beach. Very well, neither would I. All the same, I ducked and ran when the owl flapped out from the cliff. And I wonder if you wouldn't have been dragging us to shelter yourself if you had been there.

Now as to poor Haynes. I was the last person to speak to him. He woke me out of a troubled dream by walking along the hall at six o'clock.

"Is that you, Haynes?" I called.

"Yes," he said. "I'm off for the beach."

"Wait fifteen minutes and I'll go with you," I suggested.

"If you don't mind, Colton, I'd rather you wouldn't. I want to go over the ground alone first. But I wish you'd come down after breakfast and join me."

"All right," I said. "It's your game to play. Good luck! Oh! hold on a minute. Have you got a gun?"

"No," he answered.

"Better take mine."

"You must have been having bad dreams," he said, lightly. "A good night's rest has scared the Professor's Cretaceous jub-jub bird out of my mental premises. Anyhow, I don't think a revolver would be much use against it, do you? But I'm much obliged, Colton."

I was now up and at the door.

"Well, good luck!" I said again, and for some reason I reached out and shook hands with him.

He looked rather surprised—perhaps just a bit startled—but he only said, "See you in a couple of hours."

Sleep was not for me after that. I tried it, but it was no go. The Stratton family almost expired of amazement when I showed up for seven o'clock breakfast. Half an hour later I was on the way to find Haynes. I went direct down the beach. Haynes had gone this way before me, as I saw by his tracks. It was a dead-and-alive sort of morning—grey, with a mist that seemed to smother sound as well as sight. I went forward with damped spirits and little heart in the enterprise. As I came to the turn of the cliff that opens up the view down the shore I halloaed for Haynes. No reply came. Again I shouted, and this time, as my call drew no answer, I confess that a clammy feeling of loneliness hastened my steps. I rounded the cliff at a good pace and saw ahead what checked me like a blow.

Almost at the spot where we had found Serdholm a man lay sprawled grotesquely. Though the face was hidden and the posture distorted, I knew him instantly for Haynes, and as instantly knew that he was dead. There's a bad streak in me, dad, and it came

"I picked it up and went forward to the body."

out at that instant, for I had wheeled to run before I realized the shame of it. Then, thank Heaven, I caught myself and stopped. As I turned again my foot struck a small rock. It wasn't much of a weapon, but it was the best at hand. I picked it up and went forward to the body, sickening at every step.

Haynes had been struck opposite the gully. The weapon that killed him had been driven with fearful impetus between his ribs, from the back. A dozen staggering prints showed where he had plunged forward before he fell. The heart was touched, and he must have been dead almost on the stroke. His flight was involuntary — the blind, mechanical instinct of escape from death. To one who had seen its like before there was no mistaking that great gash in his back. Haynes had been killed as Serdholm was. But for what cause? What possible motive of murder could embrace those two who had never known or so much as spoken to each other? No; it was motiveless: the act of a thing without mind, inspired by no motive but the blood-thirst, the passion of slaughter. At that the picture of the Pteranodon, as the Professor had drawn it, took hold of my mind. I ran to the point whence Haynes had staggered. Beginning there, in double line over the clean sand, stretched the grisly track of the talons. Except for them the sand was untouched.

So great an access of horror possessed me that I became, for the moment, irresponsible. Perhaps it was instinct that sent me to the water. I ran in to my knees, dropped on all fours, and not only plunged my head in, but took great gulps of the salt water. The retching that followed cleared my brain. I was able to command myself as I returned to the body of Haynes. Yet it was still with an overmastering repulsion that I scanned the heavens for wings; and when I came to climb to the cliff's top for a better view, three several times my knees gave way and I rolled to the gully. Nothing was in sight. Again I returned to the body, now somewhat master of myself. A hasty examination convinced me that Haynes had been dead for some time—perhaps an hour. There was but one thing to do. I set off for the house at my best speed.

Of the formalities that succeeded there is no need to speak; but following what I thought Haynes's method would have been, I investigated the movements of Schenck, the coastguard, that morning. From six o'clock till eight he was at the station. His alibi is perfect. In the killing of poor Haynes he had no part. That being proved sufficiently establishes his innocence of the Serdholm crime. Both were done by the same murderer.

Professor Ravenden is now fixed in his belief that the Pteranodon, or some little-altered descendant, did the murders. I am struggling not to believe it, yet it lies at the back of all my surmises as a hideous probability. One thing I know, that nothing would tempt me alone upon that beach to-night. To-morrow morning I shall load my Colt and go down there with the Professor, who is a game old theorist, and can be counted on to see this through. He is sketching out, this afternoon, a monograph on the survival of the Pteranodon. It will make a stir in the scientific world. Don't be worried about my part in this. I'll be cautious to-morrow. No other news to tell; nothing but this counts.

Your affectionate son,

STANFORD.

P.S.—Dad, couldn't you do something to help Haynes's people? Not financially—I don't believe they need that. If they're anything like Haynes they wouldn't accept it anyhow. But go and see them, and tell them how much we thought of him here, and how he died trying to get at the truth. I've written to them, but you can do so much more on the ground.

STAN.

DOCUMENT No. 3 (A).—Statement by Stanford Colton regarding his part in the events of the morning of September 22nd, 1902.

This is written at the request of Professor Ravenden, to be embodied with his report on the Montauk Point tragedies. On the morning of the day after the killing of Harris Haynes I went to the beach opposite Stony Gully. It was seven o'clock when I reached the point where the bodies were found. Professor Ravenden was to have accompanied me. He had started out while I was at breakfast, however, through a misunderstanding as to time. His route was a roundabout one, bringing him to the spot after my arrival, as will appear in his report. I went directly down the shore. In my belt was a forty-five-calibre revolver.

As I came opposite Stony Gully I carefully examined the sand. It had been much trodden by those who had taken the body of Haynes to the house. Toward the soft beach and the gully's mouth, however, there

had been no effacement, though there was a slight blurring effected by a mild fall of rain. My first action was to look carefully about the country to discover any possible peril near by. Having satisfied myself that I was not threatened, I set about inspecting the sand. There were no fresh marks. The five-taloned tracks were in several places almost as distinct as on the previous day. Fortunately, owing to the scanty population and the slow transmission of news, there had been very few visitors to the scene, and those few had been careful in their movements, so the evidence was not trodden out.

For a closer examination I got down on my hands and knees above one of the tracks. There was the secret, if I could but read it. The mark was in all respects the counter-part of the sketch made by Haynes, and of the impress on the Cretaceous rock of Professor Ravenden. I might have been in that posture two or three minutes, my mind immersed in conjecture. Then I rose, and as I stood and looked down there suddenly flashed into my brain the solution. I started forward to the next mark, and as I advanced something sang in the air behind me. I knew it was some swiftly flying thing; knew in the same agonizing moment that I was doomed; tried to face my death; and then there was a dreadful, grinding shock, a flame tore through my brain, and I fell forward into darkness.

"A FLAME TORE THROUGH MY BRAIN, AND I FELL FORWARD INTO DARKNESS."

DOCUMENT NO. 4.—The explanation by Professor Willis Ravenden, F.R.S., etc., of the events of September 20th, 21st, and 22nd, 1902, surrounding the death of Paul Serdholm and Harris Haynes and the striking down of Stanford Colton.

Of the events of the three days, September 20th, 21st, and 22nd, 1902, at Montauk Point, culminating in my own experience of the final date, I write with some degree of pain due to the personal element in my own attitude toward the case, and, as such, unworthy of a well-balanced intelligence. It is the more difficult for me to recount equably these matters in that I was shaken, at successive moments of the denouement, by many and violent passions: grief, fear, horror, and, finally, an inhuman rage which shamefully rankles in my memory. Yet what I here set down is told with such fidelity as I can achieve, bearing due reference to the comparative value of the elements, and without, I trust, unnecessary circumlocution or obtrusion of my own sentiments and theories.

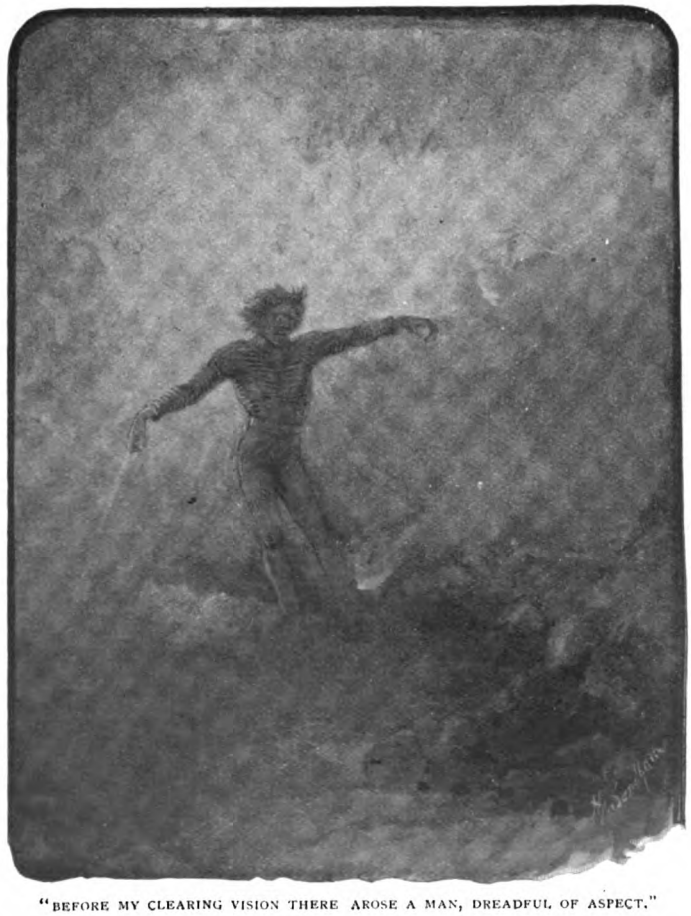
Upon the death of my esteemed young friend, Mr. Haynes, I made minute examination of the vestigia near the body. These were obviously the foot-prints of the same creature that killed Serdholm, the coast-guard. Not only the measurements and depth of indentation, but the intervals corresponded exactly to those observed in the first investigation. The non-existence of any known five-toed birds drove me to consideration of other winged creatures, and certainly none may say that, with the evidence on hand, my hypothesis of the survival and reappearance of the Pteranodon was not justified.

Having concluded my examination into the circumstances of Mr. Haynes's death, I returned to Third House and set about embodying the remarkable events in a monograph. In this work I employed the entire afternoon and evening, with the exception of an inconsiderable space devoted to

a letter which it seemed proper to write to the afflicted family of Mr. Haynes, and in which I suggested for their comfort the fact that he met his death in the noble cause of scientific investigation. In pursuance of an understanding with Mr. Colton, he and I were to have visited, early on the following morning, the scene of the tragedies. By a misconception of the plan I set out before he left, thinking that he had already gone. My purpose was to proceed to the spot along the cliffs instead of by the beach, this route affording a more favourable view, though an intermittent one, as it presents a succession of smoothly rolling hillocks. Hardly had I left the house when the disturbance of the grasses incidental to my passage put to flight a fine specimen of the Lycaena pseudargiolus, whose variations I have been investigating. I had, of course, taken my net with me, partly, indeed, as a weapon of defence, as the butt is readily detachable and heavily loaded.

In the light of subsequent events I must confess my culpability in allowing even so absorbing an interest as this that suddenly beset my path to turn me from my engagement to meet Mr. Colton. Instinctively, however, I pursued the insect. Although this species, as is well known, exhibits a power of sustained flight possessed by none other of the lepidopteræ of corresponding wing area, I hoped that, owing to the chill morning air, this specimen would be readily captured. Provokingly it alighted at short intervals, but on each occasion rose again as I was almost within reach. Thus lured on I described a half-circle and was, approximately, a third of a mile inland when finally I netted my prey on the leaves of a Quercus ilicifolia. Having deposited it in the poison jar which I carried on a shoulder-strap, I made haste, not without some quickenings of self-reproach, toward the cliff. Incentive to greater haste was furnished by a fog-bank that was approaching from the south. Heading directly for the nearest point of the cliff, I reached it before the fog arrived. The first object that caught my eyes, as it ranged for the readiest access to the beach, was the outstretched body of Colton lying upon the hard sand where Serdholm and Haynes had met their deaths. He was barely within my scope of vision, the nearer beach being cut off from sight by the cliff-line.

I may say, without being intemperate of expression, that for the moment I was stunned into inaction. Then came the sense of my own guilt and responsibility. Along the cliff I ran at full speed, dipped down into a hollow, where, for the time, the beach was shut off from view, and surmounted the hill beyond, which brought me almost above the body a little to the east of the gully. The fog, too, had been advancing swiftly, and now as I reached the



"BEFORE MY CLEARING VISION THERE AROSE A MAN, DREADFUL OF ASPECT."

cliff's edge it spread a grey mantle over the body lying there alone. Already I had reached the head of the gully, when there moved very slowly out upon the hard sand a thing so out of all conception, an apparition so monstrous to the sight, that my net fell from my hand and a loud cry burst from me. In the grey folds of mist it wavered, assuming shapes beyond comprehension. Suddenly it doubled on itself, contracted to a compact mass, underwent a strange inversion, and before my clearing vision there arose a man, dreadful of aspect indeed, but st ll a human being, and, as such, not beyond human powers to cope with. Coincident with this recognition I noted a knife, inordinately long of blade and bulky of handle, on the sand almost under Colton. Toward this the man had been moving when my cry arrested him, and now he stood facing the height with strained eye and bestially gnashing teeth.

Here was no time for delay. The facile descent of the gully was out of the question. It was over the cliff or nothing; for if Colton was alive his only chance was that I should reach his assailant before the latter could come at the knife. Upon the flash of the thought I was in mid-air, a giddy terror dulling my brain as I plunged down through the fog. Fortunately for me—for the bones of sixty years are brittle—I landed upon a slope of soft sand. Forward I pitched, threw myself completely over, and, carried to my feet by the impetus, ran down the lesser slope upon the man. That he was obsessed by a mania of murder was written on his face and in his eyes. But now his expression, as he turned toward me, was that of a beast alarmed. To hold his attention I shouted. The one desideratum was to reach him before he turned again to the knife and Colton.

The maniac crouched as I ran in upon him, and I must confess to a certain savage exultation as I noted that he had little the advantage of me in size or weight. Although not a large man, I may say that I am of wiry frame, which my out-of-door life has kept in condition. So I felt no great misgivings as to the outcome. We closed. As my opponent's muscles tightened on mine I knew, with a sudden, daunting shock, that I had met the strength of fury. For a moment we strained, I striving for a hold which would enable me to lift him from his feet. Then with a rabid scream the creature dashed his face into my shoulder and bit through shirt and flesh until I felt the teeth grate on my shoulder-blade.

Not improbably this saved my life and Colton's For, upon the outrage of that assault, a fury not less insane than that of my enemy fired me, and I, who have ever practised a certain scientific austerity of emotional life, became, to my dishonour, a raging beast. Power as of steam flashed through every vein; strength as of steel distended every muscle. Clutching at the throat of my assailant I tore that hideous face from my shoulder. My right hand, drawn back for a blow, twitched the cord of my heavy poison bottle. Shouting aloud I swung the formidable weapon up and brought it down upon his head with repeated blows. His grasp relaxed. I sprang back for a fuller swing and beat him to the ground. The jar was shattered, but such was my ecstasy of murderousness that I forgot the specimen of pseudargiolus, which fell with the fragments and was trodden into the sand.

In my hand I still held the base of the jar. My head was whirling. I staggered backward, and with just sense enough left to know that the deadly fumes of the cyanide were doing their work flung it far away. A mist fell like a curtain somewhere between my eyes and my brain, befogging the processes of thought. That Colton was now sitting up I knew to be a hallucination. Colton was dead—Colton was dead, said the spirit of murder deep in my brain. It remained for me to kill his slayer. The world reeled about me, so I dropped to all fours and crawled to the man. That Colton should seem to have arisen and to be staggering toward us further enraged me. It was but fair that he should not interfere until I had finished my work. There was blood on the man's face—my blood and his—as I set my fingers to his throat. Another moment and I should have had the murder of a fellow-man on my soul, but an arm slipped under my chest and a voice said:—

"In Heaven's name, Professor, don't kill the poor wretch!"

My hold relaxed. I felt myself lifted, and then I was lying on my back, looking into Colton's white face. I must have been saying something, for Colton replied, as if to a question:—

"It's all right, Professor. There's no pseudargiolus or Pteranodon, or anything. Just lie quiet for a moment."

But it was borne in upon me that I had lost my prize. "Let me up!" I cried. "I've lost it—it fell when the poison jar broke."

"There, there," he said, soothingly, as one calms a delirious person. "Just wait——"

"IN HEAVEN'S NAME, PROFESSOR, DON'T KILL THE POOR WRETCH!"

"I'm speaking of my specimen, the pseudargiolus." The mist was beginning to lift from my brain, and the mind now swung dizzily back to the great speculation. "The Pteranodon?" I gasped, looking about me.

"There!" Colton laughed shakily as he pointed to the blood-besmeared form lying quiet on the sand.

"But the footprints! the footprints! The fossil marks on the rock!"

"Footprints on the rock? Handprints here."

"Handprints!" I repeated; "tell me slowly. I must confess to a degree of bewilderment to which I am not accustomed."

"No wonder, sir. Here it is. I saw it all just before I was hit. This man is Serdholm's cousin, the juggler. He's crazy, probably from Serdholm's blow. He's evidently been waiting for a chance to kill Serdholm. That rock in the gully's mouth is where he waited. You've seen circus-jugglers throw knives—well, that's the way he killed Serdholm. In his crazy cunning he saw that footprints would give him away, so he utilized another of his circus tricks and recovered the knife by walking on his hands. Perhaps the snipe tracks hereabout suggested it."

"But Mr. Haynes? And yourself?"

"I don't know why he wanted to kill us, unless he feared we would discover his secret. I escaped because I was going forward as he threw, and that must have disturbed his aim so that the knife turned in the air and the handle struck me, knocking me senseless."

Here the juggler groaned, and we busied ourselves with bringing him to.

He is now in an asylum, with a fair chance of recovery. Mr. Colton is entirely recovered from his experience, as am I, except for an inconvenient stiffness in the muscles of my right shoulder where I was bitten. My physician advises me to train myself to manipulate the capturing-net with my left hand. After a long search I found the remains of the pseudargiolus specimen, with one wing almost intact. It may still be of aid in my work on the structural changes of this species. My monograph on the Pteranodon, it is hardly needful to state, will not be published. At the same time I maintain that the survival of this formidable creature, while now lacking definite proof, is none the less strictly within the limits of scientific possibility. . . .

WILLIS RAVENDEN.

From a Photo. by] OBERSTDORF. *[Heimhuber, Oberstdorf.*

The Wild Men of Oberstdorf.

By James Salters.

"TO-MORROW," said the Professor, "the wild men are going to dance."

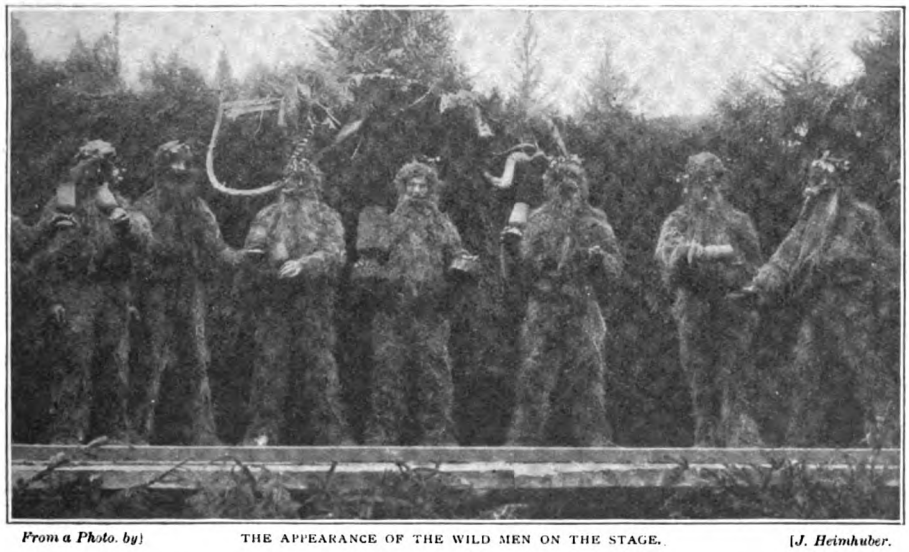
We were sipping our coffee at a little *conditorei* in Oberstdorf, not more than a few hours' rail from Munich or Zürich, yet, for all the world, thousands of miles away. The village was almost as peaceful as the green valley in which it nestled at the foot of the Algäu Alps, and the half-dozen trains which rolled in each day with invalids and visitors disturbed but little the quiet of this South Bavarian retreat. Some had come to be cured, others to rest, and still others to see a peasant spectacle which, for peculiarity and prettiness, cannot be matched elsewhere abroad.

"The dance," continued the Professor, as he wiped his glasses, "is a tradition of these song-loving, athletic Algäu people. How far back it goes no one knows, but probably it dates from heathen times. One of my fellow-professors in Munich says that the wild men are a survival of those who danced before the God Thor, and this is as good a guess as any. The fact is, the peasants themselves who dance do not know what they are dancing for. They rig themselves up in an outlandish dress of fir and lichens, go through a series of *tableaux* and figures, partly pantomimic and partly gymnastic, and pass round the hat at the end of it. The collection, however, is far from paying for the trouble and expense of the performance."

The Professor's description of the dance had in it the merit of brevity. He generously left to me the full enjoyment of the spectacle. We parted at the hotel, to meet the following day, and I began to wonder how the wild men of Oberstdorf would bear up under a lively dance, such as I looked forward to, at a temperature of over ninety in the shade. For even with the snow on distant mountain peaks it was torrid in the valley.

It was plain to see that the people of Oberstdorf were highly interested in their own spectacle, perhaps because the show had not been given for several years. At all events, the village was alive on the following day and clothed as if for festival. The streets were noisier, and the quaint costumes of the peasants from the country round lent variety and colour to it all. The dance was to take place at some slight distance from the village, and the afternoon witnessed a steady crowd of tourists and natives, including the Professor and myself, pouring thither, fearless of collection-boxes, and all with merry-making face. We soon found ourselves in the foreground of a forest of firs—an almost ideal place for an *al fresco* entertainment such as this—the firs bathed in sunlight and the sides and back of the roughly-constructed stage almost hidden in the shadow

of the mountains. It was a crude piece of handiwork, the entrance at the back of the stage being made of fir-boughs curved together like the backs of rustic chairs, and surmounted by an eagle with wings outspread. On each side of the stage were six "wings," or compartments, each separated from the other. Behind these could, at intervals, be heard a confused murmur, which, in conjunction with the nervous excitement of the spectators, showed that the performance was about to begin. The village band was near, giving some snatches of local music, which, had they been played after the performance, would have been a welcome relief from the somewhat monotonous tune which dominated the movements of the wild men in their play.

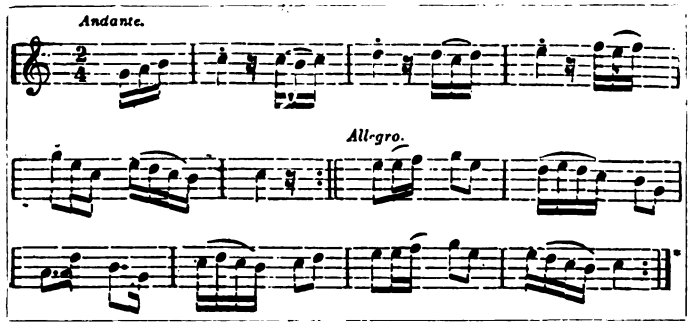


From a Photo. by] THE APPEARANCE OF THE WILD MEN ON THE STAGE. *[J. Heimhuber.*

"There are thirteen wild men in all," said the Professor, "and those six compartments are set apart for twelve of them. The thirteenth man is the leader and he comes through a door in the back, but, except for the slight honour of introducing the dancers and drinking with them at the end, he is a superfluous figure and has very little to do. I ought," he added, "to tell you that we Germans call this the 'Wildmännlestanz,' or 'The dance of the little wild men,' and the play is best described by its German title. The little wild men are part and parcel of our folk-lore, especially in mountainous regions such as this, and the ordinary peasant idea of one of these gnome-like, tricksy creatures of the mountains is suggested, to a certain extent, by the dress and antics of the peasants in the play." He broke off suddenly. "Keep an eye on the middle door," he added. "There goes the horn."

At the same minute emerged from the opening at the back of the stage a remarkable figure, who looked, indeed, as if he had come from some far-off fastness in the heart of the mountains. He was clothed from head to foot in moss and lichens, sewn on to his underclothing in some mysterious way, which hid entirely from view the man beneath. His long, flowing beard and moustache were made of moss and bits of fir, and on his forehead was a wreath of holly. His body was surrounded by a fir girdle, and nothing of his face appeared except his eyes and nose.

The horn blown by this curious man in green and grey was the signal for the dancers to come together. "Will the wild men follow the call and hurry forward?" he cried, as the echo of the horn died out. Still there was no movement, and the leader stood solitary on the stage. Then came the sound of a few bars of simple music, and, with the first note of the melody, a moss-clad hand was visible in each of the wings. Another note and these were gone. In a moment more hands, then legs, and then, as if the wild men had plucked up courage in the stillness, a long-bearded head peeped out from each of the wings, only to disappear again in a flash. All these elfish movements were in strict accompaniment to the music, and all were done in unison, with consummate skill.



THE MUSIC OF THE WILD MEN'S DANCE.

"Probably," said the Professor, as the wild men were shyly making their way on to the stage, "this is the only part of the old dance that has remained uncorrupted. It is always done in the same way, and the timidity is so well simulated that one feels it to be real."

The cry of a child in arms, as if in fear of the mountain sprites, gave truth at this moment to the Professor's whispered words. The men were now on the stage in full view of the audience, lightly springing on the boards in time with each other, and always moving forward. Throughout the whole performance they never walked or strode, but always, with little jumps, would come out of the wings in conformity with the dance figure, singly, in pairs, or in straight or crooked order, keeping time, with their springing step, to the music. The stage trembled with the movements of their mossy feet, and when each of the figures which form the dance was finished—seventeen in all—they disappeared into the wings, quickly to reappear for the next figure in the dance.

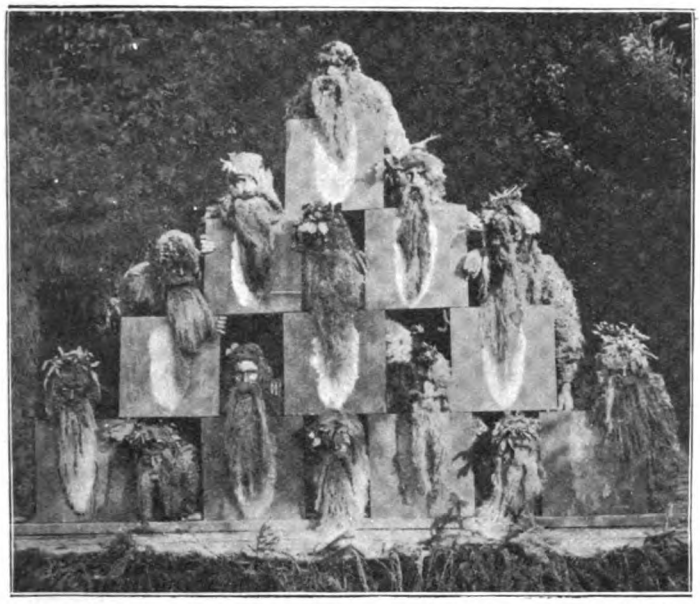
As in a ballet, these figures were at first easy, growing more and more difficult as the spectacle went on. They stood up in two opposing rows, and slapped each other with their hands. Then they stood in a straight line and swung their legs. It was like a gymnastic exercise at school. In the third figure they ranged themselves in front of the audience and moved their heads and arms up and down. Again standing each behind the other, they swung their holly headwreaths to right or left, according to the order of the dancers.

More difficult was it when they stood upon their heads before the wings, maintaining their equilibrium with their arms upon the ground and keeping time to the music with their legs. As if this were not enough they made a simple pyramid and then stood up in a row, swinging their legs sideways. In the ninth figure six of them stood on their heads in a circle and moved their legs. The tenth was a variation of the ninth. Then, as a fitting end of the first part of the spectacle, they formed a great pyramid from two simple pyramids of men, through the interstices of which peeped the heads of some of the dancers, moving in rhythm from right to left. This group was most effective and brought forth merited applause. During the whole performance the liveliest interest of the spectators was kept up by the quick and clever movements of the men and the mute earnestness of their bearded faces.

During the *entr'acte* the bocks rapidly disappeared, for the day was sweltering. The Professor carries the goodly weight of much learning, and I am not an elf, so we felt the temperature pressing. But it did not interfere with conversation. "I was telling you yesterday," he said, "a little of the history of the dance, but I forgot to say that the earliest written record of it that we possess tells of a performance before one of the German princes in 1811. The dance was not got up for the reception of the noble guests, but was played before them because they wished to see it. It may have been developed as a result of princely favour, but it is a pity that more care hasn't been taken, by the preservation of drawings and properties, to keep it as it once was. You will understand what I mean when you see the second part of the dance. As it is, we have altogether lost some of the figures of the dance, and we have no idea of the primitive forms of it. Some of the dancers who have taken part to-day are dependent entirely on their memory of previous dances for the figures in it, and the public representation occurs so infrequently that one wonders that it is so well done."

"Of course, it takes considerable practice?"

"It does, indeed. The men are the best athletes in this part of Bavaria, and are chosen for their suppleness and endurance. More than that, it is no small job to collect the moss and fir for those costumes. Some of the dancers have been scouring the forests for days, getting their clothes ready, as it were. It takes a lot of moss to cover the bodies of thirteen men; and, by the way," the Professor added, with a wink, "that thirteenth man seems a bit unlucky, doesn't he? Fancy gathering all that moss for the

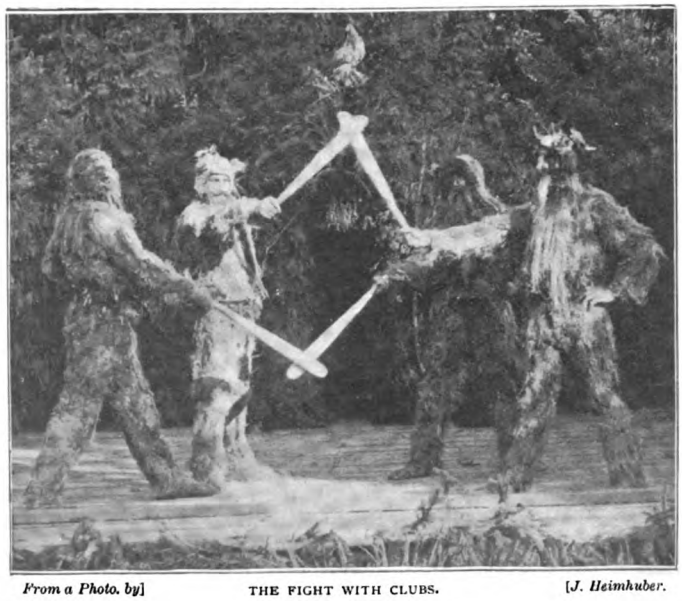


From a Photo. by] THE PYRAMID WITH THE TEN BOARDS. *[J. Heimhuber.*

sake of appearing twice in the play! When he comes in with the beaker at the end of the performance I hope he'll have it filled with something better than property beer. Those chaps are feeling the heat, too."

It was, however, a new set of men who came in for refreshment at the end of the second part, which was now beginning. I noticed that the second act of the play was made up almost wholly of pantomime, whereas the first act had been a series of gymnastic feats. My German friend told me that the selection of men in both divisions had been made with considerable knowledge of the effect desired. The pantomime took the form of homage before an extraordinary caricature of a wild man of the woods, painted on ten board squares erected on top of each other in the centre of the stage. It seemed strange that so much action should be so dependent upon such a trifling subject, and probably it can never be explained, as the old forms of the play are lost.

When we took our places in front of the stage the wild men were engaging, with antics, in building up the picture. It was a clownish performance, for they put it up wrongly on purpose. Each of the ten board squares, about eighteen inches in width, was provided with holes above and below, so as to be easily fastened with wooden pegs, and on the floor of the stage was an arrangement by which the bottom row of four squares could be made to stand upright. On top of this row were placed three squares, then two, and then one square at the top, thus leaving empty square places through which the wild men, at times, protruded their dishevelled heads, as may be seen in the accompanying illustration. After the pyramid is first built, improperly, in a comic, topsy-turvy way, with the reverse side towards the spectators, the wild men, with much head-shaking and general buffoonery, discover their error and, withdrawing their heads, proceed to erect the pyramid correctly. In this *tableau* the picture of the wild man painted on the squares and joined together is shown to the spectators—a gigantic figure,



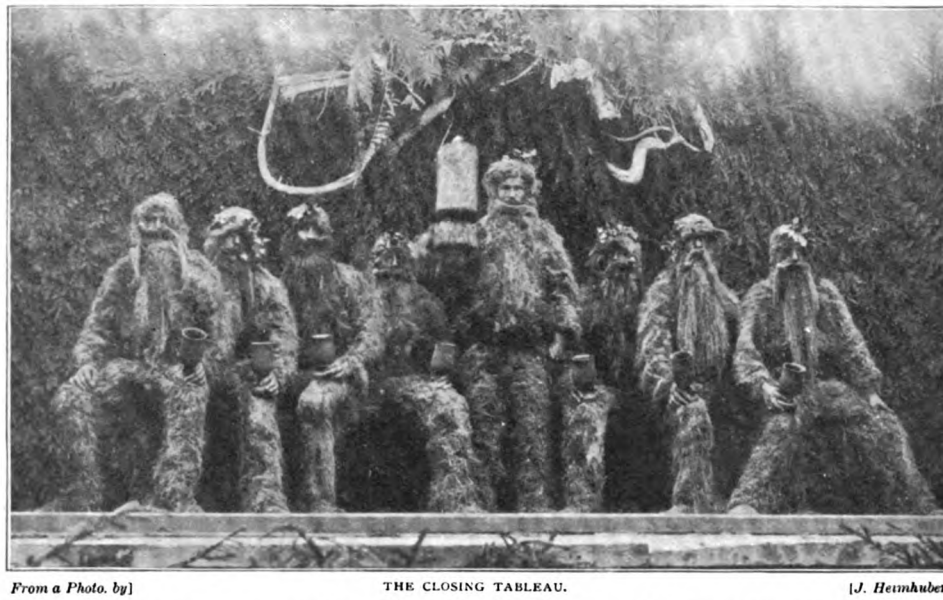
From a Photo. by] THE FIGHT WITH CLUBS. *[J. Heimhuber.*

dressed as the wild men in the dance; but, in detail, pictured according to some local artist's fancy. The old pictures have gone the way of many other good things, and the wild man in recent performances dates only from 1891. As the Professor remarked, it seems a pity that all the early paintings have been lost.

When the painted picture is in full view, properly built, the dancers, still in accordance with the music, form a procession around it and kneel before it in homage. After this a gymnastic feat is shown. Six men stand at each side of the picture, representing a bell, four of them standing with crossed arms, and one man acting as the tongue of the bell. In all, twelve men take part, the two remaining men acting as ropes for the two bells. So clever is the *tableau* that the bell actually sways, the tongue moves to accord with the action of the human rope, and the men maintain their equilibrium with the skill of trained gymnasts. When this feat is over the squares are taken down and carried away with the same swinging gait that has characterized the whole performance.

Next comes an actual combat with clubs. The dancers emerge one after the other from the wings with huge sticks of wood, and hop about, shirking the actual encounter with cat-like motion, yet all the time approaching each other, ready for the fray. At last they come into close contact, and in a pantomimic encounter batter each other bitterly until one of the opposing parties begs for mercy on bended knee. The request is granted with well-represented benignity, and conqueror dances off with conquered to the wings. This combat is shown in the photograph reproduced at the bottom of the preceding page.

The closing *tableau* shows the wild men sitting together, each with a wooden beaker and each on the other's knee. The thirteenth man now appears with a large wooden goblet and pours drink into the different beakers. A drinking scene follows, and, to the accompaniment of a drinking song sung behind the scenes, the dance of the wild men ends.



From a Photo. by] THE CLOSING TABLEAU. *[J. Heimhuber.*

As we left this sylvan theatre for the village the Professor again lamented the loss of the properties in the dance. "I am a bit of an antiquarian," he said, "and I wish I knew what that picture of the wild man looked like centuries ago. It might open up some valuable speculations in folk-lore. Those beakers, too, would be interesting if they had been handed down from olden times instead of being newly made from memory. The songs are fairly well preserved, and you will find them, together with a lot of interesting information about the dance, in a book called 'Sayings and Customs of the Algäu,' by Dr. Karl Reiser, who knows more about it than anyone else. You English people ought really to take pains to see the wild men's dance, for it is one of the few remaining peasant spectacles we possess, and, so far as I know, there is nothing like it in the world."

Dishonoured and Unsung.

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson.

MRS. STANLEY HUBBARD was giving a dinner-party at her new house in Park Lane. It was a very gorgeous house, and it was certain to be a very gorgeous dinner, for she had engaged as her *chef* the great Alphonse, whose last place had been with the Emperor of Austria. Besides, it had somehow leaked out that a slight misunderstanding had arisen between Mrs. Hubbard and her social godmother, Lady Willie Onslow, and people thought it would be interesting to see how the Bread Trust millionairess managed things in her first hour of freedom.

Thirteen invitations had been sent out and accepted. The first arrival was a youthful scion of foreign Royalty who had borrowed money of Mrs. Stanley Hubbard. The second was Lady Willie herself, wearing a veiled smile of malicious anticipation, and a paste copy of a diamond tiara which had been Mrs. Hubbard's first gift to her. The remaining guests then began to follow one another in quick succession.

The grandfather clock in the big hall, which did queer, expensive, astronomical things to music every fifteen minutes, chimed the quarter before nine, and at the same instant the tallest footman in London announced "Lord and Lady Hardacre and Miss Faithfull."

After all—was the thought which telegraphed itself round the drawing-room—"Mother Hubbard" was not doing badly out of leading-strings. It counted nothing that she had secured Prince Roberto, for he was to be bought when the price was big enough; and, then, he was in love with pretty Lady Willie. But Lady Hardacre had been the beauty and wit of several seasons—the most popular girl of her day; and Lord Hardacre was the hero of the hour, in spite of whispers against him since the beginning of a certain inquiry. Everybody wanted this distinguished pair, who had been married a few months ago, soon after Lord Hardacre's triumphant return from the war; and it was a brilliant feather in the cap of such a woman as Mrs. Stanley Hubbard to have secured them. But the strange thing was that Lady Willie Onslow still bore her well-known smile of dainty malice.

Lady Hardacre, sweeping towards her hostess in *diamanté* draperies of cloudy black tulle, might have posed to an artist for the Goddess of Night. She was tall and dark, smiling and splendid. Everything about her glittered: the life-sized diamond swallow in her dusky, rippling hair; her great brown topaz eyes; her white teeth, between the scarlet lips of a mouth over large for perfect beauty, but ideal for expression; the necklace on her long, white throat, the diamonds on her bosom; her belt of brilliants, the sparkling embroidery on her dress, the buckles on her little pointed shoes.

She held her head high (as well she might, having secured the man whom no girl in England would have refused), and looked as all young queens or princesses ought to look and very seldom do.

General Lord Hardacre was forty-four; but to be forty-four is to be young when a man is a hero to his country. He had a well-featured, sallow, smileless face, which his friends called intellectual and his enemies arrogant. His figure was so erect and military that he gave the effect of being taller than he really was; if not precisely handsome, the merest passing glance told that he was someone in particular.

As for Miss Faithfull, she was only Lady Hardacre's sister, eight years younger and ten times less beautiful. Nevertheless, she was pretty, in a slim, brown, fawn-like little way of her own. She had eyes and lashes, and she was seventeen. Her name was Pearl, though it should, to be suitable, have been Hazel; and she was just "out." She did not talk much, but she looked as if she could think seriously, and for that reason and many others she would never rival the magnificent Diana in popularity.

Everyone was delighted to see the Hardacres, and "Mother Hubbard's" only son, down from Oxford for the "Long," was delighted to see Pearl Faithfull. The girl had very little money, but she was related to half the aristocracy in England, and a connection by marriage with Lady Hardacre would be as good a thing as could happen to a rich new-comer. Mrs. Hubbard had gleaned a vast deal of such valuable knowledge as this under Lady Willie's tutelage, and was proud of her 'cuteness in having invited the little brown Pearl to-night. Altogether, the Bread Trust millionairess was

well pleased with herself, and was chuckling inwardly at what must be Lady Willie's chagrin at her unassisted success, when another announcement was made.

"General Falconer."

Mrs. Hubbard's face beamed with hospitality and pride in the fine sound of the name as it rang through her drawing-room. That was the secret joy of it all—her guests, her drawing-room, her house, her triumph. She turned from the Hardacres to welcome raising her heavily-jewelled hand high in air to shake that of the soldier.

But the mysterious chill had touched him also.

He was a tall, lean, dark man, with the bold, uncompromising gaze of an eagle. It was fierce at this moment as well as uncompromising. With his lips pressed together, his thin nostrils a-quiver, his sombre eyes suddenly alight like a beacon, the man looked dangerous.

"SHE TURNED FROM THE HARDACRES TO WELCOME THE LAST ARRIVAL."

the last arrival, who was the fourteenth member of the party, counting the hostess. But, even in turning, she was smitten in the face with a wave of electricity which tingled through the room.

What was the matter with her guests? She did not know. It was as if a spell had fallen upon them, freezing them into gravity and silence. Something had happened. The cold chill which is the forerunner of disaster pinched Mrs. Hubbard's flesh like the icy wind that heralds a storm on a warm day of sumptuous summer.

"*So* glad to see you, dear General Falconer," she rallied her forces to exclaim,

In the midst of the hush which had fallen on the room Mrs. Hubbard, in her torture and bewilderment, could have screamed. She did not know what to do. Involuntarily her frightened eyes travelled for help to Lady Willie; but Lady Willie's was the one radiant face in the stricken circle, and, catching that smile, her ex-pupil read the truth. She had done something awful. Lady Willie had known all the time, had let her drift happily to the lip of the cataract, and now would rejoice as she went over. This was the discarded Mentor's revenge.

Had the tension lasted more than one intolerable moment Mrs. Hubbard must

have collapsed utterly, but the strain was relaxed in a way as unexpected as beneficent. Little Pearl Faithfull ran forward, and—like the child that she was—held out both hands to General Falconer.

"It is good to see you," she cried. "I don't know when I've been as glad of anything." The girl of seventeen and the soldier of forty shook hands once and again. He smiled down at her and looked at nobody else. Then she turned blushing and dewy-eyed to Mrs. Hubbard, with a glance which took in everyone. "I think I'm very lucky," she said, "to have General Falconer for one of my oldest friends. We have known him, my sister and I, ever since I was a little girl—oh, a very little girl. And a great bother I must have been to him often, but he was always kind, wasn't he, Di?"

This direct challenge Diana Hardacre received like the woman of the world that she was, though she was in a mood to slaughter the widow of Stanley Hubbard and not count it murder. She smiled a non-committal smile, murmured a few vaguely-agreeable, vaguely-audible words, and asked her husband a question which drew him instantly into a conversation with herself and Prince Roberto of Pisa. A Liberal peer and his wife, who called herself an Anarchist, spoke to Falconer, and dinner was announced.

In wild haste, snatching at salvation for herself and her ship of state, the hostess stumbled among ideas of readjustment. General Falconer was to have taken in Lady Hardacre, but now this was clearly impossible; they had scarcely exchanged a salutation, and the two men had frankly glared for an electric second.

In sheer desperation Mrs. Hubbard flung Falconer and Pearl Faithfull to each other, and as this one change upset all other arrangements a sort of "general post" took place. The Prince, who, as the highest in rank, should have taken his hostess, got Lady Willie, and astonished people were paired off helter-skelter, amused or annoyed as the case might be.

"How too terribly delicious!" cooed Lady Willie to her princely neighbour.

"My getting you? It's heavenly," answered Roberto, who would have liked to marry morganatically this fascinating widow, if she had had any other fortune than her face and wicked tongue.

"No, no. Don't be foolish. I mean, of course, the situation."

"I don't understand it—except that something is queer."

"Something is very queer. Horrid old thing! I could dance with joy. She'll crawl to me now. Never did pride come before a worse fall."

"What is the mystery?" asked the Prince.

"Surely you know about the row between Hardacre and Falconer? I thought everybody did, except Mother Hubbard. She never reads anything in the papers—except the society news, as she calls it. She never knows what is going on except marriages, or what is coming off except divorces and last year's hats. She told me, all puffed up with pride like a pouter pigeon, that the Hardacres were coming; and only a day or two ago my dear Anarchist cousin happened to mention that she and Lord Exmouth had persuaded Falconer to accept, lest people should say he was ashamed to be seen about. But I feared it was too good to be true."

"I'm afraid I don't read your English newspapers," said the Prince. "It is all I can do to keep up with the squabbles of my own country. Besides, I have been in London only six weeks, and I have thought of nobody but you."

"Mother Hubbard has been here twice that time and has thought of nobody but herself. Oh, there's no excuse for her. She'll never live this down. I'm quite grateful to you for not knowing the story. I shall like telling it. It's quite a romance. Well, to begin with, once upon a time there were two men. They were the youngest generals in the Army, having been rewarded for magnificent service in the Soudan campaign; and they were both in love with the same woman—who was in love with herself. She was twenty-five, and had saved herself up through six seasons, with the view of getting the best bargain in the market. Then came the war. The two men proposed. The girl, being a very wise girl, accepted neither, but secretly encouraged both to hope. She said she could not quite make up her mind, and asked each one to wait. There was jealousy between them, but neither one dreamed how far it had gone with the other; men never do if the woman is clever. So each fought to succeed better than his rival, so that in the end he might have more to offer.

"This was what the girl wanted. She knew that reputations were made and unmade by war, and she didn't intend to commit herself until she saw what would happen.

"What happened was this.

"In the beginning both men did brilliantly, and the eyes of all England were

on them. Falconer was the younger in years and in rank, but he made a great start; it looked to those 'in the know' as if he might win the race. Unluckily for him, however, he was under Hardacre's orders (he wasn't *Lord* Hardacre then); some wily old Boer person was being pursued. Falconer had made certain dispositions, when Hardacre swept down on him like a whirlwind and upset them. He took away some of Falconer's men and batteries, and sent a verbal order that a direct assault should be made. Falconer

"HE SENT A VERBAL ORDER THAT A DIRECT ASSAULT SHOULD BE MADE."

(all this is his side of the story) thought there must have been some mistake. He says that he scribbled off a despatch explaining the whole situation, and asking if the order really was exactly as he had received it. This despatch he sent post-haste by his *aide-de-camp*. The answer came again verbally, that Falconer was to proceed as directed. He obeyed, and had one of the worst disasters of the war.

"Then came the row between the two men. Hardacre denied having ordered the direct assault. The man who had brought the instructions had been killed, but, of course, Hardacre's word was good, and as he swore he had never received any such despatch as Falconer said he had sent, and that *aide-de-camp* was dead also, it was simply a question as to which man had lied. Hardacre was the one who had the ear of the powers that be. He was believed; and as the very next thing he did was to bring off a big *coup* he sprang at once on to a pedestal as a hero. The newspapers did the rest. Fate was Hardacre's friend through the whole campaign, while that one stroke of ill-fortune ruined Falconer. He was blamed for the frightful disaster, which he attempted to throw on Hardacre's shoulders; was severely reprimanded, invited to resign, and came home

At the end of the war Hardacre returned also, but in a very different way; he was a conqueror; he had a grand reception; his name was on the list for Coronation honours; he was made a viscount; and soon after Diana Faithfull married him.

"One would have thought that Falconer was whistled down the wind; but having lost the girl he loved, and most other things worth having, he seemed doggedly determined not to let honour go without a last struggle. He has some powerful friends, Exmouth among others, and the affair came up in Parliament. There were furious ructions; but everybody was tired of the war, and the newspapers made as little of the matter as they could, because they didn't want Hardacre knocked

off the pedestal on which they had helped to place him, or Falconer put up on the height from which they'd helped to drag him down.

"Nevertheless, you know how stories grow. A certain set have started disagreeable rumours about Hardacre, and there are still people who say that he did give the order which caused the disaster; that Falconer did send the despatch; that it was received and suppressed by Hardacre to save his own reputation and ruin that of his most dangerous rival.

"All this is *vieux jeu* (though the two haven't met socially till to-night), and the gossip hasn't hurt Hardacre much. The only thing which could really harm him now would be to have it proved that he had got the despatch; but it's the most unlikely thing in the world to happen. Still, there you have the situation with the two men, and the one woman between them."

"And the little girl with the eyes. Doesn't she count?"

"She counted to-night, just as the smallest trump may take a trick. But the child has no real part in the game, though they do say she has been in love with Falconer ever since she was eight or ten years old, and he used to take Pearl on his knee, tell her stories, and bring her sweets or toys, to please Diana. A quiet, shy little thing it is, like some small creature of the woods. I was surprised to see how she came out at the critical moment. I never heard her say so many consecutive words before in company. Look at her now, sitting next to him. She's dumb as a little doll. The girl lives with the Hardacres, and Di is trying to marry her off to Tom Hubbard. She'll probably do it, too, unless I put a spoke in her wheel."

"And shall you?"

"I hardly think so. Di Hardacre and I have never interfered with each other; that is, neither of us has wanted any of the other's men. She was the most ambitious girl I ever knew—and the hardest. But one should always be nice to girls, because one doesn't know whom they may marry; and I'm rather glad now I've always been nice to Di. She has got what she wanted. She has succeeded in reaching the top round of the ladder."

"Does she love Hardacre?"

Lady Willie laughed. "She loves success. But isn't it amusing? Isn't it too delicious, Mother Hubbard having them all here?"

"Anything is delicious when one is near you," said Prince Roberto.

Lord and Lady Hardacre, with the latter's sister, were the first to break up the party, which, despite valiant efforts made by some of the members, had been a dismal failure. The Hardacres were going on to a political reception, and dropped the young girl on the way at their own house in Berkeley Square.

It was eleven o'clock; and though Pearl Faithfull was "out," eleven still appeared to her a reasonable bedtime. But never in her life had she felt less inclined for bed than she did to-night.

Every nerve in her small body was tingling as she went up to her room on the third floor of the big, silent house.

It was the end of May, but the night was chill, and the girl shivered, either with cold or nervousness, as she passed through the dimly-lighted corridors. Physically she was glad of the freshly-kindled fire which crackled on the hearth and caught her attention as she entered the room. A moment later Lady Hardacre's maid appeared, in time to take off the long white cloak. Pearl had no maid of her own, but this woman had been with Diana for years and did what she could for the younger sister through fondness rather than obligation.

"This room is in a terrible state, miss," she said, "but you would insist on the things being brought in the minute her ladyship had told me what she could spare for your poor folk, so here they are, scattered about for you to dispose of. I fetched them in when I got a bit of time after you had gone out; but you won't want to look through anything to-night; and hadn't I better lay them aside till to-morrow, when——"

"No, thank you, Morris," replied the girl, glancing at a pile of miscellaneous clothing spread out upon a sofa and chair. "The things won't be in my way, and I sha'n't need you to help me undress. I may write a few letters. Go and have a nap until Lady Hardacre wants you."

The maid said "good-night" and softly shut the door. It was good to be alone. Pearl breathed more freely. She began walking up and down, restlessly, hovering one minute before the fire, holding out little, ringless hands to the blaze without feeling the warmth, then flitting to a long mirror, and staring into the eyes of her white reflection, as if asking sympathy from a friend.

Years ago, when Pearl Faithfull had been a lonely child, she had given her image in the glass a name, pretending that it was another little girl, living in an adjoining

house with a great, open window in between. She called this playmate "Grace," which was her favourite name; and now she thought wistfully of the old days when she had had Grace to confide in. There was no one now. Still, she spoke half aloud to the pale reflection.

"Cruel! cruel!" she said. "What horrible injustice! He is so thin and haggard, even though he laughed and talked and asked me if I remembered little things. If I remembered! Oh, if I could have died to save him! The noblest man—the bravest—and they have dragged him down——"

The blood rushed to her face and she saw it in the glass. Suddenly she was ashamed of her own emotion. She turned from the mirror and almost ran across the room to the pile of discarded clothing, to which she addressed herself in a frenzy of energy.

Pearl was not like the splendid Diana, born for and happy only in society. Since she left the schoolroom, where she had worked with a strange passion for study—almost any study—she would have been wretched without her charities. She had a few hundreds a year of her own, with which she was allowed to do as she chose, and her choice was to limit her own wardrobe and support a *crèche*, where babies were looked after in the absence of their mothers at work. Pearl often visited the *crèche*, knew the whole life-history of every woman who benefited by it, and pestered her sister and friends for cast-off clothing to bestow upon them either for themselves, their husbands, or their children.

With a view of putting away thoughts which clamoured at the door of her heart, the girl began feverishly sorting out these last contributions. There were three country frocks of Di's, nobly sacrificed on the altar of charity by Morris; a dressing-gown, several pairs of shoes, and two old suits of clothes of Hardacre's—one "mufti," the other battered khaki.

Pearl knew exactly how she would apportion off these things. She began dividing them into separate heaps, to be wrapped in parcels later, and as she took up each garment she almost mechanically searched the pockets, as Di had once warned her she must do, after losing a diamond ring unaccountably.

Morris, evidently, had been before her in this task. The dresses were laid aside again, after being examined in vain. Hardacre's civilian clothing followed; and then Pearl took up the khaki jacket. As she did so a curious pang shot through her, keen and thin as a needle's point.

"He wore this in battle," the girl said to herself. "Could a woman who loved a man give away such a thing? If I——no, I couldn't do it! Anything else should go sooner."

She fumbled in the pockets, as in duty bound. There was a half-used package of cigarettes in one, which would have seemed rather pathetic if she had been fond of Lord Hardacre; but Pearl had not been able to love her brother-in-law. It would have broken her heart to see Di married to Dick Falconer, yet she had wished for the marriage for Falconer's sake, and she resented Hardacre's taking her sister away from the other man as if he were a thief who had stolen a jewel. Then, as she was folding the coat, something rustled. The girl looked again in one pocket and saw nothing; but in the second the lining was torn, and she found a crumpled piece of paper which had worked its way between the pocket and the cloth. She took it out and tossed it on the floor, instead of throwing it into the waste-paper basket as she had intended. But it gave a disorderly look to the pretty room, and she picked it up, meaning to take better aim at the basket. Her eyes rested for a moment upon the ball of paper. With a quick impulse she opened it, and then gave a sharp cry which no one heard save Grace, in the mirror.

There was no mistake. Pearl knew the whole story. She had read the papers, and had never forgotten the wording of the famous despatch which General Falconer said he had sent and Lord Hardacre said he had never received.

This was the identical document. It had been in Bernard's pocket. He had lied.

What to do? If the man disgraced through that lie had this proof in his possession and knew where it had been found, he could exonerate himself even now. His whole life might be different. But what of Diana's husband? What of Diana?

Pearl felt herself a child. She knew not what to do with this tremendous weapon in her hand. Her brain, numbed at first as if by a blow, acted slowly; but pictures of past and present rose before her eyes. She saw her childhood's idol in the dust, flung there by his rival, who had profited in love and honours by the fall. It was in her power—hers—to raise him. Could she hesitate? "No—no!" she cried out, and sprang to her feet.

"THIS WAS THE IDENTICAL DOCUMENT."

At this instant ringed fingers tapped on the door, and Diana came in in her glittering black dress and jewels.

"I saw your light," she said. "My head ached, and it was stupid at the Whitakers'. Bernard has gone to the Rag and I came home, partly because I was bored and partly because I wanted to speak to you alone before you had time to get to bed. How dared you behave as you did at the Hubbard woman's, talking to that man as if we were still friends and nothing had happened? I could have boxed your ears. A man who has lied and tried to ruin my husband, whose bread you are eating!"

A wave of fire ran through the girl's veins.

"Richard Falconer never told a lie or did a mean or cowardly or dishonourable thing in his life," she said, in a strange voice. "It is Bernard who is guilty of all."

"Ungrateful little wretch! I don't know what you mean. I doubt if you know yourself."

"Are you sure that you don't know?"

"Of course I am sure. What are you talking about?"

"The despatch."

A sudden and curious change passed over Diana Hardacre's face. It was a quivering of the muscles, then a conscious stiffening as if to control them. Pearl saw it, and, seeing, realized that her sister knew.

"What despatch?"

"Oh, Di!" the girl broke out at her, passionately. "What is the use of quibbling and denying? Bernard did give the order and did receive General Falconer's despatch, which he said that he had never had. I have found it."

Diana grew pale. In an instant she looked years older. All the hardness of her handsome face, veiled at most times by the dazzle of her smile, was nakedly accentuated. "I suppose," she said, "that Dick Falconer showed something to you which he made you believe was the despatch. Of course, it is a forgery."

Pearl's eyes blazed. "He doesn't even know it exists. But he shall know. Would Bernard have carried about a forgery in his pocket?"

Involuntarily she glanced towards the khaki jacket hanging over the back of a chair. Diana's glance followed, and her quick wits leaped at the truth. She pointed, and her rings and bangles scintillated with the shaking of her hand. "You found it—there?"

"Yes. It had slipped down through a torn lining."

"There is some mistake, of course. But—it might do harm. Give what you have found to me and I will throw it into your fire without even reading it."

"I will not give it to you, Di. General Falconer is to have the paper."

"Are you mad? That would ruin Bernard—ruin me."

"I am very sorry. But Bernard did not hesitate to ruin Dick."

"What did it matter for him, compared with us? Listen, Pearl, I am going to tell you something. You are only a child, but I will throw myself upon your mercy. I lied when I said that I didn't know what you

meant. This dreadful affair has been half killing poor Bernard for a long time. He confessed all to me. It isn't as bad as you think—not nearly as bad. He thought he had lost or destroyed the paper. When all the fuss began and Falconer demanded that it should be produced, it was true that Bernard hadn't it. He had never seen the thing since the day it was received. As it couldn't possibly be produced, the simplest and best way was to say that he had not had it."

"The best for himself."

"The best for England. A man in his position must think of big issues; he must even do evil—if you like to call it so—that good may come. To revive the scandal now, when it is dying out, would not help Dick Falconer much and it would ruin us for ever."

"It would restore Dick's reputation. It isn't too late for that."

"His reputation is a thousand times less important—now—than Bernard's for England's sake—for mine. You must see that, Pearl. Between two evils you must choose the less. I have lived through this and I have suffered, too; but always I said to myself, 'The despatch doesn't exist. No one can ever know.' Think what it would be to spoil Bernard's career just when it is brightest. Think what the world would say of you."

"I don't think of the world or care for it, though I am sorry for you. Most of all I think of Dick—and of the one right thing to do. At first I wasn't sure; but now I am sure, and I am going to do it."

"'WILL YOU GIVE IT TO ME?' SHE DEMANDED."

"You shall not!"

"I shall. Nothing shall prevent me."

"I will prevent you." Fierce and lithe as a panther Diana sprang at her. Arguments had failed, but force was left, and she was stronger than the slender young girl.

Quick as light Pearl pushed the crumpled paper deep down into the low-cut bodice of her dress, and was ready, as Diana's strong hands would have snatched it, to ward them off and defend herself. She was no match for the elder woman in strength, and knew it, but she matched her in determination, and was ready to guard the document which meant Dick Falconer's honour, even with her life.

Diana was a whirlwind as she rushed upon her, dashing aside the barrier of a chair behind which Pearl was entrenched. The strong, beautiful hands fastened on the two slim shoulders and shook the girl till her teeth chattered. "Will you give it to me?" she demanded.

"No!" came the answer, brokenly.

They struggled together, the two sisters, swaying, panting, their gaze interlocked, their breath hot on one another's face. Then Diana's foot turned in her high-heeled slipper. She stumbled; her grasp on Pearl's wrists slackened for a second. Before she could recover the girl had shaken her off and rushed from the room, shutting the door with violence.

Almost instantly Di followed, but already her sister had vanished. It was in the woman's mind that the child meant to hide the paper where she could not find it. She looked for her everywhere, going quietly that

the servants might not hear and have subject for wonder and gossip. In each room where Pearl might have hidden Diana searched, and it was not until the last that she guessed at the bold thing which the girl must have done.

Pearl was not in the house, and there was but one person to whom she would have gone with that paper. She must have run out in her low-necked dinner-dress, without a cloak, to give the despatch to General Falconer. It was a mad thing to do at any hour, especially at such an hour as this ; but Di believed that, rather than risk losing the paper, this was the thing that she had done.

There was no time to waste in useless anger. The despatch must be got back. Keen as though a dagger's point flashed through it, and bright as the steel of its blade, came an inspiration. There was a way by which she might save the situation. To try it was to risk something—to risk even her reputation ; but when there is only one hope of averting ruin a woman is not squeamish — especially such a woman as Diana Hardacre.

She had not yet rung for her maid, having meant to scold Pearl for her sins before beginning to undress. Now she was glad of this. She went back to her room, consulted the mirror, saw that her pallor took nothing from her beauty, rejoiced for a quick instant that she was one of the chosen women before whom men are as children, put on again her cloak of yellow and gold, and let herself softly out into the street.

She walked swiftly away from Berkeley Square towards Piccadilly, and in eight or ten minutes had hailed a cab. "Take me to Queen Anne's Mansions," she said to the driver.

On the way there was time to think what she would do. The scene to which she looked forward would need all her wit, all her powers of resource ; yet, since it must be gone through, there would be a certain thrill of savage joy in it—the joy of mastering a strong man made weak by his great love. It was not that which she dreaded ; it was the thought of the preliminaries. She knew where Falconer's rooms were in Queen Anne's Mansions. He had had them for years, and once or twice she had gone there to tea with Pearl (then almost a child) and an aunt who had been the chaperon of her maidenhood. She would be well able to find her way to the flat again, but the danger was that she would not, at this time of night, be allowed to do so unquestioned. Her cab was a quick one. She arrived before she had decided on a definite plan of action ; and as she entered the hall a big clock announced the half hour after midnight. "I am supping here with friends," she said to the porter. As she spoke her eyes roved. On the list of residents she saw a name she knew. "Lady Arbuthnot," she added.

It was enough. Her beauty, her elegance, were passport enough ; and three minutes later she had stepped out of the lift on the second floor (where one hasty glance had told her Lady Arbuthnot lived) and was on her way up to the fourth—Falconer's floor—on foot.

Her heart beat thickly. What if he had not come home? What if he had come, had already seen Pearl, and gone out again? There would hardly have been time for that ; yet it might have happened. Her hand was trembling as she rang Falconer's bell. But her suspense was not for long. She could scarcely have counted ten before the man himself opened the door.

The long corridor was dimly lit, but he stood with a bright light behind him, which shone into her face.

"Lady Hardacre!" he exclaimed. But the exclamation was not loud. It could not have reached other ears outside.

"Yes," she answered. "I must speak to you on a matter of life or death. Are you alone?"

"Quite alone."

"But—someone has been here? Someone has lately left you?"

"Yes."

"She has been. She has given it to him already and gone," was the thought that sprang into Lady Hardacre's brain with his answer. But aloud she said, "It is late, and you will think my coming here to you strange, perhaps unpardonable. When you have heard what I have to say, though, it will seem neither. Please let me come in."

"Pray do so." He spoke coldly.

She swept past him into the flat and he shut the door. When it was safely closed, and he had followed her to the room which was study and smoking-room combined, she stood to face him, her gold and yellow cloak thrown off, her perfect neck gleaming with the soft whiteness of new ivory under the light—uncovered save for jewels—as it rose out of her diamond-sewn black dress.

"Dick!" she faltered, with a sob in her voice, which she could make poignant-sweet as the low notes of a 'cello—"Dick, I have come to remind you of all we once hoped to be to each other and to throw myself on your mercy."

"DICK, I HAVE COME TO REMIND YOU OF ALL WE ONCE HOPED TO BE TO EACH OTHER."

"You have come to remind me of that?"

"Yes; for I cared for you then as I never have and never can care for anyone else. Can't you believe that?"

"I neither can nor do I wish to believe it now, Lady Hardacre. It would lower you in my eyes to think that you had loved me and married another man."

"Ah, men can't understand women. You were an ideal man for me, and then, when I thought you guilty of terrible mistakes, of stooping to untruths to save yourself, the ideal died."

"If you had really cared you would not have believed me guilty. Your sister, little Pearl, who has thought of me as an elder brother—no more—how faithful she has been through all! I never knew till to-night what the child's heart was. It was worth much to find out; and mine has been warmed by her dear loyalty as I didn't know it could ever be warmed again."

Diana Hardacre's pale cheeks lit with sudden anger against Pearl, and against the man whose mind could wander from such a confession as hers to praise of a child. A malicious impulse to strike her sister down from the high place where she had climbed stung her to forgetfulness of diplomacy. "Pearl's loyalty!" she sneered. "What is loyalty worth when it is not disinterested? Pearl has been in love with you since before she gave up dolls. She was sick with jealousy when she feared that one day you and I might be everything to each other. You call her a child. But she is a woman, passionately in love, and ready to fawn on you, to show that she would stand by you before the world, no matter who has turned against you. She is ready to do any unscrupulous thing to win you; she has proved that to-night."

"Lady Hardacre!" The man's dark face flamed. "Shame upon you for such words. Even if they were true it would be cruel, unwomanly, to speak them. As they are not true——"

"Oh, true or not, what does it matter?" she broke in, quick to see her error and anxious to undo it. "What does Pearl or anyone or anything in this world matter, except the thing that brought me to you? Dick, if I have offended you, forgive me. I'm half out of my mind to-night, or I would not be here pleading to you to save me. I let you go out of my life, and, whatever my regret may be, it is too late to think of that, madness to dwell on it. Loyalty and all interests bind me to the man I have married. He and I are one; what breaks him breaks me. I don't plead with you for him, but for myself. If it will move you I'll go down on my knees and say, 'Dick, spare me! For Heaven's sake, for old days' sake, spare me!'"

He sprang forward and caught her up, as she would have knelt to him; but when he raised her he did not hold the lovely, palpitating figure fast, on an instant's passionate impulse. He put her from him, simply, with gentle coldness, the lines of his face hardening with all a reserved nature's dislike of theatrical surprises.

"I don't know what you mean," he said.

"But you must know. The despatch—oh, how hard you make it for me, since the man is my husband, and my duty is to him as his wife, no matter what he is, what he has done! After all, he received it. The revelation came to me to-night. Believe me,

if I had guessed—but I mustn't speak of that now. He must have suffered—surely he has suffered. If this thought could be revenge enough for you—but I can't hope it. You are a good man, but not a saint, and so I ask the sacrifice for myself, because I am a woman you once loved and you are chivalrous. I'm weak—weak. I live for the world. I couldn't bear the shame of his being found out—all the sordid horror, the newspapers, the whispers, the cold looks, the fire of adulation which has been my life turned to ashes. Think of what it means to me. A thousand times more than to a strong nature like yours, Dick. You've passed the worst of it. Will you go on bearing the burden, to save me from death and worse, now that it has been put in your power to throw it off? How I would worship you! How I should be down on my knees before you, in spirit, so long as I lived! You would be my saviour. If you refuse I shall kill myself. Oh, can't I move you? You look at me as if you were made of stone."

"If I do it is because I understand no more than a stone. We are at cross purposes, Lady Hardacre. So far as I know it is not in my power to injure you or yours."

"What! Pearl has not brought you the despatch?"

"I have not seen her since you took her away from Mrs. Hubbard's house."

"Ah-h!" It was a long breath of mingled relief and bewilderment. But the relief was only momentary. "She means to give it to you," Diana said. "I know her well enough to be sure of that. She fought like a tigress when I would have taken it to save our honour, and her from doing so mad, so cruel a thing. She ran out of the house to escape from me; and I can't prevent her now from keeping her threat, because she will be careful not to put herself in my way before she has carried it out. It is certain that sooner or later she will come to you and give you the despatch which you sent to my husband and he said he had never received. She found it—no doubt she will tell you how and where. I thought she had been before me. It was that I was counting on. But it is only a question of time—a few minutes; a few hours. I can do nothing. It is only you who can do all."

"What is it that you ask me to do?"

"I—ask you to destroy the paper—the one existing proof—to let it be as though it had never been found."

A strange light leaped into Richard Falconer's eyes. He had flushed at hearing that the despatch was found—whether only with surprise or triumph as well Diana Hardacre could not guess. She did not know him to-night; she could not read his eyes now, but she feared the light in them.

"That is all you ask!" he exclaimed, his voice ringing out for an instant beyond self-control. "To accept ruin, to save the man who of set purpose wrecked my life and trampled on it, wearing stolen laurels which he had lied to steal. Now, when you say I have justice under my hand, that is all you ask!"

"No, no. I ask you to save me."

"By what right do you ask it?"

"The right your manhood gives the woman you love."

His look sent ice into her veins.

"You killed my love months ago. The higher the temple, the greater the fall thereof. But if there had been a spark of the old fire alive it would have died in this hour."

"You mean because it is unworthy to take advantage of my womanhood and to ask such a sacrifice by the memory of a love which——"

"You played with. You have put the words into my mouth, Lady Hardacre. And if I am cold and bitter, is it all my own fault?"

"You were not always so; I know that. Is there nothing left of the old Dick—not enough to forgive and pity?"

"It is easy to forgive when one has ceased to care. As for pity, you have come here to-night meaning to play with me again as you used to do. Adversity has sharpened my eyes. I read you, Lady Hardacre. You had to play for a great stake and you have played cleverly, but not quite cleverly enough. Actress as you are, you could not make your voice ring true when you tempted me by talking of your love. If you could have made me believe that you had once loved me—honestly loved me—I might, perhaps, in spite of all, have made this sacrifice for your sake, happy in thinking that you knew what I had done, though no one else would ever know. As it is, no thrill of passion bids me fling my body under your chariot wheels."

"Oh, Heaven—we are lost then!"

"That was the real touch at last, Lady Hardacre. But pray wait, don't go yet. You are not lost. I have made up my mind, watching and listening to you (since you told me the thing that had happened and was likely to happen), just what is worth my while, what is not worth it. That which is no

longer in my heart to do for your sake, something in my soul compels me to do for my own. I don't know that I can make you understand; I have hardly argued it out to myself, but I feel strongly, because you are what you are, because I am what I am, that if the document does come into my hands I shall destroy it and say nothing."

"Heaven bless you! You do care a little."

"Not for you—except your womanhood. Don't leave me fancying that. I think—if I know why I am making this promise—it is for scorn, not love. I may say that, because it will not hurt you. You want my promise; the rest is a matter of indifference. Well, you have it. And now, Lady Hardacre, since this interview must be painful to you, let us end it. You may trust me. You have nothing to fear."

She held out both hands to him. "How can I thank you?"

He did not see the hands. "By not thanking me at all."

"But you have saved my life. You have given me back everything. Oh, you do not even look interested. Dick, the strangeness of it! Once the curtain rang up for you only when I was on the stage."

"I have outgrown the theatre. Let me take you to the door."

"Please come no farther. Good-night, Dick."

"Good-bye, Lady Hardacre."

She gathered up her cloak and went out.

When she had gone and he had shut the door behind her—quickly, that no chance passer-by in the corridor might see Diana Hardacre leaving him at this unseemly hour—he walked back to the room, where the perfume of her presence lingered. On the table, among a litter of pipes and papers, lay a handkerchief. He stood looking down at the wisp of cambric and lace, unseeingly, his head bowed by the weight of the burden he had undertaken to bear for ever, for the sake of — what? His pride, perhaps. Or was there something more? As he asked himself these questions, dully, the electric bell rang again, as if touched by timid fingers.

He had no doubt that Diana had come back, perhaps to reclaim the forgotten handkerchief; but it was Pearl Faithfull who hovered outside the threshold, in the shadows, as he opened the door.

"My child!" he exclaimed, in a voice very different from that which froze Diana's histrionic ardours. "You here? You should be at home and asleep."

"I have no home any more, and I could never sleep until I had given you this," said the girl. "You know, I suppose? I saw Di come out."

"Yes, I know," answered Falconer. "Come in, child, since you are here, and we will talk for a little. But it must not be of me. Instead, we will speak about what you are to do and where you are to go if, indeed, for my sake you have lost your home with Lord and Lady Hardacre."

He drew her into the room which Diana had perfumed with some rich, tropical flower scent. The girl had a folded paper in her hand and held it out to him, her big eyes shining, her face dusky-pale; but he did not take it.

He saw that she had snatched up some piece of silk-embroidered drapery and flung it over her evening dress in place of a

"HE STOOD LOOKING DOWN AT THE WISP OF CAMBRIC AND LACE."

cloak, and guessed at the haste with which she had left home—for him.

"I walked here," she said. "I had no money with me, and I had to come. They didn't want to let me in; I suppose I look rather strange, but I told the man my name, that we were old friends, and that I must see you on important business. Then, when I came up here, my courage failed. Over and over again I tried to ring or knock. But, I thought, what if you were asleep? And as I was making up my mind I heard voices just inside the door. Oh, how I flew down the corridor, all the way to the end! But there I turned to look. The light shone out and I saw Diana. When she was gone I dared to come back. I think Fate must have delivered your enemy into your hand. Here is the despatch which I found in an old khaki coat of Bernard's. It is yours to do with as you will."

"To do with as I will?" He took the childish hand that held the folded paper, and kissed it with grave tenderness. "First, then, dear little friend, I thank you with all my soul for what you have done to-night. I know what it has cost you. Next, since you give me the despatch to do with as I will, this is what I will to do."

He took it from her and passed it over the lamp. The flame leaped up, caught the paper, and in an instant a flimsy brown ash fell from his fingers.

The girl cried out sharply, as if her flesh had been burnt. "Oh, how could you?"

"Because it was the only thing to do."

"How you love her!"

"No. It is my pride I love. I had to show her how paltry it all is to me. I didn't know myself until an hour ago. That is one more thing I have to thank you for. Dear little one, you have brought me back as near to happiness as I can ever come. I thought everyone was against me. But I have you left, sweet, loyal child; and I have this night to remember—always; to the day of my death, if it's at the farthest end of the world. Believe me, it is better than any other revenge. I've chosen the best thing. And now, for this night, at all events, you must return to your sister. If she refuses to receive you (but she will not) you had better go to your aunt's, Mrs. Hawthorne's. I shall take you down and put you into a cab."

"And to-morrow?"

"To-morrow and all the to-morrows I shall remember and thank you."

The girl covered her face with her hands and sobbed. "You are going away?"

"Yes. My arrangements are made. England doesn't want me any more. Maybe some other country will take a soldier."

"Your friends want you."

"THE FLAME LEAPED UP AND CAUGHT THE PAPER."

"You are my only friend."

She wept the more bitterly, and it was as if her tears fell hot upon his heart. "Child!" he cried, "if you really care——"

"If I really care! Don't go—or else take me."

"I have no right to ruin your life."

"I have no life without you."

"Then come. I want you. Oh, how I want you!"

He held out his arms; the brown ash lay on the table forgotten; and it may be that the world was well lost.

A Scheme for a Great National Monument.

By David Walsh, M.D.

Some Expert Opinions of the Scheme:—

SIR W. B. RICHMOND, R.A., K.C.B., says: "If such a plan as the one you indicate could be carried out no doubt it would be a noble thing. It is so easy to raise difficulties, and the tendency of this over-critical age is always to do that. They are obvious; but nothing is insurmountable even in such a commercial time as ours. We live in times of such strange contradictions—one side so commonplace, the other nobly Utopian. Anything that may go to cause victory for the latter will indeed benefit the higher ideals of a people too much consumed by the worship of Plutus and too little by the doctrines of the Republic of Plato."

MR. G. J. FRAMPTON, R.A., writes: "This scheme seems to me worthy of most careful attention. To my mind something of the sort should have been carried out centuries ago, in which case we should have kept authentic and lasting records of the genius of bygone times, as, for instance, those of the great men of the Elizabethan era. Personally, I think the proposed monument would serve a more useful purpose as a record of contemporary life and a burial-place for the great dead than as a school of sculpture. It would, however, play an invaluable part in the encouragement of sculpture by creating a taste and a demand for that kind of art. Consider what a gain to the nation it would be to have a sculpture gallery devoted to our chief statesmen, poets, warriors, men of science, and other leaders of the intellectual world. Nor would a gallery of kings be less worthy of the national care and affection. The scientific study of the agencies that destroy stone and other building and plastic surfaces appears to me to be of the utmost practical importance, and the wonder is that such an investigation has not been undertaken long ago. The scheme would do away with the present inartistic method of cutting up our cathedrals for the construction of tombs. On the ground of simplicity, grandeur, and artistic and historical value, I approve warmly of the proposed scheme for a national memorial."

MR. HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A., writes: "It strikes me that the most serious objection to your scheme of a national memorial, as I understand it, is that it would seem like a memorial to something that is not yet departed. Make it a memorial of the nineteenth century, and let there be represented in it the great men and the great movements of the past century; and, if it is a monument which shall endure for a couple of thousand years or so, great consideration must be given to *material* used in its construction and decoration; and, as you say, the sculptor's art is one which would of necessity be employed—as has been the case with Egyptian, Greek, and Roman civilizations in public monuments in the past. Sculpture has, in fact, ever been an art so identified with the portrayal of things public rather than private that it would seem to be the duty of the State not only to encourage it by annual purchases of statuary, but also by special State aid in the schools for sculpture. In France there is a considerable sum spent every year in purchasing works in sculpture, which are placed in the public thoroughfares and gardens and form objects of interest and delight, and, I would also venture to say, are of great educational value."

MR. ASTON WEBB, A.R.A., F.R.I.B.A., F.S.A., says: "Many thanks for your interesting letter on your scheme for a great national monument. It sounds to me too grand to have much chance of being carried through in this material age of ours, but I wish you all success."

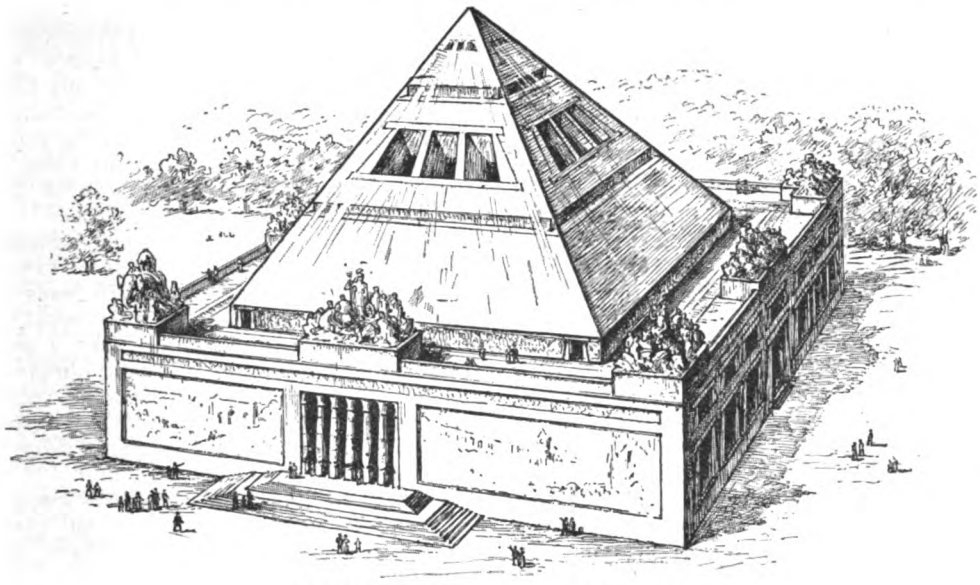
IN the history of mankind there can be no more fascinating subject than the rise and fall of nations, which register, as it were, the births and deaths of a world too busy to heed fallers by the wayside.

In past ages whole nations have faded away into oblivion, while others have left behind them footprints that tell with more or less certainty of their former greatness and of how far they had travelled on the pathway of civilization.

The reverent disposal of the dead in all likelihood formed one of the earliest characteristics of reasoning man. Around that custom slowly gathered a host of observances, so that in the tombs, not only of prehistoric, but also of historic man, we find multitudinous tokens of his beliefs, of his arts, of his prowess in war, of his weapons—in a word, of his various ways of life both domestic and tribal.

Of late years the application of scientific method to the unravelling of ancient history has gone on apace. The systematic unearthing of buried sites, first applied by Dr. Schliemann to ancient Troy, has laid bare the traces of civilizations long buried beneath the dust of ages. A similar plan has since been adopted with brilliant success by Professor Flinders Petrie, who has thereby secured evidence of an unbroken series of Egyptian dynasties so far back as the year 8000 B.C.

The earliest records of a people, then, are to be found in enduring works of earth or of stone, and, it may be added, to a less extent and in later periods, of metal. In this way we find the history of races handed down to



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PROPOSED MONUMENT.

us in objective form. Speaking broadly, the value to the historian of tombs, statues, monoliths, forts, harbours, roads, aqueducts, and other ancient remains clearly depends upon their strength and durability.

The Empire of Great and Greater Britain has attained a power and splendour probably hitherto unequalled in the history of the world. It is interesting to inquire what lasting records would be left behind by so great a kingdom at its present stage of development. To put the matter in another way, what evidence would be forthcoming, say, in eight thousand years' time, for some future Flinders Petrie digging among the buried cities of the British Islands?

The answer to that question resolves itself pretty much into a consideration of what there is to survive. In the United Kingdom few existing mediæval or modern buildings would be likely to leave any adequate traces of their structure for more than a limited number of centuries. Our cathedrals are, many of them, splendid and noble as works of art, but even with occasional careful restoration they are hardly strong enough to weather more than, say, a thousand or fifteen hundred years. Indeed, it seems not unlikely that the circles of Stonehenge, the origin of which is lost in prehistoric mist, will keep their original form more or less intact long after St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey have been levelled with the dust. The difference between the perishable cathedral and the practically imperishable stone circle, or pyramid, is clearly structural. The cathedral builders were obliged to subordinate massive strength to the needs of a structure roofed in to accommodate a large body of worshippers, whereas the stone circle and pyramid builders were unhampered in that direction. Obviously, a roofed structure has less chance of survival than one without a roof.

Of statuary we have little worth notice. The Albert Memorial in Hyde Park is, perhaps, our most serious attempt in that direction. It is a comparatively small work, however, but it serves to illustrate the irony of the British position with regard to durability in monumental building. After some half a century of existence the Albert Memorial is fast crumbling to ruin; while, on the other hand, our most enduring stone memorial is the so-called Cleopatra's Needle—that is to say, an obelisk borrowed from ancient Egypt, where it was made in the reign of Thothmes III., about B.C. 1600. The modern structure in Hyde Park was built literally for its own generation, whereas the stone memorial of ancient Egypt, whether pyramid, monolith, giant figure, rock-cut temple or tomb, was seemingly fashioned with an eye to all succeeding time. That the jerry-builder flourished in ancient Egypt is more than likely, but, happily, his presence did not preclude the possibility of raising structures

that are, humanly speaking, everlasting. We modern Britons have the jerry-builder, but lack the enduring monuments. With us the tendency is to make buildings, monuments, and places of burial more and more slight and perishable.

It seems not unlikely that the greatest memorials we shall leave to distant ages will be our railroads, which form a great distinguishing feature of the nineteenth century. The marvellous cuttings and embankments will exist as long as the face of the country in which they are placed. Their chances of survival rest on much the same solid basis as the early British and pre-British forts, and the great walls or earthworks constructed to keep the savage northern tribes out of Roman Britain. As to the iron bridges, they will speedily disappear, together with those tunnels that lie in shifting soil. Most of the tunnels, however, from the nature of their construction, will be well-nigh indestructible. One may imagine the delight of some antiquarian a few thousand years hence tracing the network of tubes and underground railways beneath the site of once famous London. All the square miles of jerry-built houses would have left hardly a trace beyond a few broken bricks beneath the ground-level. Here and there the foundation of some of our most substantial buildings, as the Tower of London and the Houses of Parliament, might be discernible to the experienced eye in the shape of slightly elevated mounds. The pedestal of the Nelson Column, with its Landseer lions, might be unearthed; but it would be impossible to name any single monument of our times that would survive a thousand years in anything like entirety. In London the antiquary of the distant future will probably be guided to a great extent in his researches mainly by the river embankments, the sewers, and the railways.

At this point the question naturally arises, what good end would be gained if we were to leave behind us all kinds of lasting monuments of the present age?

An answer may be found in Egypt, the history of which has been made known to us mainly through its lasting monuments. Belief in the immortality of the soul led the early Egyptian to make his tomb strong enough to protect his body, which he believed would one day be revivified by the return of the departed spirit. The consequent strength and grandeur of his tombs have, however, led to results which he did not anticipate. His tombs, although almost universally rifled of their contents, have preserved graphic records from which Egyptologists have constructed the oldest history yet known to mankind. In Egypt, at any rate, history has been cut deep in its monuments, and has afforded the most fascinating study of modern times. If there be any value in enduring records it is to be seen in the land of the Pharaohs.

Clearly, the raising of a great national memorial from a mere prompting of vanity would run counter to our modern ways of thinking. But if any useful purpose could be thereby and therewith attained, then a proposal of the kind would assume a different aspect. If, for instance, a memorial could be constructed on such a plan as to foster Art and to have a lasting educational value it would at once merit careful attention.

A great and noble branch of Art leads a comparatively struggling life within our gates —namely, that of sculpture. There are fairly obvious reasons for that state of affairs, such as the costliness of bronze and marble and the small demand for work of the kind nowadays. The untoward result is that our statues and monuments are scanty in number, and present no full and lasting record of the life of the nation. Here, then, are motives enough—namely, to foster a national taste for sculpture and, at the same time, to raise a monument of the era which would have a distinct educational value for future generations. To this might be added the further object of forming a burial-place for our great men, a point that will be dealt with later. These ends might be accomplished by erecting a building on enduring lines of sufficient size to furnish ample space for sculptors to record the many-sided life of the British nation, say, during the nineteenth and the earlier part of the twentieth centuries.

As to a suitable form for such a building, it seems likely that the most enduring architectural form is the pyramid. A vast structure of that kind could be raised, say, in Hyde Park, of such a size that it would be visible from the greater part of London. The slope of the pyramid might be faced with triangular blocks of glass, granite, or terra-cotta. The building might be constructed somewhat on the following plan, which will be made clearer by a reference to the accompanying illustrations. Although not solid throughout, it would still retain enough of its pyramidal shape to ensure stability of structure.

Outside, the building is divided into two

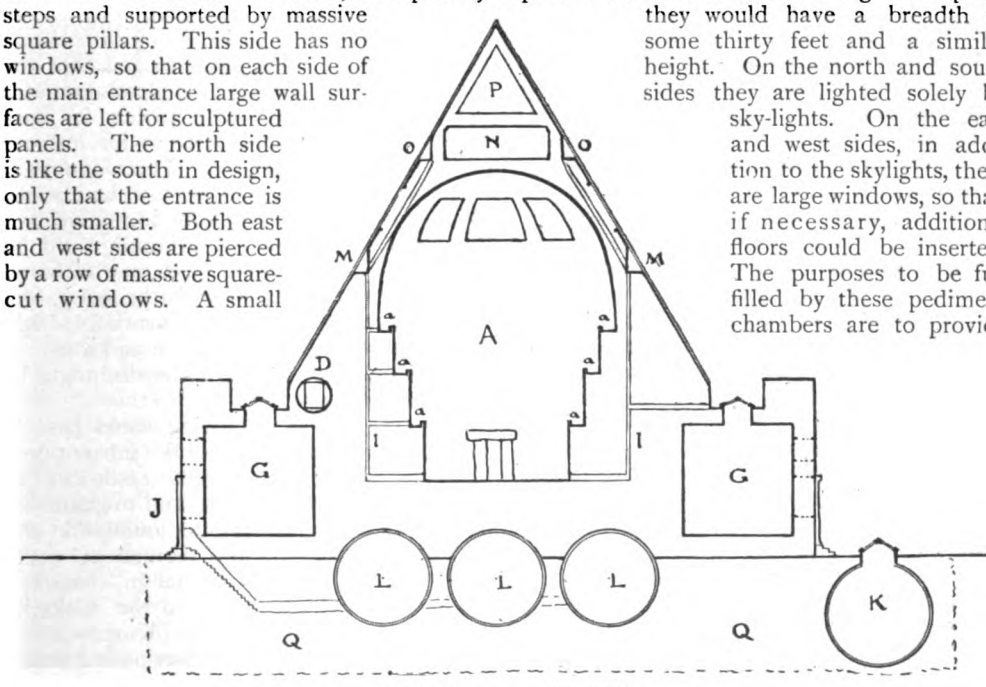
portions, the first a pyramid and the second a square base. About two-thirds up the pyramidal part windows are cut for the purpose of lighting a large interior chamber. In order to lessen weight the apex—that is to say, the part over the windows—is hollowed out into a large chamber, which might, perhaps, be useful as an observatory.

The pyramid does not run down sheer to the ground, but stands on a square pediment or base, reaching, say, to a third of the total height from apex to ground-level. Supposing the total height to be one hundred and fifty feet, then the pediment would be thirty-seven feet high, a sufficiently imposing size for all practical purposes.*

The pediment has four walls, facing north, south, east, and west respectively, and each one hundred and fifty feet long; that is, assuming a perpendicular section of the pyramid to be that of an equilateral triangle. On the south side is the main entrance, led up to by steps and supported by massive square pillars. This side has no windows, so that on each side of the main entrance large wall surfaces are left for sculptured panels. The north side is like the south in design, only that the entrance is much smaller. Both east and west sides are pierced by a row of massive square-cut windows. A small doorway is placed in the centre of each, that on the east leading into galleries and that on the west to the underground or catacomb chambers.

The top of the pediment forms an important feature. It provides a fine open-air terrace, with a breadth equal to the height of the pediment. On its outer side runs a solid parapet, while large pedestals above the entrance doorways and at the four corners support groups of gigantic statuary. The floor of the terrace is broken by skylight windows, arranged so as to light spacious chambers lying within the four walls of the pediment. It is reached by a flight of stairs opening into the entrance-hall, but not shown in plan. There is no need to enter at length into details, but it may be stated briefly that the main principles kept in view are solidity, strength, simplicity, and an ample supply of wall surface and standing room for all forms of descriptive plastic and mural art.

The pediment chambers play an important part in the scheme. According to the plans they would have a breadth of some thirty feet and a similar height. On the north and south sides they are lighted solely by sky-lights. On the east and west sides, in addition to the skylights, there are large windows, so that, if necessary, additional floors could be inserted. The purposes to be fulfilled by these pediment chambers are to provide space for exhibition galleries and administrative quarters.



SECTIONAL VIEW OF MONUMENT.

A, Central Hall; a a a, Upper Galleries; D, Showing how additional chambers could be constructed; G, Sculpture Galleries; I, Lifts; J, Entrance to Catacombs; K, Underground Storage; L, Catacombs; M, Terrace; N, Large Upper Chamber; O, Promenade Terrace; P, Observatory; Q, Foundation.

The foundations of such a building would naturally have to be substantial. They are indicated in the plans as a bed of concrete, say, fifteen feet in thickness. They enclose several large parallel iron tubes, lined with

* The Egyptian model was less pointed and afforded greater stability than that of an equilateral sectioned pyramid. The original measurements of the Great Pyramid were about seven hundred and fifty-five feet at the base by four hundred and eighty-one feet in height; and of the Second Pyramid three hundred and fifty feet by two hundred and fifteen feet. They date from about 3500 or 4000 B.C.

masonry and forming underground chambers of vast strength, which would make excellent catacombs. They would be reached by a flight of steps from a central doorway on the west side, and, if required, a small mortuary temple could be built outside that doorway.

Another underground chamber lighted from the top, area-fashion, is provided on the west side for stores, furnaces, and so on.

A large octagonal chamber measuring some forty feet across lies in the heart of the pyramid. Its floor is at a higher level—some twenty feet—than that of the ground outside, and in the centre stands an exact reproduction of an ancient Druidical three-stone arch or gateway.* Its octagonal walls widen as they stretch away upwards to the apex in a series of three or four galleries. The galleries are about eight feet wide, with a distance of ten or twelve feet one above the other; they do not project, but widen out stepwise from the base upwards, and are connected by flights of steps. The apex and other parts of the building might be reached by staircases and hydraulic lifts in the thickness of the walls—as well as by staircases on the outside walls of the pyramid.

Its roof is dome-shaped, with large panels for fresco and mosaic treatment, and light is admitted from the windows cut near the apex.

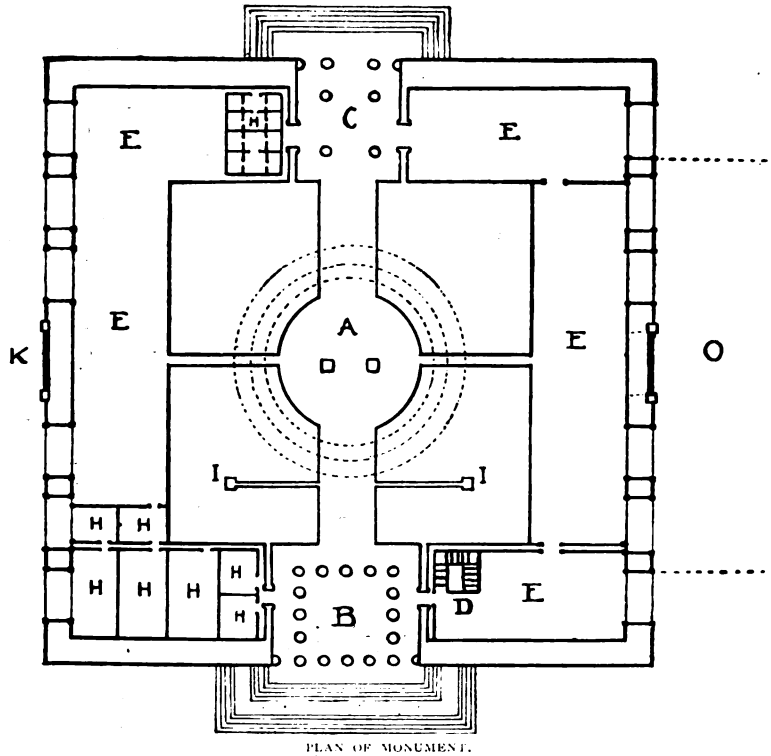
Returning once again to the purposes that could be fulfilled by such a national monument, we find an obvious one in its use as a burial-place for our great dead. In that way it would meet our pressing need of a new Valhalla, for the available burying space in Westminster Abbey is already of the scantiest. Some of its terraces or galleries could be allotted to the crematory urns and the busts or statues of the illustrious dead buried in the catacombs below. A portion of its space might be reserved for Royal sepulture, and thereby present to remote posterity the tombs of our Kings and Queens in the midst of dignified and beautiful surroundings. The Royal tombs might have a separate entrance from beneath the Druidical arch in the central chamber.

A great amount of sculptors' handiwork would clearly be required about the building, and this might be distributed amongst deserving students, who would thus be enabled to earn money during their pupilage. In connection with the monument might be provided a laboratory for the scientific investigation of the agencies that destroy or injure stone and all other materials used in plastic art. Knowledge gained in that way could hardly fail to have a sound economic value to the community. For instance, had fully-informed judgment been available when the present Houses of Parliament were built, the loss that has been inflicted by the use of stone unable to withstand the smoke-laden atmosphere of London might have been avoided.

The cost of the suggested monument would undoubtedly be great. The proposed building, however, would be a mere dwarf by the side of the great Egyptian pyramids. That fact may be realized by remembering that the suggested height of a hundred and fifty feet is actually less by some twenty-five feet than that of the sphinx, the figure of which crouches, as it were, at the feet of the pyramids. The cost might be to some extent reduced by a careful selection of materials. For instance, the general plan of the building might be outlined, so to speak, by iron girder-work. The main body of the building could then be filled in with concrete and faced with brick, so arranged that the ironwork would always be completely encased. The marble or other stone tablets for carving and the prepared surfaces for frescoes could be added at leisure. The monument, in a word, could be run up with bare walls, to be completed as funds became available. Moreover, the size of the pyramid could be regulated by the amount of money in hand. If a million pounds were forthcoming, the memorial might be made so many feet high. If, on the other hand, a million and a half or two millions were promised the size might be proportionately increased.

The cost of such a building would have to be defrayed mainly by public subscription, although Government might reasonably be asked to contribute the site and to guarantee a substantial sum both to foundation and to maintenance. As the monument would be Imperial as well as national in character, an appeal might be made to the Colonies as well as to the United Kingdom. A simple plan of inviting subscriptions would be to compute the whole cubic space of the monument — regarding it for that purpose as a solid structure—in bricks. Each brick might be valued, say, at a penny. It would then be possible for the humblest of our countrymen or countrywomen to contribute a brick to the great monument. Wealthier members of the community might subscribe a hundred, a thousand, a hundred thousand, a million, and so on. Some rich men would perhaps prefer to purchase the

* A small Druidical circle might be placed here to enclose the entrance to the catacombs.



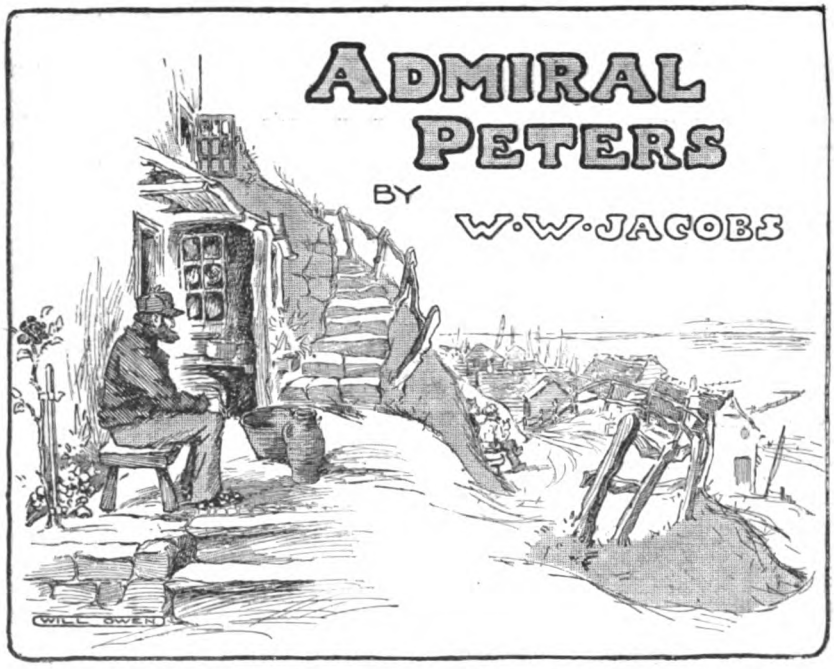
PLAN OF MONUMENT.

A, Central Hall (showing galleries); B, Grand Entrance; C, Second Entrance; D, Stairs to Main Terrace (another at back not shown); E, Galleries; H, Offices; I, Lifts; K, Entrance to Catacombs—a small Mortuary Temple could be erected here; O, Underground Offices (Stores, Heating, etc.).

sculpture or the marble of a large panel, of a colossal group, or of a gallery; or they might endow a studentship in sculpture, or found a library or laboratory. Local subscriptions might be started throughout the country. For instance, the Mayor or Lord Mayor of some provincial town might order, say, one or two million bricks on behalf of his fellow-townsfolk. In return for that contribution the right of so many free studentships might be vested in that particular town. In that way a systematic and widespread recognition of special talent would be established. There is little need, however, to labour the point further. Millions have oftentimes been raised for purposes less worthy than the erection of a splendid and enduring monument which should benefit the living and shelter the illustrious dead of a mighty nation. What was possible in ancient Egypt should surely not be altogether impossible in modern Britain. The purchase of sculpture would entail the necessity of an endowment fund, which might be derived partly from private and partly from national sources.

A high standard of excellence would naturally be fixed for all selected work, which would be liberally paid for, and unsuccessful competitors might be encouraged with prizes. Clearly, in a monument of this kind, no sculpture should be admitted except on the score of absolute and intrinsic merit. Competitors might with advantage be anonymous, and decision as to acceptance or otherwise should rest in the hands of a committee of partly *ex-officio* and partly appointed and selected members. The President of the Royal Academy might be appointed *ex-officio*, the Government might select three or four other men eminent in Art, the House of Commons and the House of Lords might each appoint a competent member, and one nomination might be vested in His Majesty the King. Constituted on some such lines, the committee of selection and management would secure the public confidence. They would choose the subjects for competition and make the awards, and funds would be arranged so as to provide for the systematic purchase of sculptured and other plastic work.

The range of subjects to be illustrated should embrace the whole of the life of the nineteenth century, and is, therefore, of the widest. The value of each plastic work will be increased by cutting into the neighbouring stone a short description of the main facts connected with that particular subject. Following the lines of the Albert Memorial, the four corners of the pediment terrace might be occupied with groups representing the chief British Colonies.



MR. GEORGE BURTON, naval pensioner, sat at the door of his lodgings gazing in placid content at the sea. It was early summer, and the air was heavy with the scent of flowers; Mr. Burton's pipe was cold and empty, and his pouch upstairs. He shook his head gently as he realized this, and, yielding to the drowsy quiet of his surroundings, laid aside the useless pipe and fell into a doze.

He was awakened half an hour later by the sound of footsteps. A tall, strongly-built man was approaching from the direction of the town, and Mr. Burton, as he gazed at him sleepily, began to wonder where he had seen him before. Even when the stranger stopped and stood smiling down at him his memory proved unequal to the occasion, and he sat staring at the handsome, shaven face, with its little fringe of grey whisker, waiting for enlightenment.

"George, my buck," said the stranger, giving him a hearty slap on the shoulder, "how goes it?"

"D—— *Bless* my eyes, I mean," said Mr. Burton, correcting himself, "if it ain't Joe Stiles. I didn't know you without your beard."

"That's me," said the other. "It's quite by accident I heard where you were living, George; I offered to go and sling my hammock with old Dingle for a week or two, and he told me. Nice quiet little place, Seacombe. Ah, you were lucky to get your pension, George."

"I deserved it," said Mr. Burton, sharply, as he fancied he detected something ambiguous in his friend's remark.

"Of course you did," said Mr. Stiles; "so did I, but I didn't get it. Well, it's a poor heart that never rejoices. What about that drink you were speaking of, George?"

"I hardly ever touch anything now," replied his friend.

"I was thinking about myself," said Mr. Stiles. "I can't bear the stuff, but the doctor says I must have it. You know what doctors are, George!"

Mr. Burton did not deign to reply, but led the way indoors.

"Very comfortable quarters, George," remarked Mr. Stiles, gazing round the room approvingly; "ship-shape and tidy. I'm glad I met old Dingle. Why, I might never ha' seen you again; and us such pals, too."

His host grunted, and from the back of a small cupboard produced a bottle of whisky and a glass, and set them on the table. After a momentary hesitation he found another glass.

"Our noble selves," said Mr. Stiles, with a tinge of reproach in his tones, "and may we never forget old friendships."

Mr. Burton drank the toast. "I hardly know what it's like now, Joe," he said, slowly. "You wouldn't believe how soon you can lose the taste for it."

Mr. Stiles said he would take his word for

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it. "You've got some nice little public-houses about here, too," he remarked. "There's one I passed called the Cock and Flowerpot; nice cosy little place it would be to spend the evening in."

"I never go there," said Mr. Burton, hastily. "I—a friend o' mine here doesn't approve o' public-'ouses."

"What's the matter with him?" inquired his friend, anxiously.

"It's—it's a 'er," said Mr. Burton, in some confusion.

Mr. Stiles threw himself back in his chair and eyed him with amazement. Then, recovering his presence of mind, he reached out his hand for the bottle.

"We'll drink her health," he said, in a deep voice. "What's her name?"

"Mrs. Dutton," was the reply.

Mr. Stiles, with one hand on his heart, toasted her feelingly; then, filling up again, he drank to the "happy couple."

"She's very strict about drink," said Mr. Burton, eyeing these proceedings with some severity.

"Any—dibs?" inquired Mr. Stiles, slapping a pocket which failed to ring in response.

"She's comfortable," replied the other, awkwardly. "Got a little stationer's shop in the town; steady, old-fashioned business. She's chapel, and very strict."

"Just what you want," remarked Mr. Stiles, placing his glass on the table. "What d'ye say to a stroll?"

Mr. Burton assented, and, having replaced the black bottle in the cupboard, led the way along the cliffs towards the town some half-mile distant, Mr. Stiles beguiling the way by narrating his adventures since they had last met. A certain swagger and richness of deportment were explained by his statement that he had been on the stage.

"Only walking on," he said, with a shake of his head. "The only speaking part I ever had was a cough. You ought to ha' heard that cough, George!"

Mr. Burton politely voiced his regrets and watched him anxiously. Mr. Stiles, shaking his head over a somewhat unsuccessful career, was making a bee-line for the Cock and Flowerpot.

"Just for a small soda," he explained, and, once inside, changed his mind and had whisky instead. Mr. Burton, sacrificing principle to friendship, had one with him. The bar more than fulfilled Mr. Stiles's ideas as to its cosiness, and within the space of ten minutes he was on excellent terms with the regular clients. Into the little, old-world bar, with its loud-ticking clock, its Windsor-chairs, and its cracked jug full of roses, he brought a breath of the bustle of the great city and tales of the great cities beyond the seas. Refreshment was forced upon him, and Mr. Burton, pleased at his friend's success, shared mildly in his reception. It was nine o'clock before they departed, and then they only left to please the landlord.

"Nice lot o' chaps," said Mr. Stiles, as he stumbled out into the sweet, cool air. "Catch hold—o' my—arm, George. Brace me—up a bit."

Mr. Burton complied, and his friend, reassured as to his footing, burst into song. In a stentorian voice he sang the latest song from comic opera, and then with an adjuration to Mr. Burton to see what he was about, and not to let him trip, he began, in a lumbering fashion, to dance.

Mr. Burton, still propping him up, trod a measure with fewer steps, and cast uneasy glances up the lonely road. On their left the sea broke quietly on the beach below; on their right were one or two scattered cottages, at the doors of which an occasional figure appeared to gaze in mute astonishment at the proceedings.

"Dance, George," said Mr. Stiles, who found his friend rather an encumbrance.

"*H'sh! Stop!*" cried the frantic Mr. Burton, as he caught sight of a woman's figure bidding farewell in a lighted doorway.

Mr. Stiles replied with a stentorian roar, and Mr. Burton, clinging despairingly to his jigging friend lest a worse thing should happen, cast an imploring glance at Mrs. Dutton as they danced by. The evening was still light enough for him to see her face, and he piloted the corybantic Mr. Stiles the rest of the way home in a mood which accorded but ill with his steps.

His manner at breakfast next morning was so offensive that Mr. Stiles, who had risen fresh as a daisy and been out to inhale the air on the cliffs, was somewhat offended.

"You go down and see her," he said, anxiously. "Don't lose a moment; and explain to her that it was the sea-air acting on an old sunstroke."

"She ain't a fool," said Mr. Burton, gloomily.

He finished his breakfast in silence, and, leaving the repentant Mr. Stiles sitting in the doorway with a pipe, went down to the widow's to make the best explanation he could think of on the way. Mrs. Dutton's fresh-coloured face changed as he entered

the shop, and her still good eyes regarded him with scornful interrogation.

"I—saw you last night," began Mr. Burton, timidly.

"I saw you, too," said Mrs. Dutton. "I couldn't believe my eyesight at first."

"It was an old shipmate of mine," said Mr. Burton. "He hadn't seen me for years, and I suppose the sight of me upset 'im."

"I dare say," replied the widow; "that and the Cock and Flowerpot, too. I heard about it."

"He would go," said the unfortunate.

"*You* needn't have gone," was the reply.

"I 'ad to," said Mr. Burton, with a gulp; "he—he's an old officer o' mine, and it wouldn't ha' been discipline for me to refuse."

"Officer?" repeated Mrs. Dutton.

"My old admiral," said Mr. Burton, with a gulp that nearly choked him. "You've heard me speak of Admiral Peters?"

"*Admiral?*" gasped the astonished widow. "What, a-carrying on like that?"

"He's a reg'lar old sea-dog," said Mr. Burton. "He's staying with me, but of course 'e don't want it known who he is. I couldn't refuse to 'ave a drink with 'im. I was under orders, so to speak."

"No, I suppose not," said Mrs. Dutton, softening. "Fancy him staying with you!"

"He just run down for the night, but I expect he'll be going 'ome in an hour or two," said Mr. Burton, who saw an excellent reason now for hastening his guest's departure.

Mrs. Dutton's face fell. "Dear me," she murmured, "I should have liked to have seen him; you have told me so much about him. If he doesn't go quite so soon, and you would like to bring him here when you come to-night, I'm sure I should be very pleased."

"I'll mention it to 'im," said Mr. Burton, marvelling at the change in her manner.

"Didn't you say once that he was uncle to Lord Buckfast?" inquired Mrs. Dutton, casually.

"Yes," said Mr. Burton, with unnecessary doggedness; "I did."

"The idea of an admiral staying with you!" said Mrs. Dutton.

"Reg'lar old sea-dog," said Mr. Burton again; "and, besides, he don't want it known. It's a secret between us three, Mrs. Dutton."

"To be sure," said the widow. "You can tell the admiral that I shall not mention it to a soul," she added, mincingly.

Mr. Burton thanked her and withdrew, lest Mr. Stiles should follow him up before apprised of his sudden promotion. He found that gentleman, however, still sitting at the front door, smoking serenely.

"I'll stay with you for a week or two," said Mr. Stiles, briskly, as soon as the other had told his story. "It'll do you a world o' good to be seen on friendly terms with an admiral, and I'll put in a good word for you."

Mr. Burton shook his head. "No, she might find out," he said, slowly. "I think that the best thing is for you to go home after dinner, Joe, and just give 'er a look in on the way, p'r'aps. You could say a lot o' things about me in arf an hour."

"No, George," said Mr. Stiles, beaming on him kindly; "when I put my hand to the plough I don't draw back. It's a good speaking part, too, an admiral's. I wonder whether I might use old Peters's language."

"Certainly not," said Mr. Burton, in alarm. "You don't know how particular she is."

Mr. Stiles sighed, and said that he would do the best he could without it. He spent most of the day on the beach smoking, and when evening came shaved himself with extreme care and brushed his serge suit with great perseverance in preparation for his visit.

Mr. Burton performed the ceremony of introduction with some awkwardness; Mr. Stiles was affecting a stateliness of manner which was not without distinction; and Mrs. Dutton, in a black silk dress and the cameo brooch which had belonged to her mother, was no less important. Mr. Burton had an odd feeling of inferiority.

"It's a very small place to ask you to, Admiral Peters," said the widow, offering him a chair.

"It's comfortable, ma'am," said Mr. Stiles, looking round approvingly. "Ah, you should see some of the palaces I've been in abroad; all show and no comfort. Not a decent chair in the place. And, as for the antimacassars——"

"Are you making a long stay, Admiral Peters?" inquired the delighted widow.

"It depends," was the reply. "My intention was just to pay a flying visit to my honest old friend Burton here—best man in my squadron—but he is so hospitable, he's been pressing me to stay for a few weeks."

"But the admiral says he *must* get back to-morrow morning," interposed Mr. Burton, firmly.

"Unless I have a letter at breakfast-time, Burton," said Mr. Stiles, serenely.

"MR. STILES WAS AFFECTING A STATELINESS OF MANNER WHICH WAS NOT WITHOUT DISTINCTION."

Mr. Burton favoured him with a mutinous scowl.

"Oh, I do hope you will," said Mrs. Dutton.

"I have a feeling that I shall," said Mr. Stiles, crossing glances with his friend. "The only thing is my people; they want me to join them at Lord Tufton's place."

Mrs. Dutton trembled with delight at being in the company of a man with such friends. "What a change shore-life must be to you after the perils of the sea!" she murmured.

"Ah!" said Mr. Stiles. "True! True!"

"The dreadful fighting," said Mrs. Dutton, closing her eyes and shuddering.

"You get used to it," said the hero, simply. "Hottest time I had I think was at the bombardment of Alexandria. I stood alone. All the men who hadn't been shot down had fled, and the shells were bursting round me like—like fireworks."

The widow clasped her hands and shuddered again.

"I was standing just behind 'im, waiting any orders he might give," said Mr. Burton.

"Were you?" said Mr. Stiles, sharply—"were you? I don't remember it, Burton."

"Why," said Mr. Burton, with a faint laugh, "I was just behind you, sir. If you remember, sir, I said to you that it was pretty hot work."

Mr. Stiles affected to consider. "No, Burton," he said, bluffly—"no; so far as my memory goes I was the only man there."

"A bit of a shell knocked my cap off, sir," persisted Mr. Burton, making laudable efforts to keep his temper.

"That'll do, my man," said the other, sharply; "not another word. "You forget yourself."

He turned to the widow and began to chat about "his people" again to divert her attention from Mr. Burton, who seemed likely to cause unpleasantness by either bursting a blood-vessel or falling into a fit.

"My people have heard of Burton," he said, with a slight glance to see how that injured gentleman was progressing. "He has often shared my dangers. We have been in many tight places together. Do you remember those two nights when we were hidden in the chimney at the palace of the Sultan of Zanzibar, Burton?"

"I should think I do," said Mr. Burton, recovering somewhat.

"Stuck so tight we could hardly breathe," continued the other.

"I shall never forget it as long as I live," said Mr. Burton, who thought that the other was trying to make amends for his recent indiscretion.

"Oh, do tell me about it, Admiral Peters," cried Mrs. Dutton.

"Surely Burton has told you that?" said Mr. Stiles.

"Never breathed a word of it," said the widow, gazing somewhat reproachfully at the discomfited Mr. Burton.

"Well, tell it now, Burton," said Mr. Stiles.

"You tell it better than I do, sir," said the other.

"No, no," said Mr. Stiles, whose powers of invention were not always to be relied upon. "You tell it; it's your story."

The widow looked from one to the other.

"It's your story, sir," said Mr. Burton.

"No, I won't tell it," said Mr. Stiles. "It wouldn't be fair to you, Burton. I'd forgotten that when I spoke. Of course, you were young at the time, still——"

"I done nothing that I'm ashamed of, sir," said Mr. Burton, trembling with passion.

"I think it's very hard if I'm not to hear it," said Mrs. Dutton, with her most fascinating air.

Mr. Stiles gave her a significant glance, and screwing up his lips nodded in the direction of Mr. Bur...

"At any rate, you were in the chimney with me, sir," said that unfortunate.

"Ah!" said the other, severely. "But what was I there for, my man?"

Mr. Burton could not tell him; he could only stare at him in a frenzy of passion and dismay.

"What *were* you there for, Admiral Peters?" inquired Mrs. Dutton.

"I was there, ma'am," said the unspeakable Mr. Stiles, slowly—"I was there to save the life of Burton. I never deserted my men—never. Whatever scrapes they got into I always did my best to get them out. News was brought to me that Burton was suffocating in the chimney of the Sultan's favourite wife, and I——"

"*Sultan's favourite wife!*" gasped Mrs. Dutton, staring hard at Mr. Burton, who had collapsed in his chair and was regarding the ingenious Mr. Stiles with open-mouthed stupefaction. "Good gracious! I—I never heard of such a thing. I *am* surprised!"

"So am I," said Mr. Burton, thickly. "I—I——"

"How did you escape, Admiral Peters?" inquired the widow, turning from the flighty Burton in indignation.

Mr. Stiles shook his head. "To tell you that would be to bring the French Consul into it," he said, gently. "I oughtn't to have mentioned the subject at all. Burton had the good sense not to."

The widow murmured acquiescence, and stole a look at the prosaic figure of the latter gentleman which was full of scornful curiosity. With some diffidence she invited the admiral to stay to supper, and was obviously delighted when he accepted.

In the character of admiral Mr. Stiles enjoyed himself amazingly, his one regret being that no discriminating theatrical manager was present to witness his performance. His dignity increased as the evening wore on, and from good-natured patronage of the unfortunate Burton he progressed gradually until he was shouting at him. Once, when he had occasion to ask Mr. Burton if he intended to contradict him, his appearance was so terrible that his hostess turned pale and trembled with excitement.

Mr. Burton adopted the air for his own use as soon as they were clear of Mrs. Dutton's doorstep, and in good round terms demanded of Mr. Stiles what he meant by it.

"It was a difficult part to play, George," responded his friend. "We ought to have rehearsed it a bit. I did the best I could."

"Best you could?" stormed Mr. Burton. "Telling lies and ordering me about?"

"I had to play the part without any preparation, George," said the other, firmly. "You got yourself into the difficulty by saying I was the admiral in the first place. I'll do better next time we go."

Mr. Burton, with a nasty scowl, said that there was not going to be any next time, but Mr. Stiles smiled as one having superior information. Deaf first to hints and then to requests to seek his pleasure elsewhere, he stayed on, and Mr. Burton was soon brought to realize the difficulties which beset the path of the untruthful.

The very next visit introduced a fresh complication, it being evident to the most indifferent spectator that Mr. Stiles and the widow were getting on very friendly terms. Glances of unmistakable tenderness passed between them, and on the occasion of the third visit Mr. Burton sat an amazed and scandalized spectator of a flirtation of the most pronounced description. A despairing attempt on his part to lead the conversation into safer and, to his mind, more becoming channels only increased his discomfiture. Neither of them took any notice of it, and a minute later Mr. Stiles called the widow a "saucy little baggage," and said that she reminded him of the Duchess of Marford.

"I *used* to think she was the most charming woman in England," he said, meaningly.

Mrs. Dutton simpered and looked down; Mr. Stiles moved his chair a little closer to her, and then glanced thoughtfully at his friend.

"Burton," he said.

"Sir," snapped the other.

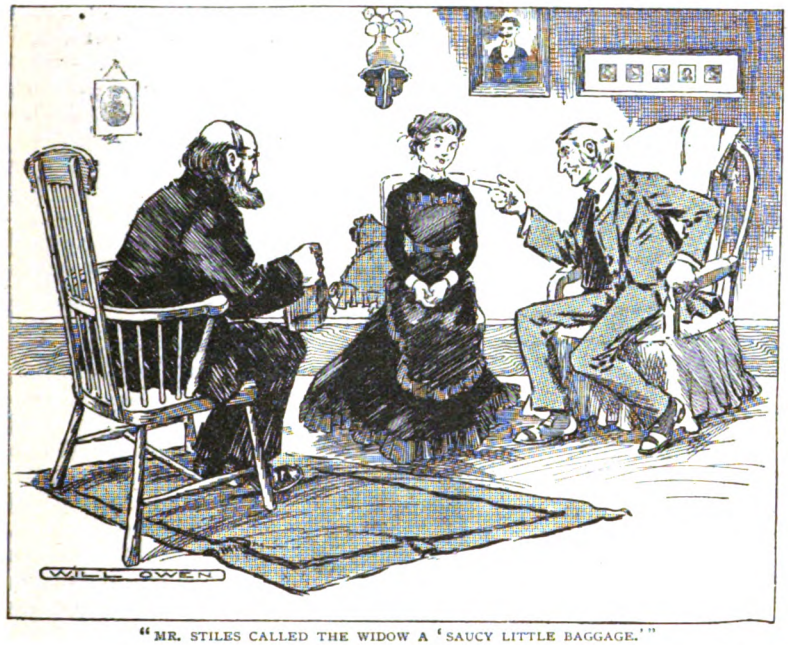
"Run back and fetch my pipe for me,"

said Mr. Stiles. "I left it on the mantelpiece."

Mr. Burton hesitated, and, the widow happening to look away, shook his fist at his superior officer.

"Look sharp," said Mr. Stiles, in a peremptory voice.

"I'm very sorry, sir," said Mr. Burton, whose wits were being sharpened by misfortune, "but I broke it."



"MR. STILES CALLED THE WIDOW A 'SAUCY LITTLE BAGGAGE.'"

"Broke it?" repeated the other.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Burton. "I knocked it on the floor and trod on it by accident; smashed it to powder."

Mr. Stiles rated him roundly for his carelessness, and asked him whether he knew that it was a present from the Italian Ambassador.

"Burton was always a clumsy man," he said, turning to the widow. "He had the name for it when he was on the *Destruction* with me; 'Bungling Burton' they called him."

He divided the rest of the evening between flirting and recounting various anecdotes of Mr. Burton, none of which were at all flattering either to his intelligence or to his sobriety, and the victim, after one or two futile attempts at contradiction, sat in helpless wrath as he saw the infatuation of the widow. They were barely clear of the house before his pent-up emotions fell in an avalanche of words on the faithless Mr. Stiles.

"I can't help being good-looking," said the latter, with a smirk.

"Your good looks wouldn't hurt anybody," said Mr. Burton, in a grating voice; "it's the admiral business that fetches her. It's turned 'er head."

Mr. Stiles smiled. "She'll say 'snap' to my 'snip' any time," he remarked. "And remember, George, there'll always be a knife and fork laid for you when you like to come."

"I dessay," retorted Mr. Burton, with a dreadful sneer. "Only as it happens I'm going to tell 'er the truth about you first thing to-morrow morning. If I can't have 'er you sha'n't."

"That'll spoil your chance, too," said Mr. Stiles. "She'd never forgive you for fooling her like that. It seems a pity neither of us should get her."

"You're a sarpent," exclaimed Mr. Burton, savagely—"a sarpent that I've warmed in my bosom and——"

"There's no call to be indelicate, George," said Mr. Stiles, reprovingly, as he paused at the door of the house. "Let's sit down and talk it over quietly."

Mr. Burton followed him into the room and, taking a chair, waited.

"It's evident she's struck with me," said Mr. Stiles, slowly; "it's also evident that if you tell her the truth it might spoil my chances. I don't say it would, but it might. That being so, I'm agreeable to going back without seeing her again by the six-forty train to-morrow morning if it's made worth my while."

"Made worth your while?" repeated the other.

"Certainly," said the unblushing Mr. Stiles. "She's not a bad-looking woman—for her age—and it's a snug little business."

Mr. Burton, suppressing his choler, affected to ponder. "If arf a sovereign——" he said, at last.

"Half a fiddlestick!" said the other, impatiently. "I want ten pounds. You've just drawn your pension, and, besides, you've been a saving man all your life."

"Ten pounds?" gasped the other. "D'ye think I've got a gold-mine in the back garden?"

Mr. Stiles leaned back in his chair and crossed his feet. "I don't go for a penny less," he said, firmly. "Ten pounds and my ticket back. If you call me any more o' those names I'll make it twelve."

"And what am I to explain to Mrs. Dutton?" demanded Mr. Burton, after a quarter of an hour's altercation.

"Anything you like," said his generous friend. "Tell her I'm engaged to my cousin, and our marriage keeps being put off and off on account of my eccentric behaviour. And you can say that that was caused by a splinter of a shell striking my head. Tell any lies you like; I shall never turn up again to contradict them. If she tries to find out things about the admiral, remind her that she promised to keep his visit here secret."

For over an hour Mr. Burton sat weighing the advantages and disadvantages of this proposal, and then—Mr. Stiles refusing to seal the bargain without—shook hands upon it and went off to bed in a state of mind hovering between homicide and lunacy.

He was up in good time next morning, and, returning the shortest possible answers to the remarks of Mr. Stiles, who was in excellent feather, went with him to the railway station to be certain of his departure.

It was a delightful morning, cool and bright, and, despite his misfortunes, Mr. Burton's spirits began to rise as he thought of his approaching deliverance. Gloom again overtook him at the booking-office, where the unconscionable Mr. Stiles insisted firmly upon a first-class ticket.

"Who ever heard of an admiral riding third?" he demanded, indignantly.

"But they don't know you're an admiral," urged Mr. Burton, trying to humour him.

"No; but I feel like one," said Mr. Stiles, slapping his pocket. "I've always felt curious to see what it feels like travelling first-class; besides, you can tell Mrs. Dutton."

"I could tell 'er that in any case," returned Mr. Burton.

Mr. Stiles looked shocked, and, time pressing, Mr. Burton, breathing so hard that it impeded his utterance, purchased a first-class ticket and conducted him to the carriage. Mr. Stiles took a seat by the window, and lolling back put his foot up on the cushions opposite. A large bell rang and the carriage-doors were slammed.

"Good-bye, George," said the traveller, putting his head to the window. "I've enjoyed my visit very much."

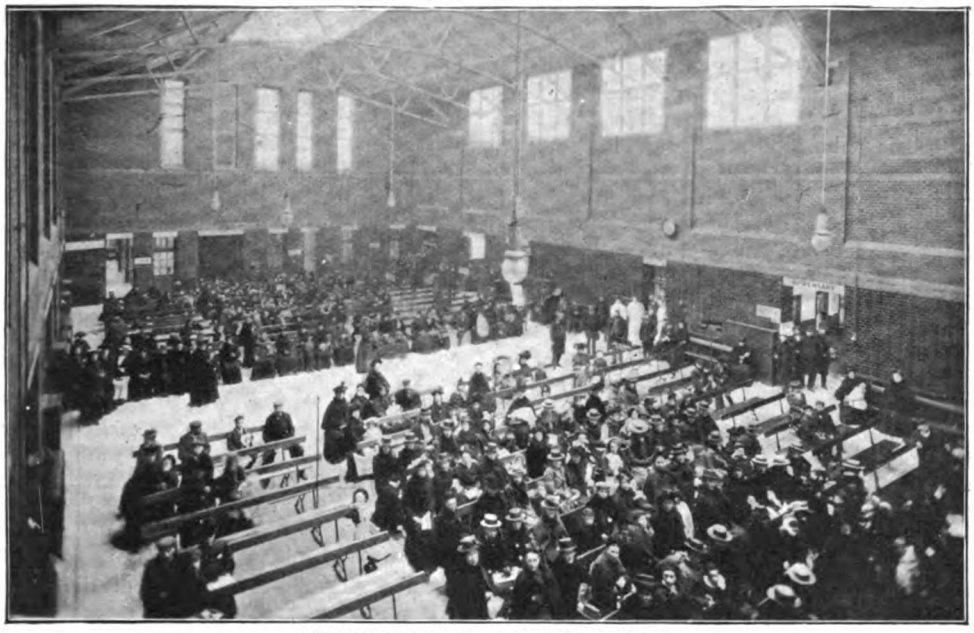
"Good riddance," said Mr. Burton, savagely.

Mr. Stiles shook his head. "I'm letting you off easy," he said, slowly. "If it hadn't ha' been for one little thing I'd have had the widow myself."

"What little thing?" demanded the other, as the train began to glide slowly out.

"My wife," said Mr. Stiles, as a huge smile spread slowly over his face. "Good-bye, George, and don't forget to give my love when you go round."

"'GOOD RIDDANCE,' SAID MR. BURTON, SAVAGELY."



PATIENTS WAITING AT THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

The London Hospital.

By Rudolph de Cordova.

Illustrations from Photographs specially taken by George Newnes, Limited.

A VILLAGE of pain and suffering and disease. That is what the London Hospital literally is, seeing that under its roof every night sleep over seven hundred desperately ill men, women, and children.

Every cloud, however, has its silver lining, and this village may truly be said to be surrounded by tender solicitude, anxious care, and sympathetic knowledge, for the best physicians and surgeons to be found in London give their time ungrudgingly and without payment to the alleviation of the suffering of the inhabitants, whose needs are further ministered to by a staff of five hundred well-trained and kindly nurses and one hundred less skilled assistants.

There are, thus, well over a thousand people who sleep in that hospital every night. The hospital itself is, however, awake every hour in the twenty-four, and never sleeps one day in the year, for a competent staff is always on duty to meet the demands which are inevitable from its position.

No one needs be told that the London Hospital is the largest in the whole of London's vast area. That fact alone is sufficient to prove that it is the largest in the country and one of the largest in the world. For this reason alone an account of it and of the work it does would be sufficient to ensure readers of The Strand taking an interest in it. This year, however, happens to be unique in its history, for the great new out-patient building, which has just been finished at a cost of seventy thousand pounds, is to be opened, probably very shortly after this article appears, by His Majesty the King, who will be accompanied by the Queen.

While hospitals in general are known to lie close to the heart of the Sovereign and his Consort, the London Hospital has a special claim on the regard of their Majesties, for without stretching the point too far it may be said that, under the blessing of Providence, both the King and the Queen, as well as the nation at large, owe a debt of gratitude to that institution. When His Majesty was ill last year it was the London Hospital which furnished the surgeon whose skill saved the King's life; it was the London Hospital which supplied the giver of the anæsthetic which saved the King pain; and it was the London Hospital which supplied two of the three nurses who tended the King's wound.

Immediately after the King got well and could dispense with her services, one of

his chief nurses had to go off to nurse the Bishop of London, who happened to fall ill at the time. At the London Hospital, as at all the other hospitals throughout the country, it is the pleasant custom at Christmas-time to have a great Christmas-tree, when little gifts are made to the patients and to the staff. The fact that one nurse had been attending the King and the Bishop was too good not to be made use of. The students got a chessboard on which they fixed two pieces, a king and a bishop, and sent it to the nurse with "What is the next move?" written across it.

The new out-patient department covers an area of thirty-one thousand square feet, on which thirty-eight houses, the property of the hospital, used to stand. These houses represented an annual rental of nine hundred and fifty pounds, and that sum is, therefore, lost to the hospital. In view, however, of the imperative necessity of an out-patient department sufficiently large to meet the pressing needs of the institution, the committee, whose chairman is the Hon. Sydney Holland, did not hesitate to make the sacrifice of income. Why they did not hesitate every-

THE DISPENSING DEPARTMENT—THE PATIENTS ARE WAITING AT THE PIGEON-HOLES IN THE SCREEN IN THE BACKGROUND.

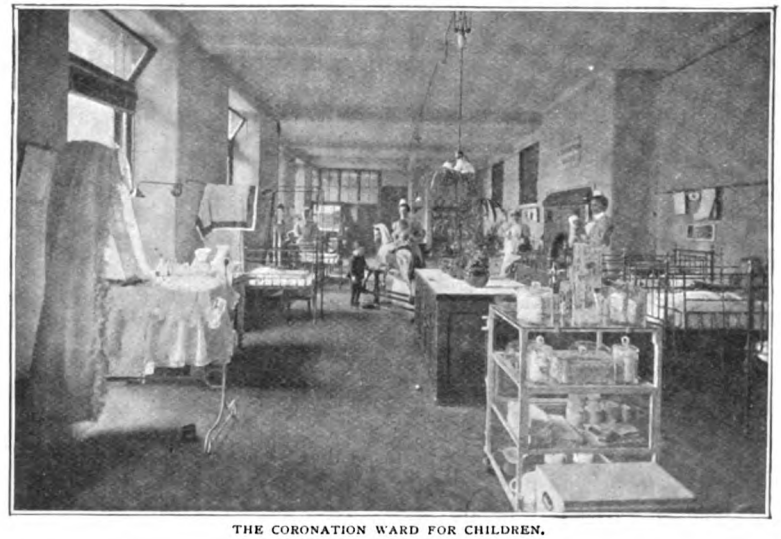
one will understand when it is added that during last year no fewer than one hundred and sixty-two thousand one hundred and forty-seven out-patients were treated in the hospital. Large as the number is, however, it does not mean that the activity of the hospital was limited to this number. The number of attendances of these one hundred and sixty-two thousand one hundred and forty-seven patients were no fewer than four hundred and thirty thousand and seventy during the twelve months, or an average of over eleven hundred a day!

It seems almost impossible to believe that so much sickness and suffering can congregate at one single relieving station. It, however, becomes understandable when it is remembered that the London is the only hospital for adults in the whole of the East-end (with the exception of the little Poplar Hospital, which has sixty accident or surgical and twenty medical beds), and it is the only hospital for the Port of London and for most of that teeming population which works by the riverside. "It is in the midst of the poorest people on God's earth," says Mr. Sydney Holland, in the special appeal which he is making for funds this year in accordance with the custom of the institution, which, instead of pressing its claims in season and out of season, and for ever going round, as it were, with the hat, makes its appeal to the charitable only once in five years, and will assuredly not make its appeal in vain this year, so that it may carry on its good work for the next five.

It is no small sum which the hospital wants, for its annual expenses are between eighty and ninety thousand pounds, and its revenue is only twenty-two thousand pounds. It has probably less money invested, says the chairman, than any hospital in England, and even those resources have had to be drawn upon to meet existing needs. For the London has a great work to do—a work it cannot shirk, a work the nation dare not let it shirk lest England stultify herself in the eyes of the world, and it be said that, while she puts her hands deep into her pockets and scatters money with a lavish hand for the relief of those abroad, she shuts her eyes to the suffering which is within her gates.

There is one fact in connection with the

London Hospital which cannot be too widely known or too strongly recommended. At most hospitals, before a patient, however ill, is seen, unless in the case of an accident, it is necessary that a letter should be got from some subscriber. This Mr. Holland has long felt to be a great cruelty. He considers, as one wishes most people would consider, that the proper question to ask a poor person asking for help is, "Are you ill? Are you poor?" not "Have you got a letter from a subscriber?" In other words, that the passport for admission should be illness or injury, not the possession of a letter. This view so dominated the mind of a certain gentleman that he offered a donation of twenty-five thousand pounds to the re-building of the out-patient department on two conditions. The first of these was that letters should be abolished, and the second that those out-patients who could afford to do so should pay something towards the cost of the medicines supplied to them. These two conditions have been loyally carried out, though by the abolishing of letters the hospital has undoubtedly lost some subscribers. People do so like having something in return for what they give.



THE CORONATION WARD FOR CHILDREN.

The patients pay threepence for medicine or bandages on entering the out-patient department, and this sum is refunded if they do not receive any and only get advice from the doctor. If, however, any patient says that he cannot afford even this small sum he is not sent away, but is treated, and inquiry made subsequently as to the truth of the statement. These payments, though small, in the aggregate reached a total of fifteen hundred pounds last year. One class of patient is, however, never charged at all — the children — the reason being that if there were a charge, however small, the mothers might be tempted not to send their little ones, and the neglect might cause the sacrifice of lives which may develop later to great use. This statement will no doubt seem strange to the readers of THE STRAND, but things which appear strange to the educated are very ordinary indeed in the lives of those from whose ranks hospital patients in such a region as Whitechapel are drawn. Here is an example, happily of a humorous character.

What mother is there who, reading these words, could imagine the possibility of failing to recognise her own child when she had not seen it for a couple of days? That, however, was an experience at the London Hospital only a day or two before I paid the visit on which this article is based. "What was the reason for this lack of recognition?" every reader will naturally ask. The answer is simple—"Soap and water." The little mite, which had been taken for relief to the out-patient department, was so ill that it was admitted as an in-patient, and was thoroughly washed before it was put to bed. That simple operation caused such a change in its appearance that the mother passed by the cot in which it was lying. No magic change had, however, been wrought in the appearance of the mother—she was as grimy as ever—and as she went away from the cot the baby voice cried, "Mother, mother!"

The wisdom of the law regarding the admission of children is shown in the fact that last year the number treated in the out-patient department alone reached a total every week of one thousand four hundred, while there were admitted as in-patients during the same time only one less than three thousand five hundred, which is equivalent

to practically seventy beds occupied every week by little sufferers under twelve years of age.

That unselfish consideration for others which is so characteristic of the patients in hospital, who, in the midst of their pain, always have a thought and a cheering word for the others in the ward, is frequently shown even by the little ones. Only a few days before my visit to the hospital a small boy had to have his leg amputated. In the bed next his was another boy who also had to undergo an operation, but of a relatively unimportant character. As soon as the former boy recovered consciousness the first thing he asked was, "How is No. 9?" and that little

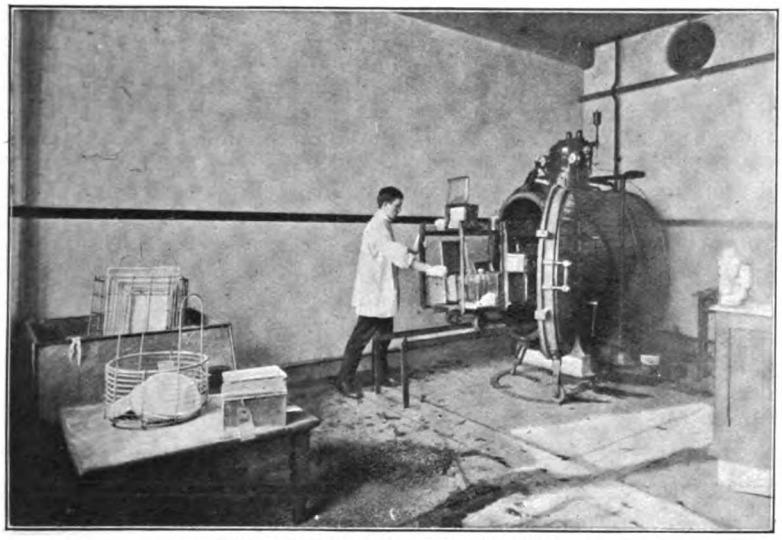
A BUSY DAY IN THE EAR DEPARTMENT.

man, so tenderly considerate of another's pain, came from what it is the fashion to call the dregs of the population.

The number of in-patients treated last year was thirteen thousand one hundred and sixty, nearly twice as many as at any other hospital in London, and the average length of time spent by each patient in the hospital was as nearly as possible twenty days.

To feed these patients and to treat them naturally involves the use of great quantities of food and drugs. Thus last year the meat used (including mutton, beef, bacon, and rabbits) reached a total of thirty-three and a half tons, while of eggs there were used one hundred and twenty-seven thousand eight hundred and thirty-three, or enough, if placed end to end, according to Mr. Sydney Holland's calculation, to cover a line six and a half miles in length. Of soup seven thousand three hundred and ninety-one gallons were used, and two thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight gallons of beef-tea. The butcher's bill was five thousand three hundred pounds and the milk bill three thousand five hundred pounds, while every day there were used half a ton of ice and four hundred siphons of soda-water. Of medical stores between five and six tons of extract of malt were used, six tons of cotton-wool for dressings, one hundred and nine miles of lint, and five hundred and twenty miles of bandages. The first cost of these dressings in 1901—the last year for which the figures have been fully made up—was three thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight pounds, while the cost for drugs was five thousand eight hundred and thirty pounds. There were also used two million five hundred thousand pills and some three tons of cough lozenges. Thirteen qualified dispensers are employed daily under Mr. Morris, the head of that department. It is apparent from these figures that things are done on a scale almost impossible to realize—a scale, however, in proportion to the size of the hospital, the main building of which covers an area of seven and a half acres.

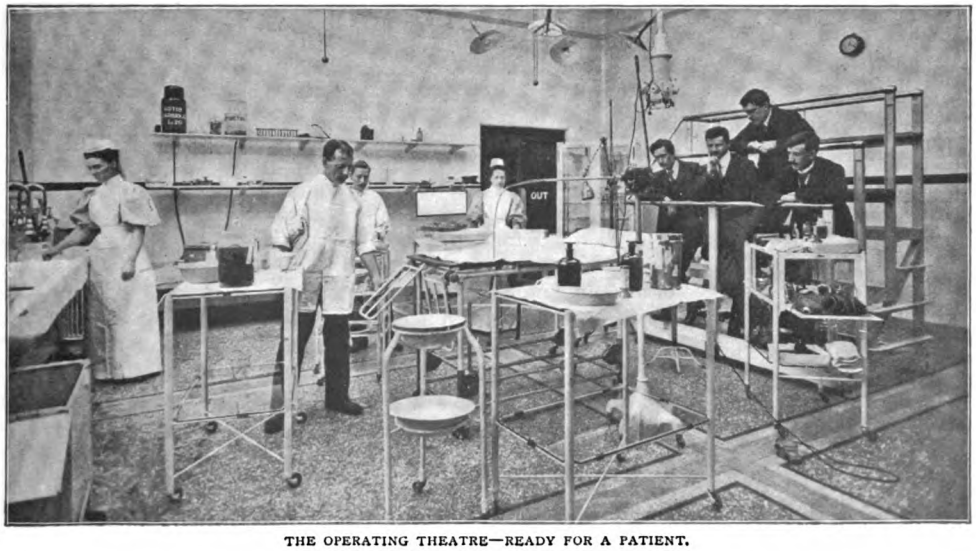
We are constantly hearing the distinction being drawn between aseptic and antiseptic surgery, but few people outside the medical profession realize what that difference is.



THE DISINFECTING AND STERILIZING ROOM.

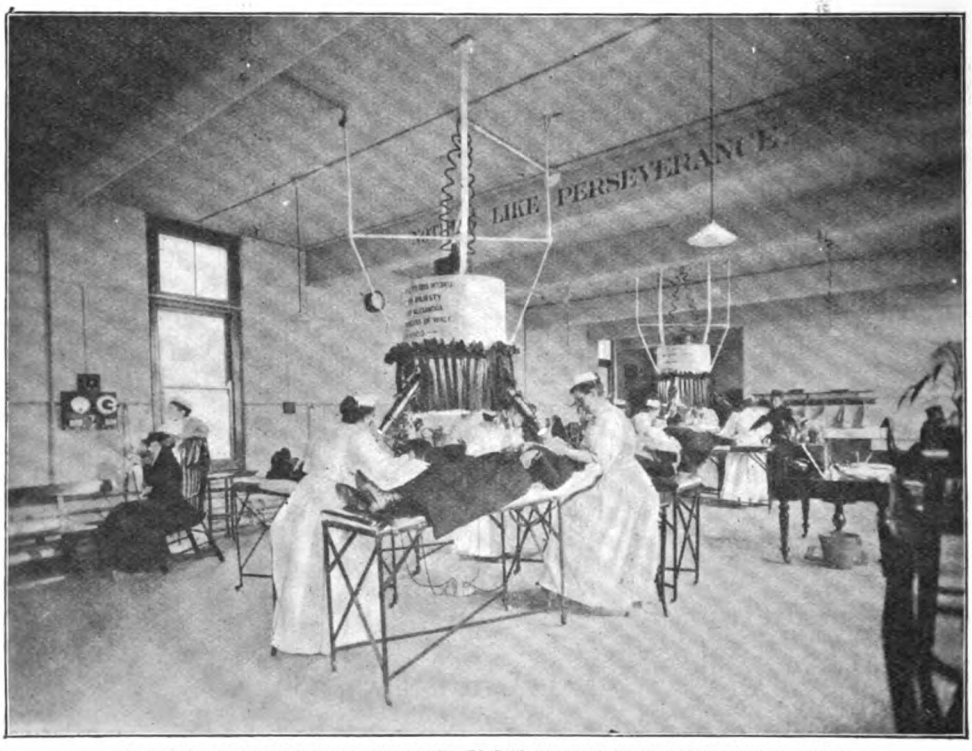
In making dressings aseptic the cotton-wool or other material to be used is put into its receptacle, which with its cover is placed in the sterilizer, which is like a big oven. The air is then exhausted and steam, heated to a temperature considerably higher than that at which it is formed, is forced in under pressure and allowed to remain for a time. The steam is then exhausted in its turn, and air, after it has been washed with water and strained through pure cotton-wool so as to be quite free from germs, is allowed to enter the sterilizer until the vacuum is entirely overcome and the door can be opened. Were a man with ordinarily clean hands to touch any of these dressings, even for a moment, he would contaminate them. In order to prevent the possibility of this, the assistant whose sole duty it is to sterilize the dressings wears a long white smock, which has itself been previously sterilized, and covers his hands with white gloves which have been subjected to the same treatment.

Antiseptic surgery depends on the use of carbolic acid, perchloride of mercury, or some other chemical which prevents or, at all events, retards the development of germs, and so lessens the chances of the formation of "matter." Aseptic surgery, on the other hand, depends on the use of dressings which are perfectly free from germs themselves and block out the possibility of their entrance to the wound. Aseptic surgery is, in fact, almost universally practised to-day, as antiseptic surgery was universally practised from the time Lord Lister pointed out its advantages until the better aseptic surgery was discovered.



THE OPERATING THEATRE—READY FOR A PATIENT.

He takes out the tin of dressings, covers it with its lid, and seals it down. Until the seal is broken it is practically impossible for any germs to get to the dressings, but to diminish the risk only enough dressings for two or three days' use are sterilized at a time, and the bacteriologist of the hospital is constantly round taking samples for testing. Test as he will, however, when once those tins have been sealed as thoroughly sterilized, he has never been able to find any germs.

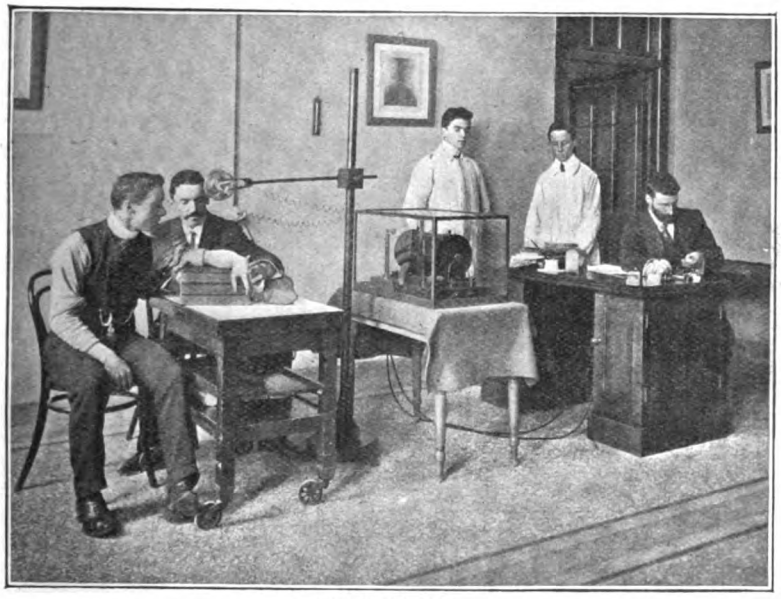


THE LUPUS LIGHT-CURE ROOM, PRESENTED TO THE HOSPITAL BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

So perfectly sterilized are the dressings at this hospital that the surgeons are allowed to get what they need for use in their private practice from the hospital, though I need hardly say they have to pay the full value for all they have.

Thanks to the generosity of an anonymous friend of the hospital five of the finest operating theatres in the world have been erected at a cost of thirteen thousand pounds. These are always ready for use night and day, and each surgeon has his own theatre, so that there is never any delay in treating an urgent case, while between each theatre is a room in which the patient is given the necessary anæsthetic.

From what I have written about the way in which the dressings are made absolutely aseptic, no one will need to be told that every possible precaution is taken to keep the operating theatres perfectly free from germs. As soon as an operation is about to start the doors are shut and locked, and only air which has been well washed with water and filtered through cotton-wool and warmed to a proper temperature is allowed to enter the theatre. The water used is boiled under pressure and allowed to get cold, so that it is absolutely pure, and the hot water is similarly prepared. Before an operation begins the two are allowed to flow in such proportions that they form a mixture which, tested by a very delicate thermometer, is exactly of the temperature of the body, so that when required for washing out the wound it is quite ready and gives no shock to the most delicate system. To such an extent is the use of aseptic surgery carried that in one of the theatres no antiseptic has ever been used since the day it was first opened. Everyone who enters the room has to wear a long smock which has been sterilized, while still further to obviate the possibility of any danger each theatre is thoroughly cleaned every day by having every aperture closed



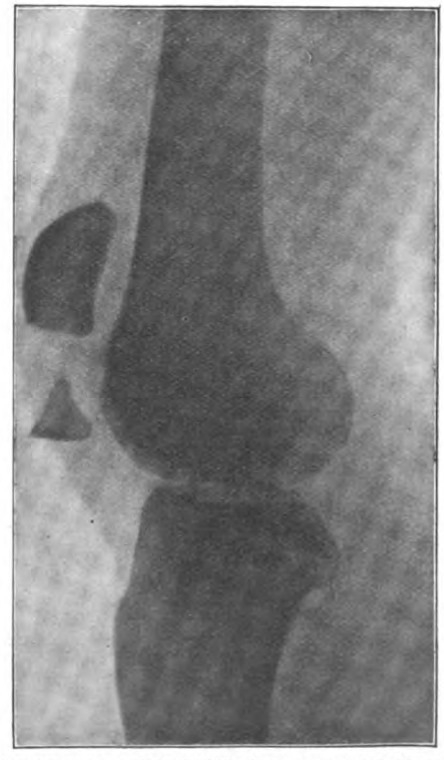
THE X-RAY ROOM.

and steam pumped in for a certain time, after which the air-pumps are used and the steam is driven out by absolutely pure air.

No one requires to be told what an hospital ward is like. There are about forty in the London, divided up for medical and surgical cases, and among these wards are certain ones in which only Jewish patients are treated. All the food for these patients is prepared in accordance with the special requirements of the Mosaic system. There are a special kitchen, a Jewish cook, and special crockery. It is interesting in these wards to see the Passover cake hanging up on the wall and the Mezuzah, or scroll containing the Ineffable Name, on the lintel of the door.

One of the surgical wards has its walls covered entirely with glass. Some day, perhaps, a millionaire will arise who will send a cheque for the purpose of having all the wards similarly treated. This wall lining not only adds to the hygienic conditions, but saves the hospital a great deal of money. It cost one thousand pounds to cover the walls of this set of four wards with glass, and the committee save thirty pounds a year in spring cleaning—3 per cent. on the cost.

In addition to the general wards there are, it need hardly be said, special departments for skin, eyes, teeth, ears, nose, and throat, as well as a maternity department, and, thanks to the Queen, a department where lupus, that most dreadful and disfiguring disease, is cured. The first lamp ever used in England was the gift of the Queen, the gracious lady whose womanliness and sympathy crown her in the eyes of the people with a diadem of more surpassing splendour than even the Crown Royal which she wears upon her head. The treatment, though slow, is sure, and over the Queen's lamp are painted the appropriate words, "Nothing like perseverance." Those words were used by Her Majesty herself to Mr. Sydney Holland, and nothing more appropriate could ever



A BROKEN KNEE-CAP—TAKEN IN THE PRESENCE OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

THE NURSES' SITTING-ROOM.

have been taken as the motto of this special department, where, thanks to the generosity of Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, who gave a donation of ten thousand pounds, more lamps have been added, and fifteen nurses now work at nothing else than the application of light. So numerous are the cases, however, that, according to Mr. Holland, "it will take two years before we can get through the patients waiting to be cured from all parts of England." It is, however, not only from England that they come, for one of the most remarkable successes was made with a patient from New Zealand.

Happily the treatment is practically painless, as the heat rays of the powerful electric lights are cut off and only the cold light rays are used to affect the tissues.

Where every detail is so perfect and cared for, it need hardly be said that the comfort of the nurses is well looked after. Each nurse has an airy and comfortable bedroom. There is a well-selected library in a charming room, and a sitting-room which was fitted up at the expense of the HouseCommittee. This is a delightful room, so furnished that it might be regarded as several rooms in one, and little groups can gather together without disturbing, or being disturbed by, others who may be present. There is also a garden entirely reserved for their use. It bears the appropriate name of the "Garden of Eden," for only one man, the gardener—and his name, curiously enough, is Adam—is allowed to enter it. It is an ideal place in summer, when hammocks swing from every tree, and their thick-leaved branches block out every vestige of the buildings in the neighbourhood. It was in the "Garden of Eden" that Queen Alexandra reviewed the twenty-six nurses whom Her Majesty selected from this hospital to send to South Africa.

Nowhere in the wide world, it is safe to say, can sick and wounded get more tender care, or have lavished on them all the skill that the profoundest knowledge can suggest, than in the hospital for whose claims Mr. Sydney Holland has been pleading so earnestly, and to which he devotes his life.

From a Photo. by] THE NURSES' "GARDEN OF EDEN." *[J. Parkoff.*

The Truth About Pyecraft.

By H. G. Wells.

HE sits not a dozen yards away. If I glance over my shoulder I can see him. And if I catch his eye—and usually I catch his eye—he meets me with an expression——

It is mainly an imploring look—and yet with suspicion in it.

Confound his suspicion! If I wanted to tell on him I should have told long ago. I don't tell and I don't tell, and he ought to feel at his ease. As if anything so gross and fat as he could feel at ease! Who would believe me if I did tell?

Poor old Pyecraft! Great, uneasy jelly of substance! The fattest clubman in London.

He sits at one of the little club tables in the huge bay by the fire, stuffing. What is he stuffing? I glance judiciously and catch him biting at a round of hot buttered tea-cake, with his eyes on me. Confound him! —with his eyes on me!

That settles it, Pyecraft! Since you *will* be abject, since you *will* behave as though I was not a man of honour, here, right under your embedded eyes, I write the thing down—the plain truth about Pyecraft. The man I helped, the man I shielded, and who has requited me by making my club unendurable, absolutely unendurable, with his liquid appeal, with the perpetual "don't tell" of his looks.

And, besides, why does he keep on eternally eating?

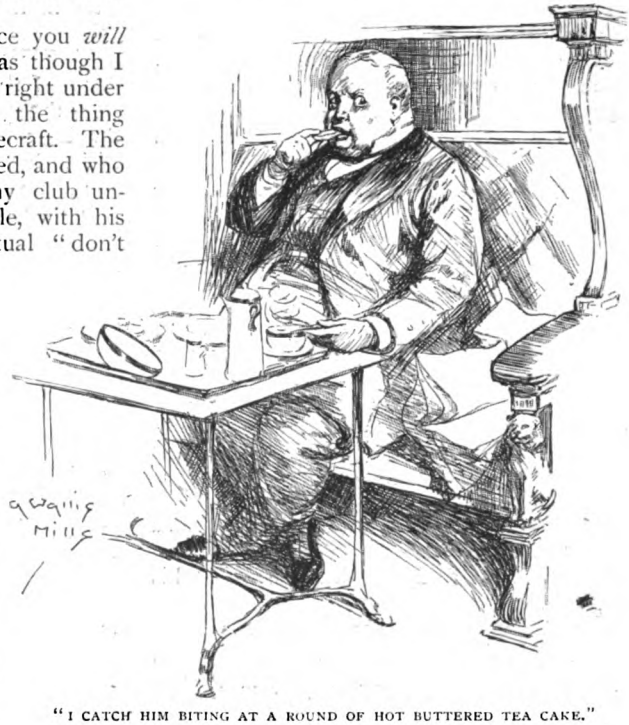
Well, here goes for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!

Pyecraft——. I made the acquaintance of Pyecraft in this very smoking-room. I was a young, nervous new member, and he saw it. I was sitting all alone, wishing I knew more of the members, and suddenly he came, a great rolling front of chins and abdomina, towards me, and grunted and sat down in a chair close by me and wheezed for a space, and scraped for a space with a match and lit a cigar, and then addressed me. I forget what he said—something about the matches not lighting properly, and afterwards as he talked he kept stopping the waiters one by one as they went by, and telling them about the matches in that thin, fluty voice he has. But, anyhow, it was in some such way we began our talking.

He talked about various things and came round to games. And thence to my figure and complexion. "*You* ought to be a good cricketer," he said. I suppose I am slender, slender to what some people would call lean, and I suppose I am rather dark, still—— I am not ashamed of having a Hindu great-grandmother, but, for all that, I don't want casual strangers to see through me at a glance to *her*. So that I was set against Pyecraft from the beginning.

But he only talked about me in order to get to himself.

"I expect," he said, "you take no more exercise than I do, and probably you eat no less." (Like all excessively obese people he fancied he ate nothing.) "Yet"—and he smiled an oblique smile—"we differ."



"I CATCH HIM BITING AT A ROUND OF HOT BUTTERED TEA CAKE."

And then he began to talk about his fatness and his fatness; all he did for his fatness and all he was going to do for his fatness; what people had advised him to do for his fatness and what he had heard of people doing for fatness similar to his. "*A priori*,"

he said, "one would think a question of nutrition could be answered by dietary and a question of assimilation by drugs." It was stifling. It was dumpling talk. It made me feel swelled to hear him.

One stands that sort of thing once in a way at a club, but a time came when I fancied I was standing too much. He took to me altogether too conspicuously. I could never go into the smoking-room but he would come wallowing towards me, and sometimes he came and gormandized round and about me while I had my lunch. He seemed at times almost to be clinging to me. He was a bore, but not so fearful a bore as to be limited to me; and from the first there was something in his manner —almost as though he knew, almost as though he penetrated to the fact that I *might* —that there was a remote, exceptional chance in me that no one else presented.

"I'd give anything to get it down," he would say—"anything," and peer at me over his vast cheeks and pant.

Poor old Pyecraft! He has just gonged, no doubt to order another buttered tea-cake!

He came to the actual thing one day. "Our Pharmacopœia," he said, "our Western Pharmacopœia, is anything but the last word of medical science. In the East, I've been told——"

He stopped and stared at me. It was like being at an aquarium.

I was quite suddenly angry with him. "Look here," I said, "who told you about my great-grandmother's recipes?"

"Well," he fenced.

"Every time we've met for a week," I said—"and we've met pretty often—you've given me a broad hint or so about that little secret of mine."

"Well," he said, "now the cat's out of the bag, I'll admit, yes, it is so. I had it——"

"From Pattison?"

"Indirectly," he said, which I believe was lying, "yes."

"Pattison," I said, "took that stuff at his own risk."

He pursed his mouth and bowed.

"My great-grandmother's recipes," I said, "are queer things to handle. My father was near making me promise ——"

"He didn't?"

"No. But he warned me. He himself used one—once."

"Ah! . . . But do you think——? Suppose—suppose there did happen to be one——"

"The things are curious documents," I said. "Even the smell of 'em. . . . No!"

But after going so far Pyecraft was resolved I should go farther. I was always a little afraid if I tried his patience too much he would fall on me suddenly and smother me. I own I was weak. But I was also annoyed with Pyecraft. I had got to that state of feeling for him that disposed me to say, "Well, *take* the risk!" The little affair of Pattison to which I have alluded was a different matter altogether. What it was doesn't concern us now, but I knew, anyhow, that the particular recipe I used then was safe. The rest I didn't know so much about, and, on the whole, I was inclined to doubt their safety pretty completely.

Yet even if Pyecraft got poisoned——

I must confess the poisoning of Pyecraft struck me as an immense undertaking.

That evening I took that queer, odd-scented sandalwood box out of my safe and turned the rustling skins over. The gentleman who wrote the recipes for my great-grandmother evidently had a weakness for skins of a miscellaneous origin, and his handwriting was cramped to the last degree. Some of the things are quite unreadable to me—though my family, with its Indian Civil Service associations, has kept up a knowledge of Hindustani from generation to generation —and none are absolutely plain sailing. But I found the one that I knew was there soon enough, and sat on the floor by my safe for some time looking at it.

"Look here," said I to Pyecraft next day, and snatched the slip away from his eager grasp.

"So far as I can make it out, this is a recipe for Loss of Weight. ("Ah!" said Pyecraft.) I'm not absolutely sure, but I think it's that. And if you take my advice you'll leave it alone. Because, you know—I blacken my blood in your interest, Pyecraft —my ancestors on that side were, so far as I can gather, a jolly queer lot. See?"

"Let me try it," said Pyecraft.

I leant back in my chair. My imagination made one mighty effort and fell flat within me. "What in Heaven's name, Pyecraft," I asked, "do you think you'll look like when you get thin?"

He was impervious to reason. I made him promise never to say a word to me about his disgusting fatness again whatever happened—never, and then I handed him that little piece of skin.

"It's nasty stuff," I said.

"No matter," he said, and took it.

He goggled at it. "But—but——" he said.

He had just discovered that it wasn't English.

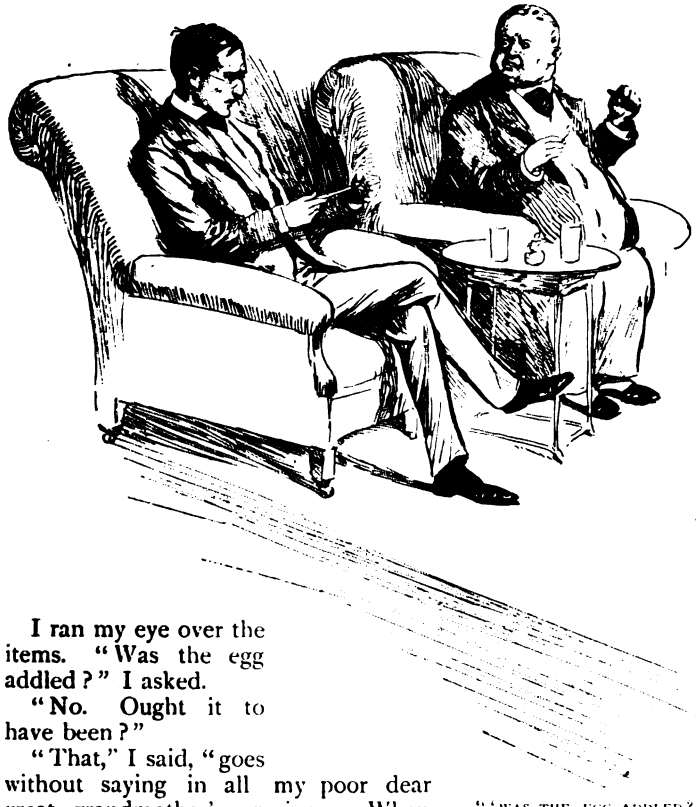
"To the best of my ability," I said, "I will do you a translation."

I did my best. After that we didn't speak for a fortnight. Whenever he approached me I frowned and motioned him away, and he respected our compact, but at the end of the fortnight he was as fat as ever. And then he got a word in.

"I must speak," he said. "It isn't fair. There's something wrong. It's done me no good. You're not doing your great-grandmother justice."

"Where's the recipe?"

He produced it gingerly from his pocket-book.



"'WAS THE EGG ADDLED?' I ASKED."

I ran my eye over the items. "Was the egg addled?" I asked.

"No. Ought it to have been?"

"That," I said, "goes without saying in all my poor dear great-grandmother's recipes. When condition or quality is not specified you must get the worst. She was drastic or nothing. . . . And there's one or two possible alternatives to some of these other things. You got *fresh* rattlesnake venom?"

"I got a rattlesnake from Jamrach's. It cost—it cost——"

"That's your affair, anyhow. This last item——"

"I know a man who——"

"Yes. H'm. Well, I'll write the alternatives down. So far as I know the language, the spelling of this recipe is particularly atrocious. By-the-bye, dog here probably means pariah dog."

For a month after that I saw Pyecraft constantly at the club and as fat and anxious as ever. He kept our treaty, but at times he broke the spirit of it by shaking his head despondently. Then one day in the cloak-room he said, "Your great-grandmother——"

"Not a word against her," I said; and he held his peace.

I could have fancied he had desisted, and I saw him one day talking to three new members about his fatness as though he was in search of other recipes. And then, quite unexpectedly, his telegram came.

"Mr. Formalyn!" bawled a page-boy under my nose, and I took the telegram and opened it at once.

"*For Heaven's sake come.—Pyecraft.*"

"H'm," said I, and to tell the truth I was so pleased at the rehabilitation of my great-grandmother's reputation this evidently promised that I made a most excellent lunch.

I got Pyecraft's address from the hall porter. Pyecraft inhabited the upper half of a house in Bloomsbury, and I went there so soon as I had done my coffee and Trappistine. I did not wait to finish my cigar.

"Mr. Pyecraft?" said I, at the front door.

They believed he was ill; he hadn't been out for two days.

"He expects me," said I, and they sent me up.

I rang the bell at the lattice-door upon the landing.

"He shouldn't have tried it, anyhow," I said to myself. "A man who eats like a pig ought to look like a pig."

An obviously worthy woman, with an anxious face and a carelessly placed cap, came and surveyed me through the lattice.

I gave my name and she let me in in a dubious fashion.

"Well?" said I, as we stood together inside Pyecraft's piece of the landing.

"'E said you was to come in if you came," she said, and regarded me, making no motion to show me anywhere. And then, confidentially, "'E's locked in, sir."

"Locked in?"

"Locked himself in yesterday morning and 'asn't let anyone in since, sir. And ever and again *swearing*. Oh, my!"

I stared at the door she indicated by her glances. "In there?" I said.

"Yes, sir."

"What's up?"

She shook her head sadly. "'E keeps on calling for vittles, sir. '*Eavy* vittles 'e wants. I get 'im what I can. Pork 'e's 'ad, sooit puddin', sossiges, noo bread. Everythink like that. Left outside, if you please, and me go away. 'E's eatin', sir, somethink *awful*."

There came a piping bawl from inside the door: "That Formalyn?"

"That you, Pyecraft?" I shouted, and went and banged the door.

"Tell her to go away."

I did.

Then I could hear a curious pattering upon the door, almost like someone feeling for the handle in the dark, and Pyecraft's familiar grunts.

"It's all right," I said, "she's gone."

But for a long time the door didn't open.

I heard the key turn. Then Pyecraft's voice said, "Come in."

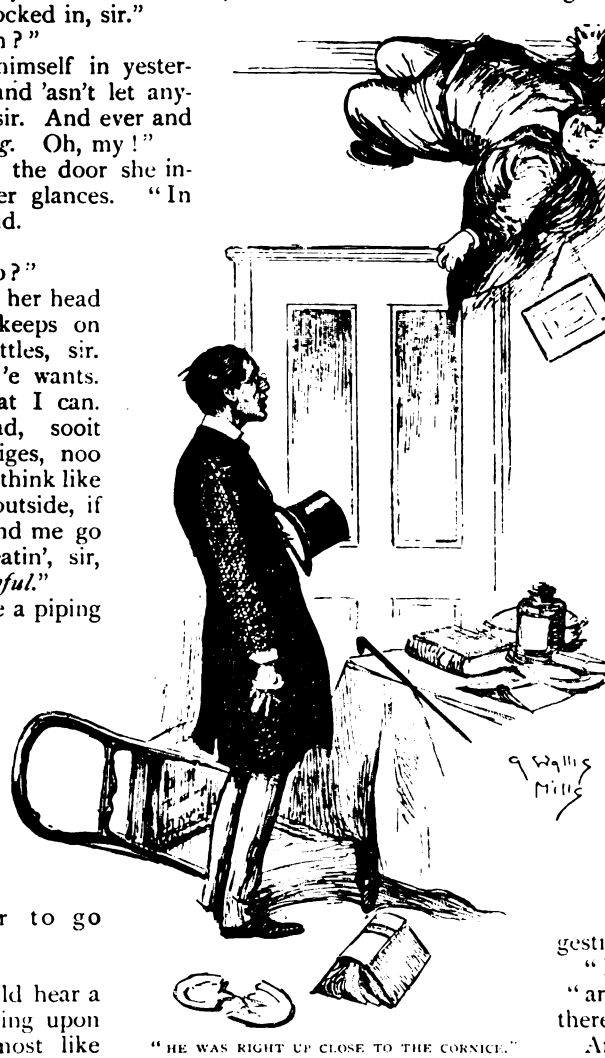
I turned the handle and opened the door. Naturally I expected to see Pyecraft.

Well, you know, he wasn't there!

I never had such a shock in my life. There was his sitting-room in a state of untidy disorder, plates and dishes among the books and writing things, and several chairs overturned, but Pyecraft——

"It's all right, o' man; shut the door," he said, and then I discovered him.

There he was right up close to the cornice in the corner by the door, as though someone had glued him to the ceiling. His face was anxious and angry. He panted and gesticulated. "Shut the door," he said. "If that woman gets hold of it——"



"HE WAS RIGHT UP CLOSE TO THE CORNICE."

I shut the door, and went and stood away from him and stared.

"If anything gives way and you tumble down," I said, "you'll break your neck, Pyecraft."

"I wish I could," he wheezed.

"A man of your age and weight getting up to kiddish gymnastics——"

"Don't," he said, and looked agonized.

"I'll tell you," he said, and gesticulated.

"How the deuce," said I, "are you holding on up there?"

And then abruptly I realized that he was not holding on at all, that he was floating up there—just as a gas-filled bladder might have floated in the same position. He began a struggle to thrust himself away from the ceiling and to

clamber down the wall to me. "It's that prescription," he panted, as he did so. "Your great-gran——"

He took hold of a framed engraving rather carelessly as he spoke and it gave way, and he flew back to the ceiling again, while the picture smashed on to the sofa. Bump he went against the ceiling, and I knew then why he was all over white on the more salient curves and angles of his person. He tried again more carefully, coming down by way of the mantel.

It was really a most extraordinary spectacle, that great, fat, apoplectic-looking man upside down and trying to get from the ceiling to the floor. "That prescription," he said. "Too successful."

"How?"

"Loss of weight—almost complete."

And then, of course, I understood.

"By Jove, Pyecraft," said I, "what you wanted was a cure for fatness! But you always called it weight. You would call it weight."

Somehow I was extremely delighted. I quite liked Pyecraft for the time. "Let me help you!" I said, and took his hand and pulled him down. He kicked about, trying to get foothold somewhere. It was very like holding a flag on a windy day.

"That table," he said, pointing, "is solid mahogany and very heavy. If you can put me under that——"

I did, and there he wallowed about like a captive balloon, while I stood on his hearth-rug and talked to him.

I lit a cigar. "Tell me," I said, "what happened?"

"I took it," he said.

"How did it taste?"

"Oh, *beastly!*"

I should fancy they all did. Whether one regards the ingredients or the probable compound or the possible results, almost all my great-grandmother's remedies appear to me at least to be extraordinarily uninviting. For my own part—— .

"I took a little sip first."

"Yes?"

"And as I felt lighter and better after an hour, I decided to take the draught."

"My dear Pyecraft!"

"I held my nose," he explained. "And then I kept on getting lighter and lighter—and helpless, you know."

He gave way suddenly to a burst of passion. "What the goodness am I to *do?*" he said.

"There's one thing pretty evident," I said, "that you mustn't do. If you go out of doors you'll go up and up." I waved an arm upward. "They'd have to send Santos-Dumont after you to bring you down again."

"I suppose it will wear off?"

I shook my head. "I don't think you can count on that," I said.

And then there was another burst of passion, and he kicked out at adjacent chairs and banged the floor. He behaved just as I should have expected a great, fat, self-indulgent man to behave under trying circumstances—that is to say, very badly. He spoke of me and of my great-grandmother with an utter want of discretion.

"I never asked you to take the stuff," I said.

And generously disregarding the insults he was putting upon me, I sat down in his arm-chair and began to talk to him in a sober, friendly fashion.

I pointed out to him that this was a trouble he had brought upon himself, and that it had almost an air of poetical justice. He had eaten too much. This he disputed, and for a time we argued the point.

He became noisy and violent, so I desisted from this aspect of his lesson. "And then," said I, "you committed the sin of euphuism. You called it, not Fat, which is just and inglorious, but Weight. You——"

He interrupted to say that he recognised all that. What was he to *do?*

I suggested he should adapt himself to his new conditions. So we came to the really sensible part of the business. I suggested that it would not be difficult for him to learn to walk about on the ceiling with his hands——

"I can't sleep," he said.

But that was no great difficulty. It was quite possible, I pointed out, to make a shake-up under a wire mattress, fasten the under things on with tapes, and have a blanket, sheet, and coverlet to button at the side. He would have to confide in his housekeeper, I said, and after some squabbling he agreed to that. (Afterwards it was quite delightful to see the beautifully matter-of-fact way with which the good lady took all these amazing inversions.) He could have a library ladder in his room, and all his meals could be laid on the top of his bookcase. We also hit on an ingenious device by which he could get to the floor whenever he wanted, which was simply to put the British Encyclopædia (tenth edition) on the top of his open shelves. He just pulled out a couple of volumes and held on, and down he came. And we agreed there must be iron staples along the skirting,

so that he could cling to those whenever he wanted to get about the room on the lower level.

As we got on with the thing I found myself almost keenly interested. It was I who called in the housekeeper and broke things to her, and it was I chiefly who fixed up the inverted bed. In fact, I spent two whole days at his flat. I am a handy, interfering sort of man with a screw-driver, and I made all sorts of ingenious adaptations for him — ran a wire to bring his bells within reach, turned all his electric lights up instead of down, and so on. The whole affair was extremely curious and interesting to me, and it was delightful to think of Pyecraft like some great, fat blow-fly, crawling about on his ceiling and clambering round the lintel of his doors from one room to another, and never, never, never coming to the club any more. . . .

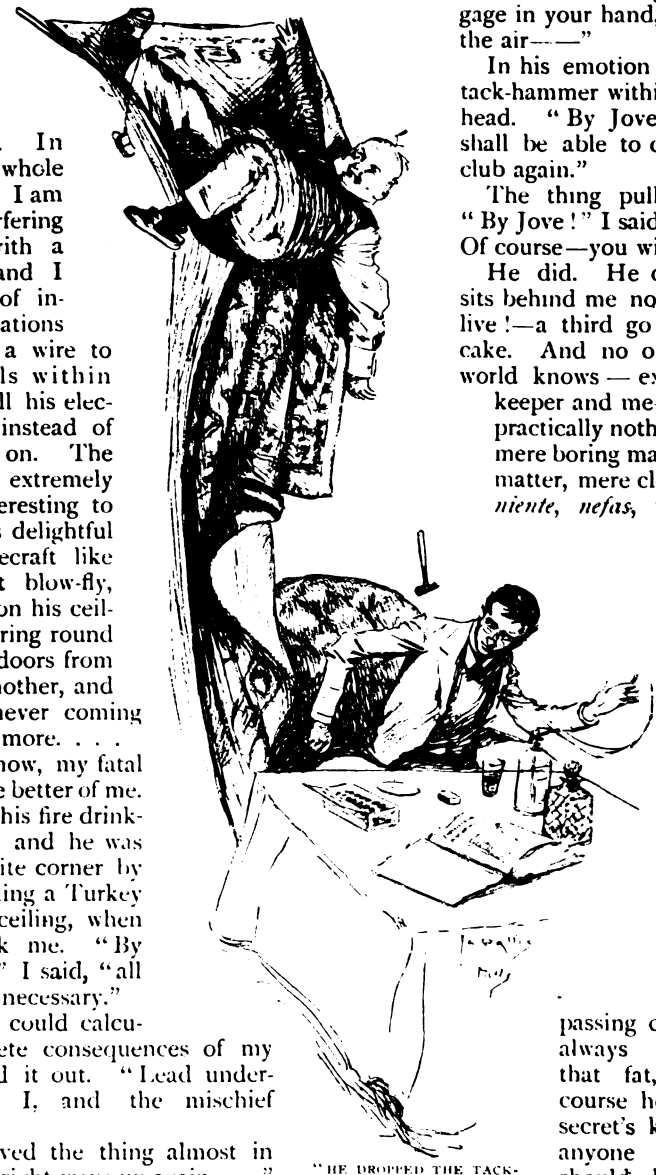
Then, you know, my fatal ingenuity got the better of me. I was sitting by his fire drinking his whisky, and he was up in his favourite corner by the cornice, tacking a Turkey carpet to the ceiling, when the idea struck me. "By Jove, Pyecraft!" I said, "all this is totally unnecessary."

And before I could calculate the complete consequences of my notion I blurted it out. "Lead underclothing," said I, and the mischief was done.

Pyecraft received the thing almost in tears. "To be right ways up again——" he said.

I gave him the whole secret before I saw where it would take me. "Buy sheet lead," I said, "stamp it into discs. Sew 'em all over your underclothes until you have enough. Have lead-soled boots, carry a bag of solid lead, and the thing is done! Instead of being a prisoner here you may go abroad again, Pyecraft; you may travel——"

A still happier idea came to me. "You need never fear a shipwreck. All you need do is just slip off some or all of your clothes, take the necessary amount of luggage in your hand, and float up in the air——"



"HE DROPPED THE TACK-HAMMER WITHIN AN ACE OF MY HEAD."

In his emotion he dropped the tack-hammer within an ace of my head. "By Jove!" he said, "I shall be able to come back to the club again."

The thing pulled me up short. "By Jove!" I said, faintly. "Yes. Of course—you will."

He did. He does. There he sits behind me now, stuffing—as I live!—a third go of buttered tea-cake. And no one in the whole world knows — except his housekeeper and me—that he weighs practically nothing; that he is a mere boring mass of assimilatory matter, mere clouds in clothing, *niente*, *nefas*, the most inconsiderable of men. There he sits watching until I have done this writing. Then, if he can, he will waylay me. He will come billowing up to me . . .

He will tell me over again all about it, how it feels, how it doesn't feel, how he sometimes hopes it is passing off a little. And always somewhere in that fat, abundant discourse he will say, "The secret's keeping, eh? If anyone knew of it—I should be so ashamed . . . . Makes a fellow look such a fool, you know. Crawling about on a ceiling and all that. . . ."

And now to elude Pyecraft, occupying, as he does, an admirable strategic position between me and the door.

England and America, as Illustrated by "Punch."

By John Holt Schooling.

[*The Proprietors of "Punch" have given special permission to reproduce the accompanying cartoons, all of which have appeared in "Punch" during the sixty years now surveyed.*]

IN view of the maintenance of cordial relations with the United States—our full peer and equal—a thing so desired by us, and, as one hopes and believes, by Americans also, the present juncture of affairs makes specially interesting a glance back over our relations with the United States during the last sixty years as illustrated by *Punch*. I owe many thanks to the proprietors of *Punch* for their kind permission to show some of the cartoons. Men of the present generation can hardly believe that the earlier cartoons now shown could have represented with approximate accuracy the British attitude towards America in years gone by. Nowadays Americans can well afford to laugh with us at the piquant grotesqueness of the British attitude represented by the earlier *Punch* cartoons, although an earlier generation of Americans was undoubtedly much irritated by these cartoons.

The first Anglo-American *Punch* cartoon. Fair Rosamond; or, The Ashburton Treaty. 1.—1842.

No. 1 is the first cartoon in *Punch* that dealt with Anglo-American affairs. It related to the matter of a long-disputed boundary between Maine and British territory in America. Lord Ashburton was sent to the

"What? You young Yankee-Noodle, strike your own father!"
2.—By John Leech, March 14th, 1846.

John and Jonathan.—*Punch*. "Now, Master Bull, what's all this noise about?"
Master Bull. "If you please, sir, young Jonathan wanted my dinner, and a fish-bone stuck in his throat. But it's all right now." 3.—August 28th, 1852.

THE SPOILT CHILD.—*Parent.* "I don't like to correct him just now, because he's about his teeth, and sickening for his measles — but he certainly deserves a clout on the head.
4.—June 28th, 1856.

United States by Peel to arrange the affair, and the treaty was signed in 1842.

The first mention of the United States that I find in *Punch* occurs in the first volume, October 30th, 1841. There is a short paragraph: "Express from America. We are authorized to state there is a man in New Orleans so exceedingly bright that he uses the palm of his hand for a looking-glass."

Cartoon No. 2, published in March, 1846, referred to another boundary dispute—connected with the State of Oregon. The Americans had lately annexed Texas and were in a quarrel with Mexico (which led to war with Mexico), and this cartoon pooh-poohs certain threats against us then uttered in the United States.

When No. 3 was published in 1852 the two nations had been disputing some fishery rights. The affair was amicably settled by Daniel

HOW THEY WENT TO TAKE CANADA.—"For the outrage offered in the Queen's Proclamation the United States will possess itself of Canada."—*New York Herald.*
6.—August 17th, 1861.

THE AMERICAN CRISIS.—*Mr. Bull (to his extravagant child).* "The fact is, Jonathan, both you and your wife have been living too fast." 5.—November 21st, 1857.

Webster, the great American statesman, and the British representative.

"The Spoilt Child" cartoon, No. 4, was published in June, 1856. There was a rather serious misunderstanding with regard to the interpretation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, which we had offered to submit to arbitration. Mr. Crampton, the British Envoy, had just been dismissed by the American Government at Washington. Certain British rights, or alleged British rights, in Central America were being rather truculently treated by President Pierce, and war was discussed here and in the United States. However, the British Government abstained from retaliating upon the reckless President, and retained his Envoy, Mr. Dallas, at the Court of St. James, with the result that the danger passed.

Cartoon No. 5 refers to a serious commercial crisis in the United States, 1857. Trade was very bad, and large numbers of

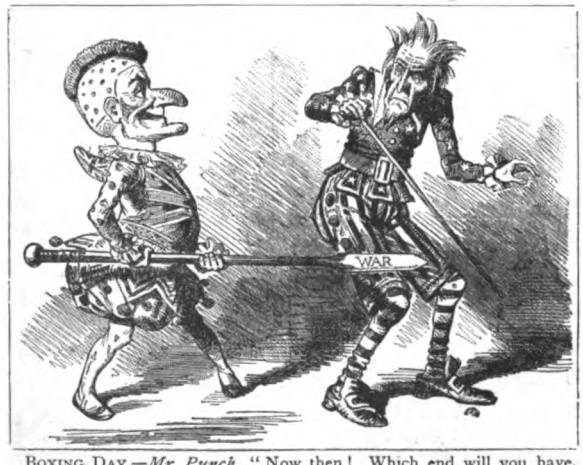
THE WILFUL BOY.—*Jonathan.* "I *will* fight—I *will* have a NATIONAL DEBT like other people!"
7.—November 23rd, 1861.

LOOK OUT FOR SQUALLS.—*Jack Bull.* "You do what's right, my son, or I'll blow you out of the water."
8.—December 7th, 1861.

men were out of work and clamouring for food.

At the end of 1860 South Carolina seceded from the Union of States, and early in 1861 other States seceded. In April, 1861, the war between the Northern and Southern States began. In England the Session of Parliament was brought to a close in August, 1861, by the Queen's Speech, in which were these words: "The dissensions which arose some months ago in the United States of North America have, unfortunately, assumed the character of open war. Her Majesty, deeply lamenting this calamitous result, has determined, in common with the other Powers of Europe, to preserve a strict neutrality between the contending parties." The Northern States were much offended by this declaration of neutrality, and said they would take Canada. Hence the cartoon in No. 6.

In November, 1861, when No. 7 was published, the American Civil War was in full swing, and the need for money and a National Debt beset the Northern States. John Bull pulls the American ear and says, "If you knew as much about fighting as I do, you'd keep quiet!"



BOXING DAY.—*Mr. Punch.* "Now then! Which end will you have, Jonathan?"
9.—January 4th, 1862.

Cartoon No. 8, a piece of very plain speech addressed to the Northern States, represents British indignation caused by the forcible capture from the British steamer *Trent* of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, who had been appointed by the Southern States to represent them abroad. Facing this cartoon in *Punch* are some verses addressed as "A Warning to Jonathan," two of which read:—

Retrogression (A Very Sad Picture). War-Dance of the I.O.U. Indian. 10.—February 1st, 1862.

But beware how you tempt even leonine patience,
Or presume the old strength has forsaken his paw;
He's proud to admit you and he are relations,
But even relations may take too much law.
If there's one thing he values, 'tis right of asylum;
Safe who rests 'neath the guard of the Lion must be:
In that shelter the hard-hunted fugitive whilome
Must be able to sleep the deep sleep of the free.

A Still Bigger "Claimant."
13.—By Sir John Tenniel, January 20th, 1872.

This Mason-Slidell matter created a serious situation in England. Formidable war preparations were made by us (cartoon No. 9), and in America the effect upon commerce was such that their bankers began to discuss the propriety of suspending cash payments.

John Bull's Neutrality.—"Look here, boys, I don't care twopence for your noise; but if you throw stones at my windows, I must *thrash you both*."
11.—By Sir John Tenniel, October 3rd, 1863.

"Well Rowed All!"—*Umpire.* "Ha, dear boys! You've only to pull together to lick all the world!"
12.—By Sir John Tenniel, September 11th, 1869.

Canada backed up the British demands and made prompt preparations for war. The result was that the prisoners taken from under the British flag were released by their Northern captors, and in January, 1862, Messrs. Mason and Slidell arrived in England — this dangerous *Trent* affair being at an end.

Cartoon No. 10 related to the blocking up of Charleston Harbour (South Carolina) by the Federals, which caused much indignation in England, and to the decision of the banks in New York to suspend cash payments.

"BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER." — "Thank you, Jonathan ; *this* is real brotherly."
14.—BY LINLEY SAMBOURNE, February 7th, 1885.

John Bull was considerably irritated in October, 1863, when No. 11 was published. The Northern States were uttering anti-British threats because we sold arms to the South as well as to themselves. And there was also a good deal of feeling against England in the Southern States. Mr. Mason, the Southern Commissioner in England, had protested against the mode of his reception here, and British Consuls were dismissed from the Southern States. The whole situation was very awkward and dangerous.

The pleasant cartoon No. 12 related to the four-oared race at Putney between Harvard and Oxford Universities in August, 1869. Oxford won, after "the hardest race in which I ever rowed"—the words of Mr. Willan, of Oxford University.

Thirty years ago, when No. 13 was published, the notorious Arthur Orton of huge bulk was the claimant of the Tichborne baronetcy and estates. While one of the

ARBITRATION. — *The Seal.* "Belay, you two Johnnies!—Avast quarrelling! Give me a 'close-time,' and leave the 'sea' an open question."
15.—BY SIR JOHN TENNIEL. January 17th, 1891.

Brother Jonathan. "Say, John! You'd better go into training again!"
16.—BY LINLEY SAMBOURNE, October 19th, 1895

Claimant - trials was engrossing public attention, the "still bigger claimant" of the *Punch* cartoon came from America in the form of an immense bill for damages in the *Alabama* matter, causing much excitement here owing to the magnitude of the claim.

Early in 1885 there was much indignation in the United States at the criminal dynamite explosions in London, and in cartoon No. 14 John Bull thanks his brother Jonathan for the introduction in the Senate of a stringent Dynamite Bill. No. 15 relates to a dispute concerning the seal fishery in Behring Sea, and No. 16 is a good illustration of the entire change of

"JONATHAN JINGO!"—Scene from the Pantomime of "Jonathan Jingo; or, Harlequin Arbitration and the Blissful Boundary." *Clown.* "Oh, I say! Here's a jolly old gun. Let's see how much it'll stand without bustin'!"

Pantaloon. "Don't load 'im too full, Joey!"

17.—BY SIR JOHN TENNIEL, February 1st, 1896.

JONATHAN SHOPPING.—*John Bull.* "Now, my little man, what I can do for you?"

Master Jonathan. "Wal, guess I'll buy the whole store!"

["American millionaires agree to purchase the Leyland Line (Mediterranean, Portugal, Montreal, and Antwerp) Fleets. A meeting of shareholders has been called in order to confirm the arrangements."—*Vide Daily News, May 1st.*]

19.—BY BERNARD PARTRIDGE, May 8th, 1901.

attitude towards the United States, which is a remarkable and interesting feature of the present series of *Punch* cartoons. We had again been beaten in the yacht race and in other contests. In December, 1895, there was a dispute between the two Anglo-Saxon nations with regard to Venezuela. The Monroe Doctrine cropped up, and cartoon No. 17 relates to this affair. The question has often been asked: What is the Monroe Doctrine? A clever parody of Mr. Dooley's style, lately published in a daily paper, contributes this amusing explanation: "What's th' Monroe Docthrine, did ye ask, Guinnissy? Well, ye're not th' only wan has oversthrained his intillict rasslin' with th' problem. . . . Th' Monroe Docthrine is incapable iv difinition, Guinnissy. . . . It's a continyool men-ace to th' Europeens. Ye don't know what it can do unthil it does it. . . . If anny Europeen Power happ'ns to

"BLOOD THICKER THAN WATER." ["The present friendly understanding happily existing between Great Britain and the United States becomes more and more popular on both sides of the Atlantic."—*Daily Paper.*]

18.—BY LINLEY SAMBOURNE, March 26th, 1898.

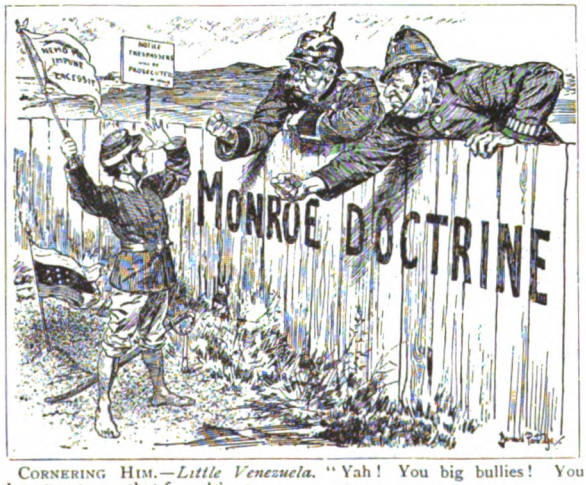
be lookin' in th' direction iv South America Teddy Rosenfelt mintions th' Monroe Doctthrine, th' Europeen Power immedjately looks anawther way, an' Teddy goes big-bear hunting in pace."

In March, 1898, the date of No. 18, Anglo-American relations were very cordial. The trouble with Spain was beginning, and

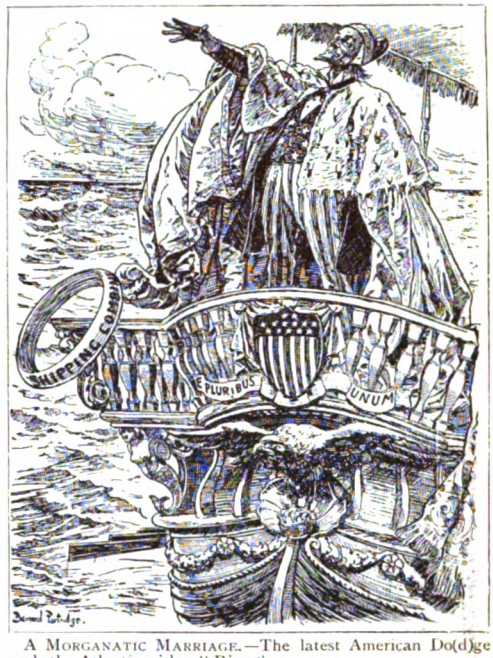
COLONEL JONATHAN J. BULL. Or, what John B. may come to. 20.—BY BERNARD PARTRIDGE, November 27th, 1901.

English indignation and sympathy at the explosion on the cruiser *Maine* helped to foster the excellent understanding between the two nations.

In cartoon No. 19 the small size of Master Jonathan relatively to John Bull is merely an expedient of art designed to add point to Master Jonathan's reply, 'Wal, guess I'll buy the whole store!" The contrast is very striking between the assured confidence of Jonathan in his face and pose and the surprised dismay



CORNERING HIM.—*Little Venezuela.* "Yah! You big bullies! You daren't get over that fence!"
England and Germany (together). "All right, young man, we can wait!"
22.—BY BERNARD PARTRIDGE, December 17th, 1902.



A MORGANATIC MARRIAGE.—The latest American Do(d)ge weds the Atlantic with a "Ring."
21.—BY BERNARD PARTRIDGE, April 30th, 1902.

of John Bull. In this connection it may not be out of place to suggest that the alleged encroachment by the United States upon British preserves of trade has been much exaggerated. Although we cannot get away from the fact that American alertness and energy have affected British commerce, the main truth seems to be that we are now finding our own level, side by side with our kinsmen. It is irrational to think that, because we can no longer be the cock o' the trade walk we were a generation ago, there are disaster and ruin in front of us.

Cartoon No. 20 tells its own tale, and there is another very fine cartoon in No. 21, referring to the Atlantic Shipping Trust controlled by Mr. Pierpont Morgan.

In No. 22, Venezuela cheeks both countries from behind the security of the Monroe Doctrine.

From the Painting by] NERO. *[Kaulbach.*

(By permission of Franz Hanfstaengl, Munich.)

Monarchs and Music.

MONARCHS and music have throughout the ages often been in close relation. Saul called for the boy David to while away the dark hours with his harp, and David the King, throughout his life, found joy and solace in his music.

Yet the gift of music, or the love of it, is not always associated with noble character, though music can awaken the highest and the purest of emotions. Nero, the cruel Emperor, was also a music-lover, and his vanity made him believe that he excelled in it. He not only sang and played the harp, but even went "touring," as we say, through Greece with his orchestra of excellent musicians. So convinced was he of his capacity that before he killed himself he broke out into the well-known cry, "Oh, what an artist dies in me!" Kaulbach has chosen for his great picture, which is reproduced above, one of the festivities which Nero loved. He is represented playing on the lyre while he receives the abject homage of his flatterers. In the foreground may be seen the victims of his cruelty who have already perished, or who await their doom.

To descend to our own history. Richard the Lion-hearted was a troubadour. But music in his time was a comparatively simple art. In the reign of Elizabeth we find England far ahead of other countries. Thanks to the patronage of the great Queen, John Bull, the celebrated English Doctor of Music, to whom is generally attributed the melody of "God Save the King," became Professor of Gresham College. Although his fame was great in his own country, he desired to put his talents to the test in competition with foreign musicians. Having heard of a very learned organist, who was attached to the church of St. Omer, in Rouen, John Bull went there *incognito*, with the intention of ascertaining whether he could learn anything from the celebrity. The Frenchman showed him a song of forty parts, and challenged anyone to find a fault in it or to add another part. John Bull asked for pen, ink, and music-paper, and desired to be locked up for two or three hours in solitude. The other musician, in disdainful self-confidence, fulfilled his request; but when he returned to release the Englishman he found that the latter had added to the song another forty parts. He tried it and retried it, and at last

burst out: "The man who has written this must be either John Bull or the devil."

John Bull became so much admired abroad that the most tempting offers were made to keep him there; but the Queen, always eager to encourage every branch of culture in her people, no sooner heard of this than she recalled her musician on the spot. Elizabeth was, herself, a very skilled performer on the virginals. Her "virginal book" contains some highly interesting compositions of the time. Her ladies were required to be proficient lute-players and singers. After her death the culture of learned music found less protection from the Throne; but Henry Purcell, one of the greatest names in English music, received encouragement from the music-loving Sovereign, Charles II.

Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, is interesting as a musician no less than as a King. That he chose so insignificant an instrument as the flute is probably due to his great admiration for Quantz, a celebrated virtuoso at the time when Frederick was Crown Prince. King Friedrich Wilhelm, his father, wished that the Royal children should learn music, but later on he found in the ardent temperament of his son too great a love for art and too little interest in his Grenadiers. Thence arose the sad episodes in Frederick's youth which are so well known in history. In 1728 he writes to his sister Wilhelmine: "I am the unhappiest creature in the world; from morning till evening I am surrounded by observers. I dare not read, and music is not allowed." He pretended to go hunting in order to be able to play the flute in some forsaken building in the forest. Quantz's lessons had to be kept secret.

One day, after the Crown Prince had been forced to attend military drill during the whole morning, he tore off his uniform after dinner, donned a luxurious coat of gold brocade, and prepared to indulge in an hour's musical enjoyment with Quantz. Lieutenant Katte, his faithful friend, kept watch outside. Suddenly the lieutenant burst into the room with the terrible news, "The King is coming!" At the same time he seized the music-stands, the flutes, and the music, and thrust them all, together with the frightened Quantz, into a little room where the fuel for the palace stoves was kept. The Crown Prince slipped hastily back into his uniform just as his father entered. The King peered into every cupboard, and confiscated all the books and the silken coat, which he found still hanging over a chair; but the door behind which Quantz was hidden escaped his observation. The poor musical enthusiasts had to bear for a full hour the anxiety caused by the King's stormy visit.

At Castle Rheinsberg in 1732 we find the Crown Prince much happier. After his marriage he was allowed to indulge in his favourite occupations and could choose his own friends. In this period falls the peculiar prophecy which drew Frederick's attention to the subject of occult influences, though he was rather inclined to pooh-pooh such possibilities altogether. Graun, with whom he studied composition, and Quantz, his teacher of flute-playing, were, according to the Crown Prince's desire, criticising an aria of his composition. Quantz made the remark that a piece could only be judged rightly when heard sung, and, if the Prince would allow it, a splendid singer, who was just then at Rheinsberg, could interpret the aria at once. Frederick agreed. The singer, who was a gipsy, sang the air before them; but when the Crown Prince asked her to give her opinion on the composition she gave voice to this strange prophecy: "I shall have the honour to sing this song three times before your Majesty, and every time it will be the forerunner of a great event in your life." The Prince showed some annoyance at this foreboding utterance, but hardly had the singer left the room when he received the message that the King had abdicated in his favour. The second time he heard this aria from the same singer Frederick was thrown from his horse while riding from the opera house, and his life seriously endangered. On the third occasion, just at the moment when the singer had finished he received the declaration of the Seven Years' War. Everyone noticed these singular coincidences, but none dared to speak about them to the King. A few days afterwards, however, the singing Cassandra left Berlin. No one knew the cause, but Quantz had his surmise. He concluded that the King did not wish to be reminded of these mysterious events. For the rest, it was known that the singer had received a handsome recompense to reconcile her with this sudden dismissal.

The interesting picture by Menzel, which is next reproduced, represents the music-room in the town castle in Potsdam. It was here that Frederick held his musical evenings as often as time and circumstances allowed. Between six and nine a number of first-rate artists would assemble. Very rarely he admitted a Royal audience, and still more

From the Painting by] FREDERICK THE GREAT PLAYING THE FLUTE AT A CONCERT. [*A. Menzel.*

(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 133, New Bond Street, London, W.)

rarely were such performances given in the presence of ordinary guests. The music-rooms are of moderate size, probably because the flute would be more effective than in a larger chamber. There are still two music-stools of tortoise-shell, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, which belonged to the Royal musician, and in each of the three music-rooms stands an old piano. There are very few of the King's flutes left; most of them have probably been given away as souvenirs.

Before the beginning of his concerts the King could be heard practising, in an adjoining room, passages of the pieces which were on the programme. Very often he himself placed the music on the stands, and was then in a most happy mood, which he showed in an irresistibly winning manner. The flute was played at these concerts either by the King or by Quantz. Emanuel Bach, the son of the great Sebastian, used to preside at the piano. Franz Benda played the violin. With the exception of some compositions for the flute by the brothers Graun, the King played only his own or Quantz's compositions, for the simple reason that there were hardly any other existing. Quantz was an honest and sound musician, but he was also a courtier, and knew perfectly well how always to keep in his master's good graces.

Quantz had the privilege of calling out "Bravo!" when a composition or a performance of the King pleased him particularly, and the King became dejected and irritated, like any other artist, when Quantz withheld his word of approval. This was a sign for him to practise the particular piece with renewed zeal. Quantz was equally honest in his criticism of Frederick's compositions. He would not give praise if it were not due, but, of course, he would not blame his Royal pupil aloud before others. His silence, a certain expression of face, and a slight cough were his well-understood means of criticism. Once the King had committed a fault against the rule of composition which forbids the use of consecutive fifths. Quantz coughed; E. Bach emphasized the fifths in the accompaniment; the other musicians looked at the floor. The next day the King consulted Benda, and having amended the fault, said, smilingly, "I must take care; Quantz always catches cold when such things happen."

The King played only on flutes of ebony, which Quantz made himself. One day Frederick was not pleased with one of these instruments, and Quantz, who was most sensitive on the point, made trial of it and assured the King that all the notes were pure. But the King found that even Quantz could not produce a perfect intonation on

the instrument. The musician waxed so angry that he forgot himself.

"Of course," he said, "if the great ones of the earth could bear to hear the truth, your Majesty would know that the fault lies somewhere else than in the flute."

"What!" said Frederick, in anger. "I could not bear to hear the truth! Tell me the truth instantly!"

"I have often asked your Majesty," said Quantz, "not to keep the flute in your hand or under your arm after playing, but you do it all the same; the flute sounds out of tune because it becomes warmed unequally, not because it is really out of tune."

"That is not true," cried the King, snappishly. The following day he played upon a different flute and ignored Quantz altogether. The latter conducted the concert in the usual way, but withheld his "Bravo." A week afterwards the King addressed him kindly: "I have now tried this flute in every way, and found that you were right. I shall never let it get warm in my hand again." It was by such traits of justice and straightforwardness that Frederick endeared himself to all who came in contact with him.

All the King's musicians were in more or less friendly relations with Sebastian Bach. His son Emanuel was amongst them, and it was, therefore, natural that the King heard often of the grand old musician, and was very desirous to know him. After some hesitation "Old Bach," as he was called by everybody, came at last to Potsdam, in May, 1747. The King was just playing a concerto when someone brought him a report of his arrival. Flute in hand he scanned the paper, and turning round he said, excitedly, "Gentlemen, 'Old Bach' has arrived." The flute was put aside and a messenger dispatched to fetch the great musician, who was compelled to enter the Royal presence in his travelling suit.

From the Painting by] SEBASTIAN BACH PLAYING THE ORGAN BEFORE FREDERICK THE GREAT. [*Kaulbach.*

(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 133, New Bond Street, London, W.)

The next day he had to come once more to the Castle to play before the King. His Majesty wished to hear a six-part fugue. Bach was allowed to choose his own theme, and the King was musician enough to stand in admiration before the great genius. Finally the latter took with him to Leipzig a theme which Frederick had played for him, and having worked it out he returned it to the King. In the dedication he calls the theme "a very Royal one," and this is no empty flattery. Frederick's theme is both interesting and original.

Fasch, one of the most straightforward musical contemporaries of Frederick, says: "The King, Bach, and Benda played the most touchingly beautiful adagio I ever heard"; while the critical Reichart remarks: "The King played the adagio with such feeling, and with such noble simplicity and truth, that no one could listen to it without being deeply moved."

Dr. Burney, who heard the King play the flute in the year 1772, writes: "His playing surpassed in many ways all that I have ever heard from amateurs and professional flautists."

There is an amusing incident which confirms the above testimony. Frederick, while travelling *incognito* in Holland, accompanied only by Colonel Balby, wished to taste one of the celebrated Dutch pasties, and Balby had to order it from the landlady. The Dutchwoman looked at him with doubt. "Well, sir," she said, "as you wish to eat pasties, are you able to pay for them? Are you aware that such a pasty costs thirty florins?" Balby assured her that even such a sum would not be too expensive for the gentleman with whom he was travelling; that he was a great performer on the flute, and if he chose to play for a couple of hours he could make a large sum of money. The landlady rushed to the King's room, and with her arms akimbo thus addressed him: "Sir, as you can pipe so prettily on the flute, will you please pipe for me?" The King was rather surprised, but when Balby explained the matter he entered at once into the joke, took his flute, and played in so masterly a fashion that the good woman fully believed in his being able to make money as a virtuoso. When he had finished she said: "Well, sir, it is true that you can pipe beautifully, and I am sure you must earn a great deal of money. So now I will make you a pasty."

In 1778 the flute accompanied the Royal hero once more to the war, and this was the last journey they made together. On his return gout had laid a cruel hand on him, and "Der alte Fritz," as his loving people called him, packed the beloved flute for ever in its case, remarking to Benda as he did so, "I have buried my best friend."

Though Frederick II. and Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria, had been adversaries for many a year of bitter war, they had many a noble quality in common, among which was their great love of music. Maria Theresa had a beautiful voice, which had received the most careful training. A curious story is told of the manner in which she once frustrated the designs of an intriguing singer. Gluck, at the time when Maria Theresa was Archduchess, was still a young man, and his compositions were, like every novelty of value, the subjects of extreme differences of opinion. A beautiful trio from one of his operas was to be rendered by three well-known singers at the casino concert of a fashionable watering-place in Bohemia. The soprano, a celebrated Italian singer, who was opposed to Gluck's success, declared at the last moment that the part was unsuitable for her voice. Everyone—and most of all the young composer—was greatly disappointed. Suddenly one of the audience, a young and beautiful lady, accompanied by a gentleman, advanced to the piano. Those who knew her dared not show their surprise, and many of the fashionable assembly believed she was another professional singer. "My husband and I," she said, addressing the other two singers, "have often studied that aria, and he says I sing it tolerably well. Will you sing it with me?" —adding, in a lower tone, "I am the Archduchess Maria Theresa." Of course, the singers were delighted to sing with her, though they probably expected a rather amateurish performance. But when the lovely voice rendered all the beauties of the composition to perfection they also rose to their task, and such a faultless performance has been rarely vouchsafed to Gluck's trio. Another celebrated singer had in the meantime entered the room, and approaching the performers without ceremony, thinking that he addressed a colleague, said to the Archduchess, "Let me kiss your hand, my lovely nightingale, for you are a great artist, whoever you may be!" The Archduchess turned laughingly to her husband: "There, Frantzl, now are you convinced that I could earn my living as a singer?"

In after years these two aristocratic musicians continued, as Emperor and Empress of Austria, to give their support and interest to every musical event of note in Vienna. The arrival of the boy, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, was at once hailed at the Hofburg, and before Mozart's father could solicit such a favour he was already commanded to bring his two children to Schönbrunn, where they were to give a concert. The Emperor Francis I. took a particular interest in the "little sorcerer," as he called the boy-musician, who was then not quite seven years old. He gave him the Court dress which Mozart wears in the painting belonging to the Mozart collection in Salzburg. "Would you like to know what Wolferl's dress is like?" writes his father to the boy's mother. "It is of finest lilac-coloured cloth, the vest of moiré of the same colour, coat and topcoat with a double broad border of gold. It was made for the Hereditary Duke Maximilian Franz."

Thus beautifully arrayed, we see little Mozart in Borckmann's picture (which we

have here the pleasure of reproducing) playing with his sister Nanerl before the august assembly. The little girl standing next to the Empress is Marie Antoinette, afterwards the ill-fated Queen of France. Wolfgang was not in the least embarrassed in the society of the great. He jumped on Maria Theresa's knee, put his arms round her neck, and kissed her, and the Empress, who had a most kind and womanly heart, returned

From the Painting by] MOZART AND HIS SISTER PLAYING BEFORE MARIA THERESA. *[A. Borckmann.*
(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 133, New Bond Street, London, W.)

the caress of the lovely child of genius. He was, therefore, much surprised when, on the same tour, after playing at the Court of Versailles, the Marquise de Pompadour did not respond to his childish caresses. After the performance she had him placed on a table so that everyone could look at him; but she kept him off when he wanted to kiss her. "Who is she that she will not let me kiss her?" Wolferl asked, with childish frankness, of the ladies and gentlemen standing round the table; "the Empress kissed me often, just like mother." He was particularly attached to Marie Antoinette, who once helped him up when he slipped on the polished floor in Schönbrunn. In return he told her, "I will marry you when I am grown up, because you are so good. The others only laughed when I fell, but you helped me." Nor was he shy with the Crown Prince Joseph, who, as Emperor, often reminded Mozart how the latter had criticised his violin-playing, first with "Fie!" then "That was false," and occasionally, but rarely, with "Bravo!" The Emperor Francis I. made the little Mozart play with one finger, then with the keys covered by a cloth, but the child's musical assurance never failed him. He entered into every joke with heart and soul, as a healthy child would.

The Emperor Joseph, who had, as Crown Prince, earned so little praise from Mozart for his violin-playing, nevertheless cultivated a great interest in music. He played the violoncello well, and sometimes conducted his private orchestra so well that old "Papa Haydn," as the Vienna people called him, made the remark, "Your Majesty ought to be a Kapellmeister." "Thank you," was the answer, "but I earn a good living as it is."

To Queen Marie Antoinette of France, his sister, remains the lasting merit to have given Gluck, whose pupil she was, the opportunity to do his reformatory work in music, which he would not have been able to carry out without her strong support. Madame Vigée Lebrun, who sometimes accompanied the Queen's singing, says she had not a remarkable voice, but a charming gift of interpretation. She also played the harp and the

QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE OF FRANCE AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN.
From a Painting.

harpsichord. Louis XVI. sometimes assisted at her "concert de famille," but he was not interested in music. The original of the picture which is reproduced above is a contemporary portrait of Marie Antoinette at the age of sixteen, and belongs to the Emperor of Austria.

Ludwig II. of Bavaria, whose patronage enabled Wagner to give to the world the fruit of his great genius, is generally believed to have been exceedingly musical. This is to a certain extent erroneous. The King loved Wagner's music because he loved Wagner's ideas. The romantic element which found its sublime expression in "Lohengrin" and the other operas attracted the youth and kept its sway over the man. His great predilection was for the romantic. He had a skiff built in the shape of a shell, which moved by clockwork; and in this vessel his friend Prince Thurn and Taxis, or the celebrated singer Nachbauer, used to sing in the costume of Lohengrin, whilst the skiff glided over the Lake of Starnberg or over the artificial pond in the Wintergarten. Later on the King had this skiff transported to Linderhof, and himself used to don the magnificent costume of Lohengrin. But this love of the romantic had no connection with the sense of music. Wanner, a sound musician, who was entrusted with the young Prince's first musical education, maintained to his dying day that the King had no ear for music, and that he had to be kept by force to his piano-lessons.

Queen Victoria, although personally more interested in the Italian school of music which prevailed in her youth, was nevertheless foremost among the few who encouraged Wagner when he was almost frenzied with the misery of neglect. She attended, with the Prince Consort, the Philharmonic Concert where Wagner conducted, and he said next day to Klindworth: "The Royal pair were perhaps the only ones who showed me any kindness and appreciation."

From a] KING LUDWIG II. OF BAVARIA AS LOHENGRIN. *[Post-card.*

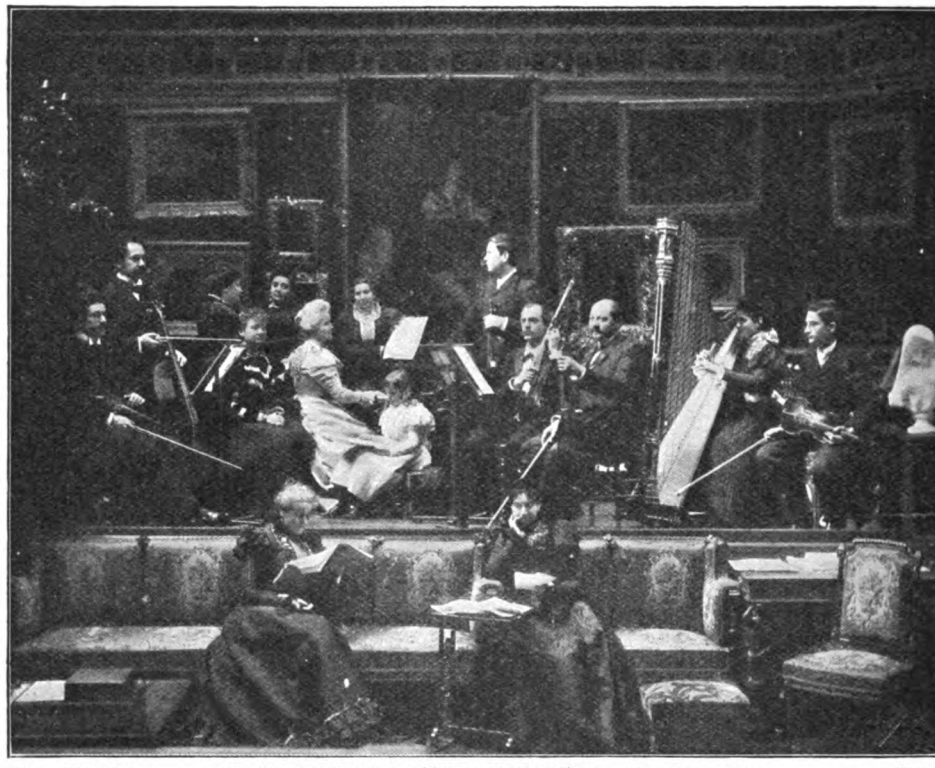
Mendelssohn received the most charming reception from Queen Victoria, of which he has left a vivid description in his letters. It was this incident which inspired the artist Röhling to paint the interesting picture of which we give a reproduction on this page.

In 1829 the Duchess of Kent occupied a house at Broadstairs called Pierremont, which is now a boys' school. The music-room is a detached building with a deep bow-window. It was there that Queen Victoria received her first music and singing lessons from Mr. J. B. Sale, who was a member of the Chapel Royal. Later on she studied with the famous singer Lablache. All the artists who had the honour to hear the Queen sing agree that she possessed a very sweet and well-trained voice. But though she loved music there were scenes during the Royal music-lesson now and then very much like those of humbler schoolrooms. One day, it is said, the Royal pupil so exasperated Mr. Sale that he told her: "There is no Royal road to music, Princess, and you must practise like every other child." The little Princess sprang from her seat and, locking the piano, informed her music-master that there was no "must" about the case at all, and that she knew, at any rate, a Royal road to the key of the piano.

MENDELSSOHN PLAYING BEFORE QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ALBERT.
From the Painting by Carl Röhling.
(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., 133, New Bond St., W.)

History is silent regarding the way employed to make Princess Victoria practise after this, but it is certain that Queen Victoria was a fine musician. On one occasion she saved Jenny Lind from the wiles of an impresario who was acting as accompanist to the great singer when she performed before the Queen. This man did not wish her to succeed, so that she should be more ready to accept an underpaid engagement which he had to offer, and he purposely so played the accompaniment as to spoil the effect of the song. But he had not reckoned with the Queen's knowledge of music. Seeing at once that something was wrong with the accompaniment, she offered Jenny Lind to play for her herself. The great singer hardly knew which impressed her more, the Queen's great kindness or her skill as a musician.

Among the musical ladies who grace a throne, Queen Elizabeth of Roumania—"Carmen Sylva"—is one of the most noted. The picture which is given on the following page represents a Thursday reception at Sinaia, the Royal country seat, where music of the highest order counts among the favourite pastimes of the Queen. She is herself a musician of no mean order, and, as a young girl, practised with such enthusiasm four or five hours daily that this had to be suspended for two years because her nervous system seemed to suffer from the strain. Whilst staying at St. Petersburg with her aunt she received lessons from Rubinstein, who impressed her greatly. When she expected him the young Princess became so excited that she could hardly breathe. She said of him: "Under his hands it was not a piano that was heard. Now it was the music of the spheres, and now the gossamer of fairyland. His genius renders us forgetful of the miracles of his technique. We stand and wonder, as before



From a Photo. by] THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA ("CARMEN SYLVA") AND HER ORCHESTRA. *[Mandy.*

a great event of Nature. And the witchery of his playing! Like the bloom upon the grape, the dewdrop on the flower, it adds to the music a beauty of its own."

Afterwards, as Rubinstein was unable to continue the lessons, the Princess met Madame Schumann, who was staying at St. Petersburg, and became her pupil.

"I always thought, when I looked into her beautiful eyes," the Queen said of her in after years, "of all that she had suffered, and with what courage she had faced her life."

Queen Marguerita of Italy is known to possess great taste and skill in music. Thereby hangs an amusing little anecdote. Finding her eyesight getting weak she tried a pair of spectacles. King Humbert, who was not at all musical, but a great appreciator of the Queen's noted beauty, saw her in the glasses. "Marguerita," he said, "whenever you wear these I will sing to you." The threat was effective! The Queen never wore her spectacles again.

Since Frederick the Great the Hohenzollerns have not only been great soldiers, but many of them have also inherited the love for music from their ancestor. Even of the old soldier, Kaiser William I., it is related that on one occasion he was present at a casino concert in Ems, when the band was playing a military march behind a screen. The Kaiser seemed a little fidgety, and at last he disappeared behind the screen. There he said to the conductor, in his genial manner: "Will you let me conduct the second part? I know the piece very well, and I think it ought to be a little quicker." And he conducted the march with a fine *brio* to the end.

Wagner found less understanding from him. Having been told that Wagner's work was of national importance, he felt it his duty to be present at the first representation in Bayreuth. Someone asked him, after the first act of the "Götterdämmerung," how it pleased him. Smiling mysteriously, he turned round and answered the question with another one: "Is Frau von Schleinitz within earshot?" "No, your Majesty." "Then I think it is *hideous*—but you must not tell her so." Frau von Schleinitz's salon, it may be said, was the centre of æsthetical culture in Berlin in the year 1876, and she it was who had persuaded Kaiser Wilhelm to go to Bayreuth.

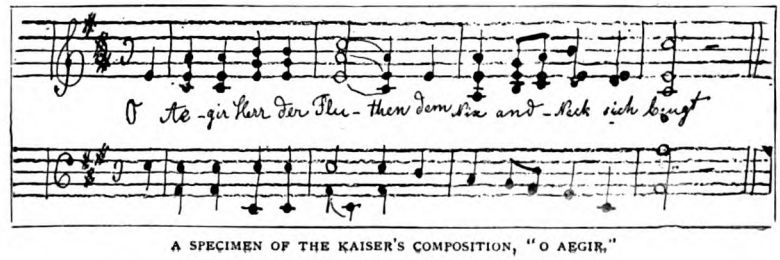
From a Photo. by] THE KAISER AND HIS FAMILY. *[Funger.*

His grandson, William II., has different views. His enthusiasm for Wagner runs high. It is admitted by all who know him personally that he is wonderfully musical. He has a pleasant baritone voice and sings extremely well, while the Empress plays his accompaniment. All the Imperial children are musical. The Crown Prince is a remarkably skilled violinist, and is passionately fond of playing. The striking picture which we give herewith represents a common incident of the home life of the Imperial family. The Kaiser's composition, "O Aegir," aroused much controversy in Germany. The fact is, the Kaiser chose a subject which is almost too great for an amateur. But at last his people are beginning to understand that, with many another quality of the Hohenzollern genius, he has inherited from the great old Fritz a real talent for music.

The most striking example of cultivation of music amongst Royalty is certainly depicted in the last of our illustrations. An Empress, two Queens, and a duchess playing on two pianos is unique, and could only be found at the Royal House of Denmark. This illustration is part of a very pretty picture of a Royal family gathering at Fredensborg. Our own gracious Queen, then Princess of Wales, plays with the Duchess of Cumberland, while Queen Louise of Denmark and the Dowager-Empress of Russia occupy the other piano.

We have in our own Royal lady so exceptional a musician that many a professional would find it difficult to hold his own with her, would she condescend to a conversation on the subject. I have intentionally chosen the word "musician" because our Queen is not only a very accomplished pianist, but her knowledge of concerted music is quite astonishing. She can quote the theme of many a classic trio, quartette, or quintette—an achievement not often met with among amateurs. Her facility of reading music is so extraordinary that the ladies of her Court would contemplate with some misgivings the honour of playing with her, were it not for the kind and indulgent manner with which Queen Alexandra overlooks shortcomings. The Queen possesses a Steinway piano, presented to her by her daughters, on which she sets great value.

When the Queen goes to a Symphony Concert she desires to avoid all ceremonial. She enters the Queen's Hall at the side door of the dress circle, but she always waits outside if a movement of the symphony has already begun, for nothing would induce her to enter during the performance.



A SPECIMEN OF THE KAISER'S COMPOSITION, "O AEGIR."

THE QUEEN OF DENMARK AND HER THREE DAUGHTERS PLAYING ON TWO PIANOS.
From a Photo. by Peter Elfelt.

It is a joy for anyone who loves music to watch our Queen's sweet face at such a performance. Her colour heightens as a Beethoven symphony draws its bewitching spell around her, and at every passage of particular beauty in this glorious music her most sympathetic expression is aroused. Tchaikowsky's "Symphony Pathétique" has once been played in the Queen's Hall when Queen Alexandra was present—a magnificent performance. Conductor and orchestra seemed to be inspired, and at the most affecting passages the Queen's expressive eyes were bright with tears.

Queen Alexandra sometimes honours her favourite artists with a visit. On retiring from England Lady Hallé was so favoured. The Queen lunched with her, and during dessert arose and proposed the health of the great artist who had afforded her, and so many music lovers, so much pleasure with her exquisite performances on the violin. The Queen has always shown great interest in Danish musicians, particularly in the works of Hartman and Hartwigson. But she is too much of a musician to have any national predilection. Her appreciation is for everything beautiful in music, and nothing can convey a better notion of her judgment than the fact that her favourite composers are Beethoven and Schumann.

An amusing little anecdote of our own Royal Family may fitly close this collection of pictures and stories of monarchs and music. At a dinner party at Baron Rothschild's, on the occasion of the marriage of the present Prince of Wales, King Edward proposed the toast of the health of Madame Patti. "When Prince George was a baby," said the King, in the course of his speech, "his mother held him up to Madame Patti, when the latter had been singing, and said: 'Kiss him, so that he may be able to say in after years that he has been kissed by the great Patti.' It is but right and proper that I should remind him to-day of that triumph of his early years."

A MIDLAND TRAGEDY.

By G. Manville Fenn.

THE curtain rose on the bright scene of the electrically-lit dining-room of the Great Magnate Hotel at Grangeham to the sound of the dinner-gong. The visitors came in fairly fast to occupy the different little tables, till only one, with its covers for two, remained blank, and that not for long, two gentlemen in evening dress entering the *salle*, to be met by the head waiter.

"Oh, over there?" said the younger of the two.

"All right. I would rather have had a snug corner where we could have played the modest violet, old chap; but they seem very full, and I dare say we can make shift."

"I can, for I am half-starved. Tired?"

"I am, really. I have had enough sight-seeing to last me for a year."

"But you were interested?" said the first speaker, as the dinner was commenced.

"Never more so in my life. It's really wonderful to see the way in which your people turn the raw material into beautifully-finished arms. I say, my boy, I hope it doesn't lie on your conscience?"

"What?" said the other, looking up from his soup.

"The way in which these dangerous things must be destroying life all over the world."

"Not a bit, old man, for I mentally make a debtor and creditor account. The very fact of being prepared for action keeps fighting down. Don't look like a man with much on his conscience, do I?"

"Not a bit. I never saw you in such spirits before. Been having a peg or two outside to give you an appetite?"

"No, not even at lunch. But I have good reason."

"Got your business done, then?"

"Yes," said the other, abruptly, and he went on with his dinner for some minutes without speaking, his companion glancing at him curiously from time to time, but respecting the silence and waiting till it was broken.

"Yes," was repeated at last, "I have good reason for being in high glee. You know after I had taken you round among the

Bessemer converters I put you in the hands of one of the foremen, to show you through the small arms department?"

"Of course."

"And I was afraid you'd think it churlish and neglectful of me, after bringing you down here to see the works."

"Never thought such a thing. I was too much interested."

"That's right. Well, I had to go before the Board. It was a meeting day, and all seemed so serious that I was afraid something was wrong; but it was all congratulations, Jack, on a most successful year, and I go back to-morrow morning to the town office to succeed Smith as chief London agent of the company."

"My dear Morton——"

"Wait a bit; I haven't done. Smith is made a director. My screw is doubled, and —here, let's talk about something else. I feel so full of laughing gas that if you don't hold me down I shall be making a fool of myself in public."

"Nonsense, my dear boy. My heartiest congratulations. Here, let's have the waiter and a telegraph form."

"What for?"

"To send a message to Mary at once."

"You needn't, old chap. She knows."

"What, have you wired to her?"

"No; but I did to Lena, and she'd have told her sister."

"Oh, I see. I might have known that. Then those two are enjoying themselves at home as much as we are here. Why, Morton, boy, there's nothing now to stop the happy event."

"Nothing," was the reply. "Look here," and he took one of the familiar pink slips of paper from his breast pocket and passed it across the table.

"Lena's answer?"

"Yes; I sent to her, of course, with the momentous question reply paid, and there it is. The answer as to time is 'Yes.'"

"Hah!" ejaculated the reader of the telegram. "Brings back five years ago. Well, God bless you, Morton, boy! She's as dear a girl as her sister, and you'll be a happy man. Here, waiter!"

"What are you going to do?"

"Oh, we must have a glass of gold foil over this."

"Champagne! My dear Jack, I am in a state of effervescence as it is."

"That goes without saying, and that's why I have ordered the wine, to act homœopathically. I don't want all the room to see that my good-looking young brother-in-law-to-be has just managed to fix his wedding-day. Why, you look ready to jump up and dance!"

"Oh, no. I am better now it's all out. I only want to get the night over. I have nothing more to do, and we will go up by the morning express."

"In the meantime go on eating your dinner. Look sharp, waiter, with that wine!"

A few minutes later the creaming glasses were brimmed, and the elder of the guests quietly raised his, looking at his companion, who followed his example, and eye spoke to eye the name they thought of before the glasses reached their lips, but for the younger man's to pause half-way with a violent jerk, and then fall loudly to splinter upon his plate, as he sank back in his chair, gazing wildly before him.

"Morton! My dear boy!" cried the other, half rising from his seat. "Are you ill?"

"No, no—nothing. An accident. Here, waiter, a clean glass and plate. How absurd, to be sure! Sit down, man! Don't make a scene."

This last in a hurried whisper, for several pairs of eyes were watching them; but as nothing followed but the business movements of a couple of waiters, one of whom filled a fresh glass, the slight excitement died away.

"Don't look at me like that, Jack," said the younger man, with a forced laugh. "It was nothing. Sort of spasm"; and the speaker held out his glass to be refilled.

"Here's my darling," he whispered, as the waiter drew back.

"Our darling," said the other. And then, as he set down his glass, he continued, gravely, "I don't want to frighten you, old chap, but after what you have told me this evening and what I have seen, it is my duty to tell you that you ought to see a doctor at once—the best man we know in town."

"Nonsense!"

"No—for Lena's sake."

"My dear Jack! What are you thinking is the matter?"

"Over-excitement. Heart."

"Absurd! If there is anything organic the matter with me it is brain."

John Marsden spent some considerable time that night undressing and packing his portmanteau in number forty-seven of the upper corridor in the great hotel, for his thoughts were busy respecting his wife's fair young sister and the occupant of the chamber

a few numbers farther on. The idea of his suffering from some organic disease was terrible, and he was exercised in his mind by the question whether if this were the case it would be his duty to break off the match.

This question came to him again and again till after midnight. It was his last thought as he turned the button of the electric light, came again in his failing consciousness before he fell asleep, and repeated itself in his dreams, strangely mixed up with the shrieking of tortured steel, the whirring of wheels, the thudding of steam hammers, and explosion-like reports such as he had been hearing nearly all that day.

"HE SEEMED TO HALF FEEL, HALF SEE, THE PASSING OF A FIGURE."

Confused and strange, but wondrously realistic, were many of the scenes that floated through Marsden's disturbed brain, till all at once a sound that was strangely muffled, though penetrating, brought his wanderings to an end, making him spring from his bed, to stand in the utter darkness with every nerve palpitating, wondering where he was.

For some few moments the confusion of his senses seemed more than he could bear. Where was he? What were those noises like distant reports, those lights that came and went, seeming to pierce the thick curtains drawn about the window with vivid flashes that died out at once? Was there a fire? What place was it? Bah! How absurd! He stretched out his hands and took a step or two forwards over what he knew was the thick, soft carpet.

The next moment his fingers touched the wall, along which he felt his way to the moulding of the door frame, and his hand came in contact with the button of the electric light, with which he immediately flooded the room.

Sitting down on the edge of the bed he listened, and there all around him, dying away into distance, were the many noises of the sleepless manufacturing town, explaining the meaning of the troubled rest.

"What a place to live in!" he muttered. "With all this going on around, and a strange bed, no wonder a fellow dreams. Fresh cookery, too, and then that upset about poor old Morton. Poor boy! Only over-excitement, I hope."

He walked to the washstand, poured himself out a glass of water, drank it, and then glanced at his watch, which pointed to three.

"Good five hours' rest yet," he muttered; and then he turned to get into bed, but sat down in the chair by the side and half unconsciously began to dress, ending by slipping on a dressing-gown, moving towards the door, stopping short to stand thinking drowsily, and listening once more to the distant noises of machinery, which came more loudly and then ceased.

A sudden thought seemed to strike him, and it took shape in action, for he raised his hand to the button and turned out the light before unfastening the door, impressed as he seemed to be that something was wrong with his friend; and opening the door quietly he stepped out into the dim corridor, intending to go and tap at his companion's chamber.

It was not quite dark, for a small incan-

descent globe was burning right at the end, and as he stepped out he seemed to half feel, half see, the passing of a figure along the passage in the direction of the light. So vivid was the impression that he drew back at once into the darkness of his own room, and stood there thinking in a dreamy, confused manner.

"What's the matter with me?" he muttered. "There was that glass of hock, but I had only drunk about half of it when I ordered the champagne, and of that I only had one glass, of which I drank half before it was filled up again, and then I only had a few sips, for I was so upset and worried by Morton's attack. Afterwards nothing but the coffee, so it can't be that. It's the excitement, I suppose. I was dreaming, with my head all in a whirl, and then woke up by that sudden noise, to feel confused and strange ever since. How absurd! I shall be thinking directly that I have just seen a ghost, while now I seem to have got it into my head that poor Morton has been taken ill. Pull yourself together, man! Let's go and see if he's all right, and come back and get to sleep."

He stepped out into the dim corridor once more, looking along it as if expecting to see the figure that had appeared to pass before him going onward or returning again; but the place was vacant, and somehow the incandescent film looked not half so bright.

"Almost a pity to go and disturb him," he thought. "I dare say he's sleeping soundly enough," and for the first time he was conscious of a faint thread of light across the corridor, some few yards to his left.

It was plain enough after a moment's thought — it was from a door ajar; the light was turned on, and he stood watching it intently and listening. There were the noises going on still beyond the walls of the hotel, but everything was quiet within, and not a sound from that room where the light so faintly showed.

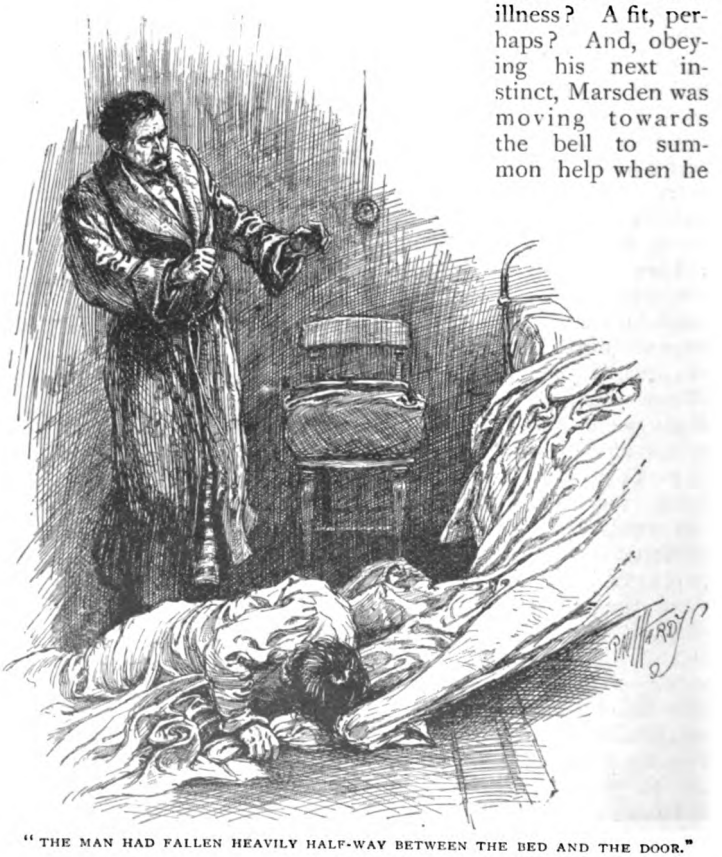
Once more the confusion in the watcher's head increased, and he could not have explained why, but somehow it seemed to influence him into crossing the broad passage diagonally towards that door on the left and pressing it with his hand.

As he did this in his dreamy state he felt that though this was not his friend's room — that being a few yards beyond his own — it had something to do with him, and this curious influence by which he was surrounded impelled him on.

Directly after he was standing in a bedroom of a similar type to his own; the electric light was burning, and he took a sudden start forward towards something huddled up together upon the floor.

Instinctively he knew that here was the cause of his sudden alarm. The man, whoever it was, had fallen heavily half-way between the bed and the door, looking as if he had suddenly sprung out, dragging with him the coverings.

Some sudden illness? A fit, perhaps? And, obeying his next instinct, Marsden was moving towards the bell to summon help when he



"THE MAN HAD FALLEN HEAVILY HALF-WAY BETWEEN THE BED AND THE DOOR."

stopped short, startled by the fancy: "Was it worse?"

As the question flashed through his brain he dropped upon one knee, to catch something from the carpet, and then turn towards the light, holding a perfectly new revolver with a blackened patch of exploded gunpowder curiously marking the silvered fittings of the stock.

Half stunned, Marsden stood for a few moments motionless, all thought of summoning help passed away, and, trembling violently, he paused in thought, before going down on one knee again and laying his humid fingers upon the prostrate man's throat.

He snatched his hand away, sprang to his feet, rolled the revolver hastily in a fold of the dressing-gown, crossed on tip-toe to the entrance, and passed out into the dim corridor, drawing the door behind him, before hurrying to Morton's room.

He tapped quickly and gently, to stand listening; but there was no sound in reply. He tapped again more loudly: still all was silent; and now, in a frenzy of excitement, he seized the handle and shook the door, to find to his astonishment that it gave way so suddenly that he almost fell into the dark room.

Recovering himself, he raised the light and gazed in wonder at the bed where Morton lay with his hands beneath his head, apparently fast asleep, and breathing heavily.

A cold shiver of horror ran through Marsden as he stood with the hidden revolver seeming to turn heavy in his hand; while gazing excitedly at his friend where he lay, the dim, hardly-seen figure that had passed him when he first opened his door seemed to stand out vividly now, as it had glided silently by towards the door of the room in which he now stood.

"Horrible!" he gasped, as, making an effort to drive the terrible thoughts which assailed him from his mind, he stepped close to the bed, caught the sleeper by the shoulder, and shook him violently.

In an instant he was seized by the throat.

"Here, what is it? Hi! Oh, it's you! What's the matter? Have I been talking in my sleep?"

"Hush, for Heaven's sake, or you will create an alarm."

"Then I was! By Jove, I have had such a horrible dream!"

"Dream, man!" panted Marsden. "No, it is too horribly real!"

Morton Gray's jaw dropped, and he sank back on his pillow with his eyes dilating and showing a thin circle of white quite round the iris.

A few moments of silence, Gray making an effort or two to speak; but no sound escaped his lips. At last in a husky tone he gasped out:—

"Nonsense! It was all a dream. I—oh, I don't know—sort of nightmare muddle—did you hear me shout?"

"No, but the report woke me up."

"Report! Here! What are you talking about?" cried Gray, springing up again and clasping his brow with his hands. "My head feels all on fire. I suppose I am awake. But speak out, old fellow! What *do* you mean?"

"Speak lower! And you must answer me as to what it means."

"Stop a moment," cried Gray. "You said something about a report."

"Yes; it woke me up," said Marsden, slowly, and gazing searchingly in his friend's eyes the while. "I heard the report. I went there, and he is lying dead upon the floor."

"Bruce?" cried Gray, excitedly; and after a pause, "Thank God!"

The two young men gazed fixedly at each other for some moments before Gray sank back upon his pillow with a low hysterical sob.

"It is murder!" said Marsden, at last.

"Murder?" gasped the other. "No: don't speak to me for a moment. My head's in a whirl. I want to think. Here, Jack, old fellow; am I awake, or is this part of—yes—part of that horrid dream?"

"Dream?" said Marsden, in a low, despairing tone. "I tell you it is true. I heard—and saw——"

"Saw? Saw what?"

"You passing my door in the half light—coming from that room and going towards yours."

"You! You saw me? Jack, you are mad!"

"I wish to Heaven I were! For everyone's sake make a clean breast of it!"

"Here, I am getting confused again. My head feels all mixed up."

"Be frank, I say. You can trust me. I want to help you if I can. Tell me this at once. Who is—who was Bruce?"

"Bruce! What do you know about Bruce?"

"Nothing; only that you mentioned his name just now."

"I did? Yes: and you said he was dead.

Is that true, Jack, or only part of my dream?"

"It is a dreadful fact. Who was this man?"

"The fiend who has cursed my life for years, the vile blackmailer who got hold of a miserable slip in my boyish days and has bled me ever since. I never had the pluck to face it out, and now, just when all was so bright and sunny, when all was as you know, he had followed me down here. You can tell what for. You saw him pass the table when I——"

"You had that seizure?"

"Yes; but it's all over now. You say he is dead! Is it possible?"

"It is true."

"What, that such a wretch as he could repent and end his life with a pistol shot?"

"No; he has been murdered," said Marsden, coldly and deliberately as a judge. "Oh, Gray, what have you done?"

"I—I done! Nothing, but wish before I lay down to sleep that some bolt from Heaven would fall upon his accursed head."

"Yes, and it has fallen—but by your hand."

"By my hand! Oh, this is madness! I lay down here, utterly exhausted with thinking, and fell asleep at once. I could not have stirred until you shook me and roused me up. But stop! You said something about a pistol, and that you saw me pass your room?"

"Yes—from his."

"From his?" cried Gray, wildly. "Yes, I found out that he was sleeping on this floor. He tried to speak to me when we left the smoking-room; but you were with me, and I would not look. Jack, old fellow, I'll own it now."

"Ah!" sighed Marsden.

"I shut myself in here to-night feeling that all was over and that the end had come. I brought down with me from town a sample pistol, the make of a Belgian inventor. I meant to introduce it, for the sake of a peculiar movement, to the mechanicians at our works."

"Where is it now?" said Marsden, slowly.

"In my portmanteau there, with the foreign cartridges in the case. Jack, like the coward cur I am, I charged it after I had locked myself in, and for poor Lena's sake I tried to end my wretched life; but as I stood there in my fit of madness she seemed to stand between me and death, and whisper, 'For my sake live! It would kill me too!'"

The passionately uttered words thrilled Marsden while he listened, and his voice sounded husky and strange as he almost whispered:—

"And then?"

"I put the pistol back, threw myself on my knees, swearing that I would never see her more, but go right away, anywhere, to the end of the world, in expiation of that old, old sin."

Moved by a sudden impulse Marsden stepped to the portmanteau, thrust in his hand, took out a little mahogany box, and with one movement threw open the lid and placed it, empty, upon the bed.

"GRAY GAZED AT HIM WILDLY."

"Gone!" gasped Gray. "In Heaven's name where's that pistol?"

"Here," said Marsden, shaking the fold of his dressing-gown from his left hand and tossing the weapon back into the case.

Gray gazed at him wildly, as he slowly took the weapon, his friend watching him keenly, ready to strike up his hand if there should be need; but there was none, for, in a curious, vacant way, his hands trembling the while, Gray turned the pistol over and over, noted the blackened marking of the discharge, and then opened it, used the lever, and thrust out the cartridges one by one, letting them fall into the little baize-lined case.

"One discharged," he said, slowly, and he let the pistol fall upon them where they lay, with a helpless gesture, before clasping his head with his hands and unconsciously making a black mark of wet powder right across his brow.

"The brand of Cain!" thought Marsden.

"I don't know, Jack," cried Gray. "My head's beginning to whirl again. The real seems mixed up with a horrible confused dream about meeting Bruce; but I can't follow it. Don't look at me like that, old man, as if you thought it possible I could have done this thing! I have told you the simple truth. I locked myself in here, half shivering for fear he should come to me after all was still, knowing as I did that I had that pistol there. And then the next thing I know is that you were standing by my side. I didn't—I couldn't—I never left my room."

"But I saw you."

"Impossible!"

Marsden was silent for a few moments. Then——

"Morton, to-night I looked upon you as my brother. In spite of all this you must be my brother still. I cannot turn from you now that you are in peril of your life. You say that you locked yourself in?"

"Yes; I swear it. You must have fancied that you saw me. Ah! I know; it must have been he who came and tried my door. I was right in thinking that he meant to come, and when he did not——Yes, that's it. He went back to his own room and shot himself in despair."

"*With your pistol?*"

Morton Gray's jaw dropped.

"Tell me this, then, once again. Your door was locked?"

"Yes, I swear it."

"Then how did it open at the pressure of my hand?"

Again there was silence in the brightly lit-up room. Gray made a wild gesticulation, throwing his hands wide apart.

"I don't know," he cried, as he let himself sink back upon his pillow in despair; and once more for quite a minute there was silence. "Jack, old fellow," said Gray, slowly, "you said something just now about being a brother. Be one now, for I am too great a cur. Charge that pistol again, put it in my hand, and hold it to my head. You can make my finger draw the trigger, and I shall be out of my misery then. I can't explain. If I killed that poor wretch it must have been in my sleep. Heaven only knows! My mind's a blank."

John Marsden stood by the bedside, frowning and firm, for some moments, making up his mind, and feeling that whatever next was done must be through him—Gray lying there utterly prostrate and inert.

"Morton," he said, at last, "it is time to act."

"To act?" said Gray, bitterly. "Well, I am ready, and I have told you what to do."

"Yes," said the other, solemnly. "Now, let me tell you—for Lena's sake. As your brother I believe you have told me the simple truth; and as to what your old sin may have been, that is naught to me. I look upon it as expiated by what has passed this night. You have been talking like a boy. You must act now, under my directions, like a man. Look here! No magistrate, judge, or jury would credit your tale; it seems too much against Nature. But I can believe that in your abnormal state of mind, dreaming as you did, you unconsciously went out and slew that man. You talked of suicide. It would be suicide to speak. The secret lies between you and me, and I am the man who keeps silence and hides your guilt."

"What are you going to do?"

"Wait and see."

Taking the pistol Marsden quickly charged it, taking care to turn the chamber containing the empty cartridge upwards. Then laying it upon the case he placed it beneath the skirt of his dressing-gown and moved towards the door.

"Jack!" whispered Gray, excitedly.

"Silence and do not move!" was the stern command; and as he spoke Marsden turned off the light, opened the door quietly, and peered out.

All was still, and, drawing a deep breath, the bearer of the secret walked quickly back along the corridor, passed his own room,

and paused at the door of the death-chamber, standing ajar, but with all dark within.

He drew another deep breath as he stood listening; but there was not a sound, and the little globe at the end of the corridor glowed only now with a dull red orange gleam.

Passing in quickly he closed the door and turned up the light, shuddering at the sight of the ghastly object with its distorted limbs upon the carpet. But there was no hesitation. Throwing the case upon the bed he took out the pistol to lay it upon the floor close beside the dead man's hand, and conscience smote him for a moment as he muttered, "A deadly lie!"

The next minute the light was turned out once more, and he stood in the open doorway, listening; but there was nothing to make him hesitate, and drawing the door after him it clicked softly, the faint sound ringing in his ears all the way back to Gray's room.

A few hours later the two young men were seated at their table over their breakfast, both apparently calm, but Gray with his face as white as wax. The waiter came up with their bill, which Marsden paid without a tremor, though his ears were on the strain for sounds indicative of a ghastly discovery in the corridor where they had slept.

"HE TOOK OUT THE PISTOL TO LAY IT UPON THE FLOOR CLOSE BESIDE THE DEAD MAN'S HAND."

"Our luggage down?" he said, taking out his watch.

"Yes, sir."

"Tell the porter to have it loaded on a cab. Come, Morton. Done? We have just nice time for the express."

That afternoon the bills of the evening papers announced:—

"A Ghastly Hotel Mystery. Horrible Suicide at Grangeham"

Human Railway Signals.

1.—"RETURN TO FORMER POSITION."

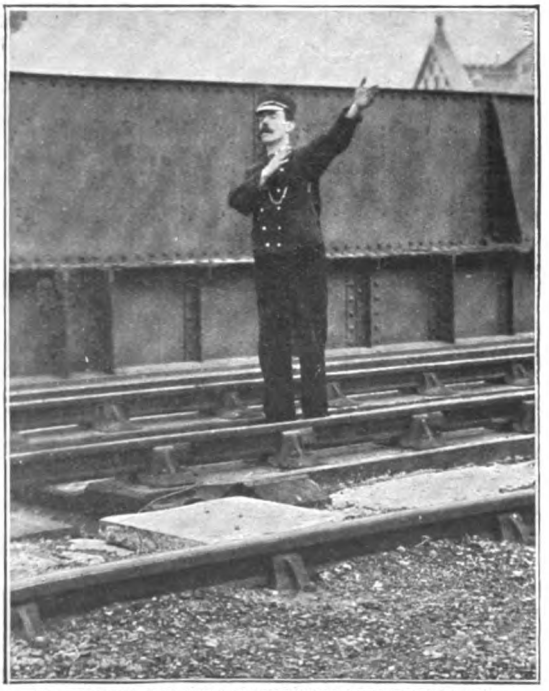
THE modern railway semaphore has a very limited vocabulary. It is able to inform an engine-driver that the line in the direction in which he desires to travel is clear throughout a section; it is capable of impressing a driver with the necessity of proceeding cautiously forward; and it tells him in lurid language that danger lies ahead—that he travels a yard farther at his peril. And there the powers of the railway semaphore stop. It is incapable of conveying any other important message.

At night a lamp, with the assistance of a couple of lenses, becomes just as eloquent as the semaphore—no more and no less. During fogs a baby bomb or two are forced to take on the responsibility of instructing anxious drivers and guards—sometimes successfully, sometimes not; and then things happen. A guard's waving flag or shrill whistle cannot be said to possess a language with a wider interpretation than "go ahead," "back a bit," or "stop."

So, whenever it is absolutely imperative that instructions of somewhat fuller portent than those indicated shall be conveyed to the man who is in charge of the all-important lever, railway companies are still compelled to fall back upon a system of signalling in which the intelligent human being becomes, through an elaboration of signs in which the arms play the principal part, a positive text-book of explicit instructions.

To the uninitiated one who watches, for any length of time, the dangerous calling of the railway employé known as a shunter, it seems little short of marvellous that a train, consisting of a monster locomotive and a score of carriages or trucks, can be moved about to and fro over half-a-dozen different sets of lines with apparently as much ease as a good chess-player manipulates his pieces upon the familiar squares of a board.

The shunter is always carefully selected—a picked man. Steadiness and coolness are absolute essentials in his character. And yet, alas!



2.—BRINGING TRAIN FROM LEFT-HAND LOOP TO MAIN LINE.

statistics all too plainly indicate the heavy annual death-roll that shunting operations are responsible for. Familiarity with danger seems to breed contempt. The shunter never appears to realize the risk in his work. He moves about the track-lined yard with as much *sang froid* as if he were at home in his back garden—going hither and thither; coupling and uncoupling; dodging the fatal pressure of buffers with a nicety that only leaves an inch or two between him and certain death—death too horrible to think about.

3.—BRINGING TRAIN FROM RIGHT-HAND LOOP TO MAIN LINE.

But between the shunter and the engine-driver some sort of telepathic understanding seems to exist, so well fitted in is each movement of the train; so correctly timed and calculated each "shove" of the locomotive. The secret of these dovetailing operations is the efficacy of the human signalling which I am about to describe.

There is, of course, a regular standard code in use for human signalling; and necessarily it must be as familiar as the proverbial A B C to the shunter, engine-driver, and guard. Nor are the signals complicated, for much depends, in avoiding mistakes, on the simplicity of the shunter's poses and arm movements.

A shunter, by the way, wears a distinctive uniform, which, as it were, endows him with a certain authority over guard and engine-driver of the train which is being moved about. His signals must be responded to as readily and unfailingly as are semaphore and lamp. A short, double-breasted jacket having two rows of bright buttons, of which there are five in each row—with a rather high-crowned hood-peaked cap—constitutes the recognised uniform.

We will take it that the duly-qualified official wishes to convey certain instructions to the guard and driver of the train that is being "worked."

4.—"STOP."

"Return to former position" is signalled by raising the right arm at an acute upward angle from the shoulder, with wide-opened hand turned towards the train; the left arm at the same time is stretched out straight beneath, showing the back of the open hand to the driver. (No. 1).

This manœuvre being successfully carried out the signaller wants to let those in charge of the train know

5.—FRONT PART TO STOP—REAR PART GOES TO SIDING.

that "the points of the left-hand or 'down' loop are open and the main line clear." As the driver is a quarter of a mile away, perhaps, all the shouting in the world would be of no use so far as conveying an intelligible message is concerned. But the code includes a signal with such an interpretation. The left arm is stretched upwards and outwards, with open palm, whilst the right hand is laid on the signaller's left breast (No. 2). The message is promptly read by driver and guard, and the engine with its load comes along and enters the points for the main line.

To bring a train from the right or "up" loop to the main line is a somewhat similar signal, the left arm, however, being kept in motion, swinging inwards and outwards as the train comes along (No. 3).

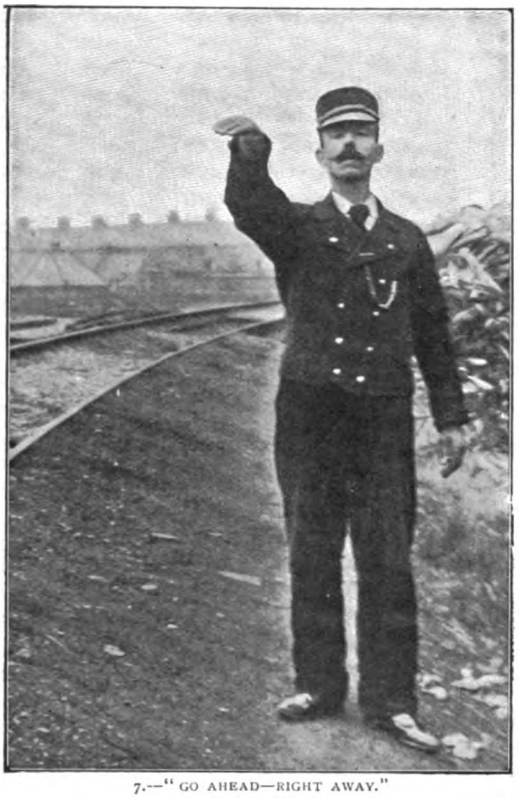
The danger signal must be plain and unmistakable indeed. There must not be a shade of a doubt about its interpretation—sharp and emphatic as the extended bright red arm of the semaphore or as the lurid red light. And the human signal is all that. Standing erect, where there is no deceptive or misleading background, he extends both arms to their utmost length right and left, facing the train which is moving in his direction—"Stop!" (No. 4). The warning is heeded. Almost mechanically steam is shut off and the brakes are applied.

Should the human signal want a truck or carriage, or two or three trucks or carriages, being part of the train, to be shunted upon another line or a siding, he intimates his wishes to the engine-driver by placing both hands in front of his face, palms towards the train, moving them outwards and inwards until he knows that sufficient impetus has been given to the loose trucks or carriages (No. 5). Ceasing the "hit her up" signal he changes to "stop," and the engine pulls up, letting the loose stock go on to its destination on the other line or siding.

"Proceed cautiously"—a sort of equivalent to the green light and half-down semaphore—is an exceedingly simple signal. The shunter stands by the side of the line on which the train is travelling, extends his right arm, and lets his hand drop downwards, raising it again immediately, continuing this with a sort of screw motion for some time until the necessity for caution is removed, or he is ready for some further manipulation (No. 6).

"Go ahead, right away!" is an instruction given to the driver by the signaller

6.—"COME SLOWLY AND WITH CAUTION."

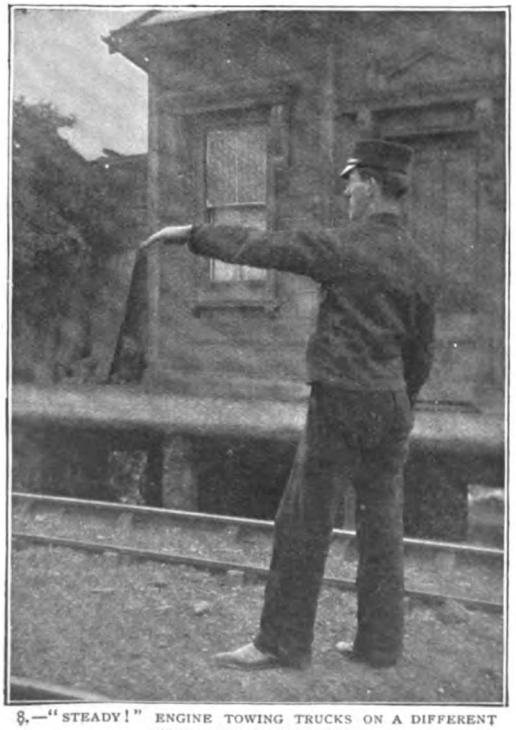


7.—"GO AHEAD—RIGHT AWAY."

standing facing the direction in which he wishes the train to proceed, extending his right hand forward and moving it gently upwards and downwards (No. 7).

In the great railway goods depôts of the Metropolis it often happens that an engine is on one line whilst the trucks it draws are on another, the coupling between the locomotive and the conveyances taking the form of a strong wire rope. As two lines running side by side are thus occupied, as it were, by the same train, the towing is a rather risky job, and great care must be exercised by the shunter in charge, who keeps his eyes closely on both lines, warning the driver by signals as the towing proceeds. With left arm extended the shunter stands with his face towards the direction in which engine and trucks are moving (No. 8). As long as the signaller's hand continues to "wag" about the driver knows all is well.

Although this code of elaborate signals is used mostly in goods and other shunting operations, it is often found useful should any mishap come upon a train whilst midway between two signal-boxes or stations, where the ordinary means of ensuring safety may be difficult to reach. It is necessary, therefore, for guards, drivers, and firemen of passenger expresses to be familiar with the code, which has often proved its advantages at awkward moments.



8.—"STEADY!" ENGINE TOWING TRUCKS ON A DIFFERENT LINE WITH A WIRE ROPE.

The writer desires to acknowledge the assistance of Mr. H. J. Liddon, the chief shunter at the Blackfriars Goods Depôt of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway, in the preparation of this article, by posing for the various signals and giving much useful information.

"ARE you superstitious?" a friend will sometimes ask me. Of course I am. With so many excellent superstitions lying about to choose from, not to be superstitious would be a wicked waste of pleasant opportunities. I conform to every superstition I can hear of, from rising to bedtime. I always spring out of bed, for instance, on the right side, for I know quite well that if I attempted to do so on the left misfortune would follow as certainly as day follows night. I *know* it, I repeat, and I can speak from experience; for on the only occasion on which, being more than half asleep, I disregarded this particular superstition misfortune ensued, swift and sore. For surely nobody will deny that it is a misfortune, and a sore one, to bruise knees and knuckles and nose all together against a solid brick wall, such as my bed stands against on the left side! Very well, then, I am superstitious, and if you think I am unreasonable, go and bounce against a wall yourself, by way of asserting your convictions.

That is the sort of thing the anti-superstitious are in the habit of doing, or were some years ago. There was a "Thirteen Club," which used to meet at dinner for the absurd purpose of outraging all the superstitions that reasonable persons cherish. Instead of sitting down quietly and decently and enjoying their dinner like sensible, superstitious people, they devoted most of their attention to spilling salt, crossing knives and forks, passing the wine round the wrong way, jumping up and walking under ladders, smashing looking-glasses, and a score more of similar tricks. Of course, such conduct brought misfortune with it, and only a wild Thirteen Clubber could fail to see it. For they must have had a most uncomfortable dinner, which is one of the greatest misfortunes I can think of. And there was pecuniary misfortune as well, for all those looking-glasses must have cost a good deal. But on consideration, perhaps, the Thirteen Clubbers were not so very different from the rest of us, after all. For to meet solemnly by appointment on Friday evening, to sit punctiliously thirteen at table, to pass the wine the wrong way and spill salt wilfully, to go jumping about the room under ladders, and conscientiously and laboriously to work through all the rest of the unnatural performance, purely in defiance of ill-luck, is—well, it *is* superstition, isn't it? Blank, dark, bigoted superstition!

If you have spilt salt by accident you avert misfortune from yourself by throwing a little over the left shoulder. This is a process I

can earnestly recommend, especially in a crowded restaurant, with people close behind you. For if anybody gets it in the eye, or even down the back, that person will have enough misfortune for the whole room, and you may consider yourself safe—if you make no delay in getting outside.

As for the ill-luck attendant on walking under a ladder, the thing is so perfectly obvious that nobody but a blind unsuperstituent (or unsuperstituator, or whatever the correct term should be) could ever fail to perceive it. Walk down the street and observe the first half-dozen ladders standing against the houses and walls. From number one an overflowing paint-pot swings gracefully in the breeze, and, standing over it, a light-hearted son of toil brandishes an equally overflowing brush in unison with the tune he is whistling. Sometimes he hits the wall, sometimes the ladder, but all the while he dispenses a refreshing shower of paint that hits everything. A little farther on ladder number two supports an ascending labourer with a hod of bricks, and holes are thoughtfully provided in the ladder for the bricklayer to spit through; while the holes are quite big enough to let a brick or two through as well, on occasions of miscalculated equilibrium. To ladder number three clings an elevated bill-sticker, elevated beyond the capacity of any earthly ladder, and much too elevated to perceive a single hole in this one. He wields, with uncertain swoop, a vast brush dripping with thick yellow grey paste, and ever and anon he plants an unmeditated kick on the pail of similar paste that hangs below. Perhaps, after heavily pasting a very large poster, he attempts to hold it up by a corner which it doesn't possess, and while it descends with an all-embracing flop gropes feebly for it with the brush, which comes after it. On ladder number four a boy is spraying windows with an indiarubber hose. If on ladder number five somebody isn't trying to get a heavy and slippery piece of furniture into a high window or out of it, it will be on ladder number six. And now, having surveyed these ladders, I defy any Thirteen Clubster to put on a new park suit and a brilliant tall hat, walk deliberately under all these ladders, and return unconverted, if alive. I have had my own streaks of ill-luck under ladders, and I know. *Probatum est*, as they say in the old books of magic. And as for smashing a looking-glass, seven years' ill-luck is less than I have got for it. It must be more than thirty since I smashed one belonging to an aunt, with a cricket-ball that ought to have been left outside; and I have been out of her will ever since, and she has been dead for years. So that it was bad for both of us.

A properly superstitious person (like myself) is never dull. He is always playing a complicated game of—what? Spoof, shall I say?—with fortune. He sees his good and bad luck coming everywhere and everywhen, and he has all sorts of expedients ready to invite the one and dodge the other. If he is absent-minded enough to put on some article of clothing inside out in the morning, and strong-minded enough to keep it so all day, he knows he is in for good fortune. Personally, I am just about absent-minded enough to have put on my socks inside out quite frequently, and then to have forgotten all about it; at any rate, I am quite sure about the forgetting. But I have never yet been quite so absent-minded as to put on my trousers or overcoat inside out, or even my hat. But absent-mindedness is an abiding characteristic of genius, and very likely I shall do it some day. When I do I shall not neglect my luck, and I expect my reward, as I walk along the Strand, in the shape of Fame and Popular Acclamation.

I might feel some little diffidence in avowing myself a superstitious man were it not that I know most people are equally sensible. All about Bond Street and Regent Street are many ladies in expensively furnished rooms, earning noble incomes out of the sagacity of their fellow-citizens, who have the intelligence to understand that whether they are to die old or young, whether they are to come into money or stay out of it, whether they are to marry the right persons or the wrong ones, entirely depends on the shape of the wrinkles on the insides of their hands. So the ladies of the expensive rooms sit in expensive tea-gowns on large arm-chairs and tickle the palms of the wise with little ebony pointers at a guinea a tickle. There was one lady I read of who could get a guinea from each by just taking her customers by the hand and gazing ecstatically over their heads, such was the acuteness of their minds. I wish I could afford to pay a guinea for that sort of thing; because there are such a lot of other things I should like to buy—first. I think, by the way, that the information about the guinea-gazing lady came out in a police-court, or some such vulgar place.

Most of the ladies who charge a guinea for tickling your palms and gazing at the place where your hat would be if you were ill-mannered, are also ready, on equally

"THE LADIES OF THE EXPENSIVE ROOMS SIT IN EXPENSIVE TEA-GOWNS ON LARGE ARM-CHAIRS AND TICKLE THE PALMS OF THE WISE."

were born, and consequently were in a great state of concern about your destiny; and that you also, being now somewhere and also in a state of concern about your destiny, have so many points in common with the planets that you will easily understand their game of hopscotch, so long as you have been clever enough to give their representative her fee. I am told, however, that the astrology of these ladies is all "put out" at sweating rates to trifling terms, to stare mighty hard at a glass ball; and the customers are equally ready to have them stare. The theory is that a properly-qualified person—and all these ladies are properly qualified, else they would be cheaper—can stare herself into a state in which she might see any mortal thing and tell anybody all about it: a result which any rational creature would be glad to pay for.

Even after that you may have the blessed privilege of paying another fee; but this is a higher one, because you have something on paper to keep. The fee is three guineas, and the article you get is a horoscope—surely cheap at such a price, even though it is not an optical instrument, as some might expect, but only a mysterious figure or diagram drawn on paper. It is an exact reduction, to scale, of the royal and ancient game of hopscotch, with notes of the score by a Chinese short-hand-writer who is not a teetotaler. It is based on the obvious fact that the planets must have been somewhere when you astrological "ghosts," who design the actual hopscotcheries; and, as a conscientiously superstitious person, I believe in those ghosts.

Also, of course, I believe in all sorts of other ghosts, though I have found it impossible to make any ghost believe in me, even so far as to show itself to me. But I love to hear—and believe—of the sound old, long-established ghost of the haunted mansion,

"THE POLTERGEIST."

who begins by dragging a boot-jack across the floor and ends by driving head first through a brick-and-a-half wall with agonized wailings (and no wonder). I should also dearly love the acquaintance of the ghost that the Germans so disrespectfully call the "Poltergeist," which pulls away chairs from under dignified persons, picks up thirsty people's glasses and drinks the contents—into the surrounding air—sets heavy tables dancing round the room, smashes glass, and spills salt, like some ghostly member of the Thirteen Club. There are many tales of these practical jokers among ghosts in Mrs. Crowe's "Night Side of Nature," and I read their exploits again and again, with much enjoyment. But the ghosts do not reciprocate my friendly feelings. I am tired to death of trying to keep awake in haunted houses. Even at a spiritualistic *séance* where I went once (charge one guinea — there is something weird about that universal talismanic guinea) I saw nothing more ghostly than the hostess, who was certainly thin, but rather hard and bony than otherwise. The ghosts sent me messages, however, not in their own voices, but through the lady; though, as they were the ghosts of my uncle John and my deceased sister, I didn't see why they should be either bashful or distant. But the messages interested me deeply, and certainly surprised me, chiefly because I had never heard of an uncle John before and my only sister was still alive and quite well when I returned home. But, as the lady explained, there's no accounting for the cheap adulterations introduced into guinea *séances* by irresponsible wicked spirits—an assurance which consoled me almost as much as the return of the guinea might have done. I think there was some sort of hint that a strictly high-class *séance*, warranted free from adulteration, would cost more; but I have to be economical, even with my little superstitions.

I am all the more regretful of never having met a real visible ghost because I am convinced that the ghost, as a—well, not as a body corporate, but, let us say, as a class—has been much maligned and misunderstood. There has never been a more harmless, well-intentioned sort of creature than a ghost, and I cannot remember even having heard of one injuring any living creature. That people are frightened is surely no fault of the ghost's, but of their own. An affable, well-meaning ghost tries to make friends with somebody and amuse him, and the favoured person won't have it, but goes rushing off and screaming to such an extent as to terrify the poor ghost out of sight. In just such a way you may see a nervous old lady in such fits of terror at the amiable approaches of a big dog that the affectionate quadruped presently sneaks away, scared and abashed. Nothing could be kinder or more considerate than the behaviour of the ordinary ghost. Even those who come back to the world to make complaint of murder are much too kind to go and tell the police or a magistrate, like an ordinary vindictive human being. I never heard of any ghost complaining of murder to a policeman, or even applying to a magistrate for a summons. Instead, the ghost goes to some purely neutral person who never heard of the matter in his life, but who happens to sleep in some particular room, and gives a striking little performance which leaves the human being something to tell his friends about all the rest of his life. Sometimes it even reveals the existence of buried treasure. Nothing could be more amiable. A ghost doesn't even resent actual assault, although

"THE FAVOURED PERSON GOES RUSHING OFF AND SCREAMING."

it cannot be comfortable to have an unjustly enraged human being absolutely fall through one, which is what usually happens on these occasions. But the ghost never hits back—it usually vanishes inoffensively, with a sigh of regret at the misunderstanding. It has come with the most benevolent intentions, probably to offer a little exhibition, perfectly free, of wall-penetrating and personal transparency, and although received with ungrateful assault, and perhaps a laceration of its inmost fogginess with a flying chair, it goes off exhaling meekness and forgiveness, to write humbly on a slate under a table, so as to enable some more appreciative human being to pocket the guinea the writing earns. No, a ghost is the kindliest and friendliest thing that floats. Think of the countless occasions on which ghosts have risen from — wherever they are — and come all along to this uncomfortable world to shove up a table, just because it seemed the sort of thing that would amuse the company, or, perhaps, to bang a gentleman on the head with a tambourine, at a spiritualistic *séance*. I am afraid that their experiences among human beings give the ghosts a low opinion of our intelligence, to judge by the things they think likely to amuse us. But I should like an opportunity of clearing up all these misunderstandings, and of reciprocating the friendly advances of a ghost in the proper way, and I shall be glad to meet any respectable ghost with those views. I think I should prefer the sort that comes and beckons solemnly and leads the way to a spade and a pick, and then to a place where a chest of sovereigns is buried —a large one, but not buried too deep—in the garden. It would amuse me more than seeing a table heaved up; and I should consider it far more friendly than a bang on the head with a tambourine or a fire-shovel.

The vampire superstition I am not so much attracted by. I don't like it. It is rather too horrible—and I never heard even of a member of the Thirteen Club who went about to invite a vampire to suck his blood as he slept, even from the big toe, where the vampire bat operates. And I am firmly convinced that there is nothing but the vampire superstition to account for the habits of some gentlemen — not members of the Thirteen Club—who go to bed with their boots on.

Still, I like to be catholic in my superstitions—I like to give them each their little corner. I never pass a piece of iron lying in the road without picking it up; gold I am not quite so certain about, but I should avoid neglecting it—I like being on the safe side. I hope it will never be discovered—at any rate by the butchers—how much beef I have stolen to cure warts. It must be *stolen* beef, you see, and you must keep on till the warts go; so I am still persevering. And I always touch wood to avert danger of accident. Indeed, if the danger were the danger of drowning I think I should grab the wood with both hands — the largest piece in reach; such is the strange influence of superstition on a yielding mind.

"GHOSTS COME ALONG TO BANG A GENTLEMAN ON THE HEAD WITH A TAMBOURINE."

By F. Anstey.

A STORY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.—PART II.

CHAPTER VII.

SANTA CLAUS TRIES AGAIN.

"WELL," Santa Claus asked once more, "how is it that all the Toys are lying idle, instead of using the powers I gave them?"

"*I* don't know," said Torquil, "unless they got tired."

"You see, Santa Claus," Irene insinuated, "you *have* left us here with them *rather* a long time."

"It's very singular," said Santa Claus; "Toys don't get tired of being played with, as a rule. I must inquire into this." And he went towards the spot where Clementina was lying. "Come, come, your Majesty," he said, "this won't do. Why are you neglecting my young friends here, instead of making them feel at home in your dominion?"

Clementina raised herself slowly to a kneeling position: "Because I can't, Santa Claus," she replied, dejectedly; "I've found out that I'm not a real Majesty—only a Doll—and all my people are only Dolls and Toys, too."

"Indeed," said Santa Claus. "And how did you find out *that?*"

"Well, it was Buffidella and Chipsi—oh, I forgot, I mustn't be so familiar with them—they don't like it; but *they* told us what we were."

"But there's nothing to be ashamed of in that. It's just the reason why I wanted you to play with them."

"If you please," said Clementina, humbly, "we'd so much rather not play any more. We're too stupid to do things properly, and we haven't houses and food and shops or anything like they ought to be, so it's really no *use* going on. We can't even pretend to one another any longer, and your clever friends will only look down on us all the more. Please, *please* take them away and leave us in peace!" And she fell forward again and said no more.

"Come with me," said Santa Claus to Irene and Torquil, and they gladly obeyed.

"You don't seem to have made yourselves very agreeable, do you?" he remarked, when they were some distance away. "Wouldn't

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it have been better manners not to let them suspect that they were any different from yourselves?"

"We didn't at first," said Irene. "But they really were too silly. They can't play sensibly!"

"And they think they know everything!" said Torquil. "They *will* try to go by train, and keep shops, and have an army and navy, and all that, without an *idea* how it's done! And who ever heard of a real kingdom that hasn't got a single policeman in it?"

"It *was* silly to forget to have a policeman, certainly," admitted Santa Claus, "but perhaps if you had played with them regularly, and not left them to puzzle everything out for themselves, they would have been wiser."

"Perhaps," agreed Torquil. "But nothing could make a toy railway and farm and shop *really* real, you know!"

"A little imagination could, easily," said Santa Claus.

"Ah, I suppose we haven't got any," said Torquil. "And they would keep going on as if everything was so wonderful, and expecting us to admire them. So, of course, we had to tell them at last."

"I see, I see," said Santa Claus. "It was *my* mistake. The Toys were too childish, not grown up or clever enough to be any companions for two such advanced children as you are."

"They certainly were *rather* babyish," said Irene. "Still, it doesn't matter *now*—we didn't mind it so very much."

"When I sent you in here," said Santa Claus, "I wanted you to learn to appreciate your toys, and have a kindly feeling for them, instead of considering them beneath you."

"I know," said Torquil; "but, you see, we can't at *our* time of life. Mayn't we go back to the schoolroom now? I'm sure it must be tea-time."

"Shut your eyes tight till I tell you," commanded Santa Claus. . . . "Now open them," he said, after a pause.

They had felt so sure of finding themselves back on their chairs again that the shock was all the greater when they opened their eyes to discover that they were not in a room at all—but in the open air, under a low sky that stretched above like a grey veil. They were standing on a sort of heath, with sandy paths winding among clumps of brown bushes all about the same size and growing at regular intervals, so that at a distance they formed a kind of pattern. In front was a high ridge over which they could see nothing.

"On the other side of that ridge," said Santa Claus, who was still at their side, "you will find Toys which even *you* will admit are not too childish for you, and I can assure you that all their surroundings are much more like the real thing."

"Thank you very much," said Irene, politely, "but—but we really ought to be getting home."

"I don't think," added Torquil, "that it's any good going on. Nothing will ever make us care for Toys."

"That's unfortunate," replied Santa Claus, drily, "because I'm afraid you will have to stay here till you have learnt to care for them. And if you'll take my advice, you will be as civil as you can."

When they looked round he was gone, and they could only hear the tinkle of his bells in the distance.

"It's a horrid bore!" said Torquil. "Still, there's no getting out of it now—we'd better go up to the top and see what it's like on the other side."

The view from the top was unexpectedly charming. At the foot of the slope was a tiny town of what looked like real houses; in the centre was a square, where a market seemed to be going on; there was a farm, with real ricks and haystacks, and white and brown cows grazing in green meadows, beyond they could see the gleam of railway lines, which were not laid in a circle, like a toy-shop railway, but stretched away to a vanishing point, as rails ought to do. And on one side there was the sea, shining and heaving, and a ship of some sort was lying at anchor in the harbour—they could just see the tops of her masts above the house-roofs.

And yet, somehow, they felt certain that the town must be inhabited by Toys of some kind. It was so spick and span and brightly coloured—not to mention that the fields, and even the sea, had the same faint trace of a pattern over them, as if it was not so very long since they had been an ordinary drugget and carpet. However, the general effect was real enough to satisfy even Torquil and Irene.

"It isn't half bad *now*!" declared Torquil, with enthusiasm. "I shouldn't wonder if we found the Toys here quite sensible and easy to get on with. I vote we go down into the town and talk to them."

"We'd better not tell them they're Toys *this* time," said Irene. "Let's pretend they're just the same as ourselves—then we *can't* hurt their feelings if they're touchy about it."

"All right," said Torquil, and they were about to descend when a sharp voice rang out:—

"Halt! who goes there?" and, on looking round, they saw a striped sentry-box, which they had not noticed before, on their right, and a sentinel with a rifle and glittering bayonet standing in front of it. He was very much more soldierly-looking than the wooden sentry; he had feet—rather large ones, too—on which he walked, instead of an absurd wooden stand; his hat was not smooth and shiny, but furry, like a real Guardsman's, and his face, though not handsome, was distinctly intelligent. "Who goes there?" he said again.

"Only us," answered Torquil. "I mean—Friends!"

"Advance one," said the Sentry, "and give the countersign!"

"You see," said Torquil to Irene, as they went towards him, "*he* knows how to challenge *properly!*"

"I said advance *one* of you—not two," said the Sentry, sternly. "Now then—the countersign?"

"Shall we say 'Coffee-pot'?" suggested Torquil, for he couldn't think of any other at the moment.

"You ought to know better than to give me a silly answer like that!" said the Sentry. "A countersign ain't a *conundrum*, you know. If you don't know it you ain't likely to guess it!"

"I'm afraid," said Torquil, "we *don't* know it, quite. But you must let us pass, because we want to go to that town down there."

"If you attempt to pass without giving the countersign," he said, "I shall have to fire on you, that's all."

"Don't mind what he says, Irene," said Torquil; "he can't shoot with that gun!"

"Can't I?" said the Sentry. "What do you *suppose* I do with it—fish?"

"I know it won't *fire*, anyhow," said Torquil; "and we're going on."

The Sentry drew and shut the bolt of his rifle with a click. "We'll see about that," he said. "You've been and sauced me, you have—and it's my dooty to shoot you on the spot."

"But you wouldn't do that," said Torquil, "even if you could. We're not *spies*."

"How do *I* know what you are? It's no good me being Sentry here if I go and let suspicious parties through. But I'll give you the benefit of the doubt. You set off running to the town and I won't start firing till I've counted fifty, slow. If I don't bowl you over before you reach that Butcher's shop you'll have the laugh of me!"

"But we don't *want* to laugh at you," protested Irene. "We never *thought* of it!"

"You can think of it going along," said the Sentry, raising his rifle to his shoulder. "Off you go. I shall now commence counting . . . One! . . ."

He seemed perfectly good-humoured about it, and Torquil could hardly believe, even now, that he was really in earnest. Still, he thought it better to go, and, seizing Irene's hand, he ran with her down the hill at the top of his speed. "Fifteen!" he heard the sentry call out after them. "Come, you can run faster than *that* if you like!" But the ground was very rough, and here and there they had to go carefully for fear of tripping.

"Thirty!" roared the Sentry. "Don't you *dawdle* now!"—which they certainly had no inclination to do.

"I fancy he's only in fun!" panted Torquil, as the Sentry counted forty. "Still, if we can only get to the Butcher's and hide behind the counter before he begins, we shall be all right!"

"It's no use," gasped Irene, "I—can't—run—any more. You must go on alone!"

"He's got to forty-five!" Torquil groaned. "Come on! You *can't* be blown already!"

"But I *am!*" said poor Irene, and fell—just as they were a few paces from the Butcher's shop.

Of course, Torquil couldn't desert her, so he threw himself down by her side, and the next moment they heard the Sentry shout "Fifty!"

One thing was quite certain—his rifle would really go off; it made a louder bang than any toy-gun that you fire with caps. But either he was a very bad shot, or else he only meant to give them a fright, for he never actually hit either of them.

Still, they were afraid to get up for fear he might begin shooting again, and as they lay there they saw the Butcher peeping at them from between his joints.

"Well," said the Butcher, "I never see anyone look so silly as you two, laying there like that. Why don't you get up?"

"Because if we do that Sentry on the hill will shoot us," said Torquil.

The Butcher laughed long and loud. "Not *him*," he said; "he's done all *his* shooting for the day. Why, he's standing on his head now, laughing fit to split himself."

And when Torquil ventured to look back he saw that the Butcher spoke nothing but the truth. The Sentry was not only standing on

"HE'S STANDING ON HIS HEAD NOW, LAUGHING FIT TO SPLIT HIMSELF."

his head, but clapping his great feet together with triumphant glee.

"He did give you a scare and no mistake," said the Butcher, chuckling. "Lor', to see you two scuttling down that hill! He *is* a funny chap, ain't he? *Full* o' yumour!"

"I don't see any fun in it," said Torquil, as he got up, feeling still rather queer and shaky. "And I'm sure no soldier in *our* army would have done such a thing!"

"Then the soldiers in *your* army—whatever that may be—don't know much about the dooties of a Sentry, that's all!" retorted the Butcher; and just then a strange-looking person came stalking up.

He wore a large black metal helmet and a uniform of dark-blue cloth, with a cape, and Irene was inclined to think he might be one of the clockwork Policemen which (although she had none among her toys) she had seen in toy-shop windows. There was a decidedly foreign look about him, and when he spoke it was with a French accent, like the artist's.

"What has 'appened?" he demanded, sternly, "zat I hear rifle shoots?" And he produced a large note-book.

"Why, mossoo," explained the Butcher, respectfully, "it's these two. Tried to slip past the Sentry up there with a bogus counter-sign, and, o' course, he opened fire on 'em; and the selfish young varmints," he added, in a tone of deep injury, "must needs run straight for my shop! It's a mercy I didn't get a bullet in some o' my beef or mutton!"

"He'd no business to fire at us, really," said Torquil. "Why, he might have shot us dead!"

"He 'ave orders," said the Official, "to keep out all intruders."

"But we're *not* intruders," said Irene; "we're friends of the Queen."

"And yet you know not ze vord of order, ze countersign!" said the man in the helmet, making a note in his big black book. "And you run avay and endanger ze beef and mutton of zis gentilman! All zat has to me ze air suspect. 'Owever, for ze present I do nossing. You may go—but, remember, I keep on you ze eye of a lynx. And if I attrap you in ze least little crime, I give no nottice—I pounce!"

Irene and Torquil went on, considerably alarmed by this warning.

"They have a Policeman *here* at all events. Still, he needn't have been so ready to suspect we were going to do something wrong!" said Irene, who was hurt and indignant as well as frightened. "And I *didn't* think he would have taken the Sentry's part."

"After all," said Torquil, "the Sentry was only playing the game properly. He isn't a noodle, like that wooden chap!"

"I don't think I like Sentries to be *quite* so full of humour, though, or so particular about obeying orders," said Irene, doubtfully.

"Well, at any rate, we've found out *now* that these Toys are clever enough to make companions of," said Torquil. "And I expect we shall get along all right with them—when they get to know us."

"I *hope* so!" said Irene, despondently, for she could not help thinking that they had not made a very good beginning.

CHAPTER VIII.

FINDING THEIR LEVEL.

THEY walked on into the market-place, which was crowded with Toys—all of them able to move about with just as much freedom as Torquil and Irene. In fact, but for a certain hardness in their faces and a glassiness in their eyes, you would scarcely have known that they were Toys at all. They

had altered so much that Irene could identify very few as having belonged to the nursery, and even then it was more because of their occupations than anything else. And most of them, she was quite certain, she had never met before, and some looked so disagreeable that she would rather not have met them at all. She noticed that everybody they met was grown up; but this, she discovered later, was only because all the children were at school. She and Torquil admired the shops, which had real plate-glass windows, and things for sale in them, which seemed almost exactly like the goods in ordinary shop-windows. And there were several private houses now, all very neat, and looking as if they were inhabited by dolls of the very highest respectability and position. As for Irene's old doll's-house, which stood at the top of the square, she only recognised it by the colour—it had grown into so large and stately a mansion. "Clementina said we might live there," she said; "let's go in—we ought to be able to get some *real* tea there *now*."

"Let's get some cakes and fruit first," said Torquil, stopping before a highly attractive-looking stall. "How do you sell your cakes?" he asked a girl with cheeks like a love-apple and sharp, beady eyes.

"Same way that other people sell *their* cakes!" replied the girl, pertly; "how are you going to *buy* them?—that's the point."

"You needn't be afraid," said Irene; "we can pay for them. I've a whole necklace of blue beads in my pocket." It was one which had come off a cracker at their Christmas dinner, and it was lucky, she thought, that she had kept it, for it wasn't good enough to wear.

"We don't take blue beads at *this* establishment," said the girl, with an unpleasant smile. "If you can't pay money now I'll put it down to your account if you give me your address."

"Oh, we're staying in that big red house over there for the present," said Irene, and was surprised at the instant change in the girl's manner.

"Oh, at the *Palace!*" she said. "In *that* case we shall be proud to send over anything you condescend to order at once."

"I'm afraid we mustn't run into debt—even for tarts," said Irene, regretfully; but the girl entreated that they would not trouble themselves about payment. Till this the Toys had not taken much notice of them, beyond occasional and rather contemptuous glances, but the news that they were staying with Royalty seemed to spread about at once, and it was astonishing how civil everybody became.

"'WE DON'T TAKE BLUE BEADS AT THIS ESTABLISHMENT,' SAID THE GIRL."

The Grocer—a very different person now, sleek, stout, and important, with a fringe of real red hair under his double chin—came out of his flourishing-looking stores rubbing his hands, and requesting to be favoured with their patronage. And a person who looked as if he had to do with horses touched his hat-brim and begged them, if they had an opportunity, to mention to Her Majesty that he had a magnificent State

carriage which he wished to offer for her inspection; he added that he had a pony that was the very thing for Torquil.

Then a gentleman in a brown velvet coat and flowing necktie lounged up and introduced himself as a Painter—from Paris. He had almost given up portrait painting, he said; it was impossible, though he offered large sums, to find anyone here worthy of his art. But he had never beheld two such ravishing types of beauty as Irene and Torquil, and it would afford him felicity unspeakable to have the honour of transferring their features to his canvas.

Irene really was a pretty child, though she did not think too much about her looks, and Torquil, who never thought about his at all, was certainly not a plain boy. But they were both rather embarrassed, though not exactly displeased, by the artist's high-flown flattery. They said they would come and have their portraits painted after tea; for he was a very different sort of person from the clockwork artist, and they felt sure that *he* would not make them like Mr. Punch.

Quite a crowd accompanied them to the Palace door and looked on while they went up the steps and rang the visitors' bell. A couple of very magnificent footmen in scarlet liveries opened the door to them, and they could see a grand hall and staircase within which looked like marble.

"I believe," said Irene, suddenly feeling extremely shy, "this is where we are living."

"*I* believe it isn't," said the First Footman, loftily, "considering it's the present residence of Her Majesty the Queen."

"We know that," said Torquil, "but she lent it to us, as she likes the drawer best."

"KEEP AN EYE ON THE ROYAL UMBRELLA-STAND."

"Does she, indeed?" said the First Footman. "It's the first *we've* heard of it, and just now Her Majesty is in the throne-room."

"I'm sure she would see us," said Irene, "if you would kindly tell her we're here."

"I can take up your cards—if you think it's worth while," said the Footman, languidly.

"We haven't any cards, but will you say it's—it's Buffidella and Chipsitop?"

"Miss Buffidella and Mr. Chipsitop," repeated the First Footman, with infinite contempt. "I will let Her Majesty know . . . You stay down here," he added to the Second Footman, in a very audible undertone, "and keep an eye on the Royal umbrella-stand."

"I don't think much of those names of yours," remarked the Second Footman, after the other had gone; "sound silly to *me*."

"Well," said Torquil, "it was the Queen who gave them to us, anyhow."

"Did she, though?" said the Second Footman. "I should have credited her with more sense."

And he hummed in rather a disrespectful manner till the First Footman returned.

"What did the Queen say when you told her?" both the children asked.

"Her Majesty," drawled the First Footman, "is not at home."

"Then tell her," said Irene, in her most dignified tone, "that we are very sorry to have troubled her. But where *are* we to go?" she asked; "we must find *some* place to live in, you know."

"There are furnished apartments to be had, I believe," said the First Footman, "or there's the Workhouse. You must please yourselves. You won't get lodgings *here*." And he slammed the door on them.

"I didn't think Clementina would be so unkind," cried Irene, as they turned away, "after all the fuss she made about us!"

"I expect she's ashamed of giving us those names," suggested Torquil. "She sees now how silly they were—or else she's offended with us, and we must wait till she comes round."

"I wish all these things wouldn't stare so," said Irene. "There's a house over there with 'Apartments' in the window—let's go and take them, Torquil."

"I'm not sure I know how," he said; "do you?"

"Oh, I've seen mother do it. You just look round, you know, and say the rooms *seem* clean, and ask if all the beds have spring mattresses, and then you say you dare say it will do very well—and you've taken them."

It was only a small three-story house, painted to look like yellow brick, but it seemed snug and comfortable. So they crossed the square and knocked at the door, which was opened by the Landlady herself in a print gown and cap. She was wonderfully like the kind of old person who lets seaside lodgings, and no one would have believed she had ever come out of a toy-shop.

"Are your apartments still to let," inquired Irene, "and can we see them, please?"

"They're to let," said the Landlady, "but I never show them to parties till after they've taken them. It's the rule of the house."

"But we can't tell whether we shall like them unless we see them first," said Irene.

"It's a matter of perfect indifference to me," replied the woman, "whether you like them or not."

Irene wavered. She could see the passage and stairs, and they looked beautifully neat. "How much is the rent?" she asked, with a faint hope that it might be something moderate—in beads.

"There isn't any rent," said the Landlady, closing her mouth with a snap.

"I really think we'd better take these lodgings, Torquil," whispered Irene; "we sha'n't get any *much* cheaper."

"When you've done making up what minds you've got," said the Landlady, "perhaps you'll let me know. There's another party I'd almost settled to let the rooms to—a Mr. Golliwogg, a dark gentleman. I don't know that I particularly care to let to children like you."

This decided them. "We'll take the rooms if you'll let us have them," said Torquil, "for a week at *least*." For he was beginning to see that they might have to spend a good part of their Christmas holidays in this place—he had not come across a Toy he could really be friends with yet.

"Done!" said the Landlady, and led the way upstairs to the first floor. To their great relief the sitting-room—considering it was only a doll's lodging-house—turned out to be delightfully cosy and nicely furnished.

They tried all the chairs and the sofa; they warmed their hands at the fireplace, where the glow, whether it was red tinsel or not, gave out real heat; they looked out of the windows, which afforded a cheerful view of the bustling market-square; and, in short, made themselves thoroughly at home.

"It's perfectly lovely! I wonder you can afford to let such rooms for nothing a week," cried Irene, somewhat injudiciously.

"I couldn't," said the Landlady; "but, of course"—and here she gave a little landladylike cough behind her hand, "I'm obliged to make a trifling charge for wear and tear—that's another rule of the house."

"I'm sure *that's* fair enough," said Irene, with a comfortable sense that Torquil and she were not destructive children. "We ought to have beads enough to pay for any damage we do."

"Beads, indeed! They're no good here. But my charges are very reasonable," said the woman; "twopence every stair you go up, a penny every one you go down; threepence each time you sit down, sixpence when you get up."

"But how are we to remember how often we do all that?" exclaimed Irene.

"The furniture registers it for you," she said. "Then there's heat from fire, a halfpenny a minute. Looking out of window, a penny a pane for each glance. Air, light, *and* flies," she said, virtuously, "I make *no* charge for. Up to the present you owe me—let me see"—and here she did the sum in her head—"exactly seven and fivepence apiece."

"Oh, Torquil!" cried Irene, as they both sprang up from the sofa in dismay; "we shall never be able to afford to stay here!"

"Those are the rules of the house," said the Landlady, composedly; "if they don't suit you, pay your bill and go. It's seven and elevenpence each now, as you both jumped up, and another halfpenny each for heat, and there'll be the stairs going down as well—call it nine and sixpence."

"But we've no money with us!" said Irene, "only beads, and it's more than we've got in both our money-boxes, and *they're* at home."

"THEY BOTH SPRANG UP FROM THE SOFA IN DISMAY."

"No money! and you have the impidence to come in here, wearing and tearing my furniture and windows, and trying to put me off with beads!" cried the Landlady. "Be off with you this minute!"

"But what are we to do?" Irene asked, as the woman saw them downstairs and opened the door. "How are we to get money to pay for things?"

"Earn it," said the Landlady; "you're old enough to work for your living, if you know how. *I* can't afford to keep you for nothing."

She stood on her doorstep abusing them for some time, and when they were out of hearing they could see her relating her wrongs to the official in the helmet, who seemed to be noting it all down.

"It's just as well," said Torquil, "we didn't stay in those lodgings. I didn't know a doll could be so beastly disagreeable."

"They seem so different now," sighed Irene, "but I *did* like that room. And as they won't *look* at beads here we must try and earn some money somehow. I wonder if that Painter man would engage us to sit for our portraits—he wanted badly to do them before, and he said something about offering large sums." So, as they were just passing a door with "studio" painted on it and thought that was probably where he lived, they knocked and went in.

The Painter was there, seated in front of an easel on which was an empty canvas. "Aha!" he said, cordially, "you arrive to sit! At the good hour! I am enchanted to paint two heads so sympathetic. Did I inform you of my terms? Fifty guineas to commence, and ten every day till I finish. When I finish, I tell you. Not much, eh?"

"It's quite enough for *us*," said Torquil. "But would you give us the money *now*, please—because we want it, rather badly."

"There is a little mistake," said the Painter. "Me, I do not pay. It is you—or the Queen," he added; "she will pay to possess the portraits of her leetle frens, is it not so?"

"I'm afraid she won't," said Irene. "She wouldn't even see us when we called. And we've got no money. That's why we want to earn some. You said you would pay anything, if you could only find people who are worth painting."

The Painter made a circle of his thumb and forefinger, through which he inspected them. "I find," he said, "you have not the heads to inspire me. You have features, yes—but features of dolls. For me, I do not paint dolls. They leave me cold. Very much obliged—but, you see, I am occupied."

"What a *pig!*" said Irene, as soon as they were outside again. "How *dare* he say we were like dolls! I don't believe he can paint at all—not even 'Punch'!"

"He's changed his mind about painting *us*, anyhow," said Torquil; "so we can't earn any money *that* way. I wish I knew how we could!"

"*I* know what we'll do," said Irene,

suddenly; "we'll go on the stage! You know everybody said how well we acted in 'The Rose and the Ring.' And we *must* be able to do it better than the cleverest Toys. Look, it says 'Theatre Royal' on that building there—and there's somebody who looks as if he belonged to it, leaning against the wall outside. Let's go and see if they won't engage us. Wouldn't it be splendid if we made a great success? These Toys would begin to think something of us *then!*"

Torquil thought he would rather like it, so they went up to the odd-looking person with the theatrical appearance. He wore a heavy overcoat trimmed with black lamb's wool, which concealed most of his figure, but they had a suspicion that he was cardboard underneath, and his crimson-lake hat, like an inverted flower-pot, his chrome-yellow tights, and his ultramarine boots singularly resembled those of Grindoff (Plate 1, figure 1) in the drama they had never found the patience to perform on their toy stage.

"Could we speak to the Manager, if you please?" said Irene.

"I 'arm he, me che-ild!" said the figure, rolling his cardboard eyes under his heavily-painted eyebrows, and pointing at nothing in particular. "What would ye with me? Speak!"

So Irene explained.

"Have ye been trained for the profession?" he inquired. "Can ye slide on to the stage without falling out of the tin clip, or turning your plain side to the audience?"

"We can walk on without a slide," said Torquil, "and we haven't *got* a plain side."

"Amateurs, as I suspected," said the Manager. "Yet ye may not lack talent, and I would fain help ye to success. Hark ye, this night I make my appearance in my celebrated impersonation of Grindoff in 'The Miller and His Men.' I will engage ye to go on in the crowd, and, in time to come, perchance ye may hope to soar to speaking parts, for, if I mistake not, I read genius in your speaking countenances."

"Thank you *very* much," said Irene, for it seemed an opening, and she and Torquil could learn the longest parts quite easily. "And what shall we have to do?"

"All ye have to do in return for the opportunity I offer ye is to purchase six dress circles, which ye can easily dispose of amongst your friends. If ye have not thirty shillings about ye I can get ye change."

Once more they had to confess that they had no money about them.

"Then I cannot encourage ye to adopt so arduous a career," said the Manager, "for now I behold ye more plainly, I perceive that ye have not been cut out for it. Far-well! me dearrs—may Heaven bless ye!"

"He might have given us a trial to see if we really could act," said Irene. "I don't know how it is, but all *these* Toys seem trying to get money out of us—the *others* didn't."

"These are so much cleverer, you see," said Torquil. "I say, Irene, do you see this?" and he pointed to a notice outside what was apparently a school-house—'Assistant master and mistress wanted. To teach arithmetic and geography. Liberal salaries.'"

"We might try for it," said Irene. "We're both rather good at geography, and you know arithmetic."

"Up to rule of three, I do," said Torquil.

"That's quite far enough for *Toy* school-children, I'm sure. Let's go in." And accordingly they marched into the school, between rows of desks, at which little scholars in pink, and blue, and grey, and green were seated. "They look fearfully intelligent!" thought Irene, "but they'll be all the easier to teach."

A dry little Schoolmaster in black, with a skull-cap and a cane, was standing by a blackboard at the upper end. "Have I the pleasure of seeing two new pupils?" he inquired, politely enough; but it made it all the more awkward to explain why they had come, and the scholars giggled.

"Silence!" said the Schoolmaster. "Judge no one by appearances! So," he said to Torquil, "you represent yourself as proficient in simple multiplication and division?"

"Oh, I can do *them*," said Torquil, recovering confidence. "And compound, too."

"Oblige me by multiplying A B C by D E F and dividing by G H I," said the Schoolmaster.

"That's Algebra, or Euclid," said Torquil. "I haven't begun either of *them*, yet."

"My most backward scholar," observed the Schoolmaster, blandly, "could do that simple sum in her head, or *on* her head. I fear you are hardly up to our standard, sir. Let us hope your sister is better acquainted with elementary geography. Kindly draw on this board," he said to Irene, "an outline map of Noarcadia, indicating the principal towns, lakes, and rivers."

Irene coloured painfully. "It isn't in *my* geography book," she explained.

"Your education appears to have been sadly neglected," replied the Schoolmaster. "It is usual to have learnt a little before undertaking to teach. I almost think some situation as nursery governess, where the

"'YOUR EDUCATION APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN SADLY NEGLECTED,' REPLIED THE SCHOOLMASTER.'

children are very young indeed, would be more in *your* line. But I am very much indebted to you both for offering your valuable assistance." And he showed them out with elaborate politeness, amidst the unaffected sniggers of his scholars.

"Well," said Torquil, as soon as they were outside, "some of the masters at school are *rather* beasts—but they're nothing to *him!* As if we didn't know any more than a lot of plaster school-kids!"

"We didn't even know so much!" said Irene, sadly.

"We do, *really*. He was only trying to score off us."

"All of them do *now*," said Irene. "The other Toys seemed to think such a lot of us."

"It didn't matter what *they* thought—they were such idiots. Now *these*—I should like to show them that we have some sense and can do things quite as well as they can."

"Yes; and win them over gradually, like they do in stories, you know!" said Irene, eagerly.

"Only I don't see how we're going to *do* it, unless they'll give us the chance. Look at that stout gentleman talking to the Shepherdess there. Doesn't he remind you just a little of Mr. Farmer?"

"Only the brown coat and blue breeches," said Torquil, but as they came nearer they heard him say to the Shepherdess: "Those vages is all my vife gifs—zey is nod enoff for you, no?"

"It *is* Mr. Farmer!" cried Irene, as the Shepherdess shook her head very decidedly.

"It is a bity," said Mr. Farmer; "you vas shoost ze glefer liddle curl my vife vant for tairymaid. But you vant too much moneys. Goot morning."

"Oh, Mr. Farmer!" pleaded Irene, when the Shepherdess had gone; "do try *me!* I really don't mind *what* the wages are!"

"Then I think you suit very vell," said Mr. Farmer, looking at Irene with his pale-blue goggle eyes. "You see my farm avay out there? You com there bresently and seddle madders mit my vife," and he tramped away.

"I don't like your having to work on a farm," said Torquil; "but I suppose we mustn't be too particular, and anyhow *you're* provided for all right now. I wish *I* could find something to do!"

They had reached the harbour by this time, and there, lying at anchor, was a large battleship painted grey, with yellow funnels, and masts, and crows' nests.

"*I* know what I'll do!" he exclaimed, suddenly. "I'll go into the Navy!"

(To be continued.)

Curiosities.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

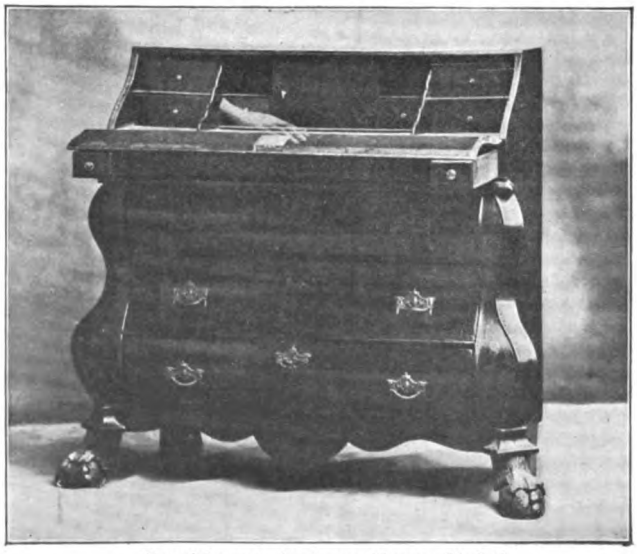
CURIOUS WHALEBONE CHAIR.

"An odd piece of furniture adorns the veranda of a seaside cottage at San Pedro, California. It is made entirely of whalebone, portions of the vertebræ, ribs, and head being used, and is a most

comfortable as well as an ornamental arm-chair. The bones were tossed up by the waves, and the ingenious finder put them together in this clever fashion, producing a piece of furniture the singularity of which would be difficult to surpass."—Miss Helen Lukens Jones, Pasadena, Cal.

WAS IT A GHOST?

"I send you a photograph of a 'mysterious hand.' The bureau depicted was sent to my studios to be photographed for a trade furniture dealer, when two negatives were taken—one with the bureau closed (in this no hand showed), and then the one here reproduced. Being late in the day, the plate had thirteen minutes' exposure, and I can vouch that no one went near the bureau during this period, nor was there a mirror or any reflector in the studio. The bureau itself was not highly polished, and though I looked through the camera afterwards I am unable in any way to account for the presence of the armless hand. It is no 'trick' photograph, but to myself, who have exposed and developed thousands of plates, an unsolved mystery. The negative, I may add, is open to anyone's inspection."—Mr. Montague Cooper, photographer, Taunton.



A NOVEL SHOWER-BATH.

"My photograph represents a novel shower-bath which some friends and myself made use of when we were out camping. It is a small but steep weir which carries off the overflow from above a water-mill. Though somewhat heavy for a 'shower' it was very enjoyable—a fact clearly demonstrated by the expression on the face of one of the bathers."—Mr. E. C. Hardwicke, Bury St. Edmunds.

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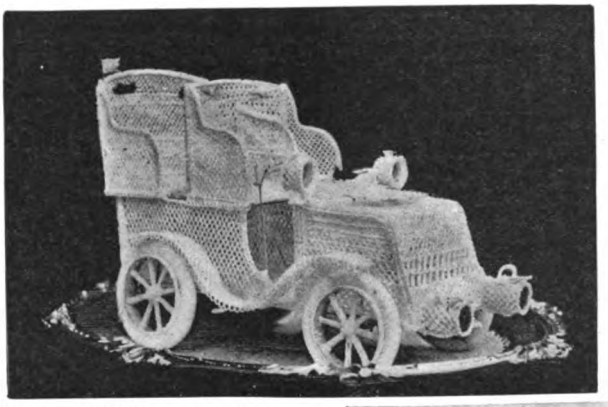
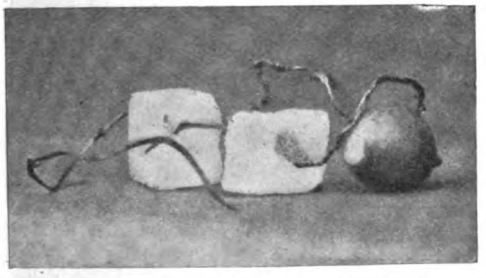
A MOTOR-CAR MADE OF SUGAR.



"The *chef* at one of our country houses has made a motor-car entirely of sugar. This is a photograph of it, which the *chef* assures me only took him a week to make, *i.e.*, at odd times. It measures fourteen inches long, stands ten inches high, is six and a half inches wide, and weighs half a pound only."—Mr. Henry Wright, Madehurst, Arundel.

A SUGAR-FED POTATO.

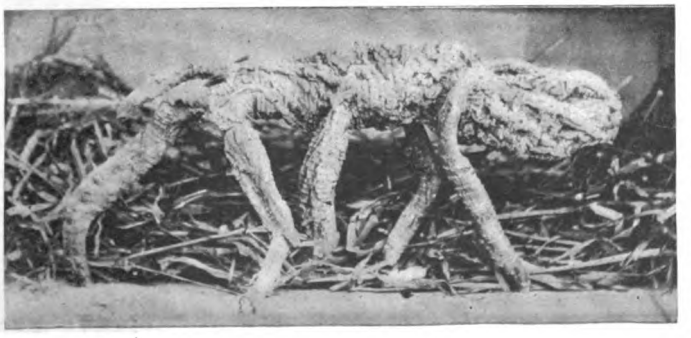
"This curiosity was discovered on opening a hundred-weight case of lump sugar. By some means or other a small potato found its way amongst the sugar when the case was packed, and in due course sprouted a long, stringy root, which worked its way through and apparently fed upon the two lumps shown



in the photograph. The hole in the piece of sugar nearest the potato is nearly half the size of the sugar itself. The small white patch on the potato is where another commenced to grow, but this was broken off accidentally."—Mr. H. Lynn, Kibworth, near Leicester.

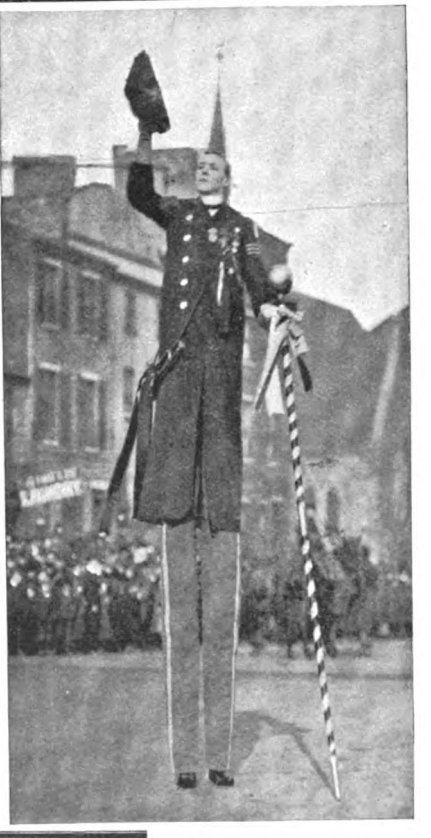
NOT A PETRIFIED MONSTER.

"I send you the photograph of a bryonia root, a common creeping plant that grows in hedges. It was dug up in a nurseryman's ground at Finchley by one of the gardeners. It is all in one piece and resembles a petrified animal, measuring fifteen inches long by seven inches high."—Mr. A. L. Weeden, 2, Queen's Head Place, Church End, Finchley, N.

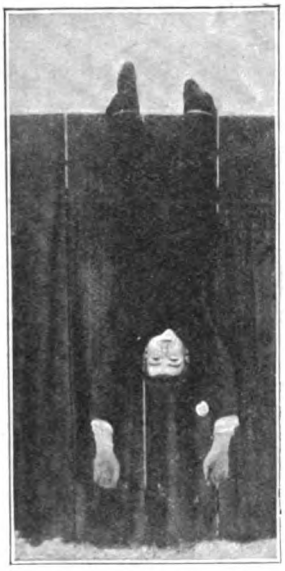


THE TALLEST ADMIRAL IN THE WORLD.

"In Philadelphia, on January 1st, we have a 'mummers' parade,' when several thousand people in fantastic costumes march along our main thoroughfare. This year the parade was led by a young man who took the character of an admiral. He won a prize of fifty dollars for his



novel conceit. He stood on stilts, twenty-five feet from the ground, and walked the entire length of the parade, a distance of ten miles—truly an imposing leader. I did not notice until the plate was developed that, in doffing his cap, the admiral presented the appearance of having donned a church spire, adding still more dignity to his stature."—Mr. W. N. Jennings, 1,305, Arch Street, Philadelphia.

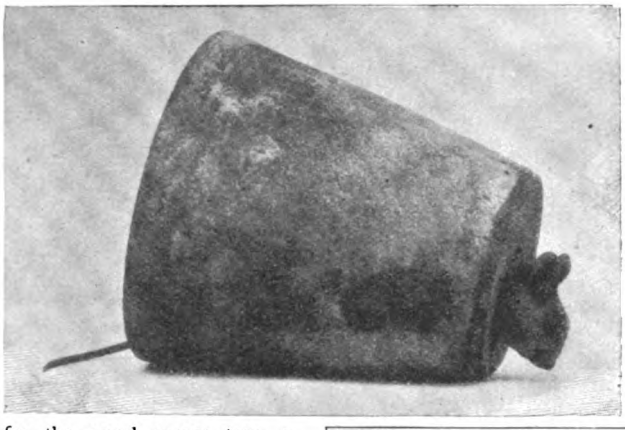


AN UNCOMFORTABLE ATTITUDE.

"This is a photo. of myself hanging from a wooden fence by my knees. This picture if it is looked at head downwards gives a very peculiar effect, but if it is turned upside down it is still more peculiar. I appear to be falling into space. Also when it is looked at head down my face has a solemn aspect, but if turned upside down it has a comical grin."—Mr. S. F. Hayes, Toronto.

UNIQUE MOUSE-TRAP.

"The chief recommendation for the novel mouse-trap, a picture of which I send you, is its cheapness. The capture occurred in the following manner: A number of small, empty flower-pots, resting one inside the other, were lying on the floor of a shed. A mouse was observed in the act of bolting. It succeeded in getting its head through the small hole at the bottom of one pot, but did not succeed in withdrawing it; hence its capture."—Mr. C. Skelton Tyler, The Studio, High Street, Earl's Colne, Essex.



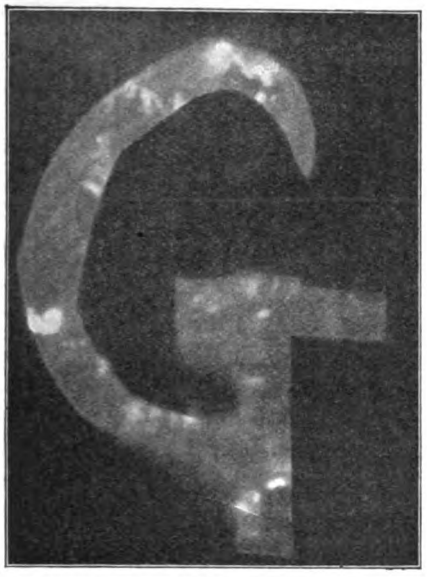
THIS SEAL PLAYS THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

"This gold seal is probably about a hundred years old, as it belonged to an old lady of eighty, who can remember it all her life, and it was her father's before her. It stands about an inch and a quarter high, and is similar in appearance and size to those worn by our grandfathers on their fob-chains. The base contains a minute musical-box, wound by turning the ring at the top—it then plays our National Anthem,

every note of which is perfect. The spring is a good one, as when wound it will play continuously for some minutes. The seal is probably of French manufacture, and must be almost unique."—Mr. H. Nevill, 15, Sheet Street, Windsor.

NESTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

"The nest shown in my photograph is that of a king-bird, and it is built in the gearing of a mower. The mower was a new McCormick and had just been unloaded from the cars. It was standing beside the road so that anyone in a buggy could see the nest, and at the time the photo. was taken there were three eggs in it, two of which can be seen. Although continually disturbed by people going to see it, the bird did not leave the nest till the mower was sold and moved away. The mower was within a few yards of the road, the railway, and a general store, and the nest was built chiefly of pieces of store string, which is the white material seen in the photo."—Dr. H. G. yblett, Kenlis P.O., Assa., N.W.T., Canada.



THE LIGHTING POWER OF A GLOW-WORM.

"The letter shown in this photograph was made by the light of a glow-worm, and the result shows that this light is 'actinic'—that is, it affects the photographic plate in the same way as daylight. The glow-worm was simply placed on the plate, the letter having been cut out of a piece of paper, which was laid above the plate so that the light could only affect the plate where it was unprotected by the paper mask. The experiment was carried out in a non-actinic light, and the course of the worm was directed over the plate by gently guiding it with a small piece of wood. It is particularly noticeable that where the glow-worm stopped for a moment in its course the light is shown to have been strongest, for instance, on the left-hand side, and at two points at the top of the G. The spot on the left was marked by the photographer at the time of the experiment, before the plate was developed, as the place where the worm remained for the longest time stationary. The time occupied in the exposure of the plate was about three minutes."—Mr. R. A. R. Bennett, M.A., Walton Manor Lodge, Oxford.

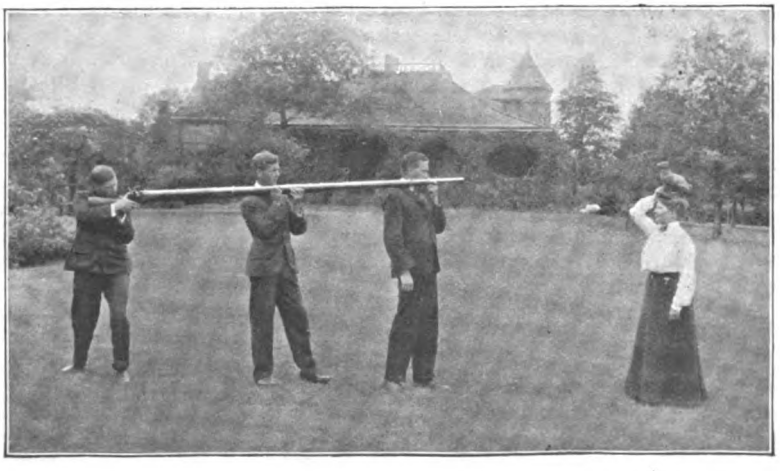
A TWO-MAN GUN.

"The two-man gun shown here was captured during the late war in China. It is nine feet four inches long, weighs forty-four pounds, and has a thirteen-sixteenths of an inch bore."—Mr. W. C. Egan, Egandale, Highland Park, Ill.

THE LARGEST WATCH IN THE WORLD.

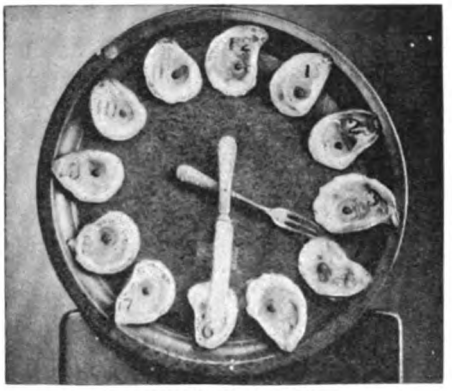
"What is really the largest watch ever constructed was recently completed at Waltham, Mass. It was made in order to show the shape and size of the most delicate parts which in the ordinary timepiece can scarcely be seen with the naked eye. It is a facsimile of an ordinary watch, except that the face or dial has been removed in order to display the mechanism. An idea of its size can be gained by

contrasting it with an ordinary silver watch which is seen on the pedestal at the left of the photograph. The watch is nearly twenty times the size of its companion, and weighs not less than one hundred and twenty pounds. To protect the works from air and dust, a glass case has been manufactured especially for this giant timekeeper which is nearly two feet in height."—From a photo. by W. A. Webster. Sent by Mr. D. Allen Willey, Baltimore.



AN EXTRAORDINARY CREATURE.

"This queer-looking animal is made mostly of wood. His body, head, and nose are formed by a log, shaped thus by Nature. His legs and tail are separate pieces, also shaped by Nature, nailed to his body. His ears are pieces of canvas, his collar a strip of birch-bark, while a piece of canvas serves as a blanket. The photograph was taken near one of the Rangeley Lake Hotels, Maine."—Mr. Arthur N. Cowperthwait, 154, West 86th Street, New York City.



AN OYSTER CLOCK.

"I send you a photo. which I think may cause some conjecture among your readers. It is not an appetizing dish of oysters, which no doubt would be a first thought, but it is a clock which is in perfect running order. A knife and fork constitute the hands, clam shells represent the numbers, and a pewter dish is the face. The photo. was taken by Mr. Rossieau, of Boston."—Mr. Edwin Smithson, B23, Produce Exchange Annex, New York.

£1,000 IN PRIZES!

THE Proprietors of *Tit-Bits* offer ONE THOUSAND POUNDS under the following conditions: **Competitors are to send in a list of what they consider the best Twelve Advertisements which will appear in THE STRAND MAGAZINE during the six months—March to August inclusive.**

FIRST PRIZE, £500. | SECOND PRIZE, £250. | THIRD PRIZE, £100.

FIFTEEN PRIZES OF £10 EACH.

The order of merit will be decided by the votes of the competitors themselves.

That is to say, the Advertisement which receives the most votes will be placed at the top of the list, that which receives the second greatest number of votes will be second, and so on, till the complete list of twelve is made according to the public vote. The competitor whose list most nearly corresponds with the list as shown by the public vote will win the First Prize of £500. The other prizes will be awarded on the same principle.

Each list must be accompanied by 26 numbered coupons, one from each copy of *Tit-Bits* which appears during the six months. The first coupon appeared in *Tit-Bits* dated March 7. Back numbers of *Tit-Bits* and of THE STRAND MAGAZINE can be obtained at this office.

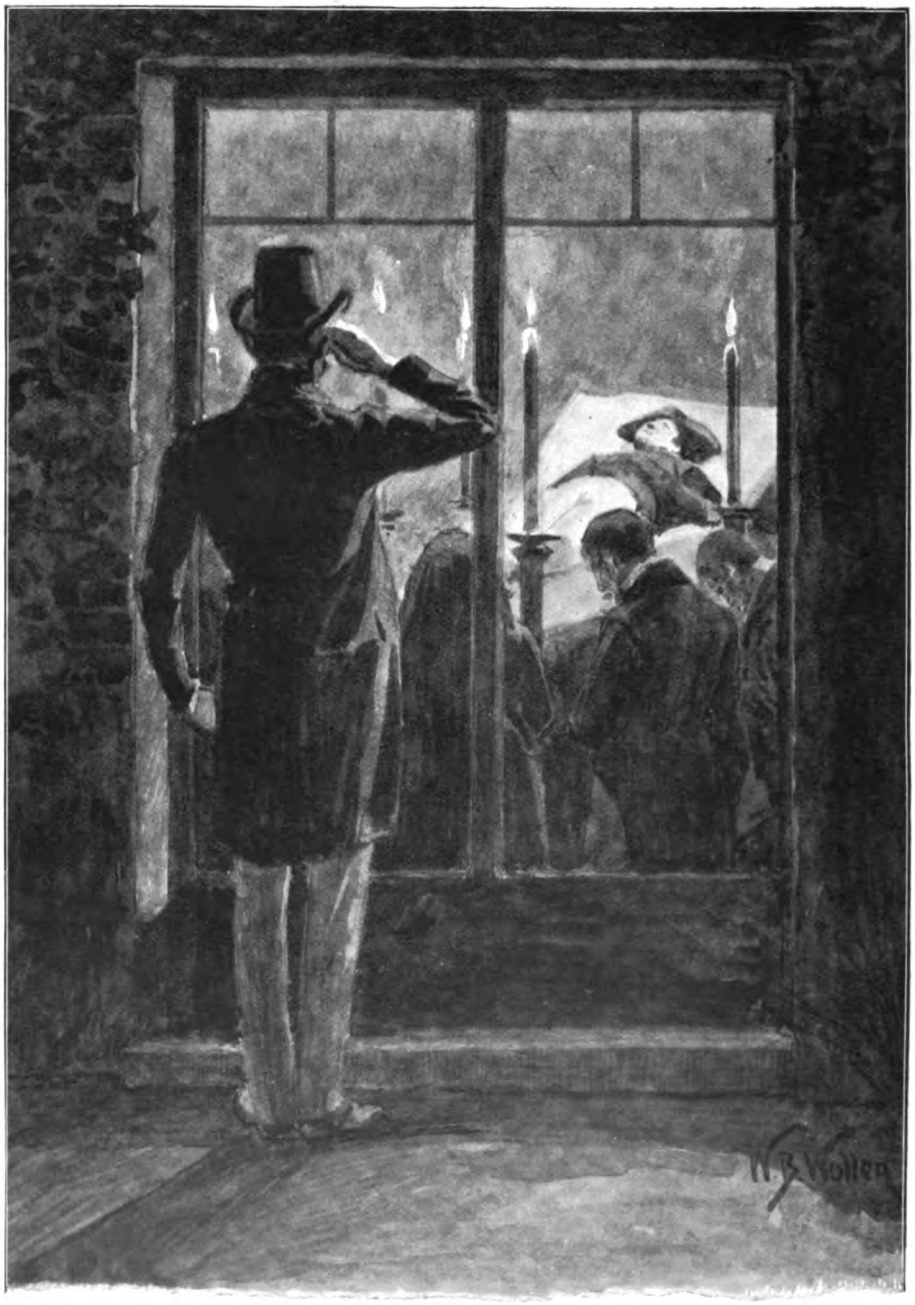
The actual advertisements selected from THE STRAND MAGAZINE must be cut out and sent in with each competing list, and numbered in accordance with the position on the list.

Lists may be sent on sheets of paper *written on one side only*.

It will be asked: How are competitors to make their selections? Is it from an artistic or commercial, or some other point of view, that the Advertisements are to be judged?

In reply, we say that the competitor should choose which he thinks are the most attractive Advertisements, likely to make the reader purchase the article which is advertised.

We need hardly point out to our readers that this competition does not require any high order of intellectual ability, such as is demanded for the solution of puzzles, but is open to anyone possessing judgment and common sense. To our advertisers it will be equally obvious that such a competition provides them with unique advantages, seeing that every Advertisement appearing during six months will not only be glanced at, but attentively studied by vast numbers of the public who might otherwise never have looked at them at all.



"I RAISED MY HAND IN A LAST SALUTE."

(*See page* 490.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxv. MAY, 1903. No. 149.

The Adventures of Etienne Gerard.

By A. Conan Doyle.

VIII.—HOW ETIENNE GERARD SAID GOOD-BYE TO HIS MASTER.

I WILL tell you no more stories, my dear friends. It is said that man is like the hare, which runs in a circle and comes back to die at the point from which it started. Gascony has been calling to me of late. I see the blue Garonne winding among the vineyards and the bluer ocean towards which its waters sweep. I see the old town also, and the bristle of masts from the side of the long stone quay. My heart hungers for the breath of my native air and the warm glow of my native sun. Here in Paris are my friends, my occupations, my pleasures. There all who have known me are in their grave. And yet the south-west wind as it rattles on my windows seems always to be the strong voice of the mother-land calling her child back to that bosom into which I am ready to sink. I have played my part in my time. The time has passed. I must pass also. Nay, dear friends, do not look sad, for what can be happier than a life completed in honour and made beautiful with friendship and love? And yet it is solemn also when a man approaches the end of the long road and sees the turning which leads him into the unknown. But the Emperor and all his Marshals have ridden round that dark turning and passed into the beyond. My Hussars, too—there are not fifty men who are not waiting yonder. I must go. But on this the last night I will tell you that which is more than a tale—it is a great historical secret. My lips have been sealed, but I see no reason why I should not leave behind me some account of this remarkable adventure, which must otherwise be entirely lost, since I, and only I of all living men, have a knowledge of the facts.

I will ask you to go back with me to the year 1821. In that year our great Emperor had been absent from us for six years, and only now and then from over the seas we heard some whisper which showed that he was still alive. You cannot think what a weight it was upon our hearts for us who loved him to think of him in captivity eating his giant soul out upon that lonely island. From the moment we rose until we closed our eyes in sleep the thought was always with us, and we felt dishonoured that he, our chief and master, should be so humiliated without our being able to move a hand to help him. There were many who would most willingly have laid down the remainder of their lives to bring him a little ease, and yet all that we could do was to sit and grumble in our *cafés* and stare at the map, counting up the leagues of water which lay between us. It seemed that he might have been in the moon for all that we could do to help him. But that was only because we were all soldiers and knew nothing of the sea.

Of course, we had our own little troubles to make us bitter, as well as the wrongs of our Emperor. There were many of us who had held high rank and would hold it again if he came back to his own. We had not found it possible to take service under the white flag of the Bourbons, or to take an oath which might turn our sabres against the man whom we loved. So we found ourselves with neither work nor money. What could we do save gather together and gossip and grumble, while those who had a little paid the score and those who had nothing shared the bottle? Now and then, if we were lucky, we managed to pick a quarrel with one of the Garde du Corps, and if we left him on his back in the Bois we felt that we had struck a blow for Napoleon once again. They came to know our haunts in time, and they avoided them as if they had been hornets' nests.

There was one of these—the Sign of the Great Man—in the Rue Varennes, which was frequented by several of the more distinguished and younger Napoleonic officers. Nearly all of us had been colonels or aides-de-camp, and when any man of less distinction came among us we generally made him feel that he had taken a liberty. There were Captain Lepine, who had won the medal of

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honour at Leipzig; Colonel Bonnet, aide-de-camp to Macdonald; Colonel Jourdan, whose fame in the army was hardly second to my own; Sabbatier of my own Hussars, Meunier of the Red Lancers, Le Breton of the Guards, and a dozen others. Every night we met and talked, played dominoes, drank a glass or two, and wondered how long it would be before the Emperor would be back and we at the head of our regiments once more. The Bourbons had already lost any hold they ever had upon the country, as was shown a few years afterwards, when Paris rose against them and they were hunted for the third time out of France. Napoleon had but to show himself on the coast, and he would have marched without firing a musket to the capital, exactly as he had done when he came back from Elba.

Well, when affairs were in this state there arrived one night in February, in our *café*, a most singular little man. He was short but exceedingly broad, with huge shoulders, and a head which was a deformity, so large was it. His heavy brown face was scarred with white streaks in a most extraordinary manner, and he had grizzled whiskers such as seamen wear. Two gold earrings in his ears, and plentiful tattooing upon his hands and arms, told us also that he was of the sea before he introduced himself to us as Captain Fourneau, of the Emperor's navy. He had letters of introduction to two of our number, and there could be no doubt that he was devoted to the cause. He won our respect, too, for he had seen as much fighting as any of us, and the burns upon his face were caused by his standing to his post upon the *Orient*, at the Battle of the Nile, until the vessel blew up underneath him. Yet he would say little about himself, but he sat in the corner of the *café* watching us all with a wonderfully sharp pair of eyes and listening intently to our talk.

"THOSE WHO LOVE THE EMPEROR SHOULD OBEY HIM WITHOUT QUESTION."

One night I was leaving the *café* when Captain Fourneau followed me, and touching me on the arm he led me without saying a word for some distance until we reached his lodgings. "I wish to have a chat with you," said he, and so conducted me up the stair to his room. There he lit a lamp and handed me a sheet of paper which he took from an envelope in his bureau. It was dated a few months before from the Palace of Schönbrunn at Vienna. "Captain Fourneau is acting in the highest interests of the Emperor Napoleon. Those who love the Emperor should obey him without question.—Marie Louise." That is what I read. I was familiar with the signature of the Empress, and I could not doubt that this was genuine.

"Well," said he, "are you satisfied as to my credentials?"

"Entirely."

"Are you prepared to take your orders from me?"

"This document leaves me no choice."

"Good! In the first place, I understand from something you said in the *café* that you can speak English?"

"Yes, I can."

"Let me hear you do so."

I said in English, "Whenever the Emperor needs the help of Etienne Gerard, I am ready night and day to

give my life in his service." Captain Fourneau smiled.

"It is funny English," said he, "but still it is better than no English. For my own part I speak English like an Englishman. It is all that I have to show for six years spent in an English prison. Now I will tell you why I have come to Paris. I have come in order to choose an agent who will help me in a matter which affects the interests of the Emperor. I was told that it was at the *café* of the Great Man that I would find the pick of his old officers, and that I could rely upon every man there being devoted to his interests. I studied you all, therefore, and I have come to the conclusion that you are the one who is most suited for my purpose."

I acknowledged the compliment. "What is it that you wish me to do?" I asked.

"Merely to keep me company for a few months," said he. "You must know that after my release in England I settled down there, married an English wife, and rose to command a small English merchant ship, in which I have made several voyages from Southampton to the Guinea coast. They look on me there as an Englishman. You can understand, however, that with my feelings about the Emperor I am lonely sometimes, and that it would be an advantage to me to have a companion who would sympathize with my thoughts. One gets very bored on these long voyages, and I would make it worth your while to share my cabin."

He looked hard at me with his shrewd grey eyes all the time that he was uttering this rigmarole, and I gave him a glance in return which showed him that he was not dealing with a fool. He took out a canvas bag full of money.

"There are a hundred pounds in gold in this bag," said he. "You will be able to buy some comforts for your voyage. I should recommend you to get them in Southampton, whence we will start in ten days. The name of the vessel is the *Black Swan*. I return to Southampton to-morrow, and I shall hope to see you in the course of the next week."

"Come now," said I. "Tell me frankly what is the destination of our voyage?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you?" he answered. "We are bound for the Guinea coast of Africa."

"Then how can that be in the highest interests of the Emperor?" I asked.

"It is in his highest interests that you ask no indiscreet questions and I give no indiscreet replies," he answered, sharply. So he brought the interview to an end, and I found myself back in my lodgings with nothing save this bag of gold to show that this singular interview had indeed taken place.

There was every reason why I should see the adventure to a conclusion, and so within a week I was on my way to England. I passed from St. Malo to Southampton, and on inquiry at the docks I had no difficulty in finding the *Black Swan*, a neat little vessel of a shape which is called, as I learned afterwards, a brig. There was Captain Fourneau himself upon the deck, and seven or eight rough fellows hard at work grooming her and making her ready for sea. He greeted me and led me down to his cabin.

"You are plain Mr. Gerard now," said he, "and a Channel Islander. I would be obliged to you if you would kindly forget your military ways and drop your cavalry swagger when you walk up and down my deck. A beard, too, would seem more sailor-like than those moustaches."

I was horrified by his words, but, after all, there are no ladies on the high seas, and what did it matter? He rang for the steward.

"Gustav," said he, "you will pay every attention to my friend, Monsieur Etienne Gerard, who makes this voyage with us. This is Gustav Kerouan, my Breton steward," he explained, "and you are very safe in his hands."

This steward, with his harsh face and stern eyes, looked a very warlike person for so peaceful an employment. I said nothing, however, though you may guess that I kept my eyes open. A berth had been prepared for me next the cabin, which would have seemed comfortable enough had it not contrasted with the extraordinary splendour of Fourneau's quarters. He was certainly a most luxurious person, for his room was newfitted with velvet and silver in a way which would have suited the yacht of a noble better than a little West African trader. So thought the mate, Mr. Burns, who could not hide his amusement and contempt whenever he looked at it. This fellow, a big, solid, red-headed Englishman, had the other berth connected with the cabin. There was a second mate named Turner, who lodged in the middle of the ship, and there were nine men and one boy in the crew, three of whom, as I was informed by Mr. Burns, were Channel Islanders like myself. This Burns, the first mate, was much interested to know why I was coming with them.

"I come for pleasure," said I.

He stared at me.

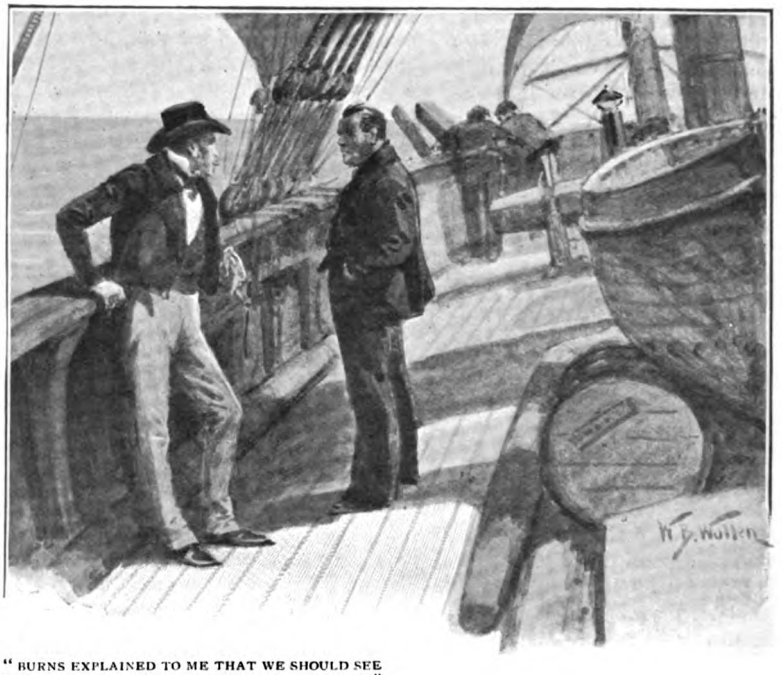
"Ever been to the West Coast?" he asked.

I said that I had not.

"I thought not," said he. "You'll never come again for that reason, anyhow."

Some three days after my arrival we untied the ropes by which the ship was tethered and we set off upon our journey. I was never a good sailor, and I may confess that we were far out of sight of any land before I was able to venture upon deck. At last, however, upon the fifth day I drank the soup which the good Kerouan brought me, and I was able to crawl from my bunk and up the stair. The fresh air revived me, and from that time onwards I accommodated myself to the motion of the vessel. My beard had begun to grow also, and I have no doubt that I should have made as fine a sailor as I have a soldier had I chanced to be born to that branch of the service. I learned to pull the ropes which hoisted the sails, and also to haul round the long sticks to which they are attached. For the most part, however, my duties were to play écarté with Captain Fourneau, and to act as his companion. It was not strange that he should need one, for neither of his mates could read or write, though each of them was an excellent seaman. If our captain had died suddenly I cannot imagine how we should have found our way in that waste of waters, for it was only he who had the knowledge which enabled him to mark our place upon the chart. He had this fixed upon the cabin wall, and every day he put our course upon it so that we could see at a glance how far we were from our destination. It was wonderful how well he could calculate it, for one morning he said that we should see the Cape Verd light that very night, and there it was, sure enough, upon our left front the moment that darkness came. Next day, however, the land was out of sight, and Burns, the mate, explained to me that we should see no more until we came to our port in the Gulf of Biafra. Every day we flew south with a favouring wind, and always at noon the pin upon the chart was moved nearer and nearer to the African coast. I may explain that palm oil was the cargo which we were in search of, and that our own lading consisted of coloured cloths, old muskets, and such other trifles as the English sell to the savages.

At last the wind which had followed us so long died away, and for several days we drifted about on a calm and oily sea under a sun which brought the pitch bubbling out between the planks upon the deck. We turned and turned our sails to catch every wandering puff, until at last we came out of this belt of calm and ran south again with a brisk breeze, the sea all round us being alive with flying fishes. For some days Burns appeared to be uneasy, and I observed him continually shading his eyes with his hand and staring at the horizon as if he were looking for land. Twice I caught him with his red head against the chart in the cabin, gazing at that pin, which was always approaching and yet never reaching the African coast. At last one evening, as Captain Fourneau and I were playing écarté in the cabin, the mate entered with an angry look upon his sunburned face.



"BURNS EXPLAINED TO ME THAT WE SHOULD SEE NO MORE LAND UNTIL WE CAME TO OUR PORT."

"I beg your pardon, Captain Fourneau," said he. "But do you know what course the man at the wheel is steering?"

"Due south," the captain answered, with his eyes fixed upon his cards.

"And he should be steering due east."

"How do you make that out?"

The mate gave an angry growl.

"I may not have much education," said he, "but let me tell you this, Captain Fourneau, I've sailed these waters since I was a little nipper of ten, and I know the line when I'm on it, and I know the doldrums, and I know how to find my way to the oil rivers. We are south of the line now, and we should be steering due east instead of due south if your port is the port that the owners sent you to."

"Excuse me, Mr. Gerard. Just remember that it is my lead," said the captain, laying down his cards. "Come to the map here, Mr. Burns, and I will give you a lesson in practical navigation. Here is the trade wind from the south-west and here is the line, and here is the port that we want to make, and here is a man who will have his own way aboard his own ship." As he spoke he seized the unfortunate mate by the throat and squeezed him until he was nearly senseless. Kerouan, the steward, had rushed in with a rope, and between them they gagged and trussed the man, so that he was utterly helpless.

"There is one of our Frenchmen at the wheel. We had best put the mate overboard," said the steward.

"That is safest," said Captain Fourneau.

But that was more than I could stand. Nothing would persuade me to agree to the death of a helpless man. With a bad grace Captain Fourneau consented to spare him, and we carried him to the after-hold, which lay under the cabin. There he was laid among the bales of Manchester cloth.

"It is not worth while to put down the hatch," said Captain Fourneau. "Gustav, go to Mr. Turner and tell him that I would like to have a word with him."

The unsuspecting second mate entered the cabin, and was instantly gagged and secured as Burns had been. He was carried down and laid beside his comrade. The hatch was then replaced.

"Our hands have been forced by that red-headed dolt," said the captain, "and I have had to explode my mine before I wished. However, there is no great harm done, and it will not seriously disarrange my plans. Kerouan, you will take a keg of rum forward to the crew and tell them that the captain gives it to them to drink his health on the occasion of crossing the line. They will know no better. As to our own fellows, bring them down to your pantry so that we may be sure that they are ready for business. Now, Colonel Gerard, with your permission we will resume our game of écarté."

"HE SEIZED THE UNFORTUNATE MATE BY THE THROAT."

It is one of those occasions which one does not forget. This captain, who was a man of iron, shuffled and cut, dealt and played, as if he were in his *café*. From below we heard the inarticulate murmurings of the two mates, half smothered by the handkerchiefs which gagged them. Outside the timbers creaked and the sails hummed under the brisk breeze which was sweeping us upon our way. Amid the splash of the waves and the whistle of the wind we heard the wild cheers and

shoutings of the English sailors as they broached the keg of rum. We played half-a-dozen games and then the captain rose. "I think they are ready for us now," said he. He took a brace of pistols from a locker, and he handed one of them to me.

But we had no need to fear resistance, for there was no one to resist. The Englishman of those days, whether soldier or sailor, was an incorrigible drunkard. Without drink he was a brave and good man. But if drink were laid before him it was a perfect madness—nothing could induce him to take it with moderation. In the dim light of the den which they inhabited, five senseless figures and two shouting, swearing, singing madmen represented the crew of the *Black Swan*. Coils of rope were brought forward by the steward, and with the help of two French seamen (the third was at the wheel) we secured the drunkards and tied them up, so that it was impossible for them to speak or move. They were placed under the fore-hatch as their officers had been under the after one, and Kerouan was directed twice a day to give them food and drink. So at last we found that the *Black Swan* was entirely our own.

Had there been bad weather I do not know what we should have done, but we still went gaily upon our way with a wind which was strong enough to drive us swiftly south, but not strong enough to cause us alarm. On the evening of the third day I found Captain Fourneau gazing eagerly out from the platform in the front of the vessel. "Look, Gerard, look!" he cried, and pointed over the pole which stuck out in front.

A light blue sky rose from a dark blue sea, and far away, at the point where they met, was a shadowy something like a cloud, but more definite in shape.

"What is it?" I cried.

"It is land."

"And what land?"

I strained my ears for the answer, and yet I knew already what the answer would be.

"It is St. Helena."

Here, then, was the island of my dreams! Here was the cage where our great Eagle of France was confined! All those thousands of leagues of water had not sufficed to keep Gerard from the master whom he loved. There he was, there on that cloud-bank yonder over the dark blue sea. How my eyes devoured it! How my soul flew in front of the vessel—flew on and on to tell him that he was not forgotten, that after many days one faithful servant was coming to his side! Every instant the dark blur upon the water grew harder and clearer. Soon I could see plainly enough that it was indeed a mountainous island. The night fell, but still I knelt upon the deck, with my eyes fixed upon the darkness which covered the spot where I knew that the great Emperor was. An hour passed and another one, and then suddenly a little golden twinkling light shone out exactly ahead of us. It was the light of the window of some house—perhaps of his house. It could not be more than a mile or two away. Oh, how I held out my hands to it!—they were the hands of Etienne Gerard, but it was for all France that they were held out.

Every light had been extinguished aboard our ship, and presently, at the direction of Captain Fourneau, we all pulled upon one of the ropes, which had the effect of swinging round one of the sticks above us, and so stopping the vessel. Then he asked me to step down to the cabin.

"You understand everything now, Colonel Gerard," said he, "and you will forgive me if I did not take you into my complete confidence before. In a matter of such importance I make no man my confidant. I have long planned the rescue of the Emperor, and my remaining in England and joining their merchant service was entirely with that design. All has worked out exactly as I expected. I have made several successful voyages to the West Coast of Africa, so that there was no difficulty in my obtaining the command of this one. One by one I got these old French man-of-war's-men among the hands. As to you, I was anxious to have one tried fighting man in case of resistance, and I also desired to have a fitting companion for the Emperor during his long homeward voyage. My cabin is already fitted up for his use. I trust that before to-morrow morning he will be inside it, and we out of sight of this accursed island."

You can think of my emotion, my friends, as I listened to these words. I embraced the brave Fourneau, and implored him to tell me how I could assist him.

"I must leave it all in your hands," said he. "Would that I could have been the first to pay him homage, but it would not be wise for me to go. The glass is falling, there is a storm brewing, and we have the land under our lee. Besides, there are three English cruisers near the island which may be upon us at any moment. It is for me, therefore, to guard the ship and for you to bring off the Emperor."

"OUR LITTLE BOAT DANCED OVER THE DARK WATERS."

I thrilled at the words.

"Give me your instructions!" I cried.

"I can only spare you one man, for already I can hardly pull round the yards," said he. "One of the boats has been lowered, and this man will row you ashore and await your return. The light which you see is indeed the light of Longwood. All who are in the house are your friends, and all may be depended upon to aid the Emperor's escape. There is a cordon of English sentries, but they are not very near to the house. Once you have got as far as that you will convey our plans to the Emperor, guide him down to the boat, and bring him on board."

The Emperor himself could not have given his instructions more shortly and clearly. There was not a moment to be lost. The boat with the seaman was waiting alongside. I stepped into it, and an instant afterwards we had pushed off. Our little boat danced over the dark waters, but always shining before my eyes was the light of Longwood, the light of the Emperor, the star of hope. Presently the bottom of the boat grated upon the pebbles of the beach. It was a deserted cove, and no challenge from a sentry came to disturb us. I left the seaman by the boat and began to climb the hillside.

There was a goat-track winding in and out among the rocks, so I had no difficulty in finding my way. It stands to reason that all paths in St. Helena would lead to the Emperor. I came to a gate. No sentry—and I passed through. Another gate—still no sentry! I wondered what had become of this cordon of which Fourneau had spoken. I had come now to the top of my climb, for there was the light burning steadily right in front of me. I concealed myself and took a good look round, but still I could see no sign of the enemy. As I approached I saw the house, a long, low building with a veranda. A man was walking up and down upon the path in front. I crept nearer and had a look at him. Perhaps it was this cursed Hudson Lowe. What a triumph if I could not only rescue the Emperor, but also avenge him! But it was more likely that this man was an English sentry. I crept nearer still, and the man stopped in front of the lighted window, so that I could see him. No; it was no soldier, but a priest. I wondered what such a man could be doing there at two in the morning. Was he French or English? If he were one of the household I might take him into my confidence. If he were English he might ruin all my plans. I crept a little nearer still, and at that moment he entered the house, a flood of light pouring out through the open door. All was clear for me now, and I understood that not an instant was to be lost. Bending myself double I ran swiftly forward to the lighted window. Raising my head I peeped through, and there was the Emperor lying dead before me!

My friends, I fell down upon the gravel walk as senseless as if a bullet had passed through my brain. So great was the shock that I wonder that I survived it. And yet in half an hour I had staggered to my feet again, shivering in every limb, my teeth chattering, and there I stood staring with the eyes of a maniac into that room of death.

He lay upon a bier in the centre of the chamber, calm, composed, majestic, his face full of that reserve power which lightened our hearts upon the day of battle. A half-smile was fixed upon his pale lips, and his eyes, half-opened, seemed to be turned on mine. He was stouter than when I had seen him at Waterloo, and there was a gentleness of expression which I had never seen in life. On

either side of him burned rows of candles, and this was the beacon which had welcomed us at sea, which had guided me over the water, and which I had hailed as my star of hope. Dimly I became conscious that many people were kneeling in the room ; the little Court, men and women, who had shared his fortunes, Bertrand, his wife, the priest, Montholon—all were there. I would have prayed too, but my heart was too heavy and bitter for prayer. And yet I must leave, and I could not leave him without a sign. Regardless of whether I was seen or not, I drew myself erect before my dead leader, brought my heels together, and raised my hand in a last salute. Then I turned and hurried off through the darkness, with the picture of the wan, smiling lips and the steady grey eyes dancing always before me.

It had seemed to me but a little time that I had been away, and yet the boatman told me that it was hours. Only when he spoke of it did I observe that the wind was blowing half a gale from the sea and that the waves were roaring in upon the beach. Twice we tried to push out our little boat, and twice it was thrown back by the sea. The third time a great wave filled it and stove the bottom. Helplessly we waited beside it until the dawn broke, to show a raging sea and a flying scud above it. There was no sign of the *Black Swan*. Climbing the hill we looked down, but on all the great torn expanse of the ocean there was no gleam of a sail. She was gone. Whether she had sunk, or whether she was recaptured by her English crew, or what strange fate may have been in store for her, I do not know. Never again in this life did I see Captain Fourneau to tell him the result of my mission. For my own part I gave myself up to the English, my boatman and I pretending that we were the only survivors of a lost vessel—though, indeed, there was no pretence in the matter. At the hands of their officers I received that generous hospitality which I have always encountered, but it was many a long month before I could get a passage back to the dear land outside of which there can be no happiness for so true a Frenchman as myself.

And so I tell you in one evening how I bade good-bye to my master, and I take my leave also of you, my kind friends, who have listened so patiently to the long-winded stories of an old broken soldier. Russia, Italy, Germany, Spain, Portugal, and England, you have gone with me to all these countries, and you have seen through my dim eyes something of the sparkle and splendour of those great days, and I have brought back to you some shadow of those men whose tread shook the earth. Treasure it in your minds and pass it on to your children, for the memory of a great age is the most precious treasure that a nation can possess. As the tree is nurtured by its own cast leaves, so it is these dead men and vanished days which may bring out another blossoming of heroes, of rulers, and of sages. I go to Gascony, but my words stay here in your memory, and long after Etienne Gerard is forgotten a heart may be warmed or a spirit braced by some faint echo of the words that he has spoken. Gentlemen, an old soldier salutes you and bids you farewell.

"GENTLEMEN, AN OLD SOLDIER SALUTES YOU AND BIDS YOU FAREWELL."

Humour at the Paris Salon.

By Frederick Dolman.

[In this Magazine for June, 1902, appeared an article entitled "Humour at the Royal Academy." It may be interesting to compare the work of our French neighbours with our own from a similar point of view.]

THERE is a saying in Paris art circles that the one subject sure of acceptance at the Salon is a funeral; and there is real ground for the saying in the attraction which of late years pictures of the lugubrious have had for the crowds passing through the galleries in the Champs Elysées. On the other hand, the exhibition—which in France corresponds to our annual show at the Royal Academy—has included some works which for real humour of an unobtrusive and somewhat dainty kind are equal to anything which might be looked for in quarters that are avowedly devoted to the cultivation of mirth. Paris has not its *Punch*, and according to our insular prejudice, at least, the humour of black and white drawing which is spread over a section of the French Press is by no means an equivalent to that which is given forth every week by our great and genial contemporary. But in oil paint the comedy of French art certainly finds expression at the Salon no less forcible than that of English art at the Royal Academy.

The leading comedian in the art of the Salon is, I consider, M. Chocarne-Moreau, whose brush is regularly responsible for most of the smiles with which the mass of visitors emerge from the portals of the Salon every spring-time. His popularity with the Parisians is doubtless due, in part, to the fact that all his subjects are derived from the streets of Paris. A native of Dijon, Paul Charles Chocarne-Moreau has spent nearly the whole of his life in the French capital, studying under the famous Bouguereau at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and exhibiting almost every year at the Salon from 1882 until the present time. Apart from a few portraits, nearly all M. Chocarne-Moreau's work has been concerned with comic little episodes in Parisian life—little episodes such as the artist actually witnesses in the course of his peregrinations on and about the boulevards. He has the quickness of a newspaper draughtsman in seizing the crucial moment of the scene, combined with the talent of the brush in giving it an enduring interest and vitality.

The three "Chocarne-Moreaus" reproduced in these pages are quite characteristic of the score or so canvases which during as many years the artist has contributed to the walls of the Salon. The little pastrycook's boy who figures in two of them is, it may be said, the artist's most favoured character. No one knowing Paris needs to be told of the importance of the *patissier* in its shop-keeping fraternity, and only less familiar than the tempting display of sweet dainties in his shop-window is the urchin who conveys them to his customers' houses. The *marmiton*, as he is called, with his white linen cap and uniform, has the greatest fascination for M. Chocarne-Moreau's brush, and such is the invariable pleasantness of his features in

Painted by] "VERY URGENT." [*M. Chocarne-Moreau.*

Painted by] "ACCOMPLICES." *[M. Chocarne-Moreau.*

an unfailing variety of situations that the Parisians have not yet tired of seeing him. The *marmiton* is usually associated with some other youthful auxiliary of the trades and professions whose distinctive attire forms an effective contrast to his own. Thus in "Very Urgent" ("Très Pressé"), which was exhibited in 1890, we have him playing marbles with a telegraph messenger whilst the soup is getting cold and the news stale. In "Accomplices," which was more recently seen at the Salon, a little chorister is stimulating his delight in an illustrated paper whilst three fellow-conspirators are nefariously abstracting cakes from a basket partly laden with bread for the Church sacrament. M. Chocarne-Moreau's humour is very largely that of contrast, as is clearly indicated in another specimen here given, "Each Age Has Its Own Pleasures." In this picture, which was painted in 1894, the

Painted by] "EACH AGE HAS ITS OWN PLEASURES." *[M. Chocarne-Moreau.*

drollery of the situation is at once seen—a *bonne* flirting with a smart hussar in the gardens of the Tuileries, whilst her charges amuse themselves with the discovery that the soldier's shako forms an exceptionally capacious sand-pail.

M. Chocarne-Moreau is now forty-six, and has been reproducing little bits of Parisian life, on its comic side, for more than twenty years. But he will tell you that the city he loves so well gives him still every year more subjects of this kind than he can succeed in putting on canvas, and to the hanging committee, as well as to the crowd of visitors at the Salon, the humour of his brush has certainly lost none of its freshness. The Salon, with a somewhat rare official condescension to a painter having the laughter of the public as his aim, has even given him a medal, and in 1889, at the Universal Exhibition, his pictures obtained a similar reward.

Painted by] "RETURNING WITH THE SPOILS." *[M. Frappa.*
(This picture is a portrait of the Artist himself.)

M. José Frappa has been another prolific source of humour at the Salon in recent years. His theme has been mainly the mirthful side of monastic life. In some respects his work reminds you of our own Dendy Sadler, but as a rule he gives it a more comic touch than does the English artist. A native of the South of France—of St. Etienne, to be exact—M. Frappa's early days were cast much amongst monks and monasteries, and it was his delight to make their simple pursuits and often jovial faces the subjects of a precocious pencil. The study of physiognomy has always had an exceptional attraction for M. Frappa—he has even published a book on the subject from the artistic rather than the scientific point of view—and in this age, when almost every Frenchman has whiskers or moustache, he has found that the clean-shaven face of the monk gave him the greatest scope in depicting the more subtle shades of humorous expression.

In some of his pictures the artist has dealt in the freest spirit with certain phases of monastic life—such as "A Reading from Rabelais" and "The Return of the Missionary"—but these somewhat satirical efforts seem to have been taken in excellent part by the leaders of the Church concerned. A portrait-painter of considerable reputation, M. Frappa has been favoured with commissions from several distinguished Roman Catholic prelates, one of his most recent sitters being Cardinal Gibbons, the Archbishop of Baltimore, during a visit of the artist to the United States. I spent a couple of hours with M. Frappa in his Paris studio—some of his work, by the way, is done at a country house near Vichy—and found him far too good-natured a man to mix malice with his fun. He showed me more than a dozen—in a photographic form—of his humorous contributions to the walls of the Salon, and I came to the conclusion that his "Le Quêteur" ("Returning with the Spoils") was, on the whole, the best example for reproduction, although it is a picture which requires a little explanation to readers not familiar with Continental monasteries. The "Quêteur" is, it seems, the monk who, when supplies are getting short, is deputed by his

Painted by] "A MEMORY OF CHILDHOOD." [*M. Henri Brispot.*

brethren to go out in search of provender, calling upon every friendly farmer and peasant for some contribution, according to their means, towards replenishing the monastic larder. In M. Frappa's picture the *quêteur* has returned from his quest, rejoicing in the unusually valuable capture of a live young pig, which he holds in his arms as a woman would hold a baby, besides the usual assortment of good things carried in a capacious basket.

The model for this picture was none other than M. Frappa himself, attired in the monk's habit and painted from the reflection in a mirror. The artist has been his own model in several other pictures, such being his talent and capacity in facial expression that he can sometimes best realize for himself, even whilst using the brush, the particular shade of feeling which he wishes to depict. Even as M. Frappa — who, like M. Chocarne-Moreau, is in the prime of life—converses, you cannot but notice the extraordinarily mobile play of his countenance, which has served him so well in his art. It may be added that M. Frappa, who had the highest kind of art training under Paris masters, has painted many subjects of serious import, but it is his work in the light vein of "Le Quêteur" which has won for him his recognised position on the walls of the Salon.

The humour of child-life has had more than one exemplification of recent years from the studio of M. Henri Brispot. "A Memory of Childhood," which is reproduced in these pages, is exactly what its title indicates. One of the artist's earliest recollections of his country boyhood is of being pursued by a swarm of geese, which had probably turned upon him after undue teasing, and of his taking refuge on a gate. The incident has been put on to canvas just as he recalled it, and was exhibited in 1899.

Painted by] "WHO LOVES ME FOLLOWS ME." [*Mr. Henry Bacon.*

It is an American and not a French artist who has painted "Qui m'Aime Me Suit" ("Who Loves Me Follows Me"). But Mr. Henry Bacon, although a citizen of the United States, is an artist of France in training and temperament. Having seen arduous service in the American Civil War, Mr. Bacon proceeded to France on the outbreak of the conflict with Germany in order that he might see something more of the fierce delights of war. When the campaign was over Mr. Bacon was led to become a student of the "Beaux Arts," and was soon subject to a fascination which has lasted ever since, painting subject-pictures that have now and again been full of humour. Of such is his rendering of the well-known French saying, the outcome of a summer holiday at Etrêtat a year or two ago. The milkmaid of the picture, with her amorous "followers," had an actual existence, and Mr. Bacon—the name in conjunction with such a picture led to no small amount of punning in Paris journals—painted her in the intervals of her employment.

As a sitter the artist had only one fault to find with her: she would not observe in her person the scrupulous cleanliness necessarily associated with a milkmaid in art, and he had more than once to rebuke her on the subject. This fact had a semi-tragical sequel. On returning to Etrêtat after a few days' absence on business in Paris, Mr. Bacon proceeded to the farmhouse where he was painting the picture and inquired for his model, from whom he desired a last "sitting." "You cannot have her any more," replied the farmer. "No? How is that?" "She is dead," calmly rejoined the girl's employer; "she had a bath." The poor milkmaid was, in fact, dead, and the picture had to be finished without her further assistance, but Mr. Bacon likes to think that the farmer's prejudice caused him to exaggerate, and that, in reality, he was not even indirectly responsible for the girl's sudden decease.

Painted by "A PANIC." [*M. Gaudefroy.*

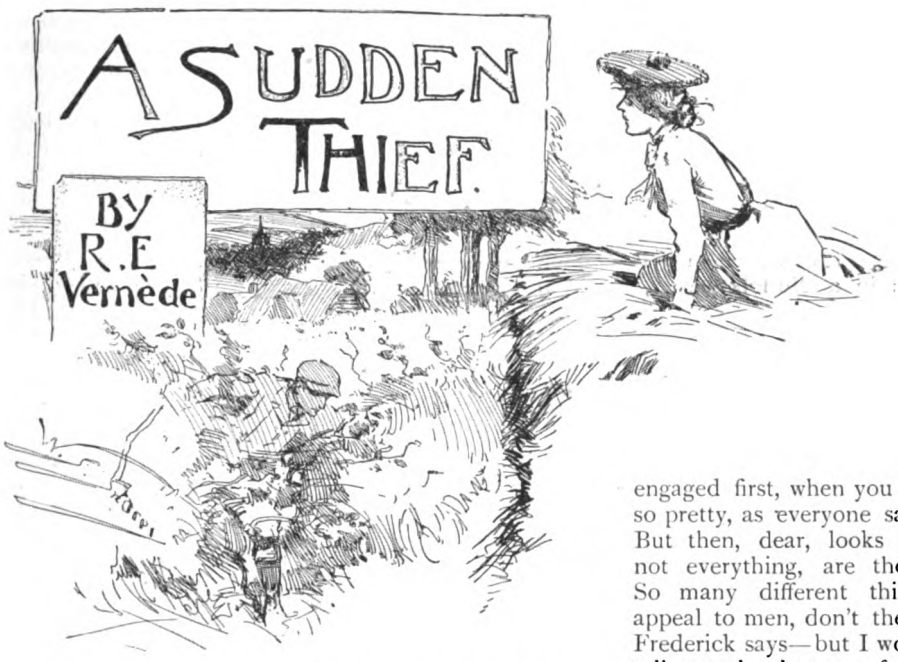
The humour of sport as it appears in French eyes nowadays is often shown in French art, and one or two specimens of this humour in oils have found their way into the Salon, such as "Une Panique," by M. Gaudefroy, and "La Farce des Chasseurs" (which I have translated as "The Gamekeeper's Joke"), by M. Denneulin, a work exhibited only last year. Both pictures tell their own story fairly well. In "Une Panique" peasant girls going to market have evidently encountered at a critical point in their journey—whilst crossing a bridge—a pack of hounds in full cry, and have come to sad trouble in consequence, the situation doubtless not having the familiarity which it would have had for their English sisters of the same class. M. Gaudefroy, I may add, is an enthusiastic huntsman himself. "The Gamekeeper's Joke" consists in having placed a

Painted by] "THE GAMEKEEPER'S JOKE." *[M. Denneulin.*

stuffed rabbit at a convenient spot on a shooting expedition, and gleefully exhibiting it to the chagrined gaze of an over-boastful member of the party. The ridiculous in these pictures has doubtless not the same meaning for the French public as it has for us, but the humorous talent of their painters, who are both among the lesser-known Salon exhibitors, will obtain general recognition.

Painted by] "A PEEP." *[Madame A. Billet.*

The only specimen, by the way, of feminine humour at the Salon which I have come across is "Un Coup d'Œil" ("A Peep") by Madame A. Billet, which cleverly carries out a very clever idea. The rapid glance of the eye at the pretty milliner through the slit in her umbrella appeals to one at once as a genuine touch of real comedy.



FROM the top of the haystack on which Miss Edith Lavery reclined there was visible one of those serene landscapes that seem typical of Sussex and an afternoon of summer. The green uplands, hedge after hedge, sloped like a terrace to a hot, hazy valley where the red roofs of Willup hamlet peeped among ancient elms; the sweet smell of recent mowing came in little airs from all around; larks made music among the blue clouds; and far away to the left some puffs of smoke showed a train just moving out from Stannit Station, which is the junction for Willup. Miss Lavery herself, a prone, slender figure, with grey eyes, sun-brown hair, and a small, rather serious mouth that pouted at a letter open in her hands, completed the peaceful picture. She was, perhaps, a trifle distracted over the letter, which ran thus:—

"My Dearest Edith,—I have commanded Frederick, as he is passing Willup on his way back from Brighton, to stop and pay you a call. I'm dying for you to see him. You know he is a botanist—*very* distinguished for his age—and most manly, I think, though I know you like people who are quite athletic. It does seem so strange that I should be engaged first, when you are so pretty, as everyone says. But then, dear, looks are not everything, are they? So many different things appeal to men, don't they? Frederick says—but I won't tell you what he says of me. You would think me so conceited. Do write at once and tell me what you think of him. I know *exactly* what he will think of you.

"Ever, dearest Edith,

"Yours, Clarissa."

What it was in this letter that caused Miss Lavery to pout and frown is hard to say. Perhaps some of the phrases suggested a tone of patronage, and the dearest of friends does not like to be crowed over. At all events, Miss Lavery kept reading the letter with interest and raised her brows at words here and there. A most manly botanist; she tried to picture him, and her lips curled a little, not meaning to.

"I'm to tell Clarissa what I think of him, and she knows exactly what he will think of me," she murmured. "I—I hope I shall like him."

Being quite sincere in this hope, she turned her eyes away from the letter, since there would be less chance of liking him if she allowed Clarissa's description to prejudice her against the man. She felt, if only this Mr. Frederick Clarke had been punctual, she would have been more prepared to like him. One ought not to read over that kind of letter too often. Probably Clarissa did not mean to be disagreeable. And it was nice

of her to want him to call. Only he was late. She had been on the haystack, which commanded the view all the way up from the station, for over half an hour, and the sun was rather hot.

She raised herself on her elbows to make certain that he was not coming yet, meaning to descend and betake herself to the house, when something that she saw fixed her full of excitement. Coming up from Willup over the fields in the direction of her haystack was a strange company, covering the ground at a most unwonted speed. It consisted of a tall young man in a Norfolk jacket, who ran steadily and evenly, followed at a considerable interval by Sergeant Kippin, of the Willup constabulary, and two other constables told out on the flanks of the chase. Behind these, scattered, were half-a-dozen field labourers, who had apparently joined out of sympathy, and were puffing along in answer to shouts from the sergeant. Now and again the young man would turn his head in that easy, graceful manner, not impeding pace, which shows the skilled runner, and take in the field with a wary eye; and, even while Miss Lavery watched, spurted a little for the gate which led into the meadow immediately below the one in which the haystack stood.

What could it mean? Who was the young man? And why were the police after him? The questions were unanswerable, but unconsciously Miss Lavery's sympathies went out to the pursued. How splendidly he ran! If he could avoid being headed off it really looked as if he would get away. And just at that moment she became aware that some of her uncle's men in the field on the right had observed the chase and were hurrying round to cut the young man off. He also, it seemed, had become aware of it, for he almost stopped. There were only two hedges between him and these new pursuers; only one now between him and the haystack. In a minute he had forced himself through the hedge, and Miss Lavery, unobserved, was looking down upon him. Next moment, to her perturbation, he had caught sight of the ladder leaning against the side of it, and had evidently made up his mind to use it for a refuge. The hedges screened him, as he climbed up hastily. She had no time to make up her mind what to do when he was beside her.

"I beg your pardon," he said, starting back. "I'd no idea——"

"Not at all," she said, awkwardly.

"But I must," he said, cheerfully. "For, to tell the truth, I want to stay here, if you don't mind, and I'm obviously trespassing. But, you see, several policemen are chasing me and I'm trying to get away."

"'BUT WHO ARE YOU?' SHE SAID."

"Why?"

"Stealing."

He confessed it rather proudly than otherwise, and threw himself flat on the top of the stack as he spoke. Miss Lavery had risen.

"But--but who are you?" she said.

"My name is Clarke."

"Oh!"

The girl's head whirled. Here was her friend's *fiancé*, confessing to having stolen, to being pursued, all in a merry voice with the merest note of anxiety in it, so that she was not even sure if he were jesting. But, no, she could see his pursuers coming up.

Loyalty to her friend Clarissa was Miss Lavery's first consideration.

"What shall I do?" she asked, stiffly.

"Lie like a duchess," he suggested. "They can't have seen me, and if you send 'em on I can get down."

She stood as she had done since his sudden arrival, conscious that she must act in a moment when the police would have come, and revolving subterfuges a little nervously. She could not help looking down at the young man, the cause of her mixed anxiety and indignation, lying there so carelessly. So handsome and stalwart, too. Clarissa had deceived her. She should have called him decidedly athletic. He did not look a bit like a botanist. "So many different things appeal to men." Miss Edith Lavery was conscious that, despite her displeasure, she had a desire to do one of those things that would appeal to this man, who seemed to have given up concern about himself and was watching her merrily.

"Anyone coming?" he asked.

She pursed her lips to sign to him to be silent, for Sergeant Kippin was just below.

"Begging your parding, miss," he said, panting.

"Who's that? Whatever is the matter, sergeant?"

Miss Lavery, congratulating herself that she had acted surprise eminently well, became aware of a smothered laugh at her feet. She bit her lip in annoyance and fixed her eyes on Sergeant Kippin, who was mustering his followers and explaining matters all at once, a task which gave him no superfluity of breath.

"It's like this, miss. Hold up, Wiggens; we ain't got 'im yet. There's a thief—a Londoner, like enough—in a light soot, as is come acrost the fields——"

"A-runnin' like a buck-rabbit," interposed one of the labourers.

"Right through the hedge, miss," said the sergeant, glaring at the interlocutor, "which is where we sore 'im last. 'E's nipped a watch, they d'say, and I was hopin'——"

"So was we," said the labourer; "so was we."

The sergeant's breathlessness made the interruption possible.

Miss Lavery smiled amiably down upon the company.

"Please explain, sergeant," she said, coaxingly.

"Silence, all!" commanded that officer. "We're a-chasin' a thief, miss, and you bein' aloft I thought, mebbe, as you'd——"

"Quite so," she nodded. "But I haven't."

She hoped they would go then. But to her dismay the sergeant struck a new idea, though his face had fallen.

"Mebbe you'd let me tak' a look round, miss, from the stack?" he said.

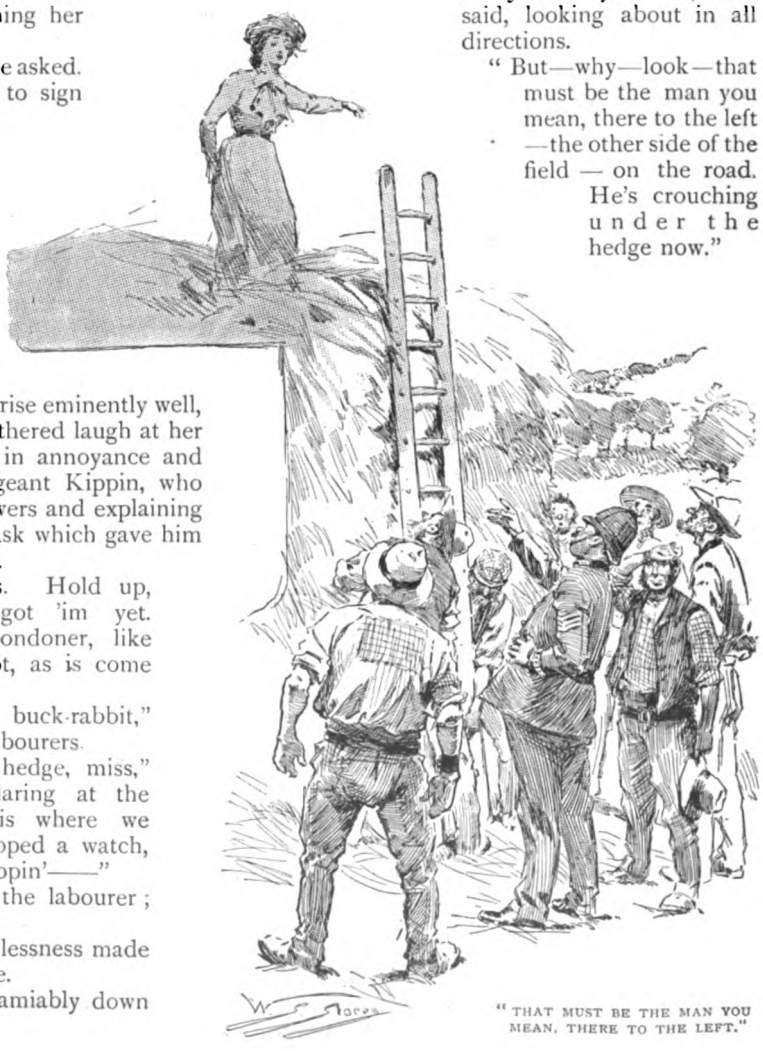
"I don't think that I——"

"Wiggens, the ladder!"

The sergeant was prompt, if breathless, and he had not heard her protest. Already the ladder was being reared, and she could hear a slow sigh of resignation at her feet. It quickened her to desperation.

"Just as you like," she said, looking about in all directions.

"But—why—look—that must be the man you mean, there to the left—the other side of the field — on the road. He's crouching under the hedge now."



"THAT MUST BE THE MAN YOU MEAN, THERE TO THE LEFT."

"That's 'im, thanky, miss," said the sergeant. "Hi, you, arter 'im!"

They were off in a body, making in the direction she had indicated. And in that direction there was undoubtedly a man, as Miss Lavery had said. She could see him still bent double over something, unaware of the interest taken in him by the Willup sleuth-hounds.

"Splendid!"

It was the young man speaking, as gay as ever.

"Yes," she said, her lips trembling a little. "Only I've never had to tell such—such lies before."

He rose and looked at her.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, with quick apprehension. "But it was kind of you."

"I suppose I had to do it for Clarissa's sake."

"Whose?" he asked, in a puzzled way.

"Clarissa's. But we'd better get down, in case they come back. Perhaps you will explain to me?"

He leapt down with an agility that again made the girl half jealous of her friend, and set the ladder up for her to descend. She took his hand rather dismally and got down.

"Have you really stolen something?" she asked.

"I'm afraid I have," he said. "And if you think the worse of me I'll go and deliver myself up to that pig-headed little constable, I promise you. This is how it happened. I'm on a walking tour, you know, in a lazy way, and I'd just got through that little town there——"

"You didn't come by train, then?"

"No, walking; and somehow I began to wonder what a man would do if he were hard up for food, and what it really felt like to steal. I'm rather fond of impressions, and it's a case of 'Satan finds.' For just at that moment I met a jolly, old, comfortable fat man with a great chin, and a watch in his pocket, and it struck me that here was a chance."

He paused a moment. She had led him into the garden, with eyes turned away. He seemed to fancy for the first time that she shunned him; to be struck quite suddenly with the conviction that there was no reason on earth why this girl should feel friendly towards him, considering that he had admitted himself a thief.

"If only I could explain," he went on, discontentedly. "It was a sort of mid-summer madness, of course. He'd probably never been robbed in his life and I'd never robbed. So we'd both have a new experience. It was so jolly peaceful, you know: that was what made me do it."

As a matter of fact, she was brimming over with amusement. She felt that she knew exactly the sensation, the desire to be utterly and unconventionally naughty just for a moment, but she would not let him see it. He deserved to be punished for his unconcern.

"Well?" she said, coldly.

"Well, I gave him a dig in the ribs and out it came."

"And then?"

"We were just by a red-brick little cottage that seems to belong to the county police. Shows I'd never do for a professional, I suppose. They buzzed out and I took to my heels." He spoke curtly.

"Rather uphill, wasn't it?"

"Yes," he said, warming to her sympathy; "but I'm a fair runner. And, in fact, I'm just out of training for the international 'Varsity sports. But do say if you believe me."

They had changed places, and he was anxious now and she cool.

"But you *did* steal?"

"Rather. I'm guilty. I haven't even thought whether I can return the watch or not. If I'd been caught—just think! Might have got off as a kleptomaniac; but that's not much fun. It makes your friends so chary of inviting you. No shooting parties, and all your partners clutching their bracelets when you go to a dance. Here's the watch."

He fished it up out of his pocket lugubriously and handed it over.

"Oh, dear!" She bubbled over then with irrepressible laughter. "It was very wicked of you. It's Uncle John's."

"Whose?"

"My uncle's. He's the jolly, fat, comfortable old man, I suppose."

"Drat!" said Mr. Clarke, dolefully, and then he also bubbled over. "I'm so glad you don't mind," he said, with pleasure.

"I didn't say so," said Miss Lavery, severely. "It was most wrong of you, and you know it. And it doesn't matter whether I mind. It's what Clarissa will think that matters."

She said this with severity, because Mr. Clarke appeared to be forgetting that he was talking with a friend of his betrothed.

"But who on earth is Clarissa?" he asked. "You have mentioned her before, I think."

Miss Lavery gasped.

"Aren't you engaged to her? Aren't you —surely you are Mr. Frederick Clarke?" But it seemed she had made a mistake.

"I'm not," he said. "Richard Clarke is my name. I'm more sorry than ever if I've deceived you. I didn't mean to. But I'm not engaged to Clarissa, or, in fact, to anyone."

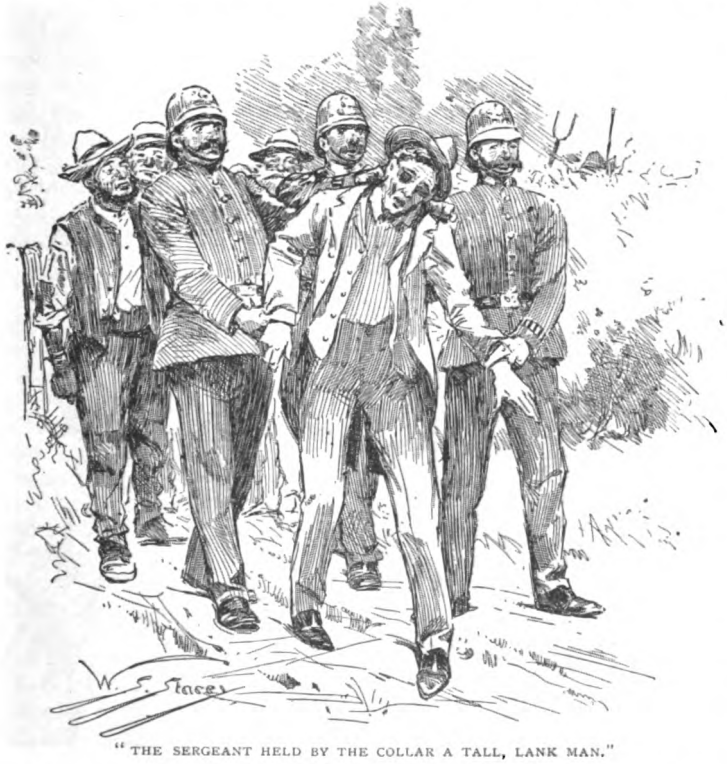
The part of the garden where they stood bordered on the road along which the constables had gone, and as he spoke she heard the tramp of their return.

"Are you safe?" she asked, hurriedly.

"Oh, yes, I think so, thank you. Why, they've got someone, anyhow."

"What a shame!"

The sergeant held by the collar a tall, lank man with blue spectacles and shaking knees,



"THE SERGEANT HELD BY THE COLLAR A TALL, LANK MAN."

and his subordinates supported him on either hand, the volunteers bringing up the rear. The sergeant stopped, seeing a gentleman standing beside the young lady who had assisted him in his *coup*, and saluted. Instinctively Miss Lavery's hand closed over the watch, which she still held.

"We've got 'un, sir," said the sergeant, triumphantly; "we've got 'un."

"Ah, he've got 'un," echoed his retinue.

The prisoner, who seemed abashed by the force applied to him, found his voice:—

"I protest against this," he said; "it's most unjustifiable."

"Wait till you get two year," said the sergeant, gruffly.

"But are you sure——?" began Miss Lavery.

"Not in the least," said the captive. "I protest that they have not the slightest evidence for this arrest. I was engaged in extracting a unique specimen of frons Eucapthenii stephanotic-c-c——"

"Look'ee here," said the sergeant, "I have to warn you that any words you use—any cussin' or swearin'—will be used as evidence against you."

The prisoner squirmed.

"But, I protest, there is no evidence. I have already informed you that I was on my way to call on a Miss Lavery."

"Miss Lavery!"

That young lady seemed to be seized with a sudden intuition. "Are you Mr. Frederick Clarke?"

The botanist nodded.

"Clarke of King's—by Jove, so you are! Don't you know me?"

It was the original thief who exclaimed. The botanist turned his gaze upon the new acquaintance.

"Dick Clarke!" he said. "For Heaven's sake, help me to establish my innocence!"

"Certainly," said Mr. Dick Clarke, and he turned to the sergeant: "It's a mistake, sergeant, after all. This is a friend of mine and Miss Lavery's."

"Mebbe," said Sergeant Kippin, officially; "mebbe not. We'll see in t' station. Come along o' me now."

He tightened his hold on the botanist's collar, and Miss Lavery wrung her hands in vexation. The other Mr. Clarke was smiling unkindly.

The worst point in his character, Miss Lavery reflected, was a too strong appreciation of comedy. He was not the sort of

person, she was sure, who would let another man carry his burdens, but he was quite capable from sheer gaiety of allowing his namesake to be haled to Willup. And haled to Willup he certainly would have been, when a stout old gentleman, very warm and excited, appeared upon the road.

"It's my uncle," said Miss Lavery, and she ran to meet him.

"Please stop Sergeant Kippin," she said. "He's most officious. Here are two friends of mine—both Mr. Clarkes—and one's engaged to Clarissa, and Sergeant Kippin is trying to make out that he stole your watch in Willup."

"Whereas," put in the botanist, "I have proceeded straight from a station called Stannit.".

"What is the meaning of this, sergeant?" asked Uncle John, angrily, and he went on to crush the unfortunate policeman for doing so much as to suspect a friend of his niece.

"Though I must say, Edith," he concluded, after a lengthy harangue, "it is a very remarkable thing about my watch. A thief undoubtedly snatched at it in Willup, as the sergeant says, and, in fact, I have only just got back after observing the direction the chase took. However, in any case, I should be unable to identify the man owing to my short sight. Sergeant Kippin, who only saw his back, seems to be more positive."

"Much too positive," said his niece.

"Quite so," said Uncle John.

"And I'm not at all convinced, uncle, that you did lose your watch," she proceeded, cautiously. "You know you always are losing it; and perhaps there wasn't any thief at all." She looked across at Mr. Richard Clarke as she spoke, in a manner meant to abash him. But he only smiled, and his smile was infectious. The old gentleman was protesting that he could not possibly be misled on that point, and the sergeant wished to know if they had been chasing a ghost.

"He hadn't passed me, remember, when I was on the haystack," she said. "Let me feel, uncle."

Curiously enough as it turned out, the watch was discovered in Uncle John's pocket after all. Mr. Richard Clarke said that it was a miracle, gravely, which brought him into high favour. The mystified constables of Willup and their assistants were given beer, which soothed and persuaded all but Sergeant Kippin, who would gladly have found a victim. Both Mr. Clarkes stayed to tea.

It was towards the end of the week that Miss Lavery wrote a letter to dearest Clarissa, which contained among other things the following news:—

"I enjoyed seeing your Mr. Clarke immensely. Wasn't it horrid about that absurd mistake of the policemen? He took it so nicely, though, and seems to me exactly what I expected from your description, so that I really can congratulate you as much as I have congratulated him. Uncle John took such a fancy to the other Mr. Clarke that he has asked him to stay on. He has been here four days. Do you know, Clarissa, that I am engaged? He is rather a good athlete, and might be distinguished if he took it up properly. There are so many different things that appeal to women, aren't there? He runs splendidly. Much love!"

"THE SERGEANT WISHED TO KNOW IF THEY HAD BEEN CHASING A GHOST."

Physical Exercises.

FOR WOMEN AND GIRLS OF ALL CLASSES.

By the Hon. Mrs. R. C. Grosvenor.

I HAVE written this article for women and girls of all classes. There are plenty of books on physical exercises for men and boys, but I have not hitherto seen one designed especially to show the correct positions and movements for females. I hope, therefore, that the few exercises I have put together, with a view to improving the appearance as well as the health of women and children, will be found as useful to others as they have been to me. The exercises are not intended for the young only. No woman is too old to practise some, at any rate, of the easier movements, and to feel the better for so doing.

A most interesting and sensible book has been produced by Eustace Miles and E. F. Benson on this subject of physical exercise, but it is for men and boys, and most of the exercises are too jerky to be very safe for women. In this article I do not suggest any exercise that I have not tried myself with most excellent results. Every one of them is intended for use in day-schools as well as in private schools, for the very young as well as for adults, and will be useful for every class of women and girls. I have good medical authority for the statement that they can be begun at the age of six or seven years without the least fear of causing any injury. They are movements which all mothers should be able to teach their children with ease.

Most women require more exercise than they have time or inclination to take. When the day's work or pleasure is over they do not want to walk or ride a bicycle; if they did either, all the muscles would not be worked. The exercises which I recommend are intended to work *all*, and particularly the large muscles in the body, and should, where it is possible, be gone through every morning before the bath or usual ablutions. Far from being a fatigue, they are most refreshing, and enable one to do more and better work during the day with considerably less fatigue.

The exercises for breathing are set apart from the muscular exercises, as, in my opinion, they are best practised while one lies flat on the back. At the same time great care should be observed in the method of taking breath while the muscular exercises are practised. For instance, as the arms are raised the breath should be taken in; as they are lowered it should be let out.

Very many women walk badly. The reason is not far to seek. Walking is left to come naturally, and the mother does not take the trouble or, rather, see the importance of teaching her children the best way. So long as they can put one foot before another *somehow*, she is apt to be satisfied. This is not enough; children should be carefully taught not only to walk well, but also to hold themselves well. This object can only be attained by the constant practice of exercises designed to produce free action of the muscles and limbs.

The fact is that most of us do not *hold* ourselves at all; we give the feet and legs an undue proportion of work. All the weight of the head and body is thrown downwards instead of every muscle doing its share. Let me explain more fully. I mean that when one is walking or running (and some of these remarks apply to sitting still also) there should be no sinking of the body into the hips. The head should be carried erect, the chin in, the shoulders thrown back, one shoulder not higher than the other, the arms hanging easily, the hands a little to the front, the chest should be kept up, the ribs braced; then, and then only, can the legs be free to move gracefully from the hips.

Those women who have to earn their living, such as domestic servants, girls who serve in shops, etc., would undoubtedly be greatly benefited if they were taught by the regular use of approved exercises how to save their legs and feet as much as possible.

Great attention should be paid to dress, especially the corsets. Children do not need corsets, and at no time of life should the body be compressed so that it may appear smaller than it actually is. Intelligent exercise—not haphazard exercise—makes it small in those parts that should be small, large in those parts that should be large. For true grace there must be perfect proportion; it is

an undoubted fact that women who practise muscular exercises daily, with intelligence and care, find an enormous improvement not only in their health, but in their personal appearance also. I have specially selected the exercises which I recommend with a view to improving the female figure and adding grace to the movements of all those who practise them. Corsets should be used for support, and not for the purpose of compression. I myself have for some years worn corsets made of a perforated material into which strips of elastic are inserted, so that a full breath can be taken without hindrance of any kind.

The exercises should, if possible, be practised every morning, without any clothes on the body and with the windows open. It is essential that the pores of the skin be exposed to the light and air for at least a short time during the day. If some clothing is necessary, then it should be very loose and light. A thin flannel dressing-gown or gymnastic costume would be suitable. The feet must be bare; many women suffer from burning and cold feet and other troubles, all of which are due in great measure to defective circulation. Proper exercises with the feet bare will do much to alleviate those troubles that exist, and if practised in early life will tend to prevent their occurrence, one of the chief points being to encourage independent action of the toes. Many children—the more the better—are allowed to wear sandals now; but as women have to wear boots or shoes, they should at least give their feet a chance in the privacy of their own rooms. If these exercises are practised with bare feet, the importance of the part played by the toes will be readily appreciated, especially in the balancing movements. There is also an exercise for the ankle which helps to promote circulation, and the feet will remain warm for some time after practising it, even if they are covered with leather, through which it is impossible that light and air should reach them.

I must now say a few words on the subject of *resting*. Mr. Benson and Mr. Miles have written well on this subject, but, as their book may not reach the eyes of all those for whom I am writing, I must make some allusion to it here. Everyone should rest consciously and thoroughly. As much attention should be paid to resting as is bestowed upon the exercises. People are apt by an unconscious effort to stiffen their muscles whilst lying in bed or reclining in an arm-chair. No one can be said to be really resting unless every muscle in the body is relaxed, and everyone should feel that the bed or chair is the only thing that prevents them from falling to the ground in an absolutely limp state. The back of the head should be allowed to rest upon a small pillow or bolster. If the muscles of the neck are holding the head up, proper rest cannot be obtained. Ten minutes of such rest as I propose to describe in the relaxing exercises will do more to refresh the body than a whole hour spent in attempting to rest whilst the muscles are only partially relaxed.

Another important matter is that of concentration. This is a most indispensable faculty to acquire, and cannot be taught too early; it goes hand in hand with self-control, and I think both would be encouraged amongst children and young girls by careful instruction in the exercises here recommended. Some of the movements are difficult to execute well at first; I have purposely arranged it so, in the hope that, while the exercises benefit the muscles of the body, the mind may also derive some good from them, and that the concentration which will be found necessary whilst practising them may strengthen the character. When the movements are learnt the mind should be directed to concentrate upon doing them *as well as possible*, and, later on, upon the particular muscles which they are intended to develop. Much more could be said on this subject. For instance, that no movement should become automatic, the pace and the intervals between the individual movements being varied to any extent; but I hope these few suggestions will prove to be of use to many mothers and teachers.

I shall first describe the exercises for breathing, which should, if possible, be gone through before rising in the morning. They take about five minutes. In day-schools they should be practised after the exercises; there should be five minutes of perfect rest after the muscular exercises and then five minutes should be given to the breathing exercises. These exercises are so important as to be practically indispensable to all singers, whether they be teachers, soloists, or chorus singers; they are also equally indispensable to the right production and use of the voice in speaking.

My object, therefore, is to place before the public a system for the use of women and children of all classes in such a way as to avoid all unnecessary waste of time and money, and to present the results of my personal experience in the simplest possible form.

The explanation of the exercises is of necessity somewhat lengthy, as they must be very clearly described; but, when once thoroughly understood, they will be found quite simple. I have made them as few as possible, and it is not necessary that *all* of them should be gone through every day; a judicious selection is recommended, and the habit of varying the movements will tend to keep up the interest and encourage concentration, which would probably be lessened if the same daily routine were adhered to without some change.

When all the muscular exercises are well known, any ten of them (adding those for breathing and for relaxation of the muscles) will take from twenty to thirty minutes, which is not an excessive amount of time to devote daily to such a purpose.

I have much pleasure in stating that I have submitted what I have written to four well-known medical men, all of whom I have to thank for most cordial encouragement and approbation.

EXERCISES IN BREATHING.

It is advisable that these exercises should be gone through before one rises in the morning, but this is not indispensable; it is necessary, however, that no tight or compressing garments should be worn.

1. Blow your nose thoroughly. Lie straight and flat on the back, the head being supported by a low pillow. Let the whole body be relaxed, the face free from any look of anxiety, the arms lying at the sides. Close the mouth and inhale slowly through the nostrils. When the breath has been drawn in to the fullest extent, inflating the chest upwards as well as outwards, hold the breath while you count three, then open the mouth and exhale as slowly as possible till all the breath has gone. Keep the chest up. This exercise should be repeated.

2. Keep the same position. Inhale a full breath through the nostrils as before, but now very quickly; hold the breath while counting three, then open the mouth and exhale slowly; keep the chest up. Repeat as above.

FIFTH EXERCISE (FOR WALKING AND RUNNING)—FIRST POSITION.

3. Inhale a full breath through the nostrils slowly; hold while counting three, then open the mouth and exhale as suddenly and as violently as possible; keep the chest up. Repeat.

4. Inhale a full breath quickly through the nostrils; hold while counting six. Open the mouth and exhale violently; keep the chest up. Repeat three times. After a little practice the breath can be held much longer than at first.

5.* (The mouth must be closed throughout this exercise.) Close the left nostril with the finger, inhale slowly through the right till you have a full breath, then close the right nostril and breathe out slowly through the left; now inhale slowly through the left nostril; when a full breath has been taken close the left nostril and breathe out through the right; keep the chest up. Repeat four times from the beginning.

MUSCULAR EXERCISES.

During the practice of these exercises care should be taken to hold the body well. The head should be carried erect, the chin in, the shoulders thrown back, the ribs braced, and the chest up.

NOTE.—In day-schools these should be practised in part of the interval that is usually given during the morning hours.

1. Exercises 1 and 2 are taken from "Daily Training," by Benson and Miles, page 79. "(Of wrist and forearm.) Clench the right hand, holding it out straight in front of you, with the back of the hand downwards. Unclasp the fingers with a snap and simultaneously move the whole hand round on the pivot of the wrist and forearm as far as it will go. Then come back as smartly as possible to the original clenched-hand position. Repeat about twenty times, making the movement as quickly as you can in both directions without sacrificing correctness or fulness. Then do the same with the left hand."

* No. 5 is specially recommended for young children as a preventive against adenoids, also for those who suffer from some forms of asthma.

FIFTH EXERCISE—SECOND POSITION.

2. "(Of upper arm.) Extend the arm out at full stretch from the shoulder sideways, with the hand and fingers completely extended and palm downwards; then bend it as smartly as possible to its full extent at the elbow, bringing the hand close to the head, with the palm nearest to the head, and at the same time clenching the fist. Go back to former position again as smartly as possible. Repeat about twenty times. Exercise the left arm the same way."

3. (For wrist only.) For pianoforte playing and most games. Hold the elbows to the sides, the right forearm and hand at right angles to the upper arm in front of the body. Keep the wrist quite loose. Let the fingers hang limply like dead weights, let the hand be open. Now turn the hand round, the wrist being the pivot, first from right to left, then from left to right. Repeat. Do this with the left hand, then with both hands together.

4. (For hip, knee, ankle, and instep.) Stand on the left leg firmly. Be sure to keep the right position—chest up, chin back, etc. Raise the right knee and point the toe to the ground, the lower leg being stretched out. Turn the toes sharply round as far as they will go, the ankle being the pivot, first from right to left, then from left to right. Do this with the other leg. After the first few days of practice increase the height to which you raise the knee by clasping the leg with the two hands just below the knee and pulling it gently upwards in various directions, now farther to the right, now straight in front, now farther to the left.

5. (For walking and running.) Stand on both feet firmly, preserving the proper position of chest, chin, etc. Then (1) bring the right knee up till it is on a level with the hip; (2) stretch out the leg to the front, pointing the toe downwards as if about to step forwards, but the toe must not be allowed to touch the ground; (3) bring the foot back to original position beside the other. Do this three times with each leg, then three times with the two legs alternately. Be careful to preserve the balance. The arms should be allowed to hang at the sides, the hands slightly to the front.

6. (For abdominal and back muscles.)—NOTE.—This very important series of movements should be performed as a single exercise without division or pause. There is no great difficulty in it, but it is essential that it should be thoroughly well understood before it is attempted. I have therefore divided it into four parts, in case it should be found advisable to go through each part separately while learning it.

FIFTH EXERCISE—THIRD POSITION.

(i.) Stand straight upright on the left foot, which should be turned a little outwards; the right foot should be a short pace in advance and pointing directly forwards; the heel of the right foot should be slightly raised. Now stretch the right arm high up and somewhat back in the air, the palm of the hand turned upwards, the back of the hand towards the head, the eyes looking at the hand, and the fingers being as loose as possible from the wrist. Stretch the left arm downwards and rather behind the body, with

SIXTH EXERCISE—FIRST POSITION.

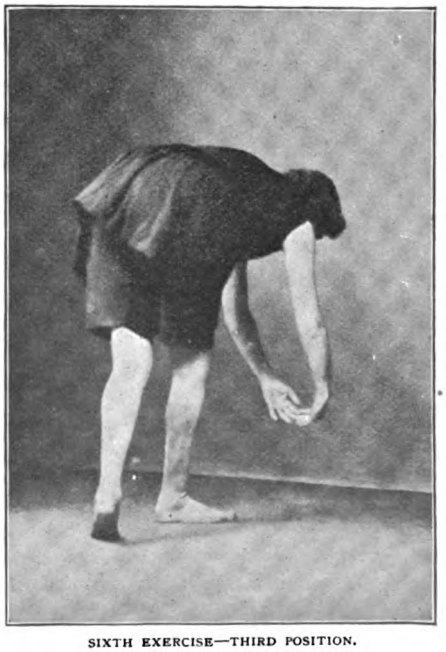
the palm of the hand towards the ground. Do not poke the chin forwards. Keep the back hollow.

(ii.) Now make a slow sweep with the right hand and arm, first backwards, then downwards, past the right hip and as near to the ground as possible without bending the knees, the head and right side of the body following the movement of the arm. When the right hand is just opposite the toe of the right foot, bring the left hand round to the front of the body till the fingers of both hands meet at the tips, and at the same time

SIXTH EXERCISE—SECOND POSITION.

throw the weight of the body on to the whole of the right foot, raising the heel of the left foot.

(iii.) Without poking forward the chin, slowly raise the arm, keeping the tips of the fingers still together, and let the body and head rise with them till, at your full height, the arms and hands make an arch over the head, which should now be tilted backwards, so that the eyes look up to the hands.



SIXTH EXERCISE—THIRD POSITION.

SIXTH EXERCISE—FOURTH POSITION.

(iv.) Now fall back upon the left foot, the right heel being again raised slightly and the right toe being pointed. Then, when the body is now leaning well back upon the left foot, part the hands and bring them quietly back and out till they hang in a natural position at each side. Bring the right foot back a short pace behind the left and let it be slightly turned outwards.

Having completed the above four parts, beginning with the right arm raised, repeat the whole exercise, starting with the left heel raised and the left arm up.

7. (For back and legs.) Stand with the heels together, the toes turned out a little, and the arms at the sides. Keep the chin back and bring both arms to the front, bending the body down as low as possible without bending the knees. Rise slowly, lifting the arms at the same time, till the body is quite erect and the arms stretched high above the head. Rise on the toes, at the same time stretching the hands as high as possible. Drop slowly back upon the heels, letting the hands and arms go slowly out and down till they fall at each side. Repeat three times.

8. (For balance.) Stand firmly on the right foot, the arms over the head, and the fingers of the hands interlacing loosely. Keep the chin back. Raise the left leg and stretch it out in front, the toe pointing downwards, but not touching the ground, the body falling back and keeping the balance, the arms still over the head. Now bring the left leg slowly backwards till it is stretched out behind, the body and arms falling slowly forward to keep the balance. Repeat this three times with each leg.

9. (For turning the head and body quickly from side to side.) Stand firmly on the two feet. Swing the arms on the level of the shoulders, first to one side as far as possible, then to the other, letting the body and head follow them, but keeping the feet firm and the knees unbent. This should also be practised with the head kept straight and still.

10. (For starting quickly in any direction.) Stand with the legs a little apart; stand on the balls of the feet, and not too firmly planted on either leg. Take a step forward on to the toe of the right foot, the left foot passing it, as if about to start running; take a step backwards with the right foot and let the left foot pass it, which brings you to the same position from which

EIGHTH EXERCISE—FIRST POSITION.

you started. Do this all round, first from left to right, then, changing feet, from right to left. You will be astonished to find how soon you will increase the rapidity and accuracy of your start in any direction; be careful not to take so long a step that you lose your balance. The hands should be rested on the hips, the fingers to the front, the thumbs to the back. Keep the head up, shoulders back. It will be helpful during this exercise to count 1, 2, 1, 2, 1, 2, as it consists of two steps forward and two back; it should be practised slowly at first, but the pace can be increased by degrees.

EIGHTH EXERCISE—SECOND POSITION.

11. Stand erect as in No. 10, the hands on the hips, the heels together, and the feet turned out; bend down slowly as low as possible, pressing the knees outwards, then rise slowly. Repeat this six times.

12. Stand erect, the hands on the hips, etc.; kick out the right leg towards the right side as high as possible, keeping the body straight and the knee unbent. Repeat this six times with each leg.

13.* Lie down on the floor flat on the back, the arms along the sides; lift the legs slowly, keeping the knees unbent, till they are at right angles to the body; lower them slowly till in original position. Repeat three times.

14. Keep the same position as in foregoing exercises. Now raise the body till in a sitting position, keeping the knees unbent and the heels touching the floor; then lower the body till in original position.

FOR RELAXATION OF MUSCLES.

1. This exercise should be done in private. Kneel on the floor, keep the body erect, the chest up, the ribs braced; the hands should be rested on the hips—the fingers to the front, the thumbs to the back. Take a full, deep breath through the nostrils, count three, then relax every muscle slowly as you breathe outwards; let the head sink forward and the hands fall down from the hips; as the head falls lower let the body follow and fall quite gently on to the floor, being saved from any chance of hurt by the hands; turn on to the back and let the arms and legs lie straight out, the arms along the body not at right angles. Lie quite still for a few minutes and be sure that every part of the body is limp. When you rise, do so very slowly, and before lifting the head take a deep breath.

2. Sit upright in an arm-chair, the largest and easiest available, take a deep breath. Then relax the muscles as in No. 1, taking care, however, that the head falls backwards into a comfortable position.*

3. This exercise should be gone through in bed, if possible after the breathing exercises; let the head be supported by a small pillow or bolster. Take a deep breath, then make a conscious effort to relax all the muscles of the body and feel that you are absolutely limp in every part. Remain thus for several minutes, then get out of bed very slowly. At any time during the day, after hard muscular or brain work, one or other of the foregoing exercises will be found most refreshing.

It is my intention to publish the contents of this article in a slightly extended form as a pamphlet for the use of women and children in their own homes and for schools.

* Exercise 13 should not be attempted by adults until all the other exercises have been practised for a month.

* NOTE.—If thought desirable it is easy to obtain a suitable bolster, which can be fastened to the back of the chair by means of an elastic band, in order to support the nape of the neck.

The Impending Sword.

By L. J. Beeston.

I.

"THE heart of man, like the sea, conceals unnameable monsters and monstrous unnameabilities," said Stormbrook, who would have been a cynic had he not a soul of worth.

George Heatherly, his particular friend, old school chum, just returned from globe-trotting, for the present casual man about town, greeted the observation with the flicker of a smile. "If you mean that for a *bon mot*——"

"Which I don't. Only it does amuse one sometimes to reflect on what scoundrels we all are, how well we use the doubtful gifts that are ours."

"You know that you do not mean half what you say."

"Now, consider," went on Stormbrook, "these forgeries of Bank of England notes which are throwing London into a state of alarm. The supreme genius evinced by these unknown rascals compels the admiration even of the staunchest Churchman. Don't laugh. Such talent, rightly applied, would lift this earth nearer the stars."

Stormbrook paused to sip his milkless, sugarless tea. The two friends were facing one another across the table of an Oxford Street tea-house, where everything testified to an Oriental spirit save the flavour of its coffee. It was afternoon. A stream of carriages rolled this and that way with a not unmusical sound, and well-dressed shoppers thronged the pavements.

Stormbrook, who was in his most characteristic mood, who liked to hear himself talk, continued:—

"You ask me whose is the master hand in these forgeries? How should I know? If I were a police-officer I should be able to answer you, naturally. That is why the forgers go undetected. A rumour is gaining ground that a woman is not least concerned in the matter. Is it not abominable that a woman should be suspected of such a thing?"

Suddenly the speaker started slightly and turned his chair. Perhaps it was because there had entered a young man whose face and form could not but compel attraction. The latter was that of a soldier; the former showed a soul at war with itself. He was undeniably handsome, though somewhat sallow, with a petulant frown rendering still darker his fine black eyes, in which burned a sombre fire.

Heatherly put the irresistible question, "Who is that?"

Stormbrook replied, carelessly, "That is a Frenchman, Nicolas de Monthéry, son of a marquis, officer in one of their twelve regiments of Cuirassiers, a man of passion, a man of poetry, idolized by a score of our best women, brave as Achilles and more generous, and with a gloomy shadow thrown over his life from the cradle."

"You appear to know all about him."

"Are you interested?"

"Immensely. Pray continue."

"You shall hear a strange thing. For generations back the Monthérys have killed their best friends. Heaven, which has bestowed this curse upon the family, can best supply a reason. I cannot. One cannot slay one's dearest friend and not feel remorse; least of all the Monthérys, who are one of the most honourable and chivalrous families of France. Look at Nicolas now, though do not let him see you. Did you ever observe eyes like his? They are the homes of despair. One day he will kill the friend who loves him best in the world."

"You mean that there will be an accident?" said Heatherly, astonished.

"There will be drawn swords or levelled pistols."

"I cannot believe it! His best friend?"

"Precisely. Where and who he is——" Stormbrook concluded the sentence with a shrug of his shoulders. He had become a trifle pale, as if the subject had affected his emotional temperament.

"But in that case," argued his companion, "it will be murder?"

"Misunderstanding," was the terse reply. "There will be a mistake somewhere, and the truth will come to light when too late. That has ever been the way of it with them. Take the case of Raoul de Monthéry, who was a captain in a Zouave regiment, who suspected a brave comrade of stealing Government papers, who challenged him that he might save the honour of the regiment, who

fought him on the yellow sands of Algiers and stretched him dead there. Twelve hours had not passed before the man's innocence was proved. To take another instance, there was the matter of——"

The narrator paused unaccountably.

"Do you forget it?" asked Heatherly, anxiously, for his interest was fully awakened.

"No; it—it was a love affair." Stormbrook spoke with an effort. "And yet it could scarcely be dignified with such a title. Gontran de Monthéry had a passion for one Fontanelle, a *danseuse*. So had Jerome Coutelier, his bosom friend. They quarrelled—quarrelled over that girl, who was not worthy of either of them. There were blows, and Coutelier got an ugly knock, which eventually caused his death long after Gontran had ceased to care for Fontanelle. How he grieved!

"Then there was the case of Eugene Erstein, who was a Prussian officer, and who did not recognise him? Yet Erstein knew Paul, flung down his sword, opened his arms, and rushed—to a caress?

"No; a cavalry sword through his throat! He fell, crying out his friend's name. De Monthéry went mad, running into the enemy's ranks and meeting there the death he prayed for."

"What you tell me is very strange," said Heatherly, with a shudder.

"I could give you more examples of how this terrible destiny works in that unhappy family," answered Stormbrook; "but the subject is too gloomy. It is not hard to indulge the fancy in imagining some awful crime committed by a Monthéry generations back, some act of black treachery that is visited by a perpetual curse."

At that instant the young officer left the table at which he had been sitting and moved toward the door. Stormbrook again turned as if to avoid the other's glance, but he was

"THE MEN CAME FACE TO FACE."

was to Paul de Monthéry as Jonathan to David the King. They met at Gravelotte. The Prussian's face was covered with smoke and blood. Was it a wonder that his friend too late. The men came face to face. A bitter smile raised the officer's moustache as he made the semblance of a bow; then he was gone.

"Ah!" said Heatherly, deeply curious, "you know one another?"

Stormbrook did not reply. A spasm almost of anguish troubled his fine face.

"Indeed, I should not care to quarrel with that man," continued Heatherly, unwilling to let the subject drop; "his eyes resemble storm-clouds. But since you appear to know him——"

The other laughed.

"Since you appear to know him, no doubt you are aware if he has a friend who loves him."

"A hundred, for he is a man to command affection. But you are quite right; there is one who loves Nicolas de Monthéry with that love that sometimes binds the souls of men together."

"His name?"

"I had better not mention it."

"Do not think me importunate. Why not?"

"There is a woman in the case."

Heatherly was tremendously excited. "And they both love her?" he exclaimed.

"Heaven knows how much," answered Stormbrook.

"And it has parted them? Already they are foes?"

"He is carried away by this passion, which absorbs his soul, which burns in his heart with that terrible flame that a man cannot hope to extinguish. As for the other—whose name I will not mention—well, he loves her, too; that is the simple truth. Perhaps—who knows?—he endeavours to strangle an affection which lies wrapped round the very sinews of his life for his friend's sake. Anyhow, thus the matter stands. Ah! this love of a man for a maid; this holy, sanctified love which turns so often the hearts of children from parents, friend from friend! Pardon, I speak with bitterness; after all, it *is* a holy thing, God-appointed. Only this was the bond of Jonathan and David—a bond of steel melted by the soft glances of a woman's eyes. Is it not a pity? Is there not something wrong in the working of a providence that works so queerly? There, I am getting bitter again. After all—and one at times feels this, though rarely—it is the immense sacrifices which make us strongest, although—although—how they make us suffer!"

The friends quitted the restaurant together.

A fortnight passed without Heatherly meeting Stormbrook again. On the eve of the day preceding that meeting he was the witness of a remarkable incident, the effects of which were far-reaching and dramatic.

That evening he was strolling somewhat aimlessly down Portland Place. Half of the wide thoroughfare was in the shadow of the twilight; the opposite side reflected the pallid light of the departing day. Heatherly turned into a side street. He was scarcely conscious of his whereabouts, for he was considering the strange story which he had heard, which had made a deep impression upon him.

A victoria came bowling along the road and stopped at the entrance of a double-fronted house of grey stone. Heatherly, looking at it with one of those casual glances which scarcely enable us to perceive, because the mind is not in the eyes, was just conscious of the fact that a fashionably-dressed, beautiful woman was alighting from the carriage, while the coachman had left his charges and was holding the door of the vehicle open.

Suddenly there came the sound of running feet, and a man, tearing as if death were at his heels, was observed speeding down the street, which was gloomy in the half-light and deserted save for himself, Heatherly, and the lady with the coachman.

On came the runner, breathing with great pantings of exhaustion. As he reached the victoria a wonderful thing happened. The woman darted a startled glance around, though without perceiving Heatherly, who was standing quite still in the shadows.

"Help; help me, quick!" gasped the fugitive, in a breaking voice.

The woman, as if she had been prepared for the unforeseen emergency, acted with presence of mind. Lifting the heavy, voluminous rug upon the floor of her carriage, she motioned to the man, who sprang in with a bound, and the next instant was completely covered by the rug thrown carelessly over his crouching form.

"Keep quiet, for Heaven's sake!" said the woman; and her voice, the voice of one who faces a terrible extremity, came hoarsely to the ears of the silent watcher across the street.

The coachman, instead of evincing a vulgar astonishment at the scene, stood peering through the length of the thoroughfare, as if waiting for the sight of a pursuer. And, sure enough, there came round the corner a couple of men running like the wind.

"Police-officers, or I'm a Dutchman," was the watcher's unspoken comment.

The men regarded with a blank stare of discomfiture the long street in which they had expected to find their quarry. They

"'HELP; HELP ME, QUICK!' GASPED THE FUGITIVE."

slackened their pace, peering behind the railings of the houses like bloodhounds at fault. In the meantime the woman had calmly entered her house, and the coachman, entirely unconcerned, was attending to his horses, which seemed to require an extraordinary amount of careful regard.

"Now," argued Heatherly, little knowing how momentous a crisis he had the present power of directing—"now I suppose I ought to split, in the name of justice. But I feel that I shall do nothing of the kind. Why? In the first place, as Stormbrook would remark, here is a poor wretch who has been doing his best, though in a bad cause, and whose wiliness deserves appreciation. In the second place, that girl was one of the most beautiful women I have set eyes upon, and I have seen a good many. No, I will be a fool and lay low. What is the number of the house, by the way? Forty-seven; I shall remember."

The unsuspecting and disappointed officers of the law presently withdrew, walking away with the sullenness of tigers who have missed their spring and lost their supper. Heatherly still waited. After an interval of half an hour, when night lay in blackness over the thoroughfare, the door of the house was opened and a low call was uttered. The coachman, still waiting by his horses, said something to the fellow under the rug, who emerged cautiously from his friendly covering, left the victoria, and bounded up the steps of the house, the door of which closed behind him.

"Number forty-seven," murmured Heatherly, walking away. "A very curious affair, and, by Jove, a very beautiful woman."

II.

THE chief inspector of police sat in Stormbrook's sitting-room in Victoria Street, smoked one of Stormbrook's best cigars, and sipped at his choicest port. The chief inspector had an hour to spare, so he had dropped in upon his friend, who spent his leisure time, of which he had plenty, in learning about everyone and everything.

"Yes; the matter of these forgeries interests me," said Stormbrook, from the depths of a Windsor chair. "Perhaps it is because a twenty-pound note was palmed off on me—a flash one, of course."

"Not altogether a bad reason," ventured the chief inspector, smiling.

"It was done very neatly," said Stormbrook, rubbing his hands.

"What a curious fellow you are!" laughed the other.

"A philosopher, merely. In this world we all prey one upon another, and the fittest will survive."

"Why do you persist in taking that line? In your heart you think so differently."

"Pardon, inspector; the heart has nothing to do with thoughts. That is an exploded sentimentality. Tell me, does this idea that a woman is at the root of these forgeries gain upon you? You know that I am silent as the grave."

The chief inspector turned his cigar round

and round and the ash fell on his trousers, but he did not notice it, for he was thinking hard. At length he answered:—

"Mum, then, is the word. Yes, the idea does gain on me. Our superintendent accepts it as fact; declares that a woman's hand is the guiding hand."

"And a master one, I'll be bound," said Stormbrook, approvingly. "I should like to know this woman. Any clue?"

The chief inspector, from long habit, lowered his voice to a professional whisper. "We have reason to suspect that she is a foreigner."

"Splendid! What a hot trail!"

The other frowned. "That she is probably a Polish woman."

The slightest imaginable gleam of a new interest crossed Stormbrook's face.

"And very possibly a woman in a good social position."

"I can believe it," answered Stormbrook. "Yet all this is an abstraction." The small interest had vanished from his eyes.

"Not altogether," said the other, tempted, and rather piqued, by the cynical manner of his friend.

"You suspect one person?"

"It is not even a suspicion—just a conjecture; and to me an exceedingly wild one."

"Nevertheless, it is interesting. Is this Polish woman beautiful, as she ought to be to complete the romance?"

"Quite right; she is a lovely creature and young."

"Most excellent! My dear inspector, you are good company to-night. Now for her name."

"Madeleine Br—— Confound you, Stormbrook! I am letting my tongue run away with me. Now, what is the matter?"

The sharp eye of the police-officer had observed two expressions appear successively in his friend's face: one was of half-startled surprise, the second of incredulity, mingled with the shadow of trouble.

"You didn't finish the name," said Stormbrook.

"Drop the subject," growled the chief inspector.

"Living in——"

"Drop the subject, I say."

"The neighbourhood the neighbourhood of Portland Place?"

"Upon my word, the man knows everything. Well, I will answer 'yes,' and that is final. Are you not well?"

Apparently a strange fear had laid an icy finger on Stormbrook's heart, and the living blood, creeping in terror from his cheeks, left them touched with the grey of an evening sky. He roused himself.

"Yes, I am well," said he; "only I think, my friend, that you are on a wild-goose chase, the most wild-goose chase that ever was; or else somebody has been telling you police the blackest, most abominable, most frightful lie. Still, I may be mistaken. The name you have in mind may not be the same as mine."

"And if it be, what then? Did I not tell you that the whole thing is a conjecture merely, yet a conjecture to be elaborated; not a shadow of proof, yet a case where we suspect that proof may exist? But I must stay no longer; and, if I mistake not, here is another visitor for you."

"Heatherly," said Stormbrook, looking at the card which his servant had handed to him. "Well, good-bye, inspector. Show the gentleman up."

There entered George Heatherly, who promptly took the chair vacated by the departed visitor.

"Anything fresh?" asked Stormbrook.

"Nothing—nothing at all. You aren't looking up to much."

"Take a cigar and don't be personal."

After that there was silence for awhile. Heatherly watched the moving panorama beneath the window with the renewed interest of one who has spent a few years off the high road of civilization. The electric lamps, which had just been lighted, shone through the thin fog of the autumn evening like monstrous pearls. Everyone of any distinction was leaving the Government buildings, those big stone edifices with formidable names at their entrances.

At length Heatherly said, "Who was that I met coming out of this room?"

"Faskell, a chief inspector of police," Stormbrook answered, with an abruptness that was not usual with him.

"You have an extensive list of friends?"

"Save us from them!"

"You do not mean that. Ah! if you will permit me—for I see that you are not in the best of tempers—I will question you further concerning that romantic affair of Nicolas de Monthéry."

As he spoke those words Heatherly leaned forward to flick the ash of his cigar out of the open window, so that he did not perceive the other start as if he had received a deadly wound.

"How does that affair progress? And what is the name of the lady?"

Stormbrook poured himself out a glass of wine with a hand that shook a little. "Monthéry and his friend have not spoken since we talked about them," he answered. "As for the lady's name, I do not see why I should not tell it you. Madeleine Branza."

"Oh! she is not English?"

"She is a Pole."

"And beautiful?"

"As the dawn. If you were to spend an hour in her society you would come away intoxicated with her charm. Her eyes have that soft light of a gentle spirit—oh, Heaven! —a gentle spirit, a soul of love, of innocence, of all artlessness——"

Heatherly sprang up in alarm. The other's manner in an instant had become frantic, impassioned; his voice, tinged with agony, appeared to be raised in reply to some terrible charge. But he controlled himself in a moment and begged his friend to resume his seat.

"No; you have started no painful subject," said Stormbrook. "How could you? What is this girl to me? Did not I tell you that she is loved only by De Monthéry and—and the friend who loves him best in the world? What have I to do with it? Yet I like to talk of her, to think of her, to conjure up her image, which is a delight to me. You must know Madeleine, though when she speaks you will feel her words fall as blows upon your heart, which will tremble and perhaps ache. Oh, the power that such a woman possesses! It is terrible!"

Stormbrook wiped his forehead, which was damp with emotion. Then he continued:—

"She came to Paris a year ago, unknown. There arose vague reports that she is nearly related to an exiled nobleman of much influence in his country. I do not know what truth the gossip contains. She was beautiful, apparently of great wealth, and charming in manner. She obtained access to the best sets. It was in Paris that Monthéry met her, and that man, who had resisted with ease a thousand allurements in other women, gave his soul to this girl. It was there that the friends quarrelled on her account. Presently there arose sinister whisperings concerning Madeleine Branza—lies propagated by envious rivals, not the ordinary tales which scandal breathes from polluted lips, but—but I need not name them. Madeleine came to London. Nicolas de Monthéry followed her, and so did his friend. They are here now, as you know. Which does she favour? I cannot answer that question, which must be left to time to settle."

"I should indeed like to meet this lady," said Heatherly, musing. "In what part of London does she live?"

"—— Street, Portland Place."

The other looked up in surprise, then smiled at an unexpressed thought. "Not number forty-seven, I suppose?" said he, carelessly.

It was Stormbrook's turn to appear astonished. "That is the house," he made answer.

"STORMBROOK WALKED AWAY AND LEANED UPON THE MANTEL."

"No!"

"What is the matter with you?"

"Are you quite sure?"

"Of what?"

"That the number is forty-seven?"

"Absolutely." The speaker rose with the word. "What do *you* know about the house?" he asked, in the queerest voice.

"I? Well—I—er—'pon my word, I don't know whether I should keep silent or not, but—but I witnessed a rather unusual incident without number forty-seven the eve of yesterday. A fellow with two detectives somewhere at his heels came flying down the street, which was dark. There was a girl in a carriage without the house, and the poor wretch, who was thoroughly done up, called to her to hide him. She beckoned him into the carriage and hid him under a rug. The strange part of the affair was that she seemed almost as frightened as the man, and she implored him to keep quiet. I say, old chap, you are ill! Don't deny it; you are like a ghost!"

"Go on, go on!" cried Stormbrook, in a voice of hollow fear.

"You are upset over something, and I am boring you?"

"Go on, I beg." Stormbrook walked away and leaned upon the mantel, keeping his face averted; one arm hung down, the fist clenched, and he beat upon the carpet with his foot.

Greatly wondering, Heatherly hurried on his story. "The officers," he continued, "were clean baffled by the woman's stratagem. They sniffed about the scent for half an hour and then went off."

"And after that?" said the listener, in just audible tones.

"Why, the woman called to the fellow and he made a dash into the house. I am certain that it was number forty-seven because I crossed over to make a special note of it. If this man be a rascal, then the girl is probably an accomplice. Good heavens! what am I saying? The woman is possibly Madeleine Branza herself!"

"You saw her face?"

"I did. It was the face of a beautiful creature."

"You would recognise it if you saw the portrait?"

"If the picture were good I'd pick it out from a thousand others."

"Is that the face?" Stormbrook had snatched a portrait from a drawer.

Heatherly's reply was instantaneous. "It is."

Stormbrook sank into a chair. He appeared to be choking, and he tore his collar loose. The dew of some terrible emotion was thick upon his forehead; he made no sound, yet his eyes cried out with their piteous gaze. Feebly he waved aside his friend. "It cannot, cannot be. There is some mistake, some ghastly error," he groaned. Then he added, "Leave me, I beg."

"I shall do nothing of the sort. You are ill."

"I ask it as a favour. I must be alone—alone—to work out a problem—I'll let you know—all about it—for my sake go!"

And Heatherly, struck suddenly to the heart by a sense of profound sorrow, went out on tip-toe. He descended the stairway, muttering to himself: "There is a mystery here which I cannot fathom. I will come to-morrow and he will tell me."

He called on the following day, but Stormbrook was gone. The latter had left a sealed note for his friend. Heatherly opened it with feverish haste. The communication was an extraordinary one.

III.

"MY DEAR HEATHERLY,—By the time you read this letter I shall be in Paris probably, and if so at the Hotel ——. You may follow me there if you wish.

"As I write I am alone in my room in which you are now standing. I have just returned from one of the most terrible interviews. I must speak, must tell you, who know how to keep silent, of a secret which might otherwise hurry me into some desperate act when there was never occasion for so much judgment and the calm power of true reason.

"I have made a discovery: all my life has been a preparation for the next twelve hours. For that time I have lived. There are men who are born to do one thing, to perform a single action. I am one of these, and I stand at a crisis which at first appalled me, though I am now quite calm, believing that I perceive my way.

"You will be astonished at what I am about to tell you. I am the friend of Nicolas de Monthéry, the friend of whom I spoke to you; and I love Mademoiselle Branza, whom he loves. And Madeleine Branza, who has our souls in her keeping, is—how can I write it?—is not worthy of that trust.

"You will recollect that I told you that in Paris certain defamatory reports were

insidiously circulated concerning her. Well, they have been justified, here in London. Madeleine Branza is a criminal—a forger. How easily I write these words; and I read them when written with a calm eye. Yet could anything be more frightful? My friend, it is better to be altogether in despair than half wretched. I am conscious of a strange apathy, and would, if I had the time, deliberately analyze my feelings.

"Do not question the truth of my assertion. I have just seen Madeleine—still must I call her by that name—and have forced a confession from her lips; those lips, that were fashioned for words of love, said, 'I am guilty.'

"I believe that she was frightened of me, though I was absolutely collected. She, who could move me with a glance, was humble before me. I had observed that the house was in a state of confusion, and I guessed quickly that she was on the eve of moving out from it. That was not all. By a chance I made a greater discovery. She was to marry Nicolas in the afternoon of the following day—to marry him secretly, by special license, and then to leave for a South American port. She had offered him herself on those conditions, at which he had jumped like a madman. Did he—does he suspect the frightful truth? He does not. But, believing that she is being watched, she chose that method of flight and escape from justice.

"Do you know, I am surprised at the ease with which I write this. I look at the words before me, which do not blind my eyes with horror, as they might well do. Either extreme mental pain is its own narcotic, or else I am under the influence of a premonition that fate is hurrying me on to some further crisis. I feel as one who ships his oars and leaves himself to the stream.

"You will want to know how I acted in this extremity. The words that passed between us I seem to hear now. I said, 'For the sin which you have sinned against me I can forgive you, but if you marry Monthéry I shall never forgive you.' From under her eyelids she flashed menacing looks. 'You would prevent me?' 'I shall, if you compel me.' 'How?' 'By delivering you to justice.' She laughed. 'You will do nothing of the sort.' 'Why not?' And she answered, 'You love me too much.'

"THEN SHE TURNED UPON ME IN A FURY."

"I could find no reply to that argument; my soul rose in a mad ecstasy at the words, which I felt to be so true. Give her to justice? Easier to raise the guilty dead and set them for judgment. Yet I answered, 'If you do not promise me to leave England to night without seeing Nicolas I shall go to him and tell him all I know.' 'Do you imagine that he will believe you?' 'That remains to be seen.' 'You will require time to produce your proofs—if he does not strike you dead—and he will not wait—he who would sell his soul to gain me.' 'Nevertheless, I shall make this attempt to save my friend.'

"Then she turned upon me in fury; there was a terrible scene; from her soft eyes shot

flames of hate and passion. I was firm, and in the end I had my way. Madeleine leaves England to-night. I travel with her as far as Paris, for I dare not leave her alone lest she break her word and communicate with Monthéry.

"In the morning he will come for her, his bride. Heaven help him!"

IV.

TWENTY-FOUR hours had not passed before Heatherly was in Paris and alighting from a cab that drew up before a small and unpretentious hotel in the Faubourg St. Honoré.

"Monsieur Alfred Stormbrook is staying here, I believe?"

"He is, monsieur. He said that he expected a visitor; but half an hour ago he was obliged to go out, and he left word that he would not be back for two or three hours."

"Is he staying here for long?"

"He has taken a room for three days, monsieur."

"Very well; I will do the same."

Having secured his apartment Heatherly went out again to kill the time. The streets were bathed in the afternoon sunlight, filled with the subdued roar of rolling carriages, and crowded with pedestrians who looked at the shops, each other, and themselves. But Heatherly, though he mingled with the throng, had no thought for this stream of chattering life. Deeply concerned for his friend, profoundly grieved for his grief, troubled as to what would be the conclusion of this soul's tragedy, he wandered on, amidst those conjectures, apprehensions, hopes which weary the mind without serving it; and presently found himself again at the railway station.

A mail train had just steamed into that busy hive. The engine, breathing hoarsely through its iron lungs, was letting everyone know how hard it had toiled; porters were shouting, cabmen vociferating, and passengers flitting hither and thither with their luggage. Suddenly Heatherly, who had been watching the scene with uninterested eyes, uttered an exclamation of astonishment as he perceived the military form of Nicolas de Monthéry emerge swiftly from the human bustle of confusion and make his way from the station.

The question which Heatherly asked himself involuntarily, "What is he doing here?" he answered with equal readiness, "He knows!"

As fast as a cab could carry him he drove again to the hotel in the Faubourg St. Honoré, and to his relief learned that Stormbrook had returned. "His room is next to yours, monsieur," he was told. "But there is a lady with him."

A lady? She could not be other than Madeleine Branza, Heatherly told himself. He shrank from seeing her, but the occasion demanded an instant interview with his friend. He sent up his card and heard Stormbrook's voice calling to him. He entered the apartment.

Mademoiselle Branza was there, dressed in outdoor costume. She was seated on a sofa, and as the visitor entered she lifted her small face, exquisitely beautiful, though pale as a white flower which shines still in the evening. Heatherly, terribly embarrassed, moved by the soft deeps of those eyes which knew their power too well to yield, bowed with awkwardness. But Stormbrook drew him aside to the window.

"What is she doing—here?" whispered Heatherly, with a touch of sternness.

"I dare not let her out of my sight. You understand why? Have no fears for me; in forty-eight hours she has grown to hate me so much that she would not hesitate to kill me. My fears are all for Nicolas. How can I keep those two apart? When her—when her—guilt is known—and known it must be in course of time—there will be no more danger—for him. But I have promised not to betray her, and if he should meet her now, Heaven knows what will happen. She was to have left Paris to-day, but it seems that her luggage went wrong when we crossed the Channel by the night mail and it cannot be found."

"Ah! One word; do you think she is playing a straight game with you?"

The other passed a hand over his forehead. "I cannot tell; but I watch her keenly."

"Is it not possible that in spite of your precautions she has contrived to communicate with her lover?"

"Why do you ask that question?"

"Because Nicolas de Monthéry is in Paris at this moment."

Stormbrook could not repress a cry of surprise. "You have seen him?"

"Fifteen minutes ago, at the railway station. If she has given him your address—ah! that is what she has done Look there."

"Nicolas! Bless my soul!" exclaimed Stormbrook.

The woman heard him, and in an instant was upon her feet, advancing to the window.

"I will go," said Heatherly, aghast at this turn of affairs.

"No; stay," said Stormbrook, and he turned with a terrible smile to the woman, who shrank before it.

A voice downstairs was heard crying, "I know the room; you need not show me the way; I saw him at the window."

Mademoiselle Branza sank again upon the sofa; Heatherly walked to the mantel, and stood there with one arm upon it, looking down at the fire. There followed one of those moments into which an age seems compressed. Suddenly the door was flung open unceremoniously. Nicolas de Monthéry appeared on the threshold.

He was pale with passion, though the face, set as marble, showed the man under control. His gaze travelled swiftly round the room. First his eyes met Stormbrook's, then the motionless figure of Mademoiselle Branza, then the half-turned back of Heatherly, and finally they returned again to Madeleine, resting upon that bowed head with an expression that cannot be described. Stormbrook was the first to break the silence.

"Willingly, but——" Stormbrook broke off with something like a groan.

"You will explain," said Monthéry once more.

No answer.

The officer, whose face was now the colour of death, turned to the girl on the sofa. "Well, what does it mean?" he repeated to her. And she, too, was silent.

"Before Heaven I will not ask a fourth time!" said Monthéry, who appeared to be choking.

Stormbrook commenced: "My dear Nicolas——," but he had got no farther when Madeleine Branza rushed toward him, clasping his arm with her delicate fingers and throwing her soul into one look of agony. "Your word! Your word!" she panted.

"I demand of you what is this lady doing here?" continued the young officer.

Still no reply.

"Scoundrel! You will not answer my question?" He turned to Madeleine. "You are mine," he said, in a voice harrowed by

"HE STAGGERED BACKWARD, CATCHING AT THE DOOR FOR SUPPORT."

"Pardon, my dear Monthéry, is not this intrusion a little unusual?"

The officer of Cuirassiers turned his head slowly, and slowly he said, in a voice which he could not altogether command:—

"You will explain."

love and passion. "Come with me; I will find out the truth, and then I will deal with this man—this Judas, this false friend!"

Heatherly moved round, knowing that a crisis indeed was come, and he perceived directly that the woman saw her opportunity

and meant to take it. For the love which Stormbrook bore her would not let him speak. She advanced a step, then hesitated, like a beautiful antelope that hesitates between her young and a levelled rifle.

"Stay where you are," said Stormbrook, in a voice of iron. "Monthéry, I will explain this matter. Why is Madeleine here? Why have I brought her with me to Paris? Because she is my wife."

"That is a lie, but oh, it is a great move," breathed Heatherly.

It was as if someone had driven a knife into the officer's heart. He uttered a terrible cry and staggered backward, catching at the door for support. Mademoiselle Branza opened her lips to deny the assertion, but Stormbrook, raising his hand suddenly, brought her eyes to his and she was mastered, seeing the utter resolution there.

"Your wife?" echoed De Monthéry.

"So I said," answered the other.

"Madeleine—your wife?"

"Must I repeat it?"

"Liar!"

"From any other man in all this world, Nicolas, I would not take that word. One day you will retract it."

"You—you hypocrite! Take that!"

Stormbrook received the blow without a muscle quivering, full in the face, a furious slash which left a red mark of hate that was lost in the rush of blood that followed the deadly insult.

Heatherly sprang forward.

"Gentlemen!"

But Nicolas de Monthéry was gone.

V.

THERE were five men in the wood. Two stood motionless; one, kneeling on the sodden ground, was examining a case of instruments; the remaining two were talking earnestly together, standing apart.

From their high nests in the trees, whose tops were gilded with the sunlight, the rooks hailed the new day with unmelodious caws of greeting. Beyond the fringe of forest, half a mile over the meadows, the broad Seine swung by its green banks, that were saturated with dew. The tall ships came and went, their brown and white sails shivering in the breath of the morning. A bell from a church at Suresnes sent forth a deep-toned musical note. The climbing sun, which hung in the sky like an enormous orange, slowly by its purple flames sucked up the mists that dragged over the fields.

"Gentlemen, we are quite ready."

The surgeon got up from his knees, which he wiped with care, and retreated a few paces. The principals in this affair of honour bestowed a cursory glance at the long bright pistols which had been placed in their hands.

"I thank you, captain," said Monthéry to his second, in a cold, hard voice.

"My hand, you see, is not too steady," said Stormbrook to his second. The latter, who had acted in two or three affairs of the kind, who had never known his man to make such a confession, and to make it with a smile of such sweetness, was for a moment nonplussed. Then he said:—

"The morning is so cold, monsieur."

"But I am warm."

"Ah! perhaps you did not sleep well?"

"Possibly. I shall sleep better to-night."

"Are you quite ready, messieurs?"

Yes, they were ready, having taken up the positions assigned to them, facing opposite directions, prepared at the word to turn and fire at that distance of ten paces.

The stripped trees of the wood were aglow with the sunlight that filled the morning with glory.

A man's voice cried, "One! two! three!"

Stormbrook wheeled round and fired at the burning disc of the sun; for an instant he was so still that none would have guessed that a pistol ball had entered his heart. Then he uttered a terrible cry.

"Nicolas! Nicolas!"

Stormbrook fell backward. He was dead.

The seconds rushed towards the prostrate form and raised the head, while the surgeon tore open the shirt, looking for the wound, from which no stream of blood proceeded.

"He is quite dead," said the surgeon, in a grave voice.

At that moment a man who had been seeking in the wood, and who had been guided to the spot by the double report of the pistols, came rushing from the trees. The others sprang to their feet in alarm.

"For Heaven's sake do not say that I am too late!" cried George Heatherly, for the intruder was none other than he. Scarcely had he spoken, and before the others could find a word of reply, when he perceived, lying upon the ground, the body of his friend. With an exclamation of horror he sank upon his knees by the quiet form. "Dead! dead!" he muttered.

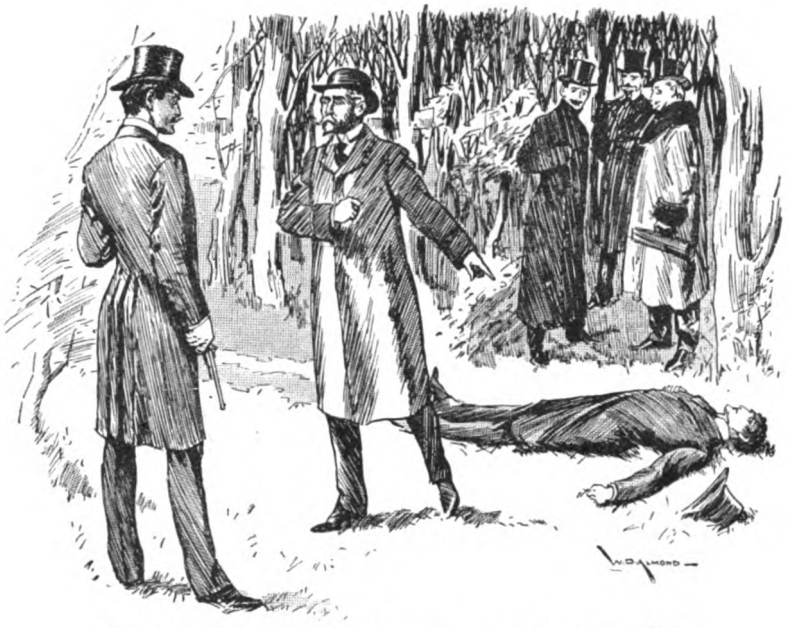
Then all at once he appeared to be seized with the frenzy of one delirious. He started to his feet and confronted Nicolas de Monthéry, who during this time had not

moved an inch, but remained staring stonily down at the man whom he had killed.

"You villain! The dearest friend that Heaven ever gave a man lies dead there, and you have murdered him."

of an accomplice, arrested this morning at her hotel."

Nicolas de Monthéry bowed his head—slowly, slowly. His chin rested on his breast and he swayed a little, as an overburdened



"HE STARTED TO HIS FEET AND CONFRONTED NICOLAS DE MONTHÉRY."

Monthéry fixed an inscrutable gaze upon the Englishman.

"I am too late to prevent the deed, but not too late to accuse you of its foulness. Mademoiselle Branza was not the wife of Alfred Stormbrook. He took her away from you—to save you—because she is a felon."

A frightful pallor overspread the face of Monthéry. Still he did not speak.

"Took her away from you on the eve of her marriage, that he might spare you a lasting shame; took her away almost by force rather than denounce her. And you have shot him like a dog!"

Twice did Monthéry open his lips, but no sound came from them. At length he said, in a hoarse whisper, "You can prove this?"

"I can. Mademoiselle Branza, accused of forging bank-notes, was, on the evidence

tree sways in a gale. He advanced ten steps, and, while no man spoke or moved, stood looking down at the stark form whose fingers gripped the earth that they could not feel, whose eyes reflected the light which they could not see.

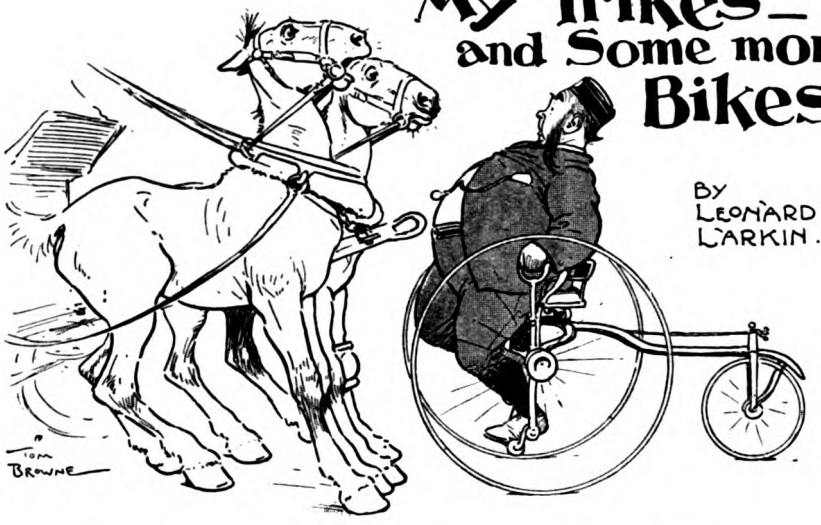
"Nicolas! Nicolas!" muttered Monthéry, speaking his own name, as if he were endeavouring to catch some far-off echo.

Then he lifted his face to the sun-drenched sky above him, and from his heart there burst a great, bitter cry which rang through the wood and seemed to make the trees shiver with fear.

He fell, face downward, upon the body of his friend, and his own body rose and fell, convulsed.

"Come, monsieur," said the surgeon; "come, gentlemen! We have no time to lose."

My Trikes—and Some more Bikes



BY LEONARD LARKIN.

WHEN, last October, I told some of my adventures with my old bicycles, I promised to tell more about my tricycles. So here is more—and not all about tricycles, either.

A tricycle is a rarity nowadays — much rarer than would have seemed possible, say, fifteen years back. There was once a time — no, there was twice a time — when tricycles threatened to outnumber bicycles—even to supersede them altogether. The first of these times was in the very beginning of things, when I rode my mustard-coloured boneshaker. Then there were boneshaker tricycles as well as bicycles. The boneshaker tricycle was the simplest possible modification of the boneshaker bicycle; instead of one trailing back wheel there were two, one at each end of an axle. This had one obvious advantage—the thing would stand upright by itself. This lulled the novice into a false sense of security. It seemed the easiest thing in the whole world to climb into that stationary tricycle, gain the saddle, and shove ahead. It *was* easy, too, at first—except for the labour, which wasn't easy at all. You climbed on the rocky shapelessness called the saddle, you seized the handles that stood up a yard in front of your nose, and you shoved ahead as well as you could. You didn't have to bother about balancing, but there were plenty of consolations for that little deficiency. You had three wheels to bump you instead of two, and half as much more machinery to thunder and clatter along the road; and when you came to anything like a corner the whole apparatus turned over outwards and jumped on you with all its knobs at once. No balancing would save you—nothing but creeping round the corner a foot at a time, or, safer still, climbing out of the thing and shoving it round. I have known of men who rode as much as fifty miles at a stretch on a two-wheeled boneshaker, though I never quite made out how they got home, or who carried them; but I never heard of anybody getting as far as twenty miles on the three-wheeled truck. It was cheaper to walk, as well as quicker. And so, considering all things, and especially considering the monotony of getting all your croppers at the corners instead of fairly distributing them along the road, the enthusiacs let the wooden tricycle go and stuck to the two-wheeler—between the croppers. It was also discovered that the bicycle attracted fewer old women with pots and pans and scissors, owing to its more distant resemblance to a knife-grinding plant.

So that for some years the tricycle suffered in popularity, and the few made—on new patterns — were intended for the use of the elderly, or, in rare cases, for ladies. As soon as the bicycle was fitted with rubber tyres and wire spokes there came a tricycle of similar construction as to tyres and spokes,

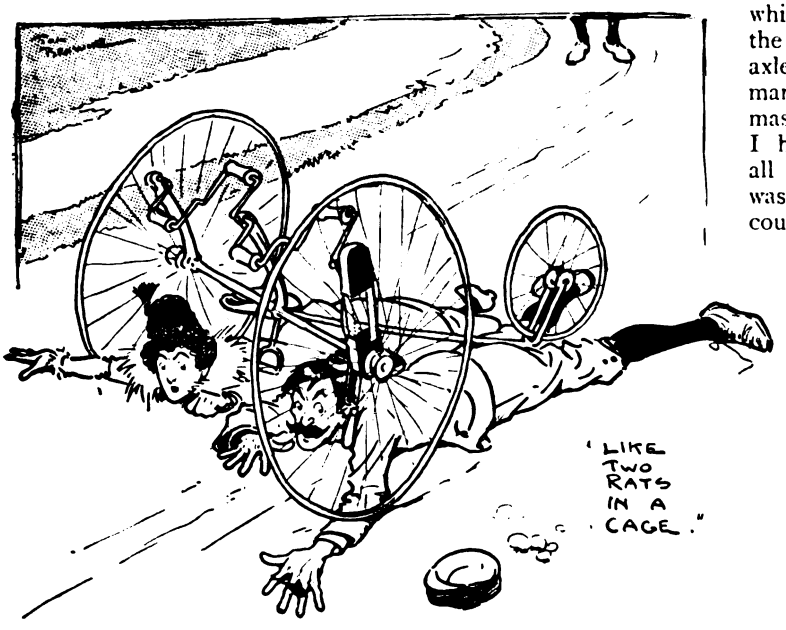
but different in other respects, and more like the knife-grinding establishment than ever. It was a happy conjunction, in fact, of the knife-grinding machine and the Bath-chair. The rider sat in a high cushioned seat between two largish wheels, one of which he drove by the system of levers and rods familiar to the tinker, while he steered with a small wheel ahead by precisely the same mechanism which you may see to-day, or any day you please, on any esplanade that happens to be near. The long steering-arm was very handy, turned round to the front, to drag the thing to the blacksmith's. In other respects most of us still preferred the bicycle. There was so much less of it to carry home.

Then there was the rear-steering single driver, which got quite popular. The steering-wheel stuck out behind and was turned by a rod worked by a spade handle; while one of the two larger wheels, between which the victim sat, was driven by a chain and cog-wheels, and the only business of the other large wheel was to hold up its corner and trundle. The pedals turned on a cranked axle, and the end of the cranked axle carried the lower cog-wheel. This thing was very useful for people who preferred to travel sitting, just about as fast as they could walk, and who didn't mind working hard for the privilege. Some of the machines were delicately balanced, too, so as to give you an opportunity of pitching out forward if you bent to your labour; but whether they embodied this advantage or not, they all had another. They would slew round suddenly broadside on, like Mr. Winkle's horse, in the most unexpected and disconcerting manner, if you came on a muddy patch, or put on a spurt, or slowed down, or back-pedalled, or put on the brake, or didn't put it on, or anything of that sort. For a steady, middle-aged gentleman, pottering quietly on a tricycle with an idea of escaping the dangers and excitements of bicycling, to find himself instantaneously transferred to the opposite side of the road, facing east instead of north, under the astonished countenances of a pair of omnibus horses, was an adventure that had great qualities as a nerve-tonic; it also had a vastly stimulating effect on the eloquence of 'bus-drivers and cabmen.

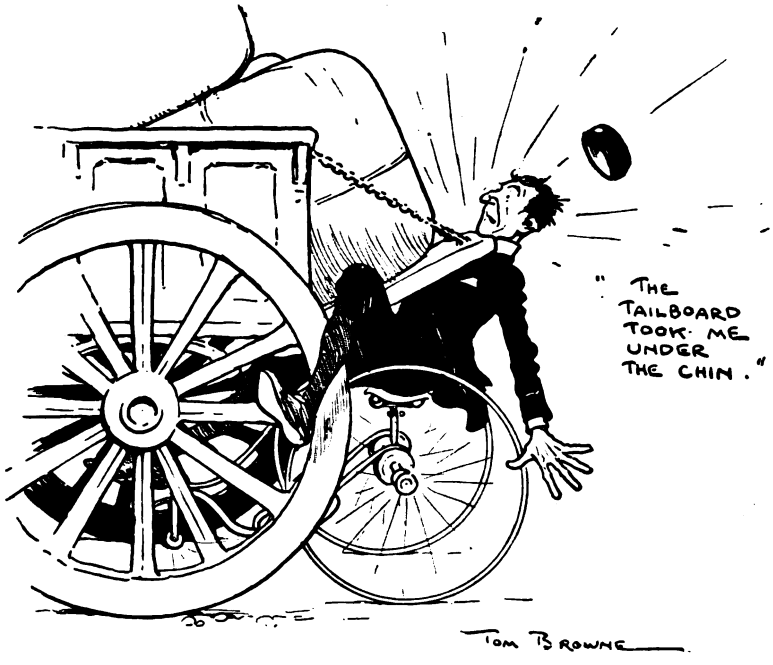
But the plain single-driving rear-steerer was nothing to a certain improvement. (Flash of memory—it was called the Stirling.) This improvement abolished the chain. The two cog-wheels, one on the driving-wheel and one on the crank-rod, geared directly into each other; so that, as a moment's consideration will show, the sufferer had to pedal *backward* to make the machine go forward. This may have been a charming plan of progress when you got used to it, but I never did. You had to think about it—to keep your mind intent on that back-pedalling all the time. I once rode eleven miles—no, no, I didn't; I once accompanied such a machine for eleven miles, and I never went near one again. I thought very hard at first, and I went nearly thirty yards in perfect safety, very slowly. Then I allowed my attention to wander, and—phtt! I was sitting in the gutter with my legs pointing across the road, where the Stirling improved tricycle was standing at bay. What had I done? I had forgotten, that was all. With my right leg at the top of the stroke I had given a vigorous shove *forward*, according to long habit, and the whole improvement had whisked away from under me, backward and sideways, and now we gazed at each other from opposite sides of the road. That was thirty yards from the beginning of that eleven miles, and a simple calculation will reveal the fact that I got over another ten miles and seventeen hundred and thirty yards in the company of that tricycle, and I still live. It must have lasted about six hours, that adventure. After several more such misunderstandings I got into such a mental confusion that I began to lose all count of whether I was going forward or backward, and which end of the road I had started from. I found myself bemusedly trying to ride the thing upside down, to stand on my head and pedal it—anything that seemed likely, to my muddled faculties, to disentangle the general reversibility of the caravan. I hailed as a blessed inspiration the idea of turning the pestiferous contrivance tail foremost and standing on the pedals, and it was only when I found myself rushing violently backward into the unknown (I knew it presently—it was a ditch) that I realized the thing *must* be back-pedalled, whichever way you turned it. And then at last, when all the points of the compass were spinning hopelessly in my head, and I had given up all effort to determine which end of me my shoes were on, and whether my hat was at the same end or not, the proper way of meeting the difficulty came to me in a merciful flash of inspiration. I stooped low, thrust my throbbing head amongst the machinery so that the frame rested on my shoulders, raised myself by a mighty effort —it must have weighed about a hundredweight—and *carried it.*

Then we had quite a reasonable type of engine in the loop-framed front-steerer, which weighed, I suppose, about as much as a light dogcart, and when we made it twice as wide and twice as heavy and about three times as hard to drive, we sat in it side by side and called it a "sociable" — but sometimes, irreverently, a "'bus." It wasn't easy to capsize a "sociable," which was a thing about as wide as Paternoster Row; but I have seen it done on a nasty hill, round a corner of which I came upon one completely overturned, with a friend and his wife imprisoned at full length beneath it, like two rats in a cage. You can upset anything on wheels if you persevere.

Also we had many other patterns of rear-steering tricycle, and we had the free wheel. Oh, yes; we had the free wheel on tricycles in the early eighties, and we soon got rid of it. We could get quite enough noise out of our tricycles plain, and the "clutch action" (that was the name for the free wheel then) as it used to be made had a complete repertoire of rows of its own. They were alarming rows, ranging from the merry trill of the policeman's rattle to the buzz of a large bluebottle — one about as big as a cow — with occasional bangs and crashes as of a helpless tin pot in a threshing machine. Moreover, the free wheel of those days was subject to occasional fits of impartiality, acting both backward and forward with equal readiness; so that the enthusiac was apt to find himself sitting serene and stationary and pedalling against nothing. So that the clutch action was not clutched with any eagerness, and the tricycle of those times was soon free of the free wheel.



Does anybody remember the Omnicycle? I do, though my experience of it was limited to a half-mile ride in the City of London. The rider sat between two equal-sized driving-wheels and steered with a small wheel in front; and between that steering-wheel and the others there was about a quarter of a ton of the most ingenious mechanism ever seen on a cycle. You pedalled, not round and round, nor even up and down, but obliquely, downward and forward, and each tread pulled a strap which helped to pull all the machinery on the axle. There were so many advantages in this mass of ingenuity that I have forgotten them all except one, which was that the omnicycle couldn't possibly betray you by running backward when you were ascending a steep hill. I was so delighted and confused by the explanation of the complicated merits of all this machinery that I cut it short by mounting and riding off into the traffic. There was a certain mental gratification in the reflection that I was setting all that vast conglomeration of engineering genius to work by the mere effort of my own personal legs, and I spun along gaily till at last it was necessary to pull up behind a cart. I pulled up accordingly, with my nose about a foot away from the cart's tailboard. And then—the cart began to back; and I made the appalling discovery that the reason the machine wouldn't go backward on a hill was that it wouldn't go backward at all, anywhere. Not only couldn't you drive it backward with your feet, but you couldn't shove it—the wheels wouldn't turn that way. I had just time to realize the full significance of the improvement when the tailboard took me



under the chin. It was my first back somersault, and I earnestly recommend any lady or gentleman who thinks of practising the feat to begin *without* a tailboard under the chin; it cramps the style.

But, after all, there was always more amusement to be got out of two wheels than out of any larger number. True, I can't answer for a thing I once saw with five wheels, to carry a man on each, because I never heard that anybody had succeeded in gathering so large a crowd of sufficiently intrepid experimenters. But there was always a deal of fun to be got out of the Otto. That was a two-wheeler, though it wasn't easy to recognise it as a bicycle. The wheels were large and equal, and they ran side by side. The acrobat sat between them, not *below* the centre, as you might expect, but perched well above it, and his attention was divided between maintaining the correct distance between the back of his head and the ground behind and keeping his nose off the ground in front. To give the performer confidence behind a little tail stuck out, just too short to stop him going over that way, and to maintain a healthy anxiety as to his nose in front there were straps over the pedals, so as to hold his feet back in case of a pitch forward. With all these advantages the machine grew wonderfully popular, and the clever people who could ride it were very enthusiastic and mighty arrogant. The steering was managed very cleverly. The pedals ran on a cranked axle, but in place of cog-wheels and chains there were drums and steel bands at each side, so that normally both wheels were driven dead level. You hung on by two spade handles, right and left, and to turn a corner you turned the inside handle, which slacked the band on that side, checked the inside wheel, and let the outer wheel drive in its wider sweep. It was simple, ingenious, scientific, and accurate, *but*—there was always some horrid "but" about these triumphs, and you discovered it at the most awkward moment—*but* you must be careful about steering and back-pedalling at the same time. If you were going down-hill and holding back by the pedals (as was then the custom, and a very good one too) and you wished to avoid a waggon coming up, you had to remember to do exactly the reverse of what would be right if you were shoving forward. If you forgot and turned the handle *away* from the waggon, as would seem natural, round you went the wrong way, and either swept that waggon off the face of the earth or tried such a tumultuous experiment in the interpenetration of matter as left you very little Otto to get home with and very little of yourself for it to carry.

And so it came about that at last all the two-wheeled cycles had the wheels in line. And there was a vast deal of trouble before the tandem bicycle, as we know it now, was evolved. It seems a simple, straightforward sort of idea now, doesn't it? Just two men between the wheels instead of one; and yet it was about the last idea hit on. One of the first aimed at joining up the two big wheels of the tall bicycle. It was a clever dodge, but it took clever riders to use it. It was done like this. It was necessary for two riders to conspire to buy a "coupling" made precisely to suit the sizes of their respective

machines. This "coupling" consisted of a long connecting-bar of steel tubing, with proper pivots at each end; and when the backbones and back wheels of the bicycles had been removed the coupling joined the two big wheels up one behind the other, and there you were. If you were wise you stayed there, and if you were otherwise you mounted.

Now, I admit that I have seen that coupled tandem ridden round a track without a mishap, and perhaps if all had been right I should have succeeded as well as the performers on that occasion. But all wasn't right.

A friend wrote to me that he had bought a coupling a bargain—one that would fit his bicycle and mine—and he summoned me to help him ride it to a certain picnic, where it was designed that we should create such a sensation as by itself would ensure the success of the whole entertainment. I rode round to my friend's house on my tall fifty-four incher, and having taken off the backbones and back wheels of our respective machines with no trouble, and having fitted the arrangements together with a great deal, we began.

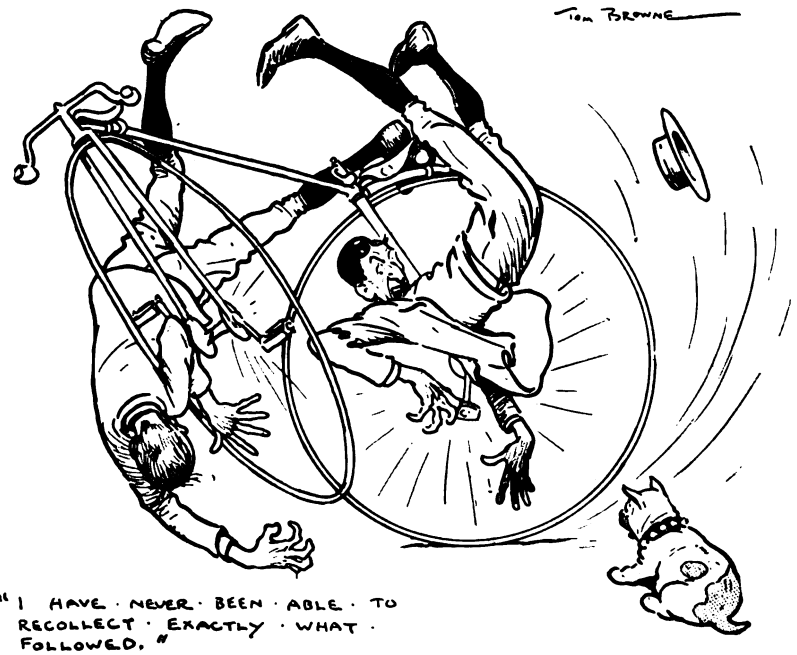
I held up the procession as steadily as possible while my friend climbed into the foremost saddle, and then as soon as he had got moving—with a very sorry wobble—I skipped smartly into the saddle behind. I have never been able to recollect exactly what followed, till my friend and I found ourselves face to face in opposite gutters, with the machine between us and a confused impression that we had somehow managed to run over each other.

We changed places for the next attempt, and resolved to remember all that happened. I remember it quite distinctly. My friend was no sooner mounted behind me than his half of the circus seemed to melt away, and I instantly sat on his head. I was still holding some of the machinery, but the rest of it seemed to be wrapped round my companion like an incomplete cocoon. I got off his head and sorted him and we mounted again.

This time it was my end of the vehicle that melted away, but the proprietor didn't sit on my head; I would rather he had. He stood on it—with his own. I had slid off backward from the front seat—he pitched forward from the back. And considering how he had been wasting his money I was surprised to find him such a hard-headed person.

The crowd increased—I had forgotten to mention the crowd, but of course it was there—and we grew desperate. We went at it wildly, and the wilder we grew the more exasperatingly methodical became the habits of that unholy alliance of bicycles. It subsided at alternate ends with a regularity that grew positively monotonous, and I believe my friend and I began to suspect each other of somehow doing it on purpose. But through it all, such was the ingenious plan of the contrivance, whichever of us first bit the dust (a more than usually figurative expression, for it was a muddy road), down came the partner in misfortune on top of him punctually to emphasize the downfall.

The enthusiasm of the populace knew no



"I HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO RECOLLECT EXACTLY WHAT FOLLOWED."

bounds except those we executed, which it recognised with joy. If I could command as much popular applause when I liked I could make my fortune just whenever it suited my convenience. But just then we weren't thinking so much of our fortunes as of our misfortunes. They fell so thick upon us at last, and we fell so thick upon each other, that we consulted together and presently moved off, cautiously wheeling the cause of our popularity between us. This was the signal for an instant decline in public favour.

"Yah! Why don't ye ride it?" jeered one

critic. "Go on, guv'nor, try again!" counselled another. "Ain't ye got no pluck?" "Put a bit o' gum on the saddle!" "Git inside an' pull down the blinds!" "Give it to someone as knows how to ride!" "'Ow much for the switchback?" "Hi! hi! hi!" etc., etc., etc.

In an atmosphere of growing contempt and obloquy we gained the front garden gate of a friend in an adjoining road, entered, and closed the gate behind us. It was a large garden, and our idea was to cross it and slip out by a back gate, and continue our experiments in some more sequestered spot.

We carried out this idea, and with such success that that afternoon, before being absolutely incapacitated from further movement, we were able to ride thirty or forty yards before collapsing—that is, in about three attempts out of five. But we always did collapse sooner or later, and we ended our afternoon's adventure by dragging the instrument home in ignominy. We made no attempt to reach our friends; we had had our picnic.

We never got any farther with that contrivance. Our little thirty or forty yard triumphs had to be achieved in the middle of a very wide road; though even the very width of the road had its disadvantages, for anything like a wide swerve brought the rear-guard down instantly, for that back wheel would only deflect to the extent of a very small angle. And if ever the leading rider turned a corner about as near the kerb as he would have done on a single machine—well, the man behind was dragged instantly into the kerb, and the result was smash beyond words. My friend got rid of that coupling-bar. I think too well of him to believe that he sold it; probably he presented it to the deserving poor. But, at any rate, he discovered later that it had been originally made for bicycles of different sizes from ours. I never saw any more of those coupling-bars in use, and I confidently believe them all to have been made for the wrong sizes. The front gate of the friend whose garden had covered our retreat was for some little time quite a place of popular resort—and repeated public disappointment, not to say disgust. I think this was the chief reason why he could never get on the School Board.

Burning Horseshoe.

A TALE OF THE AFGHAN BORDER.

By Frank Savile.

"I DON'T think much of your botany," said Miss Grey.

Streatfeild swung lazily in his hammock and pondered on the joys of quarrelling—actually quarrelling — with the object of his devotion. For two long years he had adored her, but his opportunities of making it manifest had been limited to hours—or, at any rate, to single days—at intervals of two months or more. Now, thanks to his attack of fever and to his chief's hospitality, he had been basking in the light of her countenance for a week—a whole exquisite week that had brought them to a pitch of intimacy that actually made a squabble possible. He smiled contentedly.

"And yet," he deprecated, "I have been studying plant life upon the hills for over five years!"

"And to such little advantage that I have discovered more than you in a little less than two. I tell you *gnaphalium* abounds below the snow line—if you know where to look for it."

Streatfeild shook his head.

"Seeing will be believing," said he. "*I* have never come across it."

"And I repeat that I know where to find it in acres—simply in acres!"

"Where, may I ask, if the information isn't a monopoly?"

She smiled at her father as he came up the veranda steps and dropped into a basket-chair.

"Captain Streatfeild refuses to believe that the dried bunch of *gnaphalium* above the looking-glass is home-grown, dad," she said.

"Nonsense, my boy," said Sir Robert. "You mustn't think that your barren district of Kotal includes the whole flora and fauna of the Hindoo Koosh. It's a perfect weed above Burning Horseshoe Fall."

"Burning Horseshoe?" Streatfeild considered for a moment. "That's in the Kalentar district, isn't it?"

"Yes. Half-a-dozen miles across the border."

"Wasn't that where Futteh Khan ——?" began Streatfeild.

"Yes," interrupted his chief. "Ten years ago that was the scene of his exploits. It's as safe as Piccadilly now."

Streatfeild nodded.

"So they tell me," he said. "But Burning Horseshoe? What's the origin of such an extraordinary name?"

Sir Robert Grey laughed.

"You wouldn't ask if you saw it at midday. The water drops a sheer hundred feet over a perfect horseshoe rock. When the full sun is on it and the reflection from the red rocks tinges it, it looks like molten brass. It's a wonderful gorge, and as for *gnaphalium*, it abounds on both sides of it."

"Well—are you satisfied?" asked Miss Grey, as her father rose and passed on into the house. But Streatfeild was not going to let the luxury of dissension drop too soon.

"Seeing is believing," he repeated, obstinately, and the two continued to bandy words till the dusk and the tinkle of the gong reminded them that dinner still holds a place in the most Elysian order of things.

Next morning, as the dawn broke over the hills, Streatfeild came leisurely down the veranda steps. He was smiling to himself as he strolled towards the stables. Argument had carried him far into his intimacy with Miss Grey the day before, but he considered that he had worked it a little threadbare. To-day, he told himself, he would reverse his tactics. He would ride out to the gorge in Kalentar, obtain a specimen of the disputed plant, and, with the visible sign of his penitence in his hand, would secure the grace of a prolonged forgiveness—one that should be filled with possibilities of tenderest submission. He clapped his hands to rouse the drowsy syce.

The man came out, rubbing his eyes, and disappeared into the stable.

Three minutes later Streatfeild's impatience made him follow. He noted suddenly that the loose-box next his own was empty.

"Where is the memsahib's mare?" he demanded, with a sudden vague misgiving.

With a cringing obeisance the man answered that its owner had already ridden it out—to exercise.

"With escort?" asked Streatfeild, curtly.

"No, sahib," answered the groom, "alone"; and at the word Streatfeild swung himself to the back of his chestnut and trotted quickly down the Residency road. He halted at the guard-room, which was the extreme limit of the little cantonment.

"Has Miss Grey passed, corporal?" he asked, as the man saluted; the chestnut was bucking and dancing in the tingle of the cool dawn air.

"Yes, sir," said the soldier, and pointed north along the valley towards the frontier hills; "half an hour ago."

The switch fell sharply on the charger's withers, and Streatfeild thundered off across the cultivated lands and down to the river-bed. Instinct told him what had occurred. Beatrice Grey's thoughts had run in a parallel groove to his own. She, too, had risen early to prove her contention, and by now was two miles or more ahead, riding for Burning Horseshoe Gorge, intent on bringing back what would crush his incredulity to earth. He frowned as he understood how his brilliant plans of submission would be set awry.

A little reflection, however, cleared his brow. Let him but overtake her before she reached her destination, and he would avow his pursuit as proof of his penitence and of his devotion. The spurs went home into the chestnut's flanks at the thought.

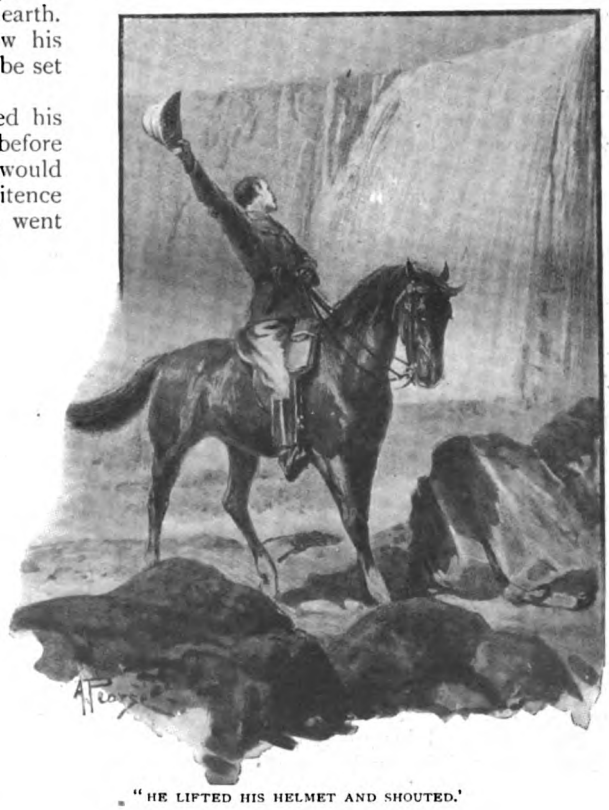
Along the river-bed the going was good enough. The pebbles, it is true, were loose, and spun from beneath his horse's hoofs, but the sandy loam between them made the footing good. And it had another advantage. Distinctly every few yards he could trace that a rider had passed. A mile farther on, as the hoof-prints veered sharply to the left, he blessed the luck that made them visible. Without this trail he would probably have missed his way.

The path grew more and more difficult. In places the great grey cliffs overhung, and the winter snows had brought down drifts of rubble that almost filled the narrow gorge. The little streams that purred beneath the boulders were well-nigh lost to sight, so deep were the crevices. His horse began to breathe heavily.

He topped a ridge-like formation that hid the further vista of the ravine, and then saw far away, but white and gleaming in the rising light, what could only be the end of his quest—Burning Horseshoe Fall. A huge volume of water burst from the head of a precipice and fell without a break into the pit of the valley below. It looked like the spreading tail of some gigantic milk-white steed, stark and shining against the shadowing rocks, falling in a curve of exquisite grace.

He lifted his helmet and shouted. But not only in satisfaction at his discovery. A couple of furlongs ahead, guiding a horse skilfully between the granite blocks, he had recognised a rider. Beatrice was in front of him! All was well!

His voice reached her. She turned in the saddle, and the faint echo of a laugh came back to him. Her horse began to canter sharply.



"HE LIFTED HIS HELMET AND SHOUTED.'

He understood. She was spurring to be first at the goal. It was to be a race, was it? Well, he would back his chestnut, in spite of all the prizes the mare had won her owner in Simla itself. He gave another shout, and sent his nag racing down the slope at a reckless gallop.

At first her light weight told. Streatfeild's horse, too, was winded from the long ascent, while hers had already had ten minutes of downhill to recover in. But by degrees, as the chestnut regained breath, and as its rider's fine hands and careful handling came into play, the interval decreased. Streatfeild sent a laughing challenge across it.

He was answered, but not by her. A shot clanged from the heights on his left, and echoed from crag to crag down the gorge. His horse gave a convulsive bound, reared, fought the air, and fell in a motionless heap, sending the rider flying from the saddle, to roll stunned upon the boulders.

Streatfeild heard a cry and then the clatter of returning hoofs. He tottered to his feet as Beatrice drew rein beside him. She slid from the saddle, and another shot pealed into the silences of the gorge.

"Are you hurt?—are you hurt?" she wailed, her fingers trembling upon his arm. He shook his head. The bullet had sung harmlessly down the ravine, but the mare, frightened though untouched, tore the rein from its mistress's hand, and in a moment was galloping wildly back in the direction of her stable. Another bullet whizzed and fell beside them with a flip.

Streatfeild gripped the girl's hand and dragged her behind the nearest rock. From beneath its protection he peered up the crags.

A swarthy Pathan face grinned wickedly over a rubble heap, and a cry of triumph rang up to the heights. Lifting his eyes, Streatfeild was aware of a score of figures leaping from ledge to ledge as they hurried to join the watcher in the gorge. He fumbled hastily for the revolver that every white man carries on the border line.

The single figure rose into the open, holding up the long jezail that had dealt death to the chestnut's fiery heart. Streatfeild drew a breath and steadied himself. Evidently the Pathan believed him to be unarmed.

With the sure foot of a trained cragsman the man came bounding from cranny to cranny, eager to be the first to claim and handle the spoil his lucky bullet had dealt him. Streatfeild crouched motionless till he was within twenty yards.

Then, as he rose, another report stormed the echoes. Without a cry the man flung up his arms and pitched forward into a crevice. A yell of rage floated down from above, while Streatfeild, grasping at Beatrice's wrist, began to run with all his strength down the gorge, dodging warily from cover to cover among the boulders, and dragging the girl desperately after him.

There was no escape—that he knew well enough; no booted feet can hope to compete with the slippered Pathan in his own hills. But there was the off-chance of finding a position—a cave, the summit of a rock, a niche between the granite blocks—that he might hold with his revolver till aid came. For aid must come, he told himself. Two native regiments and half an English battalion would not allow a white woman to be kidnapped into those upland wilds without most fierce and persistent inquiry. Let him but hold out till evening—even till afternoon—and rescue would surely come.

For half a mile they ran almost blindly. The bullets flicked the pebbles beside them; the yells of rage rang behind them. The soft river silt clogged their riding boots; Beatrice stumbled in her clinging riding-habit. But still they ran doggedly, the chafe of the flinty rubble torturing their feet, the breath coming from their lungs in agonized gasps.

And then, at a sudden jerk, the girl's hand was torn from her companion's grasp. She sank down, speechless, panting. Her foot had slipped between two pebbles, and the fall had finished what the half-mile race had begun. Streatfeild realized that she, at any rate, could not move another yard.

He stared desperately about him, cursing grimly below his breath as he heard the triumphant howl of the pursuers. A hundred yards away, across the stream, a splinter had slid from the cliff top and leaned against the crag foot at an angle which left a gap a bare yard wide. He eyed it keenly.

A bullet struck the earth at Beatrice's feet and flung the sand upon her face. She gave a cry. Streatfeild wheeled round, swung her up in his arms, and raced desperately across the river-bed. This frail fortress would suffice for these hill dogs—they would know surely enough the fate that would befall the first man who cared to force that narrow way. He would defy them till the hour of rescue came. Another instant and he had rounded the breastwork of stone and laid his burden in safety behind it.

Turning, he saw the mob of pursuers race

across the open, charge up the slope, and halt. For the first time they realized the position that had to be won.

They chattered and gesticulated, and one by one others joined them, till every gorge and cañon seemed to give up its man. Then a leader gained a hearing, and, apparently, a meed of approval. A mighty laugh rose jeeringly from the listeners, while a couple of runners separated from the rest and sped back up the gorge. The others settled down contentedly to rain filthy Pahktu jests at the tenants of the improvised fort, though any attempt at an attack on it they seemed to have foregone altogether.

"If they do no more than yell and shake their fists," said Streatfeild, "we shall scrape through yet. In an hour or two five hundred men will be perspiring up this gorge. How the Tommies will swear!" he added, with a half laugh, to keep the humorous side of the question uppermost.

For an instant Beatrice was silent. Then she shook her head.

"I don't trust them," she said. "Wait till the men who ran up the valley return; they have some plan in their heads, some cunning device we don't bargain for."

Streatfeild smiled grimly.

"One thing is certain," said he. "I have five cartridges left. Four men will have to die to win this gap. I think they realize it."

She looked up at him questioningly.

"Four?" she asked; "four?"

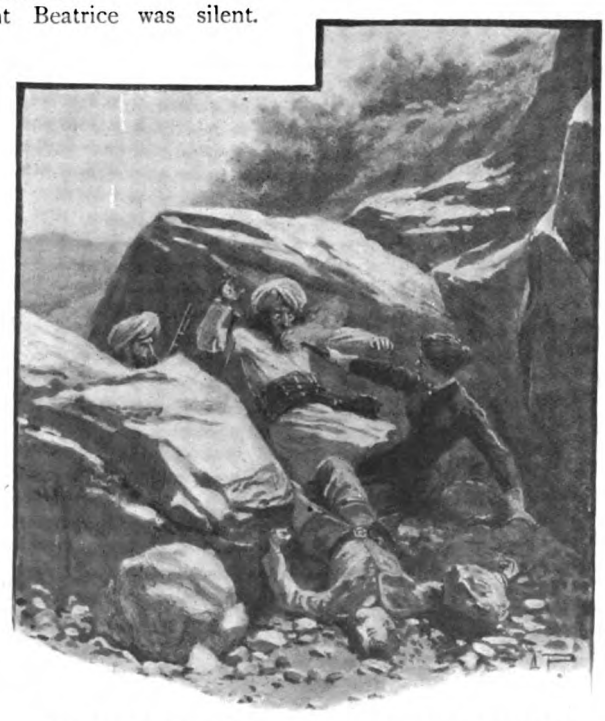
He hesitated a moment before he answered; then he met her eyes steadily.

"You would wish me to keep one cartridge—if—if the worst came?" He saw her cheeks whiten beneath the tan, but her eyes were as unflinching as his own.

"Yes," she answered, quietly, "yes, I should certainly wish that," and for the next ten minutes there was silence between them, broken only by the distant roar of the torrent or the scream of a hovering kite.

Then by some sudden instinct Beatrice raised her eyes towards the overshadowing cliff. A cry rang from her lips; Streatfeild whirled round, followed her glance, and was just in time to thrust her to earth and fling up his elbow. A dozen swarthy faces peered over the crag top, a jeer rose from the waiting mob beside the river, and Streatfeild's shoulder received the lump of granite that would have fallen upon his companion's head. A second missile struck his temple, stunning him into unconsciousness.

With a roar the hillmen rose to their feet and swept up the slope. Struggling beneath the weight of Streatfeild's body, Beatrice grasped the revolver he had dropped just as a hairy Pathan hand fell upon her wrist. There was a gasp, a jerk, and with the sound of a muffled report a Pathan body sank upon the stones and lay still. It was no bloodless victory, after all, for the attack.



"IT WAS NO BLOODLESS VICTORY, AFTER ALL, FOR THE ATTACK."

Half an hour later, as Streatfeild's senses fluttered back to him, the roar of many waters was in his ears, and the aching pain of tight-lashed flax about his wrists and ankles. The rhythmic swing of men keeping step bore him along. He peered from side to side. Half-a-dozen men held him by his lashings, while, beside him, as many more were carrying Beatrice. Her face was white, her eyes were closed. She was dead, he told himself, and thanked Heaven that she had had the courage to do for herself what he had meant to do for her. That must have been

it—that shot that had rung in his ears as he fainted beneath that stunning blow.

And then the thanksgiving died upon his lips. Beatrice opened her eyes and looked at him, and for a long instant those two plumbed in each other's glance the uttermost depth of despair. Do what he would he could not restrain the groan that burst from him, and the Pathan carriers, hearing, laughed with cruel zest.

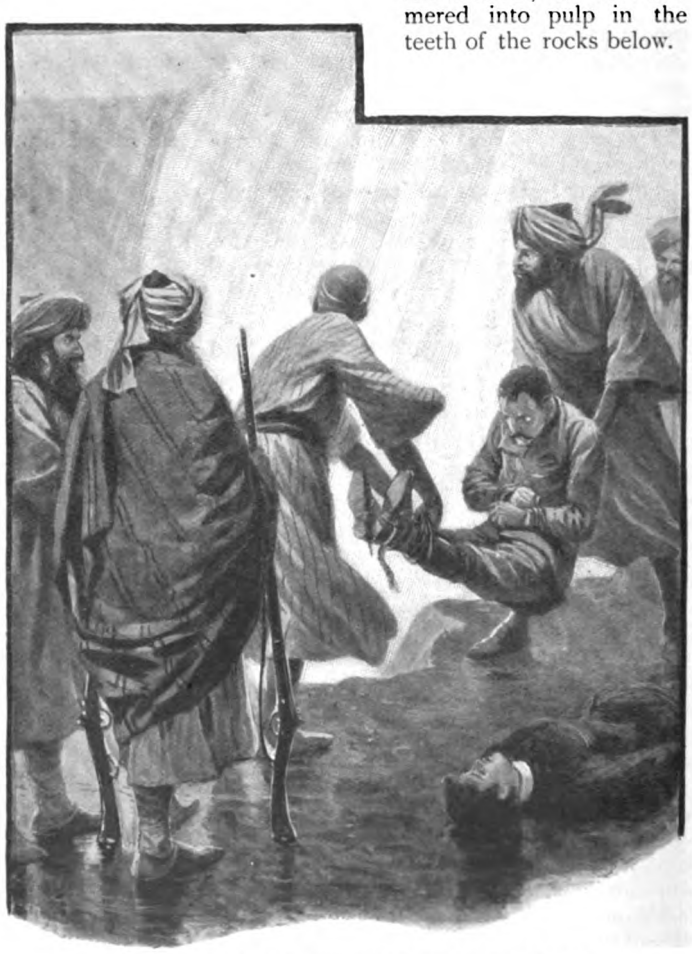
He stared up the rugged path, and understood the increasing thunder of waters that he heard. The procession of their bearers was advancing steadily upon the cascade—they were within a furlong of Burning Horseshoe Fall. The blow-back of its spray was actually upon his face; he forced his head round and, looking down, gazed straight into the boiling pit of eddies below. And then for a moment his heart stood still.

This was their fate, then—this was to be the end of it all. Beatrice and he were to be flung into that yeasty whirlpool beneath, to be crushed out of life in that cruel mill of rock and leaping foam. He shuddered, and then, reflecting, thanked Heaven again. At least it would be quick — a moment's agony and then forgetfulness. Nay, compared with some possibilities of Pathan savagery it was mercy itself!

Yet he turned away his eyes. He would be brave when the time came—he prayed that it might not be long—but it sapped even his steady nerve to look down into that pit. His heart went out to Beatrice in agony. If it appalled him, a man who many times had met death face to face, what must it be to her, whose life had known nothing of peril or despair?

They were within a stone's throw now, standing under the very shadow of the cascade's brim. The boom of it was deafening; the rocks were dripping with its drifting rain. At a word from the leader the men halted, laying down their burdens upon a ledge that overlooked the very heart of the turmoil.

He beckoned forward two other of his underlings—huge, muscular, dark-limbed fellows these, agrin with malignant glee. They stooped, one at Streatfeild's feet, one at his head. They lifted him. Slowly at first, but with increasing impetus, they began to swing him backwards and forwards, gaining momentum, so he told himself, to send him with one final heave far out into the grip of the cataract, to be hammered into pulp in the teeth of the rocks below.



"THEY BEGAN TO SWING HIM BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS."

Out and back they swung him, out and back again. Once more—the pace increased—a second time—a third—he felt the relaxation of their grip that was the prelude to the final release—now—this was the end—with

tremendous impetus he flew outwards—believed that the bitterness of death was past, and—stopped.

His guards still held him, panting, while the surrounding ruffians whooped their devilish merriment. Oh, it was a grand game this—to see the hated giaour gasp and strain his thews to meet the end—to note the wild agony change to the final despair in his eyes—to watch each pang of alternate hope and fear throb across his face—this was sport, if you like; this was a joke that failed to pall; that could and should be repeated till every possibility of torture had been probed. In eager couples they pressed forward to take their share in the entrancing revel, grumbling as they told each other regretfully that the woman had fainted, and that there was no chance to double these exquisite joys of torment. And so through long minutes of agony the inhuman game was played.

A rifle-shot pealed in the valley below. The leader, a tall, savage-looking greybeard, leaped upon a boulder, shading his eyes. He gave a curt order. The prisoners were hastily seized and lifted. Holding to the rocks with one hand while they supported their burdens with the other, the bearers climbed from niche to niche, scrambling, panting, bruising their captives as they dragged them up the sheer ascent. They seemed to be entering the very fall itself; the little streams that flanked it fell heavily upon them, wetting them to the skin.

They poised themselves for an instant upon a narrow ledge, then, with a sudden rush, passed through a solid curtain of water, and in an instant were within an empty chamber of the rock, a spacious cavern behind the very centre of the cataract. The sunlight flamed through it in a thousand rainbow rays.

The two were laid upon the dripping slope. Then, at a haughty wave of the hand from their leader, the bearers withdrew. The man himself stood over them, smiling like some evil faun. He bent, and raised his voice to a shout to make himself heard above the uproar of the cascade.

"The sahib and the memsahib have learned one secret of the hills!" he cried, "even the mystery of the Burning Horseshoe Fall. Hear another one! Who am I that address you? Nay—puzzle not your brains. 'Tis news too recent to have reached you. Futteh Khan am I—Futteh Khan, who ten long and weary years have grizzled in Agra Gaol—Futteh Khan, true lord of these uplands, who have come like a homing pigeon to mine own—come, too, in a happy hour to find recompense for the long torments of my shackling! Truly that is worth the hearing, is it not? Speak, son of my gaolers!" he cried, and swung his slippered heel on Streatfeild's face.

The other looked up at him steadily, the red mark of the blow flushing his ashen cheeks.

"Little have you learned of our rule in ten years, Futteh Khan," he answered, "if you think that this matter will go unpunished. Before the sun is low two thousand men will be storming the farthest pinnacle of your hills to call you to account. Release us on the instant if you would keep your villages from the flames and your followers from the harrying and the blood tax."

The Afghan laughed malignantly.

"They come already, sahib, they come! Their skirmishers top the end of the ravine. Call to them—cry aloud—shriek—and then know that not the roar of cannon can pierce the bellow of the fall. Ravish our homes? By Allah's Holy Prophet they may make our hills a barren desert before I bate a jot of my revenge. Will they fight? A thousand of my men seek no dearer joy than to slay them from behind every sangar of the slopes. Let them hunt and hunt again! Will they stay, think you, when their search is vain? Nay—they will come, they will be about you—a few paces and they might stand at your side—and they will depart, knowing nothing. Think of it, sahib, think of it! Ponder of rescue, know it nigh to touching you, and know, too, that it must go by unheeding. And then, sahib, and then——" He licked his cruel lips.

Streatfeild's eyes did not waver.

"And then, Futteh Khan, and then?"

The Afghan grinned, ferociously.

"Then—aye, then, the days of my exile shall have recompense! Did I groan beneath the lash? Nay, I met their tortures silent. But you shall cry aloud, man of my oppressors, when my brand is on your flesh. Did my wives and my little ones weep for my pardon, whining as many a one hath done, at your booted feet? Nay, the pride of the hills was with them, but your sister shall furnish tears, and more than tears, before my knife grants her the mercy of her release. Revenge? By the Prophet's beard it shall be one worthy of me—one that shall be sung when you and I and all who tread these hills are dust in as many graves! And now I go to deal with those who seek you, sahib—to deal with these clumsy swine of Sikhs and

English, who search to find no more than bullets from my jezail. Be patient, sahib—not willingly do I desert you, and swift will be my return. Lie there and meditate—muse on the rescue at the very threshold of your cage, and know it vain, sahib, know it vain!" He gave a mocking wave of the hand and was gone.

And alone, with that interminable roar dinning in their ears, with that pauseless avalanche of water seething past their eyes, bound, helpless, hopeless, the two were left to ponder of death, and worse than death—to pray, in very truth, for the merciful release of madness itself!

As the hours passed the reaction of stupor set in. The ceaseless roar, the flashing of myriad lights of spray, hunger, pain—these all did their work. For Streatfeild life itself seemed ended, and the future but a vague emptiness of the unknown. He sank by degrees into a semi-consciousness that scarcely recognised even pain.

And then a sharp pang gripped his arm—a burning stab of anguish that stung his numbed nerves to life. He opened his eyes, to be dazzled by a blinding glare. In spite of the cool draughts that were astir about the falling waters the atmosphere was suffocating. The rock on which he lay was an oven.

He looked along the water-worn granite. The rocks were no longer shining with the misty rain. It fell, but in the act of falling turned to steam. Nay, in one place, not a yard from his side, where a tiny stream trickled from the cavern roof, the drops boiled and sizzled as they touched the stone. As he moved the flesh of his bare hand met the crag. He nearly shrieked. It was hot—red-hot, as if some mighty furnace burnt below! Was this mystery of the hills a deeper one than even he had thought? Were they in some chance outlet of eternal volcanic fires?

Then, suddenly, as he turned his eyes again upon the glare that pierced the torrent, the secret became plain. The furnace was above—not below; the blaze reached him from without—not from within. That great arc of water was concentrating the rays of the sun, focusing them into a white-hot bead of light upon the rock beside him. He was behind a stupendous burning glass!

For an instant his breath came in gasps. He shrunk — he writhed back from the dazzling speck. Was this part of the torture evolved from the Afghan's savage brain?—were they purposely set in its path to be scorched, grilled alive by that relentless flame?

The next instant he was shuffling towards, not away from it, using every nerve and sinew of his limbs to thrust him nearer. For it meant hope, liberty, life itself. With desperate eagerness he plunged his fettered wrists upon the glowing disc, straining the flaxen cord to the utmost tension of its strands.

He groaned; the core of the blaze was centred upon the knot between his palms, but the rim was upon his very flesh. The skin grew crisp, scorched, and flaked away before his very eyes. He set his teeth, the perspiration dripped from every pore. His heart was pulsing in beats that seemed to choke him. The cords grew black, charred, but only, so it seemed, on the outside. He levered his arms apart, frantic with pain, but as yet there was no giving of his fetters, while the burnt flesh simmered down to his very bones.

Something—some tiny breath of sound—seemed to filter through the drowning uproars of the cataract. Was it a rifle-shot?—were his friends indeed at his prison doors? He tugged madly, convulsively, at the ungiving bonds.

He heard the pad of slippers. With his hands still grimly motionless upon the grilling stone he looked up. Futteh Khan was emerging from the curtain of the spray.

The Afghan regarded him with malignant, satisfied eyes. As yet no suspicions had reached him. He laughed.

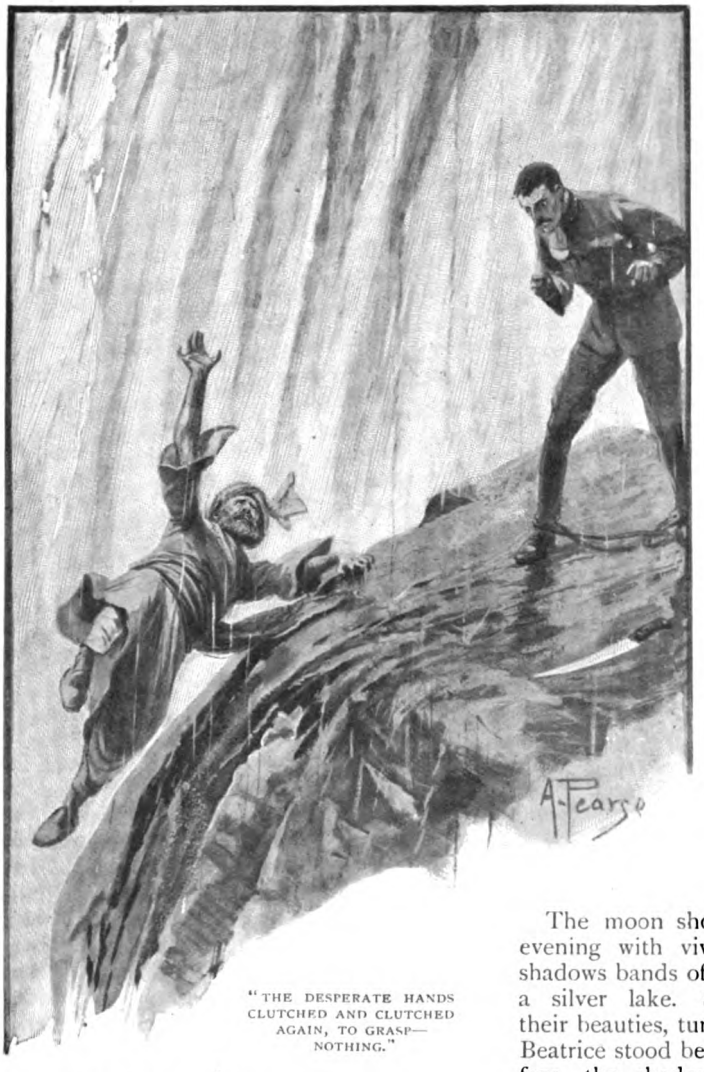
"They are within a hundred paces, these friends of yours, sahib, so near that I, a peaceful man, have had to join you to avoid them. Cry upon them, summon them, suffer them not to pass and lack your hospitality. In Allah's name invite them in!"

There was no answer in words. With a twang the blackened strands parted, and Streatfeild was tearing at his still pinioned feet. Futteh Khan roared a fierce oath and sprang forward, unsheathing the great knife in his belt.

The Englishman half rose, feinted a blow with his fist, and then flung himself across the Afghan's path.

There was a shock. The slippered feet slid on the sun-smoothed rock, and the slash of the dagger met empty air. The weapon itself flew wide and clattering as its owner sprawled heavily upon his elbows, stunning himself against the granite ledge.

Streatfeild's heavy riding-boot came home upon the turbaned head. The Afghan



"THE DESPERATE HANDS CLUTCHED AND CLUTCHED AGAIN, TO GRASP—NOTHING."

scrabbled wildly at the polished stone, to find no hold. He began to slide, gaining momentum at every yard. The shriek that rang out seemed to pierce even the sullen thunders of the fall; the desperate hands clutched and clutched again, to grasp—nothing. The red waistband streaked the green wall of water for one lightning instant, and then was gone, as a wisp of straw might go, into the churn of the boiling eddies below.

Still with the dull stupor of one who dreamed, Streatfeild found himself picking up the gleaming blade and slashing at the cords on Beatrice's wrists, and as one in a vision he supported her through the veil of waters, down the spray-glossed cliff, and almost into the arms of a score of burly Sikhs who were peering aimlessly into the crannies, while they sent hideous threats and unavailing bullets at the jeering Pathans on the heights. And to them his explanations were vague and incoherent. When Sir Robert Grey and five hundred other wholesome English faces came in a wild cheering rush up the ravine, he felt a sudden throb pulse into his head and watched gravely, without remark, the fainting of Beatrice in her father's arms.

He sat down weakly. His hands fell upon something velvet soft, and he recognised that all round him grew a wide bed of grey-leaved plants, with wool-like, downy petals.

At that he gave a queer laugh, stooped down, and plucked a generous handful.

"*Gnaphalium!*" muttered Streatfeild, and smiled broadly as he, too, reeled down in a dead faint.

The moon shone into the veranda that evening with vivid beams that made the shadows bands of velvet and the open square a silver lake. Streatfeild, deliberating on their beauties, turned at the rustle of a gown. Beatrice stood before him, the light upon her face, the shadow on her hair. Her eyes were misty and her lips trembled. For a long instant the two kept silence.

"After all," he said, suddenly, "you were right."

He pulled the bunch of crumpled leaves from his pocket and smoothed them between his bandaged hands.

"Will you take them?" he asked, "and keep them?" he added, with his eyes upon her face.

A smile began to grow through her rising tears.

"With your penitence?" she answered, holding out her hand.

He shook his head.

"No—but with my heart," he said, and took her in his arms.

Strange Photographs of Animal Life.

[To readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE in all parts of the world we are indebted for the following collection of remarkable photographs, many of them of the most curious kind, and all, we venture to think, of the greatest interest, not only to naturalists, but to lovers of animals of every description.]

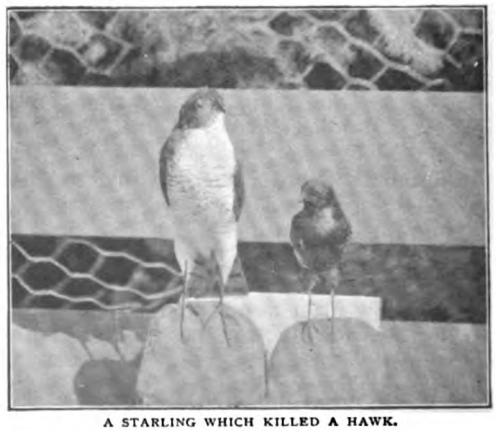
CAPTAIN E. ELLERSHAW, 2nd S. Wales Borderers, sends us our first picture—a photograph taken at Krugersdorp of a goat which always walks on its fore-legs, keeping the hind-legs in the air. Captain Ellershaw first saw it walk in this extraordinary manner in April of last year, when it was but a kid, and he returned recently and took this photograph. The hind-legs are apparently paralyzed, and it will walk some twenty yards at a time on the front ones, and then lie down for a while The front feet are more splayed and broader than usual in a goat's foot.

A GOAT THAT ALWAYS WALKS ON ITS FORE-LEGS.

The subject of the next illustration is open to much speculation. As a matter of fact it is a giraffe which has been libelled by the camera. It is not a "freak" as giraffes go, but at the moment the photographer was pressing the button the animal was seized with a desire to know what was about to take place. The result, which was not the fault of the photographer, Mr. Edouard Charles, cannot be said to be flattering to the giraffe.

WHAT ANIMAL IS THIS?

The larger bird seen in the photo. below is a sparrow-hawk and the smaller a starling. A flock of the latter birds were observed to be feeding, when suddenly the hawk was seen to swoop down and carry off one of their number. The two birds struggled in mid-air for a considerable time, then both fluttered to the ground, where they were easily captured. The hawk's foot was firmly grasped round the starling's thigh, and the beak of the latter bird had pierced under the wing of the hawk, causing hemorrhage of the heart. Mr. G. S. Watson, of Easter Softlaw, Kelso, N.B., sends us this photo.



A STARLING WHICH KILLED A HAWK.

A LAMB WHICH FOLLOWS ITS MISTRESS LIKE A DOG.

Mr. G. F. Williams, of Greenwood, B.C., sends us a very curious photograph. It represents a lady who is accompanied by a pet lamb, which follows her in her walks exactly like a dog.

The accompanying photograph of a cuckoo on its nest was taken by Mr. T. O. Fardon, of The Laurels, Kensington Road, Woodstock, who forwarded it, together with a cutting from the *Oxford Chronicle*, which says: "Visitors to Blenheim and Woodstock Station will be interested to read that a young cuckoo was hatched and reared by a hedge-sparrow in the shrubbery on the station platform, and took its flight safely. It seems a very curious incident when one realizes that a number of trains and many passengers pass quite close to the nest. It is generally known that the cuckoo does not build a nest itself, but uses that of certain birds to deposit its eggs in." It is rarely that the young cuckoo is seen in the nest, and probably this is the first time so excellent a photograph has been obtained of one.

A YOUNG CUCKOO HATCHED IN A HEDGE-SPARROW'S NEST. TAKEN THE DAY BEFORE ITS FLIGHT.

The keepers of the Bell Rock Lighthouse were not a little alarmed on the night of the 28th of August, 1901, by the appearance of a steam tug from Arbroath, where their families reside. As the relief by the lighthouse steamer was in the ordinary course to be made the following day, the suspicion that one of their number was urgently wanted on shore seemed well founded, as a similar trip was made some years ago on the occasion of a sad bereavement in the family of one of the keepers. The tug hailing the rock asked what was wrong, as they had been sent out in response to signals which were reported to have been shown from the rock that day. On being assured that no signal had been made and that all was well on the rock the tug returned to Arbroath, when the fears of the families at the shore station were allayed. The photograph given below explains the mystery. When signals are made from the rock two feet discs are run out on poles which project horizontally from either side of the balcony. Observations are taken daily by the keeper on shore duty, by the aid of a powerful telescope, and what appeared to him to be two discs on the south-west pole—which reads "Send boat immediately"—was in reality two cormorants roosting on the stay which supports the extremity of the pole. The snap-shot was taken by Mr. J. M. Campbell, Bell Rock Lighthouse, Arbroath, N.B.

TWO CORMORANTS WHO SUMMONED A STEAM-TUG.

The sparrow seen in the accompanying photograph flew through an open window at 2, Rosina Terrace, Ray Lodge Road, Snakes Lane, Woodford, where resides Mr. J. Leyman, who sent this contribution. It had evidently been chased by a number of other birds. It will be readily observed that it is quite a feathered freak, as its beak is no less than 1¾in. long. Mr. Leyman kept it for some time in a cage, where it took its food regularly and was soon in fine condition.

A FEATHERED FREAK.

The bird shown in the next photo. is a great rarity—a white swallow, which was shot by Mr. J. R. Wheatley at West Hall, Stanley, near Wakefield. The bird was mounted, as will be observed, in a flying position, and it measures nearly twelve inches from tip to tip of wings. It is considered a very fine specimen, and is at present in the possession of Mr. A. Dobson, of East Field Road, Barton-on-Humber, who sent us the photograph.

A TRUE "RARA AVIS"—A WHITE SWALLOW.

This photograph of a chameleon was sent by Mr. Frank A. Pym, Public Museum, King William's Town, Cape Colony, who says: "I found it on the fatal morning of the 11th December, 1899, on the battlefield of Magersfontein, where the little beastie was enjoying the warm rays of the sun, little recking the hail of Mauser bullets and fifteen-pound shells which troubled me considerably. It was the first time I had ever found one so large and of such a brilliant green colour, so I lost no time in securing it for our museum. He showed fight at first, and it was with difficulty that I tied him up in my handkerchief and on to my water-bottle. The battle lasted from three o'clock in the morning until after sundown, so he was practically in action with me the whole day, and passed through the hands of many wounded who were perishing for want of water, and to whom I handed my water-bottle. When I arrived at our camping-place in the evening I put him into my haversack and secured it under one of the waggons, intending to remove it early next morning; but behold on rising next morning I found both bag and chameleon conspicuous by their absence, so I came to the conclusion that they had been stolen. We returned to Modder River on the 12th December with the Highland Brigade, to which we were attached, leaving behind us the bodies of many who were killed and included in the list of a thousand and

A CHAMELEON WHICH WENT THROUGH A BATTLE AND MANY EXCITING ADVENTURES.

twenty-five casualties. Barely had the bagpipes of the Highlanders finished playing the 'Dead March' over the grave of our brave General Wauchope when I again discovered my chameleon, which had been carelessly thrown upon one of the waggons with our kit. He was nearly dead, but recovered during the day. I fixed a piece of wire round one of his legs and tethered him up for about a week, but afterwards he became so tame that I let him loose in my tent, where he caught flies with his long tongue, which shot out like a dart to a range of fully ten inches. On one occasion he showed his cannibalism by swallowing a smaller chameleon of the same species which I put with him for company. During our two months' stay at Modder River he was the source of great amusement to all in camp. He often escaped from my tent, but was retrieved by somebody who knew him to be mine. On February 4th, however, when I was with the Highland Brigade at the Battle of Koodoosberg, he got away and could not be found. On my return to Modder River I hunted high and low, but without success. On February 12th my chameleon was still missing, and we were ordered off to the Free State, where we were continually on the march for over a month. At Paardeberg I found another chameleon of the same species, but lost it on the first day of the fight. We reached Bloemfontein on March 14th, and on arrival one of our corps found a letter awaiting him from a friend who remained at Modder River, being ill. In it were contained, as far as I can remember, the following words: 'Please tell Pym that I found his chameleon on the Kimberley line nearly a month after you left, and I have sent it to King William's Town.' The chameleon was identified by the marks on its leg, caused by the wire with which I tied it up. I thought it very strange that it should be found by a person who knew it, considering that there were thousands in camp who had never seen it. I received news from King William's Town that it had arrived safely, but crept away and got lost shortly after its arrival. A second letter stated that it had been found by the son of our commanding officer, Dr. J. Brownlee, D.S.O., who took it to the museum, where it is now exhibited."

A STRANGE FRIENDSHIP.

Mr. George White, of Crailing, Jedburgh, N.B., is the possessor of a cat and a number of lambs, between which a most intimate friendship has sprung up. Every day the cat visits its queer friends and spends some time in caressing them in the manner shown. Mr. J. H. Fargie, 270, Perth Road, Dundee, sent this contribution.

Mr. H. N. Hignett, Shandon, Hough Green, Chester, in sending the accompanying photograph, writes as follows: "We have a phonograph record of a dog-fight; our dog on hearing it jumped on the table to find out where the sound of barking came from, and I was able to get this photograph, taken before his curiosity was satisfied."

THIS DOG IS ENJOYING A DOG-FIGHT ON THE GRAMOPHONE.

The photograph of a snapping turtle here shown was taken by Mr. Arthur C. Comey, of 57, Concord Avenue, Cambridge, Mass., who informs us that it was quite an exciting task, as several times the creature nearly succeeded in escaping into a neighbouring brook. Finally he had to resort to drastic measures. After focusing the camera on a stone he seized the turtle by the tail and held it in the air until it became quiet. He then dropped it on the ground and quickly released the shutter. The photograph shows the turtle with mouth open in anger at the unceremonious treatment.

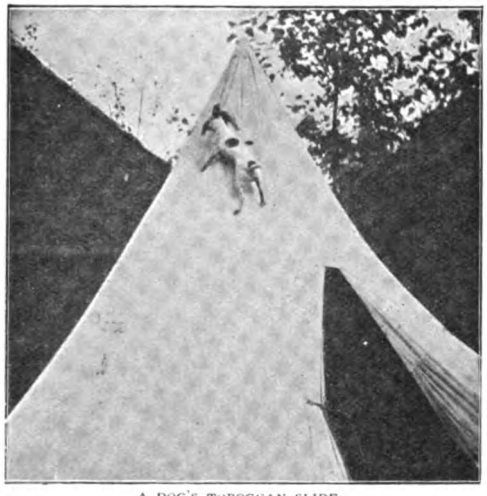
A SNAPPING TURTLE IN A PASSION.

A CAT THAT OPENS THE DOOR.

Mr. H. J. Lean, of 2, Radcliffe Terrace, Hartlepool, sends this picture of a cat in the act of opening a door. In the first place the cat jumps to the handle, to which it hangs with one paw, at the same time pulling down the latch with the other. Its own weight then causes the door to swing slightly, which enables it to push the door open in the usual way. The cat belongs to Mr. J. W. Lean, of Camborne, Cornwall.

The African ostrich has been exported to America and is now multiplying in the States of California, Arizona, Texas, and Florida. Our correspondent, Mr. E. H. Rydall, of 104, Bryson Block, Los Angeles, California, visited the local ostrich farm a short time ago and decided to return with a photographer to take pictures of the birds. Upon his return he asked an attendant to cover the head of a male ostrich with a sack, which is the usual preliminary when the birds have to be plucked or mounted. Stationing the photographer at a convenient spot, he mounted the bird and was led to the centre of the corral, where the hood was snatched from its head. For a moment the ostrich stared around and then set off, rushing with all his speed to the other end of the enclosure, some two hundred feet away.

AN OSTRICH AS A STEED—TAKEN JUST BEFORE IT BOLTED AND THREW ITS RIDER.



A DOG'S TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

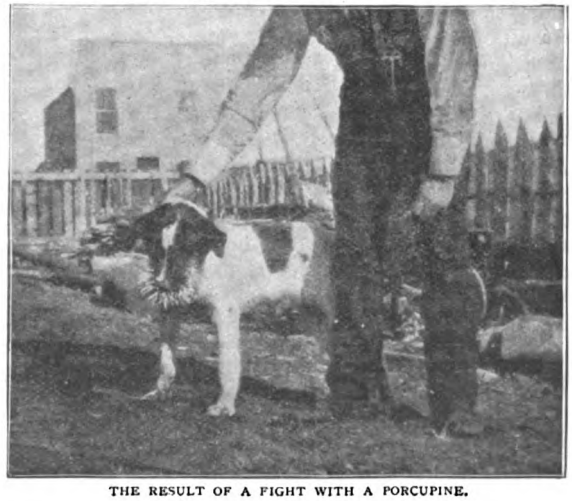
The sensation of the rider was novel and exciting, not knowing what was going to happen next. A jerk to the left, however, soon settled the question, for he was projected to the ground on all fours, fortunately without injury. The object of the feat was achieved, however, for the moment when the bird stood still was enough for the photographer to do his work.

Dr. G. H. List, of Springfield House, Stoke-upon-Trent, sends the above snap-shot of a fox-terrier in the act of making a rapid examination of an air-hole in an Army bell-tent. Dr. List placed a ball in this hole for her benefit, and she used to run up to it every time she went into the garden. The inevitable slide backwards, which promptly followed, seemed to give her great enjoyment.

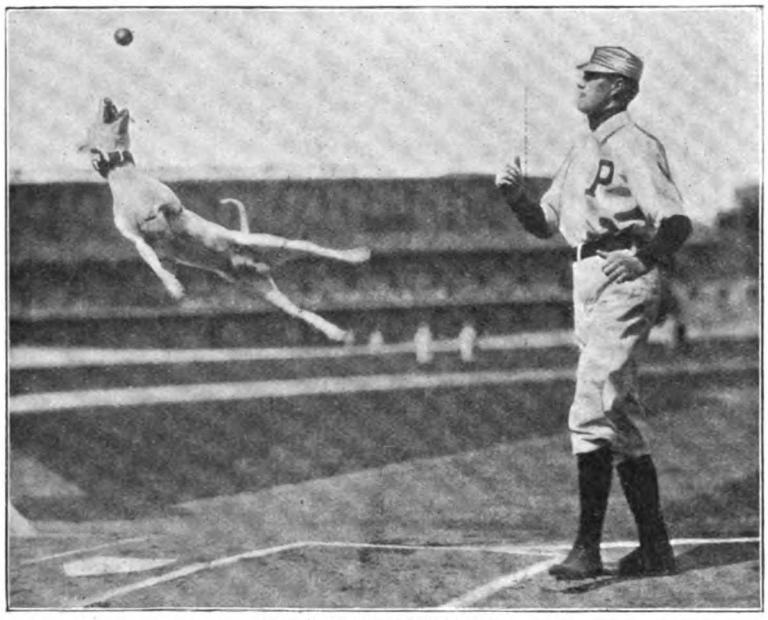
This pet donkey, or burro, colt became so fond of swinging in the old hammock that if left quietly he would often go to sleep and snore "beautifully." He belongs to a Mr. Barton, a ranch owner, whose son is swinging the hammock. Mr. Guy Hopping, of Kaweah, Cal., kindly sent this photograph.

Mr. E. J. Thain, Mining Recorder, Atlin, B.C., says: "The accompanying photograph was taken by me of a dog that had an interesting time with a porcupine. These animals are very common in this section, and weigh about fifteen pounds. The flesh is reputed to be good eating, being similar to pork in flavour, and I imagine the dogs must be aware of this, as it is a common occurrence for them to come in with a very good showing of their encounters. This particular instance, however, was so striking that I took the photograph just before an operation for the removal of the quills was performed by the owner of the dog, Mr. W. J. Smith, who is holding him. The dog was chloroformed, and with the aid of pincers the quills were removed from head, breast, and sides. To remove them from the tongue and mouth a gag was fastened to keep his jaws open and to prevent him biting those assisting, as it was very painful, many of the quills being driven through the cheeks. The inside of the mouth and the tongue were in nearly as bad a condition as the nose and

A COLT WHO SLEEPS IN A HAMMOCK.



THE RESULT OF A FIGHT WITH A PORCUPINE.



"JOY," THE BASEBALL PLAYER.

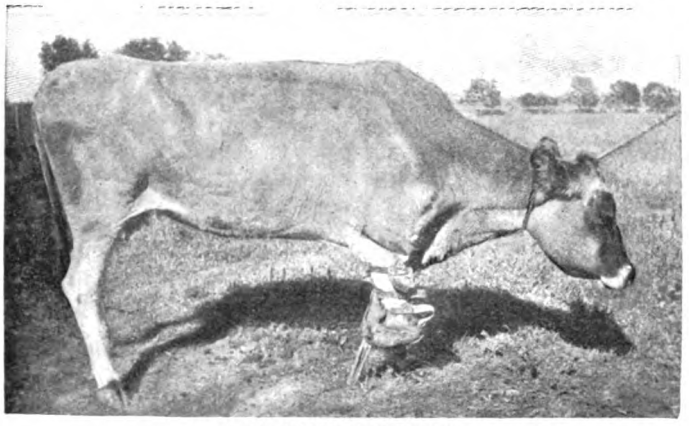
cheeks, as seen in the photograph. The quills are barbed, and, though penetrating easily, are very difficult of withdrawal. The dog for some time after the operation showed signs of quills that must have escaped the observation of the operator, and which gradually worked their way out, causing swellings and suppurations."

Here is a remarkable photograph of a most remarkable dog, a terrier named Joy, the mascot of the Philadelphia National Baseball League, U.S.A. Joy is owned by Mr. Voorhees, the crack pitcher of the team. The dog's speciality is the catching of "high" and "hot" balls. A ball pitched straight up into the air at a great height by Mr. Voorhees is caught by Joy with unerring precision. Balls delivered at close range, and with such tremendous force as to tax the ability of the cleverest catchers, are eagerly sought by this dog prodigy, which, planting itself firmly on the ground, receives them fearlessly. In the shock of receiving a ball of this description Joy is sometimes hurled backward, executing several unique somersaults in his efforts to overcome the momentum of the leather-covered sphere. When catching a "sky" ball he leaps from the ground, turning a complete somersault, but seldom or never missing his object. During the regular practice before games the dog seeks the outfield and retrieves the ball, should it happen to be missed by any of the players. While the game is in progress he occupies a conspicuous position among the spectators, lending his voice to their applause in a manner which, if not melodious, is at least well meant and enthusiastic. This photograph was taken by Mr. Chas. Luedecke, Jun., 1,535, Marshall Street, Philadelphia, U.S.A.

In a small village, fifteen miles south of Stranraer, there is a pond in which are some good-sized fish. These fish are so tame that they will come to the water's edge and eat out of the hand of the person feeding them, as can be seen in the accompanying photograph, kindly submitted by Mr. J. S. Dalzell, Hatfield, Lisburn Road, Belfast.

FISH THAT COME TO BE FED BY HAND.

Mr. Robt. E. Everett, 915, Ohio Street, Lawrence, Kansas, sends the next photo. of an extraordinary curiosity in the shape of a cow with a wooden leg. The cow is the property of the widow of the late Henry Hiatt, of Twin Mound, Kansas. Mr.



A COW WITH A WOODEN LEG.

Hiatt had a young thoroughbred Jersey cow, called Marie, which he prized very highly. His son Ollie, who at that time was studying to be a physician and surgeon, one day carelessly threw a stone and broke the cow's right fore-leg below the knee. Naturally his father was much annoyed, and the young man proposed practising surgery upon the leg. He attempted to set the broken bones, but, failing to do so, he and Dr. Tibbits, of Rochmond, Kas., chloroformed the cow and amputated the leg at the knee. She got well and the young man proceeded to fix up a wooden leg, which has served her well ever since. Marie has raised two fine calves and seems to be as well satisfied with life as any other cow. The photograph was secured by Mr. E. Martindale, the *Jeffersonian Gazette*, Lawrence.

Although this photograph might be taken for a huge stream of water, it is in reality a flock of one thousand sheep, which are being driven down a very steep hillside and over a bridge. A time exposure was given instead of a snap-shot, which accounts for this curious picture. The photograph was taken on the farm of Mr. John Allen, The Cliffs, Waingaro, Auckland, N.Z.

A STRANGE PHOTO. OF A FLOCK OF SHEEP.

WHERE IS THE ANIMAL?

The adjoined photograph might be that of a ghost, a fountain, a comet's tail, a waterfall, or even an elderly lady's back hair; but it is none of these things. It is an avalanche of dog! A white rough-haired terrier was posed on the box, but just as the shutter (working rather slowly—about one-eighth of a second) was released he jumped down, the result being a hazy sort of mystery. Mr. C. S. Sargisson, of Moseley, Birmingham, sends this photograph.

DIOGENES AND THE DAMSEL

By Eyvind K. Christian.

I.

THE damsel was sweet-and-twenty. Diogenes was four-and-thirty, and looked ten years older. He was excessively tall, and appeared to be taller than he really was, being lean to emaciation—a gaunt, awkward, sharp-featured man with an aggressive chin, closely-shut mouth, cold grey eyes, and a thatch of stubborn-looking red hair. On the whole, he was hardly an Apollo. That is stating the case mildly.

In speech he was brusque to the point of snappiness, and the tone of his utterances was invariably cynical. The outer world knew him as Stephen Scott, but to his intimates and (behind his back) to his office staff he was "Old Diogenes." And his avoidance of the fairer half of creation was so marked that his friends had grown tired of chaffing him, and contented themselves with inventing legends to account for it.

He had come to London many years before, a raw-boned, friendless youth, with a sardonic cast of countenance and a gift for writing sharp-edged articles. To-day he was editor and part proprietor of a popular monthly and a trio of weeklies, and had achieved a measure of notoriety as the author of sundry bitter-flavoured novels, and he was so unsociable that it was counted to one of his friends as a triumph when he lured Scott down into the country to a Christmas house-party, at the behest of his wife, who had picked out a nice, sensible girl for Scott to fall in love with.

The selected girl bored Scott obviously and conscientiously, and no one suspected him of losing his heart to the belle of the house-party—a girl whose admirers were legion, and who had scarcely leisure to be aware of the awkward, shy journalist's existence.

He, who had made a mock of love and derided the possibility of love at first sight, watched this girl from under his shaggy red brows as she talked to the man who had taken her in to dinner, caught in the toils of a supremely unconscious enchantress; while his own dinner companion, justly incensed at receiving haphazard replies to her cleverest epigrams, turned a wrathful white shoulder upon him. He was noted for the cautious quality of his judgments, but he discovered before the first evening was ended that this was the one girl who could repair that belief in womanly truth and goodness which another woman had shattered in the days of his lost youth, the one girl who had it in her power to make this grey, workaday world an Eden to him.

He hovered on the fringe of her little court, and the host feared uneasily that he was making a cynical study of her for his next book. He watched other men bask in the light of her smiles and turn over the leaves of her music when she sang and played, and he envied them their assurance and their drawing-room graces, which was wholesome for him. When her glance rested carelessly on him for a moment his heart gave a thump and seemed to stand still. When they met on the stairs on Christmas morning, and she smiled at him for the first time and wished him a Happy Christmas in her pretty, soft voice, his self-possession deserted him utterly, and he stammered an unintelligible response and felt an imbecile for the rest of the day.

He had arrived at the stage of intense dissatisfaction with his features, clothes, and manners—a new and bewildering experience—when he learnt that she was a wealthy soap-boiler's heiress, and that she was shortly to be married to one of the men staying in the house, an ornamental Guardsman, who twirled a golden moustache and concealed vague ideas concerning English history and spelling behind a supercilious tolerance of "writer fellows."

Three weeks after the party broke up a gigantic speculation, in which the soap-boiler was involved, came to grief. Scott read of his ruin and suicide in the papers, and his fancy pictured the other man marrying the girl out of hand and making a home for her.

His meditations on this subject rendered his temper uncertain, and his staff soothed ruffled feelings with the guess that somebody had been "getting between old Diogenes and the sun."

So ended, as he thought, his second love affair.

It was in the autumn following that memorable house-party that a novel by a new writer made something of a stir in the literary world. It was a book after Scott's own heart—daring, sharp-edged, caustic. He promptly invited contributions to his magazine from Owen Reeves, the author, and business relations of a satisfactory kind were established between them.

The wisest of men have their foibles, and it had been Scott's boast that he never failed to "spot" the feminine in literature. Not once in his long experience had he been imposed upon by the would-be George Eliots of our day! Also, he held in profound contempt that characteristic product of the nineteenth century, the young woman journalist. He tossed aside unkindly such young-ladyish effusions as were filtered in to him by a youthful and chivalrous sub-editor who sat at the receipt of manuscripts in the outer room, and his manner to such journalistic damsels as crossed his path was so discouraging that the sisterhood shunned his office as tramps shun a marked house.

Consequently, when a very pretty girl desired to see him one morning, stating that she came by appointment and giving her name as "Owen Reeves," a thrill of amused consternation went through the office.

"What a swindle for old Diogenes!" "Sold at last!" "How are the infallible mistaken!" were the mildest of the comments uttered when she had been ushered into the sanctum and the door of communication closed, and the office humorist went through a pantomime of listening at the keyhole and affecting to hear sounds as of a tragedy being enacted within.

Scott's face when *Miss* Owen Reeves was announced had been a sight worth seeing.

His jaw dropped; a dull red flush mounted from his collar to his hair; he sat as if glued to his chair and stricken with dumbness. The young gentleman who noted all this ere he reluctantly withdrew would have been chagrined had he known that he missed the chief humour of the situation.

"*You!*" was what Scott ejaculated, when he found his tongue.

The visitor repressed a strong desire to laugh.

"I cannot pretend to equal surprise," she said. "Of course, I knew you edited the *Holborn Magazine*. Someone told me so when we met at the Raeburns' last Christmas."

He recovered himself sufficiently to place a chair for her, and then retreated to the hearth-rug, where he stood on the defensive, his elbow on the mantel-shelf, eyeing her with a resentful incredulity not yet entirely dissipated. Her glance travelled round the room, as she sat down, with a suggestion of interest, taking in the book-lined walls, the solitary engraving over the fireplace, the littered desk, the vellum-bound copy of the "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám" lying open, face downward, beside a pipe.

"So this is—the Tub," she said; and this time a smile played round the corners of her mouth.

The dull red flush suffused his usually sallow face again. Who had told her his nickname?

"'YOU!' WAS WHAT SCOTT EJACULATED."

"One of my tubs," he said, grimly. "I am more luxurious than my namesake. I have another to sleep in."

He stared moodily at her, trying to define and comprehend the subtle alteration he perceived in her. She was the girl who had unwittingly enslaved him ten months before, yet she was not the same. She was changed—not for the better. A soul that had been worsted in life's fight looked at him out of her eyes, unfamiliarly. The recollection of her book was a stab. It was undoubtedly clever. He had enjoyed every line of it, unsuspecting. But it was not the book *she* should have written.

"You wrote 'The Reapers,'" he jerked out, abruptly. "I could not have believed that it was yours if you had not come here to-day. Why did you write in such a bitter strain? Women ought not to be cynical."

"Ought they not?" Her tone was demure. "There was an exceedingly kind notice of the book in the *Holborn Magazine*," she reminded him. "It spoke of 'The Reapers' as being 'absolutely true to life'—as 'portraying character with wonderful fidelity'!"

Scott was floored. "Er—yes," he admitted. "But I thought, when we put that notice in, that a man wrote the book——"

"What difference does that make?" The visitor's pretty, dark eyebrows went up in perplexity.

He was at a loss for a convincing explanation. He fell back lamely on his previous unsupported assertion that a woman ought not to take cynical views of life.

The visitor opined that what was sauce for the gander was sauce for the goose.

"Why do you masquerade under a man's name?" Scott demanded, curtly.

"My name is Winifred Owen Reeves," the girl said, with a fleeting blush and smile—the shadow of the frank, sunshiny smile he remembered. "Very few, if any, of my friends knew that I had a second Christian name."

"I knew your name was Reeves, of course," said Scott, irritably, "but I never dreamt—I never connected the book with you for a moment——" he broke off, knitting gloomy brows.

"Then you didn't marry that fellow?" he said, thinking aloud.

"No," said Miss Reeves, crimsoning. Her surprise at the question was so obvious that he found himself apologizing for it.

She reflected that he was certainly a very odd man.

When she departed, the occupants of the outer office and a young man who was speeding upstairs in bounds that covered three steps at a time were electrified by the spectacle of Diogenes the unsusceptible escorting a young lady downstairs with an air of deference that sat earnestly if somewhat awkwardly upon him.

He was seen from the window putting her into a hansom. The sub-editor whistled softly as he saw his chief stand bare-headed on the pavement in the November drizzle, gazing abstractedly in the direction the

vehicle had taken long after it was lost to sight.

Miss Reeves had been in the act of stepping into the hansom when a victoria drawn by a pair of high-stepping bays rolled by. In the place of honour, with her chaperon beside her, sat a Chicago beauty whose patronymic had a world-wide fame in connection with tinned meats; and on the opposite seat, bending forward to speak to her, sat the man whom Winifred Reeves had been within a few weeks of marrying. He was decidedly on with the new love, and flushed uncomfortably when he glanced up in passing and met the look of quiet scorn in his old love's clear eyes.

Scott had seen the sudden paling and hardening of her delicately beautiful face, and instantly discovered the cause. And she knew that he had seen it, and hated him furiously. We do not love those who are witnesses of our humiliation.

"Nasty, ill-bred bear of a man!" was her unkind verdict as she drove away. "I hope I shall never see him again!"

And Scott went back to his office to do the logical sum known as putting two and two together, and to stare at the chair on which she had sat, and to wonder how long he must wait before he might devise a pretext for seeing "Owen Reeves" again.

He read and re-read "The Reapers," and the more he read it the less he liked it.

II.

Miss Reeves had been a regular contributor to the "Holborn" set of publications for some months when the editor took her breath away by proposing to marry her.

If he had not been so wofully out of practice where women were concerned he might have known that she would refuse him.

Their umbrellas collided outside Fuller's one wet afternoon, and the collision led to the ordering of tea and cakes for two.

Symptoms of reformation had been observed in Scott of late, a reformation which extended to his boots and ties. He had left off snubbing struggling girl-journalists and changed his tailor. He looked resentfully at Winifred's tired eyes and at the hollows which were becoming all too apparent in her soft, pale cheeks. She had the look of one consumed by an inward fever.

His close scrutiny made her restive. "Do you know that you are dropping lumps of sugar into the cream-jug instead of your cup?" she said, forcing a laugh.

"So I am." He fished them out coolly with a spoon. "I was not thinking of what I was doing."

"You quite gave me that impression."

"I was wondering how long it would be before you broke down," he said, boldly. "You are doing too much—any fool could see that. You look like the ghost of yourself. There is no medium with you women! You should take a rest."

"That is my own affair," she retorted, with a lightning change of mood. "Besides, it is a case of bread-and-butter. And it is high time that I began to save up for my old age."

"The bread-and-butter and the old age pension might be provided by someone else——"

"By whom?"

"By me." Scott took the plunge with a splash.

"You? Mr. Scott!"

Her first impulse was to laugh outright, her second impulse to treat the suggestion as a joke in decidedly bad taste. She perceived with amazement that his face was quite white.

"I have loved you ever since that first evening at the Raeburns'," he said, hoarsely.

She stared at him.

"But this is only the fourth—no, the fifth time we have met. You cannot be in earnest. You cannot possibly know anything of me, or I of you!" she declared, incredulously.

"You were engaged to that other man, then," he went on, unheeding. "You had not a thought to spare for me. You did not guess. But I knew then, as I know now with more certainty, that I could make you care for me if I had the chance. Won't you, at least, give me the chance?"

"Oh, Mr. Scott—I am so sorry," she faltered, moved to pity for him.

"Does that mean 'No'?" he asked, bluntly.

"I am so sorry!—so very sorry!" she faltered again. "But I never dreamt of anything like this. You were so—so——"

"Old?" he suggested, as she hesitated for a word. "Ugly?"

"*No*, oh, no! But so aloof. You seemed the embodiment of isolation. And I had heard so much of you from the Raeburns—they said you were so unsociable that your friends called you Diogenes and that you were a cynic and a woman-hater, and that you had a spite against women writers. I need hardly say that I found out for myself that the last charge was untrue, since you were the first to hold out a helping hand to *me*, after I had learnt, too, what society

"'DOES THAT MEAN NO?' HE ASKED."

friendships are worth when the sun goes behind a cloud; but I never thought—I never dreamt of this—I only thought of you as——"

"As a cynic in a tub," he said, with a grim look.

"No," she protested, reddening guiltily, and anxious to make amends. "As a friend."

She extended her hand shyly, and he took it.

"I accept the position—*pro tem.*," he said.

She released her hand, with a vexed glance.

"And I gave him such a nice opening to retire gracefully," she thought. "He must be fearfully dense. Or is he going to be horribly persevering? I hope not. It would be such a bore."

Amusement and irritation blended subtly with her sympathy for his disappointment. The memory of it oppressed her. She had had her share of matrimonial proposals, but they had never lain upon her like a heavy weight before.

She realized, when Scott's square-jawed face came between her and her work that evening, that she knew him better than she had fancied—and liked him. Her thoughts of him had taken on a tinge of discomfort.

"He is the kind of man who invariably knows what he wants, and usually gets it in the long run," she mused, uneasily. "I wish he didn't want *me!*"

III.

WINTER came round again—the second winter since her father's ruin and sudden death. With the dawning of the New Year came Winifred's birthday.

She tasted the full bitterness of remembrance in loneliness and oblivion. None of her former friends knew where she lived or what she was doing. If any of them had tried to find her they had failed. She was a proud woman, and in fleeing from conventional sympathy and patronizing kindness she had missed the sincere friendliness which grows from the same soil, the wheat among the tares.

As she lingered over her solitary breakfast her wilful memory tactlessly obtruded flash-light views of other and different birthdays. She roused herself from an unduly prolonged and profitless reverie as her landlady entered bearing a florist's box—a good-sized box tied with the freshest of narrow satin ribbon and announcing itself with a strong fragrance of violets.

"For me?" Winifred ejaculated.

She removed the lid with fingers that trembled a little with surprise and pleasure, and lifted out a splendid mass of violets, purple and white, and from beneath them a great handful of roses.

Who had sent them to her? She could only suppose that some one of her old friends, sharper of eye than the rest, had

guessed at the identity of "Owen Reeves," and so traced her.

She had missed companionship and the little amenities of social life more than she knew or acknowledged. She bathed her hands delightedly in the wealth of damp, exquisitely fragrant violets. With a flicker of her old brightness and animation she moved about her sitting-room, arranging the roses in tall glass beakers with the flower-lover's lingering touch. There had been bitterness in remembrance. There was sweetness in being remembered.

An hour later, as Scott was dropping off a 'bus in Ludgate Circus, he spied her on top of another. Her genial mood had not yet passed, and she smiled a greeting as he took a vacant place beside her. The frosty air had brought back a faint pink colour to her cheeks, and a knot of the violets nestled in the silver-grey fur round her neck. His eyes unconsciously dwelt upon them.

"SHE LIFTED OUT A SPLENDID MASS OF VIOLETS."

"Are they not lovely?" she said, impulsively, laying her chin against them caressingly. "It is my birthday, and they were a birthday surprise—a great box of them. I am amusing myself by trying to guess who sent them to me."

Scott's honesty had always been his prominent virtue, and was occasionally his stumbling-block.

"I sent them," he said.

She bit her lip, vexed, averting her glance. The odour of the little blue flowers became all at once oppressive. The transient brightness that had gleamed in her face flickered out again, discouraged. She experienced that depressing sense of impotence and futility which is the lot of those who oppose barriers of soft snow to battering-rams.

Scott was offended in his turn by her vexed silence. He had remembered that her birthday fell on New Year's Day—they had drunk her health at dinner on New Year's Day two years ago and made birthday speeches. He had hoped the flowers would give her pleasure.

"It was awfully kind of you," she said, with cold formality of tone.

He set his teeth upon an insanely sarcastic reply. But his side-view of her dispirited face was too much for him.

"You are thinner and paler every time I see you!" he said, irritably. "You are working yourself into an old woman before your time. Presently you will break down. And you expect me to stand patiently by and see you do it!"

"I thought that discussion was now closed," Winifred observed.

"Not at all. It was to be 'continued in our next,'" he assured her. "You may as well give in now as give in a year hence. I am afraid your meek appearance conceals unsuspected depths of obstinacy, Winifred. Why won't you marry me and give me the right to take care of you?"

"I get off here," Winifred remarked, irrelevantly, as the 'bus stopped.

"So do I."

She shot an exasperated glance at him, hesitated, wavered between dignity and an irresistible desire to laugh—and sat still, with a slight shrug expressive of resignation as the 'bus rolled forward again.

"Barkis's second message was—that he was 'a-waitin' for a answer,'" Scott suggested, presently.

"You are very"—she hesitated wearily between "ridiculous" and "persistent"—"very persistent, Mr. Scott! I have already told

"SHE BIT HER LIP, AVERTING HER GLANCE."

you that I do not care for you—or anyone—in that way."

"I told you that I would teach you to care."

Her face hardened suddenly as he had seen it harden on a previous occasion.

"A man taught me to care—once," she said. "No bird walks into the trap a second time."

IV.

SCOTT'S prediction had been verified. Winifred's second book was in its second edition. And Winifred had broken down.

He stood at the door of the house where she lived, interviewing the querulous-voiced landlady. Mrs. Coppin was beginning to regard him in the light of an old acquaintance, for he had called every day for a fortnight to receive the stereotyped report that Miss Reeves was "no better."

He had just sent up a basket of glorious yellow daffodils, with a request to be allowed to see her, but Mrs. Coppin came back shaking her head.

"She won't see nobody, sir," which was a charitable endeavour to soften down the refusal. "I'm sure I wish she would—it goes to my 'art to see 'er lie there, taking no notice! She's got just the look my sister Keziah 'ad when 'er baby died of croup and 'er man was killed fighting them Egyptian Dervishes; and Keziah went into a waste and died, and that's about what Miss Reeves will do. She don't seem to 'ave no interest in living, and don't eat what would nerrish a fly, nor sleep neither, nor won't let me fetch a doctor, say what I will, nor won't go to bed like a Christian! It gives me the creeps to see 'er——"

"Do you mean to say," Scott exclaimed, "that she never goes to bed and takes no food?"

"Three be-lessed days and nights," said Mrs. Coppin, impressively, "'as she been laying on the sofy in my first-floor front sitting-room. 'What's the good of going to bed,' she ses, 'if you can't go to sleep?' So there she lays, taking no more notice than a immidge out of Madame Tussord's, 'olding the daffydils and vilets in 'er pore 'ot 'ands till they wither, and then lets them drop to the floor and don't care for them no more. And as for the beef-tea and sich that I make 'er, she wont 'ardly turn 'er 'ead to look at it, let alone taste it. And the queer things she ses sometimes when I speak to 'er——"

"You said the front room on the first floor?" Scott interrupted.

"Yes, sir; but——"

But Scott was already up the first flight of stairs.

Winifred lay on a couch by one of the windows in a shroud-like white wrapper, her heavy, dark hair knotted loosely back out of her way, the utter listlessness of one who has nearly done with the things of earth stamped on her face. His flowers were withering already in her burning hands.

She did not turn her head, supposing that it was the landlady who entered. But it was a man's big, trembling hand that was laid on her shoulder, and she turned languidly to see Scott beside her. His heart was beating like a hammer as he stood looking down at

her. He knew enough of illness to see at a glance that she was very ill indeed.

"Have you come for the story—the one I did not finish?" she said. Her voice seemed to come from far away. There was recognition in the glassy, fever-bright eyes she fixed on his, but no surprise. "I'm afraid you will not be able to make me finish it, for I can't remember what it was about."

He dropped on his knees by the couch, imprisoning the little, hot, dry hands in his own. He could not speak for the moment.

"HE COULD NOT SPEAK FOR THE MOMENT."

"Did Mrs. Coppin tell you that I am going to die? Have you come up to say good-bye to me?" The apathetic question was like a knife in his heart. "I am sorry I could not finish the story first. Something went snap inside my head while I was writing it, and I haven't been able to remember anything since. That is why I am going to die. I am all alone in the world—I don't belong to anybody, and I had nothing to live for except my writing, and now that my memory has gone I shall never be able to write any more, so it is no use to go on living, is it?

"I shouldn't mind living so much," she added, piteously, "if I could only go to sleep, but I can't. I can't go to sleep because my head won't leave off thinking. All the thoughts I ever had in my life are going round in it, as if they were written on paper and pinned to a wheel that keeps spinning round all day and all night too."

Still Scott said nothing. The shock of finding her in such a state had bereft him of speech. A shade of wonder came upon her face as she looked up into his.

"There are tears in your eyes!" she said, curiously. "Are you sorry that we shall not see each other again? Is it because of—what you told me—that day at Fuller's? I remember that, you see, though I expect I shall forget it presently, as I seem to have forgotten everything else."

He wrestled desperately with the dumb spirit that had entered into him, and conquered. "You must not talk of dying!" he said, huskily. "I cannot bear it. You are not alone in the world when I love you and would give my life to serve you."

"Do you care so much?" she said, with a faint, half-regretful sigh. "That is a pity. Love is only an illusion. Life is an illusion, too—all the things that we think are real and worth living for are only illusions—some day you will find that out, as I have done, and then you will be glad to die, too."

He picked up his hat.

"I am going for a doctor."

"No," she began, but he cut her short, fiercely.

"This is suicide, nothing else. Do you think I shall allow it?" There was a fighting gleam in his eyes that matched with the fierceness of his tone. His whole soul was up in revolt. Years before he had seen his best friend loose his hold on life as Winifred had loosed hers—and his friend had died, succumbing without a struggle to a chance malady, even as Winifred was doing now.

Was he to see her drift away from him without a fight?

"You say that you are going to die," he said, tightening his hold on the hands that she had made a faint effort to withdraw. "But you reckoned without *me*."

"Without *you?*" She looked puzzled—even a little frightened. "What do you mean?"

For all answer he stooped and kissed her very gently, but with a deliberation about which there could be no mistake.

There was an electric moment. Her eyes were blazing; but he maintained a commendably cool front, although he was trembling from head to foot at his own temerity.

One of her pillows slipped to the ground. He restored it to its place. Their eyes were very close together as he bent over her, but it was hers that quailed.

"You are mine now," he whispered. "You belong to *me!* And I shall not let you die; I am going now to get a doctor and a nurse."

"Oh," she cried, finding words, as he moved to the door, "how dare you!—how dare you! I will never forgive you!"

"Oh, yes, you will," he replied, soothingly—and was gone.

He had roused her effectually. She rose from the couch inspired by a semi-delirious idea of locking the door, but sank back, half-fainting, among her pillows.

Scott jumped into a hansom. "If I only had that fellow within arm's reach," he muttered between his set teeth—he presumably did not refer to the doctor he was on his way to Harley Street to find—"I would thrash him within an inch of his cowardly life and take the consequences cheerfully. My poor little girl! And she was so bright and light-hearted and bonny two years ago!"

"The doctor will be here soon," he said, gently, when he stood again by Winifred's couch. "And he has telephoned for a clever nurse who will have you all right again in no time."

"What right had you to interfere?" she flashed, angrily, impotently. "I was so tired of everything—I only wanted to be allowed to die quietly—and now ——" a rush of tears quenched the feverish glitter in her eyes, and she broke down, sobbing like a disappointed child.

"It is not good for man to live alone," said the doctor, sententiously, when he arrived on the scene to find a hysterical patient, and Scott looking for dust and ashes for his own head, "nor woman either! No relations, you say? Humph! Owen Reeves? ah, just so! I am not surprised. That last book was too tense to have been written without a great strain on the nerves. A good cry won't hurt her. You can clear out now, Scott. Send up the landlady."

Scott cleared out obediently.

Weeks passed before he saw Winifred again. There were days when doctor and nurse looked grave—there was one black, never-to-be-forgotten day when Scott, pausing from habit before a florist's window, turned away with a horrible, sick loathing from its display of pure white waxen-petalled hyacinths and lilies. Just such white waxen-petalled flowers had he once seen laid about another woman in her coffin.

But there came a bright spring afternoon when he was admitted once more to the big, light "first-floor front" sitting-room to which he had first penetrated without invitation.

Winifred was going down to Devonshire on the morrow. The couch was unoccupied on this occasion; and she sat in a low chair by the farther window, clad in a tea-gown of some loosely-flowing stuff, a thing of filmy laces and fluttering ribbons, sufficiently spring-like and frivolous in itself to convey a suggestion of returning interest in life. A white-capped nurse was arranging a sheaf of starry narcissus on a book-case in a dusky corner, the sun peeped benevolently through the windows, and a pink flush came upon Winifred's cheeks as Scott entered.

Her eyes fell shyly away from his. Her illness had not obliterated, though it had confused, her memories of their last meeting.

There was a troublesome lump in Scott's throat, and once again it was the girl who broke the silence.

"Do you always get your own way?" she asked, unexpectedly.

"Generally; it saves trouble."

She averted her eyes again quickly that they might not encounter the gleam that flashed suddenly into his. "Well, you have got your own way this far," she admitted, after a pause, "that I did not die after all ——"

"No," he said, nailing his colours boldly to the mast, "you are going to get well and marry me."

A flash shot from under her drooped lids. She sat winding and unwinding a ribbon of her gown about her slender white fingers. A sickening premonition of ultimate defeat assailed Scott for the first time; but even as despair clutched him her twitching lips gave way, parting in a smile.

"I suppose I shall have to," she said, softly, "just for peace' sake!"

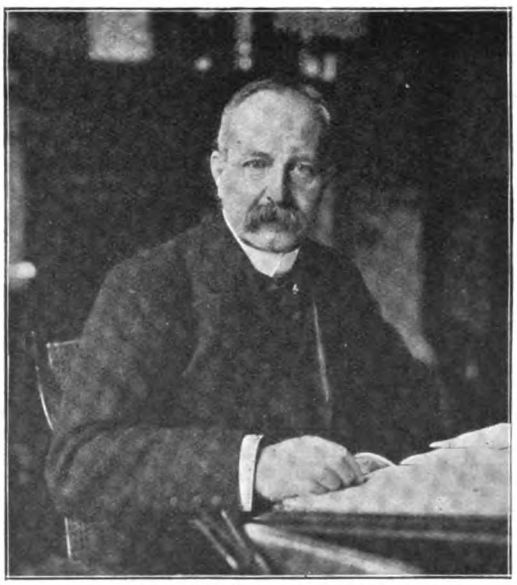
Permanent Chiefs of Government Departments.

By A. Wallis Myers.

With Photos. by George Newnes, Limited.

THE old jest which likened His Majesty's Civil Servants to the fountains in Trafalgar Square that "played from ten to four" is itself played out. Yet the impression still prevails in some quarters that the *employés* in Government offices are paid fat incomes to perform light and easy duties—a fallacy which the administration of a large and costly Empire is daily exposing.

There is another mistaken popular theory, and that is, that the Cabinet Minister necessarily controls the department of the State for which he is responsible to Parliament. Mr. Balfour is First Lord of the Treasury, but the Prime Minister has next to nothing to do with the great Imperial counting-house in Whitehall. Lord Londonderry may be the titular head of the Board of Education, but it is no reflection on the zeal of the noble marquis to say that his voice in the internal management of the Education Department is rarely, if ever, heard, and the same might be said in regard to other Parliamentary heads.



SIR MONTAGU OMMANNEY, K.C.M.G.—COLONIAL OFFICE.

The brunt of controlling the smooth working of the inside organization of our great Government offices devolves upon the shoulders of the Permanent Secretary, who is the official "foreman of the works." Ministries may come and go, political crises may sway the Empire, a Prime Minister may be assassinated, but the Permanent Secretary remains at his post until either death or retirement (with a well-earned pension) releases him. He is rarely promoted to a higher office in the service of the State, because the height of his own ambition has generally been reached; and the fact that his experience is ripe and valuable would in most cases deter a wise Government from removing his personality.

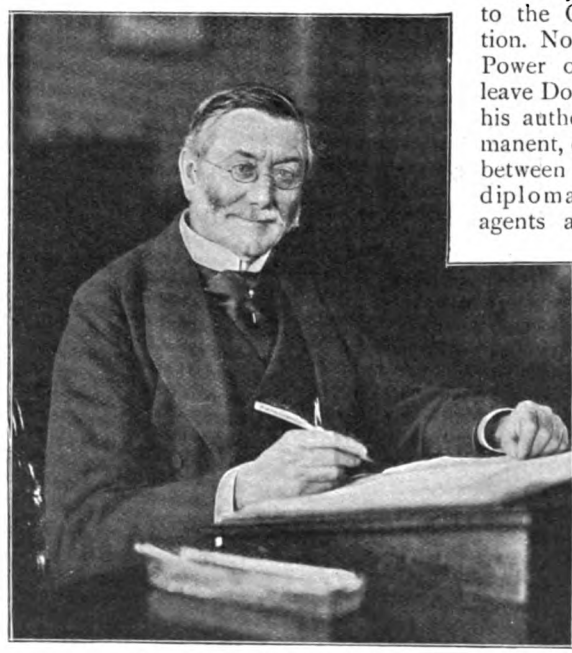
When the Cabinet Minister is known as a Secretary of State—and there are now five such offices—the non-political head of his department is officially described as "Permanent Under-Secretary of State," though virtually he exercises the same control and has quite as responsible a position as the "Secretary" of a lower-grade department. In the former case the salary is two thousand pounds per annum; in the latter it ranges from fifteen hundred to eighteen hundred pounds per annum.

In no branch of the Empire's business has the work increased so rapidly of late years as at the Colonial Office, where the permanent "managing director," as it were, is Sir Montagu Ommanney, K.C.B., K.C.M.G. Curiously enough, from 1825 till 1871 the four gentlemen who held the same position each reigned for eleven years and so many months; but Sir Robert George Wyndham Herbert, who came next, held office for twenty-one years, after which came Sir Robert Meade and Sir Edward Wingfield, both comparatively short-lived chiefs.

Sir Montagu Ommanney, who works in a room on the walls of which hang the portraits of every Colonial Secretary for the past century, is in daily consultation with Mr. Chamberlain. All political, constitutional, and military questions affecting the Colonies come immediately under his eye, and he keeps, of course, a general supervision over the work of the office. He has also to keep perennially in touch with the Crown Agents for the Colonies, who act as commercial and financial agents in this country for such of our dependencies as do not possess Agents-

General in London. And when one takes into account that the greater portion of the Colonial Empire has accrued within comparatively recent times—the population in 1881 was fifteen and a half millions, while to-day it is over twenty-four millions—the volume of business at Downing Street can be easily understood.

Not the least of his important duties is to read through papers on all subjects before submission to the Secretary of State. The number of these, as can well be imagined, has enormously increased during the last few years, and especially since the close of the South African War, while the period of settlement lasts. The official correspondence at the Colonial Office has more than doubled during the last seven years, while last year twice as many papers relating to South Africa were signed and dispatched as in 1900.



SIR THOMAS SANDERSON—FOREIGN OFFICE.

For such a situation as chief of staff to Mr. Chamberlain a man of considerable capacity, tact, and experience is required; and in Sir Montagu Ommanney that man is forthcoming. He has the brisk habits of an officer in the Army; as a matter of fact, he formerly held captain's rank in the Royal Engineers, and acted for some years as instructor at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, where Lord Kitchener was a student at the time. It is thirty years since he entered the Colonial Office as private secretary to the Earl of Carnarvon, who was Colonial Secretary from 1874 to 1877; after which Sir Montagu held various administrative offices, such as Crown Agent, Commissioner for the Colonial Exhibition of 1887, and member of the Royal Commission for the Paris Exhibition. He entered on his present duties in 1900, and in the same year was appointed Secretary of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

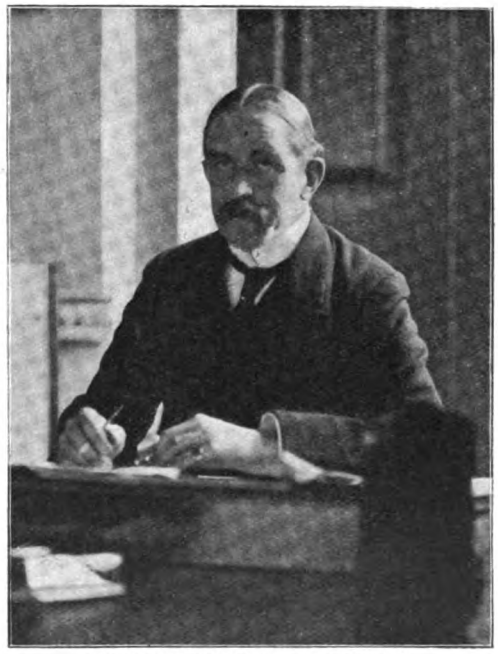
Both at the Home Office and Foreign Office the positions of Permanent Under-Secretary are fraught with grave responsibilities. Especially is this the case at the Foreign Office—that sealed receptacle of political secrets and international treaties.

Sir Thomas Sanderson, who has held this important trust for nearly ten years, is related departmentally to Lord Lansdowne just as Sir Montagu Ommanney is related to Mr. Chamberlain. He is responsible for the drafting of all State papers relating to foreign affairs before they are submitted to the Secretary of State, or perhaps to the Cabinet, for ratification. No despatch to a foreign Power or Government can leave Downing Street without his authority; he is the permanent, experienced medium between the Cabinet and our diplomatic and Consular agents abroad, in that he superintends the communications that pass from one to the other. It naturally follows that Sir Thomas Sanderson must be a linguist and a scholar, a general of tact, and a master of ways and means. He must be able to receive Ambassadors and Ministers of foreign Powers; to coach a new Foreign Secretary in historical matters of grave import affecting British relations abroad; and all the time keep a watching eye over the general affairs of the department and its variously-graded staff.

Sir Thomas Sanderson is a notable example of what perseverance and a conscientious attention to duty can accomplish. He entered the Foreign Office over forty-four years ago as a junior clerk, having passed a competitive examination. His sagacity and zeal soon attracted attention, and in 1863 he was attached to Lord Kimberley's special mission to the King of Denmark, and later assisted Sir W. Stuart in his duties as Protocolist at conferences held in London

on the affairs of the same country, and on our relations with Russia over the Black Sea. It was not surprising that he should subsequently get an assistant-clerkship at the Foreign Office, which naturally led to his selection as private secretary to Earl Granville, Foreign Secretary—usually the stepping-stone to a position of greater responsibility. Sir Thomas quickly filled in order the chairs which lead to the under-secretaryship—senior clerk and assistant under-secretary—and the last mark of esteem bestowed upon his services was the G.C.B. in 1900.

Sir Kenelm Digby, who controls the inner working of the Home Office, left the Bench to take up his present duties, which he has exercised since 1895. Born sixty-seven years ago, Sir Kenelm was, like Mr. Asquith, one of his former chiefs, a barrister and ate his dinners in Hall; he was for six years Vinerian Law Reader at Oxford, and became a County Court Judge in 1892, vacating that appointment to go to Whitehall.



SIR EDWARD WARD, K.C.B.—WAR OFFICE.

His department is many-sided. It deals with matters as widely divergent as the granting of certificates for the naturalization of aliens and the presentation of an Address to the Sovereign praying for his intervention in a strike. As Mr. Akers-Douglas is the official medium between the people and the King, so Sir Kenelm Digby is the real channel of communication between the subject and the Crown. He forwards all Addresses to the Palace and receives their gracious replies; the reports of Royal Commissions pass through his hands on their way to the King, by whose command they are subsequently presented to Parliament. Sir Kenelm also supervises the nomination of the principal officers for the Isle of Man and the Channel Isles; he knows the names of all the lucky civil knights before even the gentlemen concerned are aware of their promotion; and he supervises the receipt of the heavy fees paid by newly-created peers in obtaining their patents of nobility.

Then he must keep an eye on unhealthy spots in the Metropolis, for the functions of inspecting schools of anatomy and retreats for habitual drunkards are vested in the Home Office. Inspectors from it visit mines, explosive factories, printing works, white lead works, brickyards, and other places where danger to life or limb may lurk, while the age of children employed in factories must also be taken into account. The protection of wild birds is another function delegated to the Home Office chief, and also the incarceration of those wild birds known as criminals. The Home Secretary appoints the Chief Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis as well as the Director-General of Prosecutions, both of which officials he has the power to set in motion. Nor must we forget that, besides the maintenance of the King's peace, the Home Department exercises the prerogative of mercy and advises the King's clemency. Petitions for the reprieve of a murderer's sentence pass through the hands of Sir Kenelm Digby, as well as the actual reprieves themselves—he indited the official commutation of "Colonel" Lynch's sentence. We regret that Sir Kenelm was too busy to grant a sitting for his portrait.

To some extent Colonel Sir Edward Ward, K.C.B., may be called the "broom" which has been introduced into the War Office to sweep away some of the ceremonial cobwebs that "adorned" this important department under the old *régime*. No chief in the Civil Service is more popular or more respected than the man who directed supplies to the Army in South Africa, and no departmental head has more thoroughly deserved these tributes. It is nearly thirty years since the present Permanent Under-Secretary for War entered the old Control Department, and since that time he has seen considerable

active service, having greatly distinguished himself in the Soudan Expedition of 1885 and taken a prominent part in the Ashanti Expedition of 1895–96. His valuable organizing feats in South Africa, especially his "victualling" of Ladysmith during the siege, are still fresh in public memory. Colonel Ward came to Pall Mall with a great reputation, and has not belied it.

His labours have not been easy, and he has often been kept very late at his post. Before the recent campaign in the Transvaal the War Office received and replied to over two thousand two hundred letters a day; during the war this number more than doubled itself; and when I made inquiries of Sir Edward he told me that at present there were no signs of this capacious post-bag being reduced in size. Even now, though peace happily reigns, the settlement of soldiers' accounts and estates, the allotment of medals, and a hundred and one other matters relating to the war keep a large staff perpetually busy.

SIR ARTHUR GODLEY—INDIA OFFICE.

As chairman of the Interdepartmental Committee appointed to revise the War Office establishment and redistribute the duties, Sir Edward Ward has performed a difficult and somewhat invidious task with conspicuous success. Nor should it be forgotten that the Army Corps scheme formulated by Mr. Brodrick has meant additional responsibility to the Permanent Under-Secretary.

In addition to supervising their work, Sir Edward Ward takes an unusual interest in the staff at the War Office. He founded the War Office Sports Club, embracing football, cricket, athletics, swimming, hockey, and other pastimes, and has frequently been a spectator of the various contests. His desire to promote the welfare of the youngest of the King's Civil Servants has also been demonstrated, for Sir Edward is the president of the Boy Clerks' Friendly Society, and as such helped to form a cadet corps for boy-copyists. Many other offices—as, for instance, his membership of the Committee appointed to deal with the King's gift of Osborne House to the nation—claim this busy official's time; yet under no circumstances of stress and worry does he ever appear other than a gracious and kindly gentleman.

Sir Arthur Godley rules at the India Office, and has done so for twenty years. A Fellow of his college at Oxford, a barrister, and then private secretary to Mr. Gladstone, he became Commissioner of Inland Revenue for a brief year, becoming Under-Secretary of State for India when only thirty-six years of age.

Sir Arthur is the senior of the departmental chiefs mentioned in this article, Sir Evan MacGregor, the Permanent Secretary to the Admiralty, having been appointed to his position a year later. During his twenty years at the India Office he has served under five Secretaries of State, his first being the late Lord Kimberley, and his successors respectively Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord Cross, Sir Henry Fowler, and Lord George Hamilton.

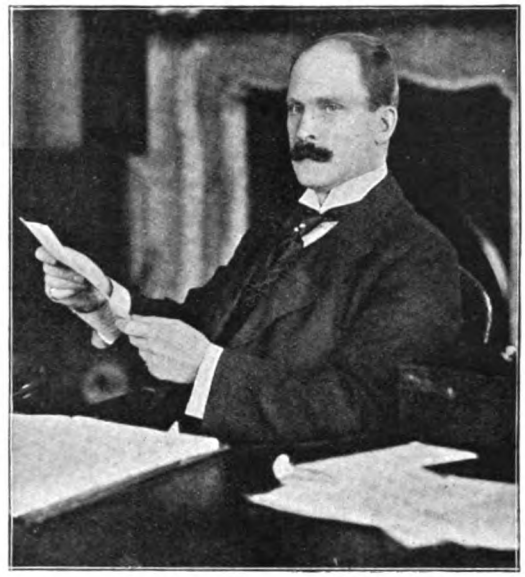
All business transacted in the United Kingdom which relates to the Government of India is under the supervision of Sir Arthur Godley, subject to the direct control of the Secretary of State and the statutory rights of his Council, and to the powers reserved to itself by Parliament. All the duties and powers of the old Board of Control and of the East India Company in connection with the management and revenues of India, and as regards all officers in India, are vested in the Secretary of State, whose relation to the Viceroy is defined and regulated by statute, and who is the adviser to the Sovereign in Indian affairs. In addition to issuing orders to all officers in India and promulgating orders relating to that Empire in the United Kingdom, Sir Arthur also deals with the appointment of officers to certain public services, appointment to the highest offices being for the most part made by the Sovereign on the advice of the Secretary of State.

Turning next to those departments not

presided over by a Secretary of State, the Board of Trade, the Board of Education, the Treasury, and the Local Government Board are all offices of first-class importance dealing in affairs of great national benefit.

The appointment of Sir Francis Hopwood two years ago to the executive head of the Board of Trade in succession to Sir Courtenay Boyle was universally hailed with satisfaction. As assistant secretary and head of the Railway Department since 1893, no one had done more to win for the department a reputation for conciliation and courtesy, and his temperate behaviour and tact under difficult and delicate circumstances have repeatedly been evidenced, notably at the Taff Vale strike, which he was practically instrumental in terminating. Sir Francis has a great deal to do with railway managers and railway boards, both as conciliator and Government supervisor, and his services to the country in connection with legislation for the promotion of light railways, the development of electric traction, and the prevention of accidents to railway servants justly called for recognition and reward. In the course of his strenuous career—especially strenuous for one who is only forty-three years of age—Sir Francis has travelled considerably, and has been entrusted with official business in the United States, Canada, and Newfoundland. He was a member of Mr. Asquith's Commission on the Metropolitan Cab Service, and a British delegate to the International Railway Congress in 1895, in the following year acting as honorary secretary to the chairman of the Jameson Raid Select Committee. He is not the least important member of the London Traffic Royal Commission now sitting.

Sir Francis is a most conscientious and painstaking chief, and enters whole-heartedly into the hundred internal matters calling for his attention. Briefly, it may be said that he is consulted upon all official papers involving questions of principle or precedent. The Board of Trade has very long arms. It collects trade and labour statistics, controls the issues of patents, preserves the standards of weights and measures, keeps going the non-legal machinery of bankruptcy, registers merchant shipping, enforces regulations for the prevention of collisions and loss of life at sea, and registers our fisheries, harbours, joint-stock companies, railways, tramways, and water and gas companies—does, in fact, a thousand things essential for the welfare and purity of trade and commerce.



SIR FRANCIS HOPWOOD—BOARD OF TRADE.

An important branch of the Board of Trade is the Patent Office in Chancery Lane, over whose destinies as Comptroller-General Mr. Cornelius Neale Dalton, C.B., has presided since 1897. Mr. Dalton is the official who exercises the prerogative of the Crown to grant monopolies to inventors, and spends nearly seventy thousand pounds a year in maintaining his department, the working of

MR. ROBERT MORANT—EDUCATION OFFICE.

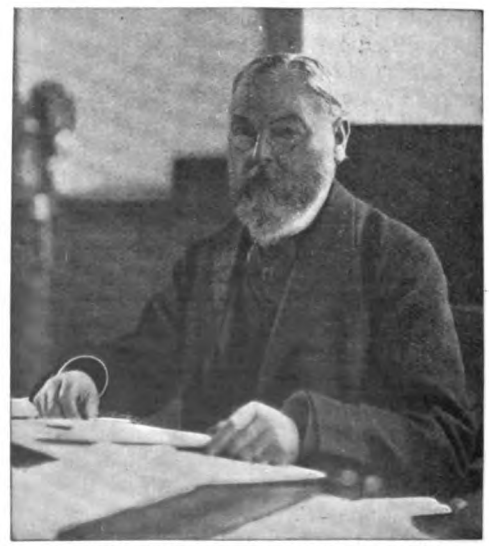
SIR FRANCIS MOWATT—THE TREASURY.

which was recently described in an article in THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

There was some excuse for Mr. Robert Morant's difficulty in finding time to be photographed at his desk at the Education Office for this article. Since he succeeded Sir George Kekewich as Secretary Mr. Morant has scarcely left his room in Whitehall, unless it be to interview educational authorities from the country in the waiting-room. This has been due as much to the magnitude of the task of administering the new Education Act as to his own zeal for mastering every detail of his office and personally superintending a very intricate measure, for the creation of which there is little doubt he was largely responsible. The new Secretary, who exhibited great promise at Oxford, and whose appointment surprised a good many people unacquainted with his remarkable abilities, is a personal friend of the Prime Minister's, at whose house in Scotland he has frequently stayed. Mr. Balfour has the highest opinion of Mr. Morant, and that gentleman returns the compliment with interest.

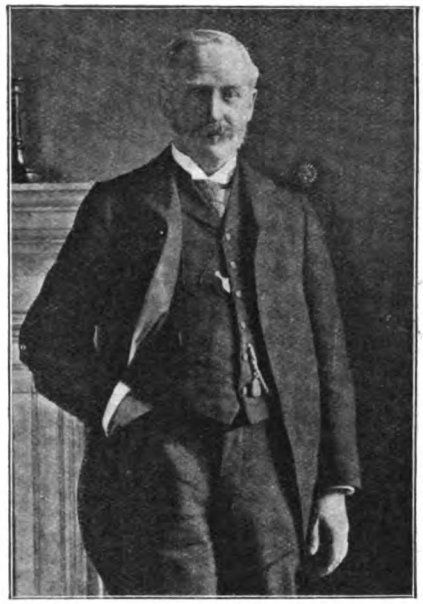
Sir Francis Mowatt, Permanent Administrative Secretary at the Treasury, is one of the very few men outside the Cabinet who are acquainted with the secrets of the Budget before they are divulged to Parliament. His chief, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, performs, of course, the ancient duties of Under-Treasurer, and, after agreement with the heads of the great spending department, arranges for the great collecting departments to provide sufficient money to meet the national needs for the year. All the papers comprising the Budget statement, which the Chancellor expounds to the House of Commons, pass through the hands of Sir Francis Mowatt, and not a penny of public money is spent without a return to that effect reaching the Treasury. Many are the long consultations which he, as executive "housekeeper to John Bull," as it were, has with the Chancellor, and with the heads of other departments, on matters relating to ways and means—the frequent creation of new sources of revenue, the rare abandonment of old.

Mr. Ritchie, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, is the nominal head of another office which spends its time in guarding the national credit—the National Debt Office, one of the few Government departments located in the City. The Comptroller-General at Finsbury House is Mr. G. W. Hervey, C.B., whose life is spent in the worthy task of reducing that permanent institution called the National Debt. He deals principally in his official capacity with the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Governor and the Deputy-Governor of the Bank of England, who are all National Debt Commissioners. Mr. Hervey is an expert in "Sinking Funds," and will also relate to you with pride the fact that the system of granting life annuities by the Commissioners, which has been in operation nearly a century, is cancelling the Debt to the extent of nearly a million pounds per annum. Perhaps Mr. Hervey wishes he could re-introduce State lotteries, which brought in such a rich



MR. G. W. HERVEY, C.B.—NATIONAL DEBT OFFICE.

harvest some eighty years ago; but he contents himself with investing all the funds handed over the counter of the Post Office Savings Bank, and giving loans to municipal bodies constructing public works. He also undertakes the investment of friendly societies' funds, and generally perseveres in a task of reduction which can never be accomplished.



SIR SAMUEL PROVIS—LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD.

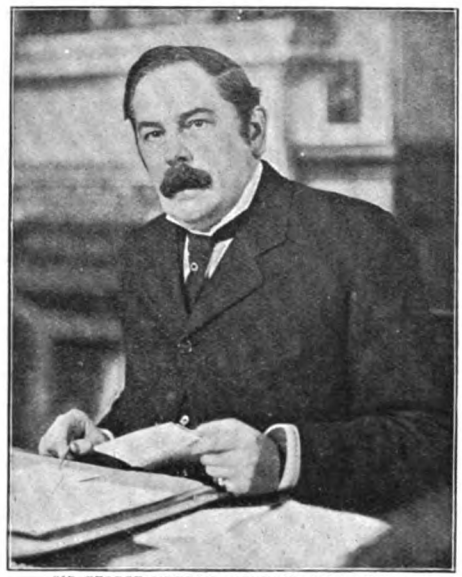
Like Sir Francis Mowatt at the Treasury, Sir Samuel Provis, Permanent Secretary to the Local Government Board, lives close to his office, in Whitehall Court, and is a regular attendant, early and late, at his post. Sir Samuel has the distinction of being "controlled" by a Board that never meets; for the work of the Local Government Board is carried on solely by the President and Secretaries and a large staff of clerks. He began his association with the Board thirty years ago as junior legal assistant, and was assistant secretary prior to reaching the supreme position. Sir Samuel administers the Poor Laws, maintains the Public Health, and has general control over the various local authorities.

A far more important department than is generally believed is that known as His Majesty's Office of Works, whose executive head is now Lord Salisbury's former private secretary, Sir Schomberg McDonnell. His is a position of considerable authority. As the "managing director" of a great business which yields no revenue, he spends over a million and a half a year, and controls large stores and factories, employs an army of builders and a regiment of architects, and has a great deal to do with "legal advisers."

SIR SCHOMBERG MCDONNELL—OFFICE OF WORKS.

Sir Schomberg, who has fallen into his new duties with remarkable ease, has had a number of important matters to deal with since his arrival. Mention may be made of the Victoria Memorial, the new War Office and new Government buildings in Whitehall, the safeguarding of the National Gallery against fire—the new Secretary was the first to test the telephonic communication from the Gallery to the fire-station—and the renovation of all the Royal residences on the King's accession at a total cost of sixty thousand pounds. Then he has all his regular duties requiring careful attention—the maintenance of the Royal parks (even the supply of bands on Sundays and well-swept ice in winter); the charge and "upkeep" of all Civil buildings both in this country and abroad, as, for instance, five hundred County Courts, the Law Courts in Edinburgh, all the Crown post-offices, the Houses of Parliament, and every British Embassy and Consulate in foreign lands. Sir Schomberg even has to warm the prisons of the United Kingdom and wash the faces of the public monuments both in London and the provinces. If a British Consul in far-away Yokohama wants to erect a greenhouse at the back of his garden, the Office of Works will, if it considers such an addition necessary, perform the construction. Similarly the Office of Works would refurnish the billiard-room at Marlborough House.

Brief mention can only be made of another great business department—the General Post

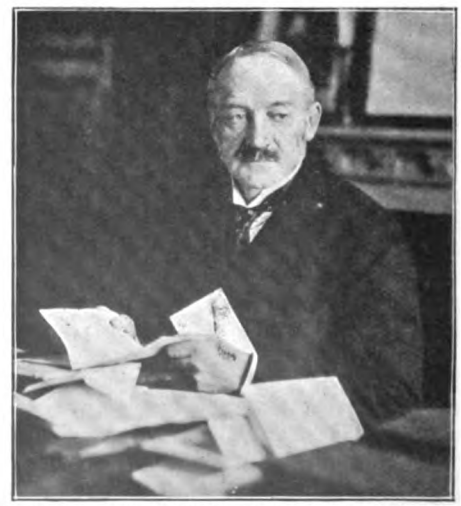


SIR GEORGE MURRAY—GENERAL POST OFFICE.

Office—over which Sir George Murray has had virtual command since 1899. In other countries the Secretary to the Post Office is known as the "Director-General of Posts and Telegraphs," and, as such, is the highest permanent official of the department. Its nominal head, the Postmaster-General, rarely remains in office for more than two or three years, but the Secretaryship is unaffected by political or Cabinet changes. Though he has only been at the Post Office four years, Sir George has already served under three Postmasters-General; he has thus to supply the inexperience of the Postmaster-General. Indeed, in all matters of policy and administration he is his adviser, and also his chief executive officer, providing and maintaining the organization necessary for carrying out his decisions. Sir George Murray is the general manager of the most extensive business in the country, with an annual revenue of eighteen millions and an expenditure of fourteen and a half millions, making for the taxpayers of the United Kingdom a profit of three and a half millions annually. He is also the commander-in-chief of an industrial army of a hundred and eighty thousand persons of both sexes, and, lastly, he is the channel of communication between the Postmaster-General and the public.

The House of Lords is generally regarded as a place where peers legislate at their leisure, and it will doubtless surprise many people to hear that a State department is located there which has very numerous and weighty duties to fulfil. This is known as the Lord Chancellor's Office, the executive head of which is Sir Kenneth Muir Mackenzie. The Permanent Secretary of this department must be a barrister of ten years' standing and give his whole time to his duties, as indeed they demand. He carries on the correspondence between the Lord Chancellor and other public departments, and deals with all matters relating to the organization of the legal departments, District Registrars, County Courts, and Royal Courts of Justice. He is secretary of the Rule Committee and the Council of Judges, examines all Parliamentary Bills of a legal character, and calls the attention of the Lord Chancellor to any matters relating to the administration of the law where legislation is required.

Sir Kenneth now performs all the duties of the Clerk of the Crown, in which capacity he issues writs, summons peers, calls a Commission to open and prorogue Parliament, and Commissions to pass Bills. He attends to read the titles of Bills when the Royal Assent is given, and receives the returns electing Scotch peers and also Irish representative peers If the Lord High Steward calls for a State trial, Sir Kenneth issues all the writs, etc.; similarly, he is Registrar of the Coronation Court of Claims. Parliamentary writs also pass through his hands, as do the ballot papers after an election. He prepares all Royal warrants and patents of creation as well as commissions of the peace; while the duties of the late Clerk of the Patents and those of the Clerk of the Petty Bag, in all matters relating to the Great Seal, have now been transferred to his office—truly a weighty situation.



SIR KENNETH MUIR MACKENZIE—LORD CHANCELLOR'S OFFICE.

The Third String

by W. W. Jacobs

"LOVE?" said the night-watchman, as he watched in an abstracted fashion the efforts of a skipper to reach a brother skipper on a passing barge with a boat-hook. "Don't talk to me about love, because I've suffered enough through it. There ought to be teetotalers for love the same as wot there is for drink, and they ought to wear a piece o' ribbon to show it, the same as the teetotalers do; but not an attractive piece o' ribbon, mind you. I've seen as much mischief caused by love as by drink, and the funny thing is, one often leads to the other. Love, arter it is over, often leads to drink, and drink often leads to love and to a man committing himself for life afore it is over.

"Sailormen give way to it most; they see so little o' wimmen that they naturally 'ave a high opinion of 'em. Wait till they become night-watchmen and, having to be at 'ome all day, see the other side of 'em. If people on'y started life as night-watchmen there wouldn't be one arf the falling in love that there is now.

"I remember one chap, as nice a fellow as you could wish to meet, too. He always carried his sweetheart's photograph about with 'im, and it was the on'y thing that cheered 'im up during the fourteen years he was cast away on a deserted island. He was picked up at last and taken 'ome, and there she was still single and waiting for 'im; and arter spending fourteen years on a deserted island he got another ten in quod for shooting 'er because she 'ad altered so much in 'er looks.

"Then there was Ginger Dick, a red-'aired man I've spoken about before. He went and fell in love one time when he was lodging in Wapping 'ere with old Sam Small and Peter Russet, and a nice mess 'e made of it.

"They was just back from a v'y'ge, and they 'adn't been ashore a week afore both of 'em noticed a change for the worse in Ginger. He turned quiet and peaceful and lost 'is taste for beer. He used to play with 'is food instead of eating it, and in place of going out of an evening with Sam and Peter took to going off by 'imself.

"'It's love,' ses Peter Russet, shaking his 'ead, 'and he'll be worse afore he's better.'

"'Who's the gal?' ses old Sam.

"Peter didn't know, but when they came 'ome that night 'e asked. Ginger, who was sitting up in bed with a far-off look in 'is

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eyes, cuddling 'is knees, went on staring but didn't answer.

"Who is it making a fool of you this time, Ginger?" ses old Sam.

"You mind your bisness and I'll mind mine," ses Ginger, suddenly waking up and looking very fierce.

"No offence, mate," ses Sam, winking at Peter. "I on'y asked in case I might be able to do you a good turn."

"Well, you can do that by not letting her know you're a pal o' mine," ses Ginger, very nasty.

Old Sam didn't understand at fust, and when Peter explained to 'im he wanted to hit 'im for trying to twist Ginger's words about.

"She don't like fat old men," ses Ginger.

"Ho!" ses old Sam, who couldn't think of anything else to say. "Ho! don't she? Ho! Ho, indeed!"

He undressed 'imself and got into the bed he shared with Peter, and kept 'im awake for hours by telling 'im in a loud voice about all the gals he'd made love to in his life, and partikler about one gal that always fainted dead away whenever she saw either a red-'aired man or a monkey.

Peter Russet found out all about it next day, and told Sam that it was a barmaid with black 'air and eyes at the Jolly Pilots, and that she wouldn't 'ave anything to say to Ginger.

He spoke to Ginger about it agin when they were going to bed that night, and to 'is surprise found that he was quite civil. When 'e said that he would do anything he could for 'im, Ginger was quite affected.

"I can't eat or drink," he ses, in a miserable voice; "I lay awake all last night thinking of her. She's so diff'rent to other gals; she's got—— If I start on you, Sam Small, you'll know it. You go and make that choking noise to them as likes it."

"It's a bit o' egg-shell I got in my throat at breakfast this morning, Ginger," ses Sam. "I wonder whether she lays awake all night thinking of you?"

"I dare say she does," ses Peter Russet, giving 'im a little push.

"Keep your 'art up, Ginger," ses Sam; "I've known gals to 'ave the most extr'ordinary likings afore now."

"Don't take no notice of 'im," ses Peter, holding Ginger back. "'Ow are you getting on with her?"

Ginger groaned and sat down on 'is bed and looked at the floor, and Sam went and sat on his till it shook so that Ginger offered to step over and break 'is neck for 'im.

"I can't 'elp the bed shaking," ses Sam: "it ain't my fault. I didn't make it. If being in love is going to make you so disagreeable to your best friends, Ginger, you'd better go and live by yourself."

"I 'eard something about her to-day, Ginger," ses Peter Russet. "I met a chap I used to know at Bull's Wharf, and he told me that she used to keep company with a chap named Bill Lumm, a bit of a prize-fighter, and since she gave 'im up she won't look at anybody else."

"Was she very fond of 'im, then?" asks Ginger.

"I don't know," ses Peter; "but this chap told me that she won't walk out with anybody agin, unless it's another prize-fighter. Her pride won't let her, I s'pose."

"Well, that's all right, Ginger," ses Sam; "all you've got to do is to go and be a prize-fighter."

"If I 'ave any more o' your nonsense——" ses Ginger, starting up.

"That's right," ses Sam; "jump down anybody's throat when they're trying to do you a kindness. That's you all over, Ginger, that is. Wot's to prevent you telling 'er that you're a prize-fighter from Australia or somewhere? She won't know no better."

He got up off the bed and put his 'ands up as Ginger walked across the room to 'im, but Ginger on'y wanted to shake 'ands, and arter he 'ad done that 'e patted 'im on the back and smiled at 'im.

"I'll try it," he ses. "I'd tell any lies for 'er sake. Ah! you don't know wot love is, Sam."

"I used to," ses Sam; and then he sat down agin and began to tell 'em all the love-affairs he could remember, until at last Peter Russet got tired and said it was 'ard to believe, looking at 'im now, wot a perfick terror he'd been with gals, and said that the face he'd got now was a judgment on 'im. Sam shut up arter that, and got into trouble with Peter in the middle o' the night by waking 'im up to tell 'im something that he 'ad just thought of about *his* face.

The more Ginger thought o' Sam's idea the more he liked it, and the very next evening 'e took Peter Russet into the private bar o' the Jolly Pilots. He ordered port wine, which he thought seemed more 'igh class than beer, and then Peter Russet started talking to Miss Tucker and told her that Ginger was a prize-fighter from Sydney, where he'd beat everybody that stood up to 'im.

The gal seemed to change towards Ginger

all in a flash, and her beautiful black eyes looked at 'im so admiring that he felt quite faint. She started talking to 'im about his fights at once, and when at last 'e plucked up courage to ask 'er to go for a walk with 'im on Sunday arternoon she seemed quite delighted.

"It'll be a nice change for me," she ses, smiling. "I used to walk out with a prize-fighter once before, and since I gave 'im up I began to think I was never going to 'ave a young man agin. You can't think 'ow dull it's been."

"Must ha' been," ses Ginger.

"I s'pose you've got a taste for prize-fighters, miss," ses Peter Russet.

"No," ses Miss Tucker; "I don't think that it's that exactly, but, you see, I couldn't 'ave anybody else. Not for their own sakes."

"Why not?" ses Ginger, looking puzzled.

"Why not?" ses Miss Tucker. "Why, because o' Bill. He's such a 'orrid jealous disposition. After I gave 'im up I walked out with a young fellow named Smith; fine, big, strapping chap 'e was, too, and I never saw such a change in any man as there was in 'im after Bill 'ad done with 'im. I couldn't believe it was 'im. I told Bill he ought to be ashamed of 'imself."

"Wot did 'e say?" asks Ginger.

"Don't ask me wot 'e said," ses Miss Tucker, tossing her 'ead. "Not liking to be beat, I 'ad one more try with a young fellow named Charlie Webb."

"Wot 'appened to 'im?" ses Peter Russet, arter waiting a bit for 'er to finish.

"I can't bear to talk of it," ses Miss Tucker, holding up Ginger's glass and giving the counter a wipe down. "*He* met Bill, and I saw 'im six weeks afterwards just as 'e was being sent away from the 'ospital to a seaside home. Bill disappeared after that."

"Has he gone far away?" ses Ginger, trying to speak in a off'and way.

"MISS TUCKER."

"Oh, he's back now," ses Miss Tucker. "You'll see 'im fast enough, and, wotever you do, don't let 'im know you're a prize-fighter."

"Why not?" ses pore Ginger.

"Because o' the surprise it'll be to 'im," ses Miss Tucker. "Let 'im rush on to 'is doom. He'll get a lesson 'e don't expect, the bully. Don't be afraid of hurting 'im. Think o' pore Smith and Charlie Webb."

"I am thinkin' of 'em," ses Ginger, slow-like. "Is — is Bill — very quick — with his 'ands?"

"*Rather*," ses Miss Tucker; "but o' course he ain't up to your mark; he's on'y known in these parts."

She went off to serve a customer, and Ginger Dick tried to catch Peter's eye, but couldn't, and when Miss Tucker came back he said 'e must be going.

"Sunday afternoon at a quarter past three sharp, outside 'ere," she ses. "Never mind about putting on your best clothes, because Bill is sure to be hanging about. I'll take care o' that."

She reached over the bar and shook 'ands with 'im, and Ginger felt a thrill go up 'is arm which lasted 'im all the way 'ome.

He didn't know whether to turn up on Sunday or not, and if it 'adn't ha' been for Sam and Peter Russet he'd ha' most likely stayed at home. Not that 'e was a coward,

being always ready for a scrap and gin'rally speaking doing well at it, but he made a few inquiries about Bill Lumm and 'e saw that 'e had about as much chance with 'im as a kitten would 'ave with a bulldog.

Sam and Peter was delighted, and they talked about it as if it was a pantermime, and old Sam said that when *he* was a young man he'd ha' fought six Bill Lumms afore he'd ha' given a gal up. He brushed Ginger's clothes for 'im with 'is own hands on Sunday arternoon, and, when Ginger started, 'im and Peter follered some distance behind to see fair play.

The on'y person outside the Jolly Pilots when Ginger got there was a man; a strong-built chap with a thick neck, very large 'ands, and a nose which 'ad seen its best days some time afore. He looked 'ard at Ginger as 'e came up, and then stuck his 'ands in 'is trouser pockets and spat on the pavement. Ginger walked a little way past and then back again, and just as he was thinking that 'e might venture to go off, as Miss Tucker 'adn't come, the door opened and out she came.

"I couldn't find my 'at-pins," she ses, taking Ginger's arm and smiling up into 'is face.

Before Ginger could say anything the man he 'ad noticed took his 'ands out of 'is pockets and stepped up to 'im.

"Let go o' that young lady's arm," he ses.

"'LET GO O' THAT YOUNG LADY'S ARM, HE SES.

"Sha'n't," ses Ginger, holding it so tight that Miss Tucker nearly screamed.

"Let go 'er arm and put your 'ands up," ses the chap agin.

"Not 'ere," ses Ginger, who 'ad laid awake the night afore thinking wot to do if he met Bill Lumm. "If you wish to 'ave a spar with me, my lad, you must 'ave it where we can't be interrupted. When I start on a man I like to make a good job of it."

"Good job of it!" ses the other, starting. "Do you know who I am?"

"No, I don't," ses Ginger, "and, wot's more, I don't care."

"My name," ses the chap, speaking in a slow, careful voice, "is Bill Lumm."

"Wot a 'orrid name!" ses Ginger.

"Otherwise known as the Wapping Basher," ses Bill, shoving 'is face into Ginger's and glaring at 'im.

"Ho!" ses Ginger, sniffing, "a amatoor."

"*Amatoor?*" ses Bill, shouting.

"That's wot we should call you over in Australia," ses Ginger; "*my* name is Dick Duster, likewise known as the Sydney Puncher. I've killed three men in the ring and 'ave never 'ad a defeat."

"Well, put 'em up," ses Bill, doubling up 'is fists and shaping at 'im.

"Not in the street, I tell you," ses Ginger, still clinging tight to Miss Tucker's arm. "I was fined five pounds the other day for punching a man in the street, and the magistrate said it would be 'ard labour for me next time. You find a nice, quiet spot for some arternoon, and I'll knock your 'ead off with pleasure."

"I'd sooner 'ave it knocked off now," ses Bill; "I don't like waiting for things."

"Thursday arternoon," ses Ginger, very firm; "there's one or two gentlemen want to see a bit o' my work afore backing me, and we can combine bisness with pleasure."

He walked off with Miss Tucker, leaving Bill Lumm standing on the pavement scratching his 'ead and staring arter 'im as though 'e didn't quite know wot to make of it. Bill stood there for pretty near five minutes, and then arter asking Sam and Peter, who 'ad been standing by listening, whether they wanted anything for themselves, walked off to ask 'is pals wot they knew about the Sydney Puncher.

Ginger Dick was so quiet and satisfied about the fight that old Sam and Peter couldn't make 'im out at all. He wouldn't even practise punching at a bolster that Peter rigged up for 'im, and when 'e got a message from Bill Lumm naming a quiet place on the Lea Marshes he agreed to it as comfortable as possible.

"Well, I must say, Ginger, that I like your pluck," ses Peter Russet.

"I always 'ave said that for Ginger; 'e's got pluck," ses Sam.

Ginger coughed and tried to smile at 'em in a superior sort o' way. "I thought you'd got more sense," he ses, at last. "You don't think I'm going, do you?"

"*Wot?*" ses old Sam, in a shocked voice.

"You're never going to back out of it, Ginger?" ses Peter.

"I am," ses Ginger. "If you think I'm going to be smashed up by a prize-fighter just to show my pluck you're mistook."

"You must go, Ginger," ses old Sam, very severe. "It's too late to back out of it now. Think of the gal. Think of *'er* feelings."

"For the sake of your good name," ses Peter.

"I should never speak to you agin, Ginger," ses old Sam, pursing up 'is lips.

"Nor me neither," ses Peter Russet.

"To think of our Ginger being called a coward," ses old Sam, with a shudder, "and afore a gal, too."

"The loveliest gal in Wapping," ses Peter.

"Look 'ere," ses Ginger, "you can shut up, both of you. I'm not going, and that's the long and short of it. I don't mind an ordinary man, but I draw the line at prize-fighters."

Old Sam sat down on the edge of 'is bed and looked the picture of despair. "You must go, Ginger," he ses, "for my sake."

"Your sake?" ses Ginger, staring.

"I've got money on it," ses Sam, "so's Peter. If you don't turn up all bets 'll be off"

"Good job for you, too," ses Ginger. "If I did turn up you'd lose it, to a dead certainty."

Old Sam coughed and looked at Peter, and Peter 'e coughed and looked at Sam.

"You don't understand, Ginger," said Sam, in a soft voice; "it ain't often a chap gets the chance o' making a bit o' money these 'ard times."

"So we've put all our money on Bill Lumm," ses Peter. "It's the safest and easiest way o' making money I ever 'eard of. You see, we know you're not a prize-fighter and the others don't."

Pore Ginger looked at 'em, and then 'e called 'em all the names he could lay 'is tongue to, but, with the idea o' the money they was going to make, they didn't mind a bit. They let him 'ave 'is say, and that night they brought 'ome two other sailormen wot 'ad bet agin Ginger to share their room, and, though they 'ad bet agin 'im, they was so fond of 'im that it was evident that they wasn't going to leave 'im till the fight was over.

Ginger gave up then, and at twelve o'clock next day they started off to find the place. Mr. Webson, the landlord of the Jolly Pilots, a short, fat man o' fifty, wot 'ad spoke to Ginger once or twice, went with 'em, and all the way to the station he kept saying wot

a jolly spot it was for that sort o' thing. Perfickly private ; nice soft green grass to be knocked down on, and larks up in the air singing away as if they'd never leave off.

They took the train to Homerton, and, being a slack time o' the day, the porters was surprised to see wot a lot o' people was travelling by it. So was Ginger. There was the landlords of arf the public-'ouses in Wapping, all smoking big cigars ; two dock policemen in plain clothes wot 'ad got the arternoon off—one with a raging toothache and the other with a baby wot wasn't expected to last the day out. They was as full o' fun as kittens, and the landlord o' the Jolly Pilots pointed out to Ginger wot of the train and walked up the road. "'Ow are you feeling ?"

"I've got a cold coming on," ses pore Ginger, looking at the Basher, who was on in front, "and a splitting 'eadache, and a sharp pain all down my left leg. I don't think——"

"Well, it's a good job it's no worse," ses the landlord ; "all you've got to do is to hit 'ard. If you win it's a undered pounds in my pocket, and I'll stand you a fiver of it. D'ye understand ?"

They turned down some little streets, several of 'em going diff'rent ways, and arter crossing the River Lea got on to the marshes, and, as the landlord said, the place might ha' been made for it.

"BILL LUMM, 'AVING PEELED, STOOD LOOKING ON WHILE GINGER TOOK 'IS THINGS OFF."

reasonable 'uman beings policemen was at 'art. Besides them there was quite a lot o' sailormen, even skippers and mates, nearly all of 'em smoking big cigars, too, and looking at Ginger out of the corner of one eye and at the Wapping Basher out of the corner of the other.

"Hit 'ard and hit straight," ses the landlord to Ginger in a low voice, as they got out

A little chap from Mile End was the referee, and Bill Lumm, 'aving peeled, stood looking on while Ginger took 'is things off and slowly and carefully folded 'em up. Then they stepped towards each other, Bill taking longer steps than Ginger, and shook 'ands ; immediately arter which Bill knocked Ginger head over 'eels.

"Time!" was called, and the landlord o' the

Jolly Pilots, who was nursing Ginger on 'is knee, said that it was nothing at all, and that bleeding at the nose was a sign of 'ealth. But as it happened Ginger was that mad 'e didn't want any encouragement, he on'y wanted to kill Bill Lumm.

He got two or three taps in the next round which made his 'ead ring, and then he got 'ome on the mark and follered it up by a left-'anded punch on Bill's jaw that surprised 'em both—Bill because he didn't think Ginger could hit so 'ard, and Ginger because 'e didn't think that prize-fighters 'ad any feelings.

They clinched and fell that round, and the landlord patted Ginger on the back and said that if he ever 'ad a son he 'oped he'd grow up like 'im.

Ginger was surprised at the way 'e was getting on, and so was old Sam and Peter Russet, and when Ginger knocked Bill down in the sixth round Sam went as pale as death. Ginger was getting marked all over, but he stuck to 'is man, and the two dock policemen, wot 'ad put their money on Bill Lumm, began to talk of their dooty, and say as 'ow the fight ought to be stopped.

At the tenth round Bill couldn't see out of 'is eyes, and kept wasting 'is strength on the empty air, and once on the referee. Ginger watched 'is opportunity, and at last, with a terrific smash on the point o' Bill's jaw, knocked 'im down and then looked round for the landlord's knee.

Bill made a game try to get up when "Time!" was called, but couldn't; and the referee, who was 'olding a 'andkerchief to 'is nose, gave the fight to Ginger.

It was the proudest moment o' Ginger Dick's life. He sat there like a king, smiling 'orribly, and Sam's voice as he paid 'is losings sounded to 'im like music, in spite o' the words the old man see fit to use. It was so 'ard to get Peter Russet's money that it a'most looked as though there was going to be another prize fight, but 'e paid up at last and went off, arter fust telling Ginger part of wot he thought of 'im.

There was a lot o' quarrelling, but the bets was all settled at last, and the landlord o' the Jolly Pilots, who was in 'igh feather with the money he'd won, gave Ginger the five pounds he'd promised and took him 'ome in a cab.

"You done well, my lad," he ses. "No, don't smile. It looks as though your 'ead's coming off."

"I 'ope you'll tell Miss Tucker 'ow I fought," ses Ginger.

"I will, my lad," ses the landlord; "but you'd better not see 'er for some time, for both your sakes."

"I was thinking of 'aving a day or two in bed," ses Ginger.

"Best thing you can do," ses the landlord; "and mind, don't you ever fight Bill Lumm agin. Keep out of 'is way."

"Why? I beat 'im once, an' I can beat 'im agin," ses Ginger, offended.

"*Beat 'im?*" ses the landlord. He took 'is cigar out of 'is mouth as though 'e was going to speak, and then put it back agin and looked out of the window.

"Yes, beat 'im," ses Ginger. "You was there and saw it."

"He lost the fight a-purpose," ses the landlord, whispering. "Miss Tucker found out that you wasn't a prize-fighter—leastways, I did for 'er—and she told Bill that, if 'e loved 'er so much that he'd 'ave 'is sinful pride took down by letting you beat 'im, she'd think diff'rent of 'im. Why, 'e could 'ave settled you in a minute if he'd liked. He was on'y playing with you."

Ginger stared at 'im as if 'e couldn't believe 'is eyes. "*Playing?*" he ses, feeling 'is face very gently with the tips of his fingers.

"Yes," ses the landlord; "and if he ever hits you agin you'll know I'm speaking the truth."

Ginger sat back all of a heap and tried to think. "Is Miss Tucker going to keep company with 'im agin, then?" he ses, in a faint voice.

"No," ses the landlord; "you can make your mind easy on that point."

"Well, then, if I walk out with 'er I shall 'ave to fight Bill all over agin," ses Ginger.

The landlord turned to 'im and patted 'im on the shoulder. "Don't you take up your troubles afore they come, my lad," he ses, kindly; "and mind and keep wot I've told you dark, for all our sakes."

He put 'im down at the door of 'is lodgings and, arter shaking 'ands with 'im, gave the landlady a shilling and told 'er to get some beefsteak and put on 'is face, and went home. Ginger went straight off to bed, and the way he carried on when the landlady fried the steak afore bringing it up showed 'ow upset he was.

It was over a week afore he felt 'e could risk letting Miss Tucker see 'im, and then at seven o'clock one evening he felt 'e couldn't wait any longer, and arter spending an hour cleaning 'imself he started out for the Jolly Pilots.

He felt so 'appy at the idea o' seeing her agin that 'e forgot all about Bill Lumm, and

it gave 'im quite a shock when 'e saw 'im standing outside the Pilots. Bill took his 'ands out of 'is pockets when he saw 'im and came towards 'im.

"It's no good to-night, mate," he ses; 'eard anything. I've been indoors with a bad cold all the week."

"Webson and Julia Tucker was married at eleven o'clock yesterday morning," ses Bill Lumm, in a hoarse voice. "When I

"THE WAY HE CARRIED ON WHEN THE LANDLADY FRIED THE STEAK SHOWED 'OW UPSET HE WAS."

and to Ginger's great surprise shook 'ands with 'im.

"No good?" ses Ginger, staring.

"No," ses Bill; "he's in the little back-parlour, like a whelk in 'is shell; but we'll 'ave 'im sooner or later."

"Him? Who?" ses Ginger, more puzzled than ever.

"*Who?*" ses Bill; "why, Webson, the landlord. You don't mean to tell me you ain't heard about it?"

"Heard wot?" ses Ginger. "I haven't think of the way I've been done, and wot I've suffered, I feel arf crazy. He won a 'undered pounds through me, and then got the gal I let myself be disgraced for. I 'ad an idea some time ago that he'd got 'is eye on her."

Ginger Dick didn't answer 'im a word. He staggered back and braced 'imself up agin the wall for a bit, and arter staring at Bill Lumm in a wild way for pretty near three minutes he crawled back to 'is lodgings and went straight to bed agin.

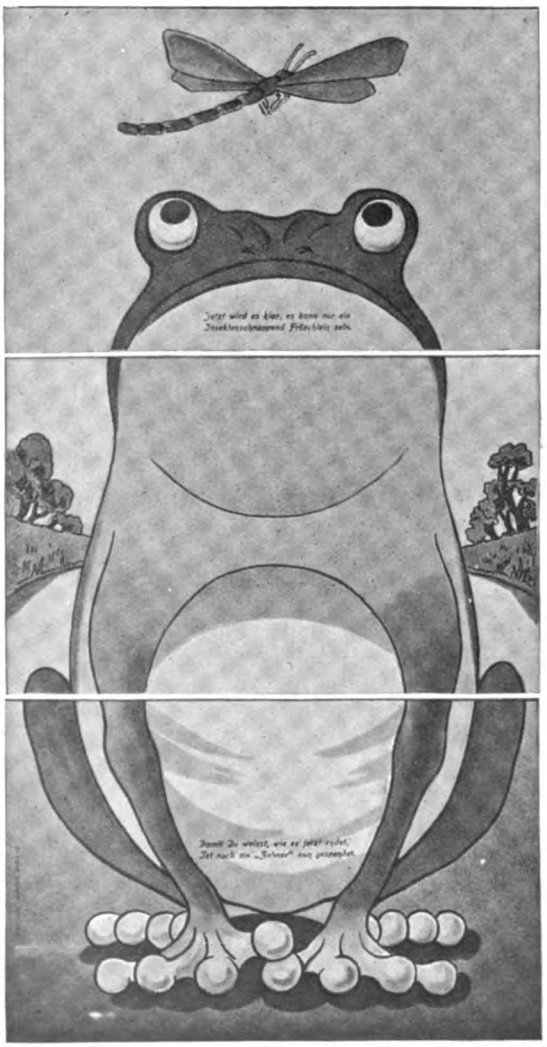
Some Puzzle-Picture Post-Cards.

By a Collector.

I AM a collector of picture post-cards. For several years I have been gradually adding to my own collection, so that I now possess somewhat less than five thousand.

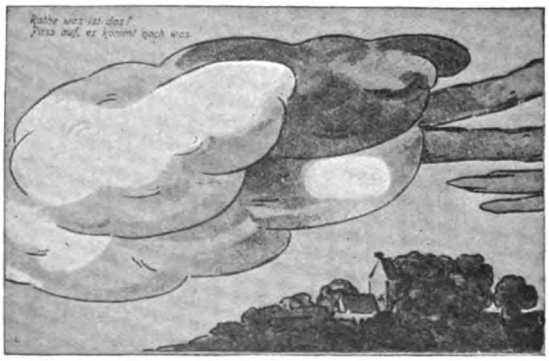
But I am sorry now I ever began it. Instead of getting a purely æsthetic pleasure I am losing my sleep. My office hours are hours of torture. In the train I have drawn attention to myself by pulling out of my pocket some wonderful specimens of post-card art, and muttering over them as if I were an incipient madman. My wife studies me with a patient and fearful interest, and my children seem scared. I watch for the morning post with an eagerness unusual to me, and if I am asked what I am worrying about I answer, with a strained voice, that I am waiting for the tail of the giraffe. Sometimes it is a cat's eyes that send me to the door, and sometimes the head of a hippopotamus. It has been going on like this for several months, and threatens to continue until the animal kingdom is exhausted and the birds of the air have been pieced together.

The trouble began with a friend whose return from Germany I am now patiently waiting for. He will get a very warm welcome. No sooner was he ensconced in the Fatherland than he began sending to me the most wonderful assortment of puzzle post-cards which it has been my lot to see. No intimation did he give me of his vile intention, and one morning I woke up to receive from Frankfort a single card, which looked like nothing under the heavens above or the earth beneath. It was the middle card of the three given on this page. It kept four of us at work for several hours wondering what it could be. It was post-marked "Munich," and was a mixture of yellow, green, and blue. It looked as if it might be a road with something in the middle of it, because there was a hedge on each side of the card with some luxuriant trees. We turned it upside down, then looked at it crosswise. Some said it was water—possibly some new system of irrigation—and others said it was the mouth of a whale. I had had some experience in the matter and thought it was not an animal, but an exercise in geometry. A few days later, on receiving a second card, I discovered the mouth of a whale to be the middle part of a frog. The second card virtually gave the thing away, for this was



not a peculiarly difficult series, and when the first and second cards were put together they showed a headless frog, seated in somewhat stately manner in the middle of a country road. Even now it was a puzzle to know how long this frog was going to be, but the receipt of the third card at a respectable and teasing interval showed him to be a well-developed batrachian with an eye to the main chance. For over his head poised a dragon-fly, upon which he had set his eyes and heart.

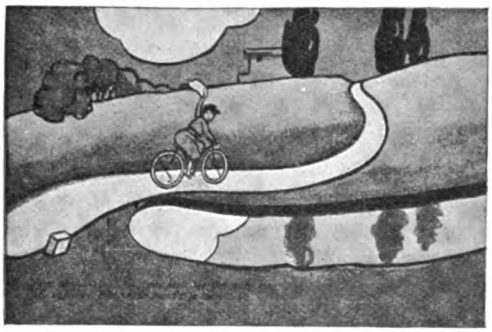
Another morning I received this card, showing what was apparently a cloud floating gaily in a pink sky above the roof of a foliage-covered house. I knew it was a cloud because we had a guessing contest that morning at the table, and we unanimously



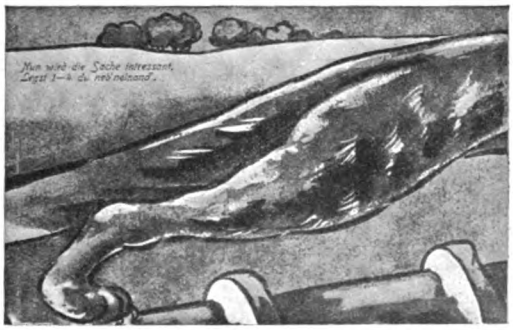
agreed that it *was* a cloud. For several days I continued in this knowledge, until I found out that it was not a cloud, but the body of some wonderful bird. The second card which I received from my friend showed an extraordinary bull-frog in the midst of some bulrushes on the bank of a pond, but being an amateur in ornithology I failed to realize that it was not the picture of Moses which I was expected to piece together, but a gigantic, long-necked stork. The third card, which finished this short and beautiful series, represented the head of the stork, with a mournful young baby humorously wedged in his ruddy bill; and when, after slight manipulation, I got the cloud which was not a cloud into its proper place (first turning it upright instead of horizontal) I discovered the meaning of the somewhat heavenly smile on the face of the bull-frog below.

I ought to add that these three cards came not in order, but at different times, together with a lot of other cards quite as gaudy and puzzling, which I knew to be the parts of different animals and birds, but which, through the Mephistophelian kindness of my friend, were forwarded with such irregularity and in such confusion as to drive me almost frantic. I tried to fit clouds on to the bosoms of lakes, only to find that the bosoms of the lakes were something else and that the cloud was different from what I thought it was. There were fifty or sixty of them in the short space of two or three weeks, and when I thought I had one of the animals complete from the tip of his head to the end of his tail I usually found that some essential part was missing, and had to wait two or three more weeks before it came.

I immediately got into a new muddle with a picture of a fair bicyclist in bloomers (the first card reproduced on the next page) who was cycling on a yellow road to the top of a hill. There were houses and trees in the picture, and the path lay

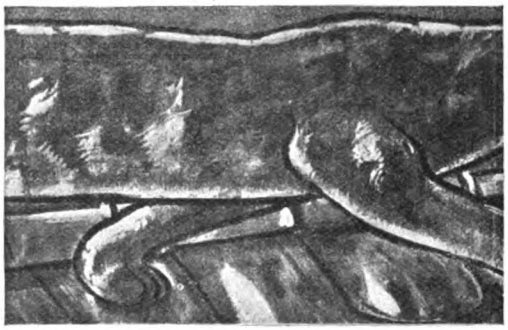


alongside a little pond upon which the reflections of the trees danced with more joy than I get when I look back on my own colossal dulness. Not one of my family could guess what this picture represented, but we all agreed it was idyllic. Number two seemed not at first to have any connection with the



fair bicyclist and the pond, but on close inspection seemed to have a familiar look. There, to be sure, was a landscape with a sky overcast and stormy, and in the distance the green of the neighbouring fields. We turned it upright and thought it was a river. We turned it another way and thought it something else, and not until the third

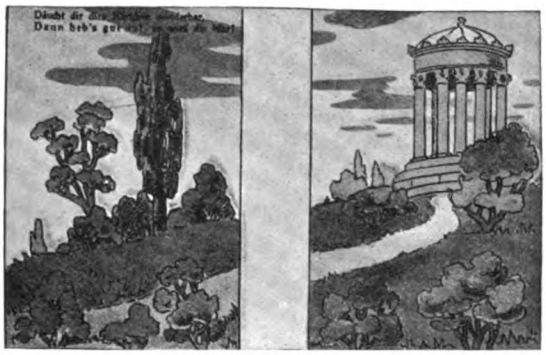
card came did we think it was—a cat! The fourth card brought us nearly to the end of our troubles, and when we joined the cards together we found that the pond in the first card was not a pond. It needed only the fifth card to put us out of our agony, and the whole showed us a scene of extravagant



beauty fashioned by the hand of some highly-wrought artist under the influence of a fair and growing moon.

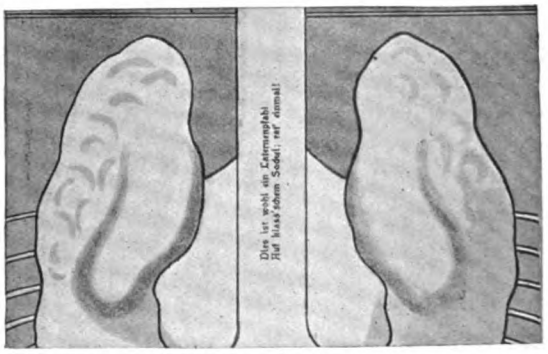
Knowing the state of mind which the receipt of these post-cards has put me in, I do not care to upset my readers more than is absolutely necessary, for it is my main object merely to hint at my own woes. I admit, now that the cards in their proper order are all arranged in a special album, where they need puzzle no one, that the continual sorting and resorting of the cards and the thousand and one conjectures as to their meanings gave

me many a pleasant hour during the long winter now past. And if anyone cares to cut from the pages of this magazine the reproductions of the cards in the order that I have arranged them, and study them individually as I had to study them, or mix them all up together and try to arrange them in their proper order, he will get some genuine fun. Of course, in the reproduc-

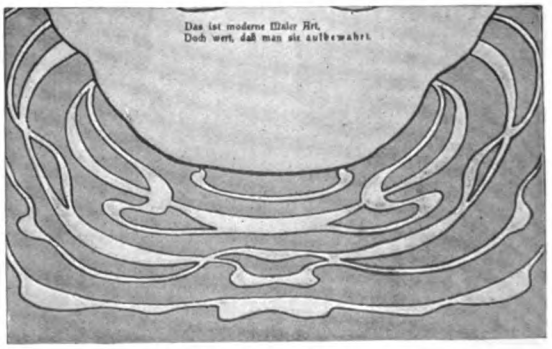


from Germany and sending them in the same diabolic manner through the post.

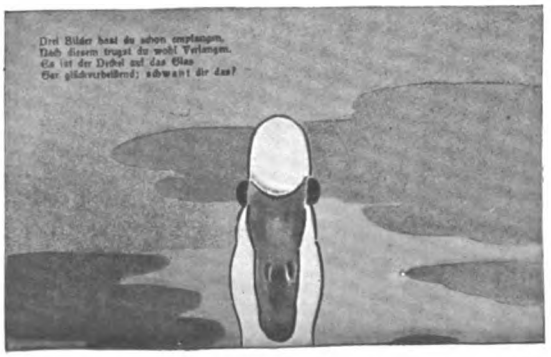
On looking over my album I think the most difficult puzzle I had to deal with was the neck of a swan, a reddish-yellow and green card showing a landscape with a temple and trees divided crosswise by a narrow strip of white, as may be seen by looking at the adjoining illustration of the card in question. I am willing to wager the money I may get for this written confession of a post-card "crank" that



no one, looking at it standing by itself, would guess in a month of Sundays what this card represents. When the other cards came I put the swan together



with ease, but was surprised to find how finely I had been tricked by the artist, for in the original post-cards the colours of the various cards are so different as to put anyone astray. The head of the swan rests on a background of orange red. The colour of the second card, with the second instalment of the neck, has already been mentioned. The body of the swan, on the third and fourth cards, is almost pure white, resting on a watery surface of appropriate, yet maddening, blue.



tions the colours of the originals are lost, and these colours certainly add to the attractiveness of the cards. Moreover, the originals are large post-cards, and it is here impossible to suggest, except by means of figures, the size of the original animal when completed through the post. The cat series, for instance, is twenty-seven and a half inches long when put together, and the stork over sixteen inches in height. The different cards are in many cases very fantastic, done in the broad style so common with the German artist, and all with a cleverness that absolutely deceives. On each of the cards there is a printed inscription in German, sometimes punning, sometimes serious, and always brightly written. Were I a good German scholar I might perhaps have received some aid in my solutions from these bits of German text, but I had to do all my puzzles by sheer guess-work, and I am forced again to repeat that the cards came upon me in such disconnected profusion that the words I have used to express my state of mind are not wholly exaggerative. I have had my revenge on some members of my own immediate public by getting other sets

Big Hits.

By Harold Macfarlane.

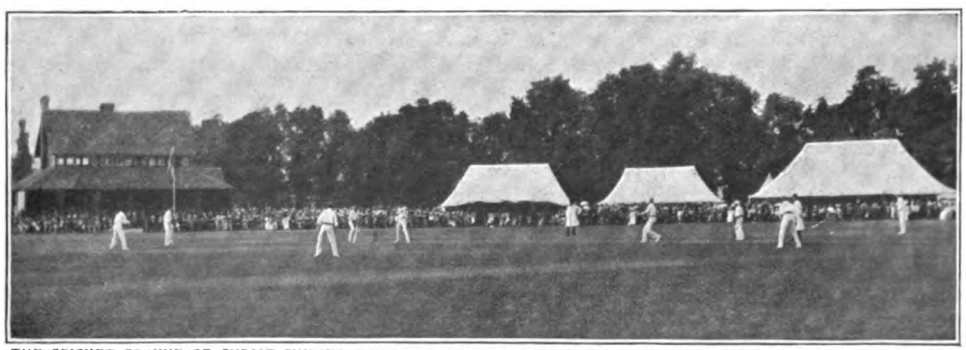
THE legendary lore of cricket includes many stories of great hits — strokes that have deposited the unoffending ball in express trains, up water-pipes, down declivities, and into many other strange situations that may, in the course of time, include an excursion in a flying machine. With these imaginary hits the writer has no intention of dealing; indeed, there is no necessity, in view of the extraordinary hits that have been made within the last few years in actual cricket.

At Hawkes. Bay, New Zealand, in 1898, for instance, a player hit a ball out of the ground and through a shop-window, a feat that speedily brought on the scene of play an irate tradesman, armed with an account for the damage. At Bangalore, too, a batsman once cleared a neighbouring bar of its superincumbent glass by a well-directed sixer that did no further damage. The danger, by the way, that may accrue from a cricket-ball that has been driven out of the field is regarded as so small that few people take it into account. Nevertheless, when, in 1899, Whitehead was batting for Yorkshire against Sussex at Harrogate (he and Rhodes added 109 for the ninth wicket), his anxiety must have been considerable until he discovered that a ball which he drove out of the field of play, and which pitched on the arm of a Bath-chair in which an invalid was watching the match, had done no greater damage. On another occasion Mr. J. A. Lester, the Philadelphian, when playing against Hants at Southampton, hit a ball that perforated the sunshade of a lady sitting at the boundary. This stroke recalls the fact that when George Anderson, playing at Hungerford, hit a ball to square-leg that struck a gentleman's carriage and smashed a panel, the owner of the vehicle became so enraged that he threatened to bring an action for damages.

In days of long ago, when the rule was in force that a ball is not lost so long as you know where it is, a hit made into a post-chaise bound for the next town realized 100 runs, and would have been good for many more if the batsmen had not wearied of piling on the runs. It was this rule, too, that caused such trouble on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion when, an Australian batsman having hit the ball into a fork of a jarrah tree, it yielded 286 runs before it was shot down with a gun.

Frank Sugg, the Lancashire smiter, who in the course of his career represented three counties, has many magnificent hits to his credit, but the most remarkable, perhaps, that he ever witnessed was not from his own bat. As a matter of fact, this unique incident took place on the Clongowes Wood College ground, Ireland, and was remarkable for the fact that the ball was dispatched to a far corner of the ground, where it passed under the heavy roller, which at the very moment was in use. The scene when the unfortunate fieldsman attempted to dig up the embedded ball with his fingers, and, on failing, ran to the wickets for a stump wherewith to gouge it out, was found by the spectators to be excessively humorous. The batsmen, indeed, laughed so heartily that they were unable to score as many runs as if they had preserved their gravity.

Mr. Edward Blackwell some little time ago is said to have driven from the eighteenth tee at St. Andrews to the steps of the Royal and Ancient, whence the ball rebounded — in all a distance of three



THE CRICKET GROUND OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, WHERE MR. W. FELLOWS MADE THE RECORD HIT OF ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE YARDS.

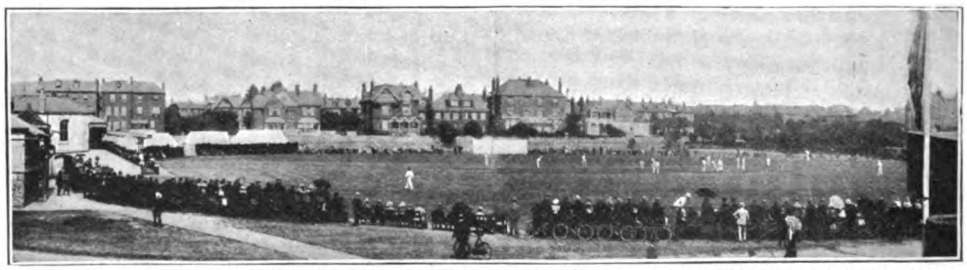
From a Photo. by] *[Hills & Saunders.*

hundred and eighty-seven yards. In comparison with this feat with the driver, the ground covered by a hit from a bat appears somewhat insignificant until the relative weights of the missiles driven are taken into consideration, together with the fact that the force which the ball derives from the bowler has also to be overcome. So far in the history of the game the distance of the longest hit on record with a bat is nearly twenty yards short of half the distance that a golf-ball has been propelled. This record was achieved nearly fifty years ago by W. Fellows at practice on the Christ Church ground, Oxford, a photograph of which is given on the preceding page. Mr. Walter Fellows, who played for the Gentlemen of England in the fifties and represented his 'Varsity in 1854, '55, '56, and '57 with great success, is said to have hit the ball on this occasion one hundred and seventy-five yards from hit to pitch. This is at least seven yards farther than Mr. C. I. Thornton's record hit, that was measured by the Rev. S. Pycroft on the Brighton ground in 1871. The ball on this occasion was hit from in front of the pavilion and, after pitching, rolled down the Western Road.

Apart from the hundred and sixty yards which one of G. J. Bonnor's hits travelled through the air when he was practising at Melbourne, the next longest hit appears to be that of Mr. W. H. Fowler, when that gentleman assisted Somerset in her match against M.C.C. and Ground, on Friday and Saturday, August 4th and 5th, 1882. In the course of his innings of 23, compiled in six hits, Mr. Fowler made a straight drive out of the ground that is believed to have travelled one hundred and fifty-seven yards, or five yards farther than the hit with which Mr. C. I. Thornton surprised the Australians when they played his team at the Orleans Club, Twickenham, and fourteen yards beyond Mr. W. J. Ford's record hit. The longest distance a cricket-ball has been dispatched, the distance it rolled being included, appears, however, to be the two hundred and forty yards that stands to the credit of Mr. J. H. T. Roupell when playing for Trinity Hall against Emmanuel College in 1865. No fewer than 10 runs were obtained for this stroke, and, what is almost as remarkable, he followed it up with hits for 9 and 8 respectively.

A hit for 10, by the way, was once scored at Winchester off the bowling of Mr. P. F. Warner, the Middlesex batsman, through the ball, which was apparently heading straight for the pavilion, thereby luring the field into the belief that it was a certain boundary, being deflected by a stone and going off at a tangent into the remote distance, whence it took about half the side to return it.

In view of the fact that Lord's is the scene of all the home matches played by the Middlesex County team, it is not surprising to find that the names of this county's players figure largely in the history of hitting at headquarters. Middlesex, in point of fact, has ever been rich in hitters—C. I. Thornton, the Fords, Sir T. C. O'Brien, Albert Trott, and the late Mr. G. F. Vernon having in the past been the terror of all visiting bowlers. The credit of smashing the first window in the new pavilion at Lord's was, it is believed, claimed by the late Mr. Vernon, who achieved the feat off Mr. J. B. Wood, the Oxford lob-bowler. Early in the eighties Mr. Vernon was the perpetrator of yet another extraordinary hit in a match that saw the Middlesex team defeated by six wickets. In those days the old ivy-covered tennis-court was a picturesque feature of the ground, and it was through one of its doors that Mr. Vernon, emulating Mr. A. W. Ridley's feat of smashing the clock, dispatched a ball that Woof, the Gloucestershire bowler, intended him to hit into the hands of square-leg. The ball, on reaching the interior of the



THE SUSSEX GROUND AT BRIGHTON, WHERE MR. C. I. THORNTON MADE HIS HIT OF ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHT YARDS.
From a Photo by Hills & Saunders.

court, hit some unknown object, from which it rebounded into a remote corner, whence it was eventually retrieved by the aid of a candle. As "lost ball" had to be called, 6 runs were added to the batsman's score, which was further augmented shortly afterwards by 11 runs scored off one over delivered by Dr. Grace. A parallel case to this, by the way, occurred in South American cricket in May, 1900, but in this instance the ball, hit to square-leg, went into a tool-room under the stairs of the pavilion, and after a five minutes' search was discovered lodged in the pocket of a coat hanging up on the wall.

Mr. R. E. Foster, although many feats of fast hitting are to his credit, probably never enjoyed a more exhilarating experience than when, playing for Oxford University against London County Cricket Club at Oxford in 1900, he accomplished a record in first-class cricket by driving four balls for 6's from consecutive deliveries sent down by the great record-holder, "W. G." himself. All four strokes dispatched the ball into the shrubbery.

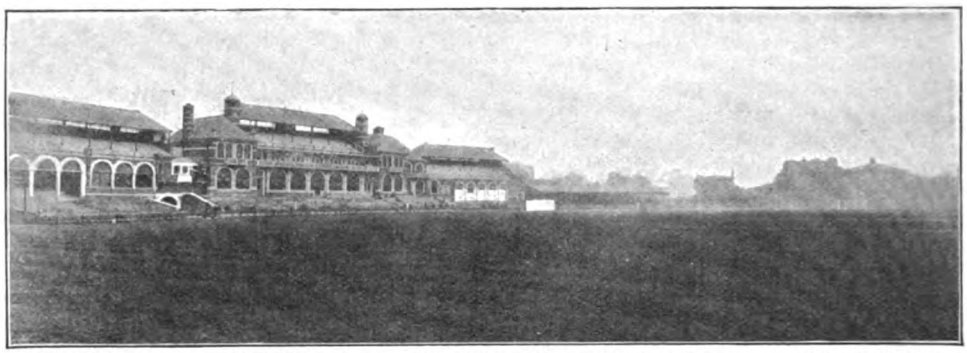
So many and varied are the hits with which Mr. C. I. Thornton delighted cricket enthusiasts in the seventies and eighties that in

PARK GROUND, OXFORD, WHERE MR. R. E. FOSTER MADE A RECORD BY HITTING FOUR SUCCESSIVE BALLS OUT OF THE GROUND.
From a Photo. by] *[Hills & Saunders.*

Among many remarkable strokes, including his hit into a cart standing in St. John's Wood Road in the course of the match against Notts in 1900, Albert Trott, in the Diamond Jubilee match of the Sussex County Cricket Club, May, 1899, drove a ball on to the top of the highest portion of the pavilion—a feat accomplished by Mr. V. T. Hill for Somerset the following year. Later on in the month, and against Yorkshire of all counties, the vigour of Trott's hitting can be gathered from the fact that one ball struck the pavilion seats with such force that it rebounded almost to the wicket—an incident that recalls a similar stroke made by that Leviathan hitter, Mr. C. I. Thornton, on the Alexandra Park ground in 1875, when the ball rebounded sixty yards, and yet another when W. Bates, playing for the North *v.* the South at the Oval in 1883, drove a ball delivered by Mr. W. R. Gilbert with such force to the railings that the rebound brought it back to the bowler. Apropos of these remarkable strokes, it is interesting to note that, included in his innings of 145 for South Australia *v.* New South Wales in 1892, J. J. Lyons drove a ball with such force that it broke an iron railing in front of the pavilion.

recounting his many feats it is difficult to know where to begin, and more difficult still to know where to leave off. For Mr. Thornton to hit a ball out of the ground was a quite common event. At Scarborough, in 1886, for instance, in the course of an innings realizing 107 not out for the Gentlemen of England *v.* I Zingari, he accomplished the feat no fewer than seven times. On another occasion, at Canterbury, the great hitter sent a ball to such a height that by the time it came down (H. H. Stephenson misjudged the catch by about five yards), the batsmen had run the second run. In another famous over delivered to the gentle tapper at Scarborough no fewer than four different balls had to be used, three of them finding a resting-place outside the ground.

Lord Hawke, who has many fine hits to his credit, when assisting the Gentlemen against the Players in 1900, made several tremendous drives, one of which caused the ball to pass clean through a pane of glass in the bedroom window of a house on the Trafalgar Square side of the Scarborough ground, the ball being returned by a lady who was watching the match. This is not the only occasion upon which Lord Hawke's



From a Photo. by] KENNINGTON OVAL, THE SCENE OF MANY OF THE BIGGEST HITS. *[Reinhold, Thiele & Co.*

hitting has imperilled the life of a fair spectator. In the course of his West Indian tour, for instance, on the St. Vincent ground he hit a couple of 6's, one of which nearly killed a lady who was watching the game from the balcony of her house. The ball on this occasion is said to have struck the woodwork about a foot from her face.

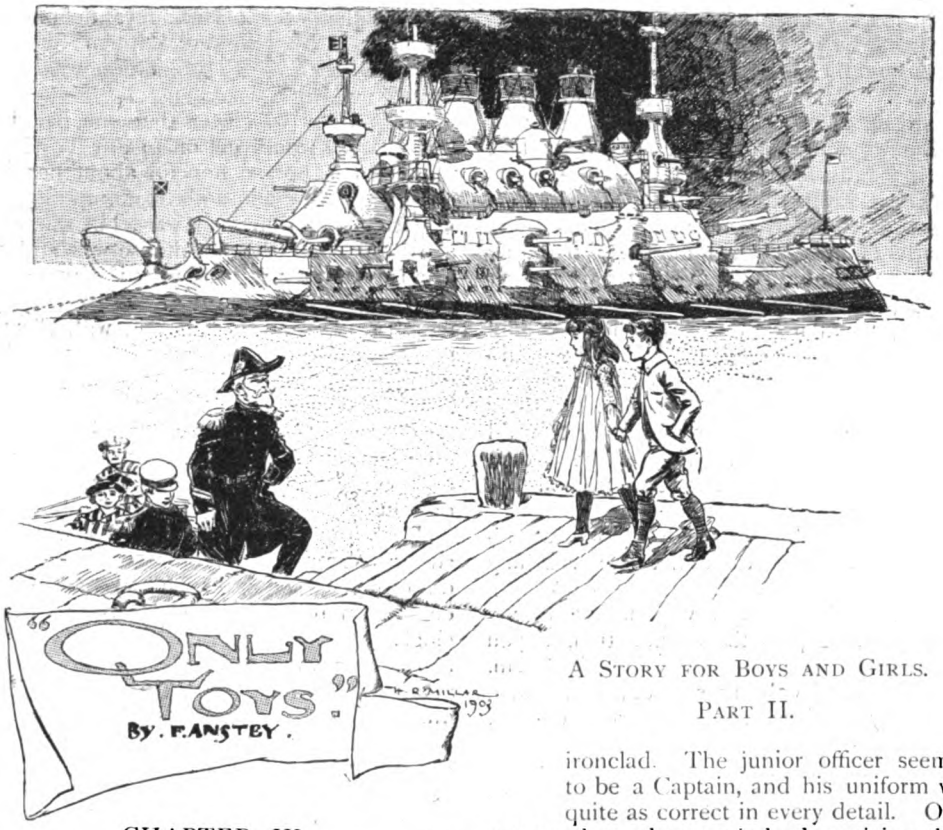
From the Bramall Lane ground at Sheffield it is related that George Ulyett once drove a ball not merely out of the ground, but over the street adjoining it, over a row of houses beyond, and through the window of a house in the next street.

In a second-eleven match at the Oval some years ago Holland, the Surrey professional, hit a ball out of the ground at the very moment that his future King, then Prince of Wales, was driving past, the ball going over the Royal carriage. But in first-class matches, when the wickets have been pitched towards the centre of the ground, the feat has been of infrequent occurrence. Mr. C. I. Thornton, it is perhaps unnecessary to state, has hit out of the ground on three of its sides. Mr. R. E. Foster, in 1900, hit a ball into the street; Mr. K. J. Key accomplished the feat of hitting out of the ground in 1887 against Kent; and Hayward, in 1899, against Middlesex, off the bowling of Mr. C. M. Wells, hit a ball that pitched right over the covered stand to the left of the pavilion into Harleyford Road. It was, by the way, in the course of this match that Mr. F. G. Ford, with the aid of a walking-stick borrowed from a spectator, rescued a ball hit by Lees upon the roof of the covered stand.

The Essex County ground, which has been productive of so many high scores of late, has also been the scene of many remarkable hits. The late F. M. Lucas is said to have dispatched a ball out of the ground, over the road, over a garden, and into an adjacent house; while Messrs. Bonnor and E. C. Streatfeild are also credited each with a hit out of the ground, though in the case of the Cantab it is doubtful whether the ball actually left the field. His magnificent 145 against the Australian team of 1890, however, included a drive that resulted in the ball pitching on the highest point of the pavilion roof, a hit that was undoubtedly worth half-a-dozen runs. In minor cricket the feat has been accomplished more than once, notably by E. H. D. Sewell, who, in April, 1902, scored 28 runs in seven hits, one of which resulted in the ball leaving the enclosure.

To hit out of Trent Bridge ground requires a very strenuous bat such as Albert Trott, who in 1900 scored a 6 for such a stroke, a feat that had not been accomplished since the Australian, W. Bruce, made a similar hit in 1893. But the Taunton ground is frequently hit out of, the neighbouring churchyard being the bourne whence many balls are returned. The Lancastrian, F. H. Sugg, perhaps, has more hits out of this ground to his credit than any other member of a visiting eleven.

Volumes might, and probably in the near future will, be written about the wondrous feats of Mr. G. L. Jessop, but in the present article only a few instances of his batting achievements need be mentioned, as the majority will be fresh in the memory. In 1900, at Bradford, he hit no fewer than seven balls, all delivered by Rhodes, out of the ground. In 1901, while compiling 169, scored in one hundred and five minutes, for M.C.C. *v.* Leicestershire, at Lord's, he hit one ball on to the top of the pavilion and another into St. John's Wood Road.



A STORY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

PART II.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW IRENE FARED AT THE FARM.

"GO into the Navy, Torquil!" said Irene, who didn't like the idea at all; "but I thought you said an Ark *couldn't* be a proper Navy?"

"That *isn't* an Ark," he replied. "Where's the sloping roof?" . . .

"I think it *must* be an Ark, though, all the same," said Irene, "or there wouldn't be *quite* so many giraffes and camels and tapirs and things looking out of the portholes."

"Well," said Torquil, "Noah will be glad to have *somebody* on board who understands clockwork. This looks rather like the Admiral coming ashore now."

A little boat, manned by sailors in black glazed hats, striped pink shirts, and black trousers, with the neatest little boots, had just reached the landing-stage, and out of it stepped two naval officers. The elder, who wore a long dark blue frock-coat with gold epaulettes, and a cocked hat and sword, was evidently an Admiral, and would not have disgraced the quarter-deck of the finest model ironclad. The junior officer seemed to be a Captain, and his uniform was quite as correct in every detail. Only a very close observer indeed, noticing their hard, weather-beaten faces and their square, waistless figures, would ever have seen in them the slightest resemblance to humdrum old Noah and insipid Shem. Which, Irene thought, only showed what wondrous transformations Santa Claus could bring about when he gave his mind to it.

Torquil went fearlessly up to the Admiral, for, of course, he knew very well he was only Noah really.

"I say," he began, "if you want any help in working your new Ark I shouldn't mind coming for a cruise with you."

"Touch your forehead, my lad," said the Captain, "when you address the Admiral"; and somehow, though sorely against his inclination, Torquil did it

"Thankee, my boy, thankee!" said the Admiral; "but I've no vacancy for a Cabin-boy at present."

"I didn't mean as *Cabin-boy*," explained Torquil, flushing. "*I* meant as Midshipman."

"I see," said the Admiral; "I see. Well, as it happens, I *do* want a Midshipman."

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"Then you'll take me?" cried Torquil, overjoyed. "Thanks, most awfully!"

"Don't be in quite such a hurry!" said the Admiral, concealing a smile in his snowy beard. "Before I take anyone as Middy aboard *my* flagship, I must be satisfied that he knows something about navigation and gunnery and such matters, d'ye see?"

"Oh, I know a lot!" said Torquil, and was about to describe how he had once lost a spirits of wine steamer on the Serpentine, when the Admiral cut him short.

"Captain Shem here will examine you," he said, "and if you satisfy him (which, if you are at all intelligent, you'll have no difficulty in doing—for it's a very easy examination) you can join the ship this very day. We weigh anchor shortly. I shall hope to see you on board then," he added. "You needn't make the examination *too* stiff, Shem."

"I will let him through if it's at all possible, sir!" said Captain Shem, touching the peak of his cap.

"I should like to say good-bye to my sister before I pass the examination, if you don't mind," said Torquil to Captain Shem, as Admiral Noah passed on, and Shem obligingly replied that there was plenty of time for both purposes.

"You mustn't mind my leaving you like this, Irene," said Torquil. "You see, it's such a splendid chance for me to distinguish myself. Perhaps I shall come back no end of a swell, with medals and prize money, and then I'll take you away from the farm and get you comfortable lodgings somewhere."

"Let me stay till I know whether you've got through," begged Irene. "Boys don't, always."

"I think I know enough to satisfy *Shem!*" said Torquil, tranquilly. "Besides, if you stay, it might make me nervous, you know. I'd rather you went—really, Irene."

Irene saw that she could do no good by remaining longer, so she said good-bye with an affectionate and rather tearful hug. "*Whatever* you do, Torquil," she counselled, "don't let the Admiral see that you know they're only Toys. I'm *sure* you'll be disliked if you do!"

"Of course I sha'n't!" he said. "And—you mustn't think it conceited of me, Irene—but I'm sure Shem has taken a fancy to me. I know I shall get on with *him* all right. Mind you don't laugh at Mr and Mrs. Farmer's queer ways of doing things."

"As if I *should!*" said Irene; "I'm *prepared* for them *now*, you know."

And so they parted, and the last she saw of Torquil was the look of buoyant confidence with which he followed Captain Shem to the spot where the examination was to be passed.

Torquil was so clever that she had little fear that he would get on in any Toy Navy, but she was not so hopeful about her own prospects. She had quite made up her mind to accept everything as it was, but where was she to sleep if the farmhouse was still too small to hold her? And what if Mrs. Farmer recognised her as the girl whose outspokenness had caused their disgrace with Clementina? Altogether, she was in a very low-spirited state by the time she reached the farmhouse.

It was somewhat reassuring, however, to find that it had now grown to quite an ordinary-sized house, and actually had a barn and out-buildings, much as real farmhouses have.

They looked a little queer, it is true, and she was surprised to find that every haystack (and there were several now) had a little cupola on top with a weather-vane and a clock. But she supposed vaguely that it was the custom in Germany. There were pigs about, which Irene noticed were just a shade different from natural animals—but they grunted and smelt as much as could be wished for from any pig, and she fervently hoped it would not be part of her new duties to hunt for *their* eggs, whether they laid any or not.

She opened a very bright green gate, and went up a sanded path between beds of flowers—which she thought *must* be paper—to the door, and knocked timidly.

Out came Mrs. Farmer promptly, she had a flaxen wig now and stony little green eyes, but her fresh-coloured face looked nearly as wooden as before, and nothing like so good tempered.

"I nefer gif nodings to peckers," she said, sharply, as soon as she saw Irene, and seemed about to shut the door in her face.

"I'm not a beggar," said Irene; "I'm the new dairy-maid. Mr. Farmer engaged me."

"Hans! com you here, quick!" cried Mrs. Farmer, and her husband appeared with a long-stemmed china pipe. "This liddle curl say you encage her for tairy-mate!"

"Vell, Gredel," said Mr. Farmer, who was evidently rather afraid of his wife, "I did not egsactly *encage* her, but she say she vant no vages, so I dell her to seddle mit you."

"Oh, if she vant no vages, berhaps," said Mrs. Farmer—"berhaps she can com."

Now, Irene had not said she wanted no

wages, only that she didn't mind what the wages were—which was not at all the same thing. Still, if she could only get taken in on any terms she felt sure that they would soon learn her value, so she said nothing.

"Led us see vat you can do," said Mrs. Farmer. "You onderstandt how to milg a gow?"

Fortunately, Irene thought, she knew how Mrs. Farmer did it, at all events. "Oh, yes," she said, brightly, "it's very easy. You just twist their ears and the milk trickles out of their horns."

"Like that?" said Mrs. Farmer. "You *vas* a glefer liddle curl, and no misdakes!"

"I could wash the ducks' necks," Irene went on, encouraged, "and the swans', too—if someone would hold their wings for me. And I could feed the cattle—on fluff and tea-leaves, you know; and I can make lovely neckties for the sheep, to tie in either a bow or a sailor's knot, and—and—I'd do anything else to make myself useful!"

"Donnerwetter!" said Mr. Farmer, "she don't know nodings whatefer apout it!"

"She is a berfect liddle vools!" added Mrs. Farmer, with great frankness. "A paby in arms vould know pedder as to milg a gow through ze horns, and feed it mit floff and such nonsenses!"

Irene did not like to remind them that it was not so very long ago since they knew no better themselves. "Of course, I know you don't milk *real* cows that way," she said; "I only thought you milked *yours* differently, that's all."

"Then com along and show us how you milg a real gow," said Mrs. Farmer.

"I'm afraid," said Irene, "I've never milked one myself. But if you've got a quiet cow—not *too* large" (she put this in because it occurred to her that a kick from even a wooden cow might not be pleasant)—"I'd do my very best to learn, if you'll only show me."

"Here you cannot be teached without bayments," said Mrs. Farmer, graspingly; "I charch only fife shilling a lessons—fery cheab, but for you I make reduction."

So even Mrs. Farmer was trying to get money out of her, thought poor Irene.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but I can't afford even that. I've got no money, and that's why I want to earn some. But I'll work for you for nothing till I have learnt how to milk and things."

"'SHE IS A BERFECT LIDDLE VOOLS!' ADDED MRS. FARMER."

"And I am to vaste my dimes teaching you for nodings?" cried Mrs. Farmer. "Keeb a liddle idiot vat vill ead op more as she is vort efery day? Dank you for nodings! You go avay, you hear? and vash schvans and make gravats for sheebs someveres else. Valk yoursellef out of this—quick march!"

"So yong!" said Mr. Farmer, morally, "and alretty so imbudent a liddle hombogs!"

"I think you're both *extremely* unkind!" said Irene, and then, with a heart swelling under this fresh humiliation, she turned away and left the farm.

She could hardly believe that that hard, avaricious pair could really be the kind, puzzle-headed couple she had been taken to visit—*how* long ago was it? It seemed ages and ages—by poor, silly, good-

natured Clementina. If they were, they had certainly contrived to pay her out pretty thoroughly.

"Perhaps it's just as well they *didn't* take me, though," she told herself, with a forlorn attempt to look on the bright side; "because their cows may be as disagreeable as *they* are—and I always *was* a *little* afraid of a cow. And I'm sure Torquil won't want to go to sea now and leave me all unprovided for. Or at least he'll persuade Admiral Noah to let me come, too. There *are* ladies on board, I know."

She set off running towards the harbour to find Torquil, when all at once, as she came in sight of the sea, she saw something which made her stop with a cry of despair.

She was too late! The big ironclad Ark, with its funnels discharging thick grey smoke like cotton-wool, was already churning its way through the heaving linoleum, bound for some distant shore. Irene could see the little sailors clambering up the rigging or looking out of the crow's nests; she could even make out the Admiral's form on deck—but Torquil was not by his side. Most likely he was having tea in Shem's cabin, without even a thought of the sister he was leaving behind!

"Torquil!" she cried, without reflecting that her voice could not possibly reach him all that way off. "Come back! Do come back! . . . I can't bear it all alone here, I can't indeed! . . . Oh, won't anybody stop the ship?"

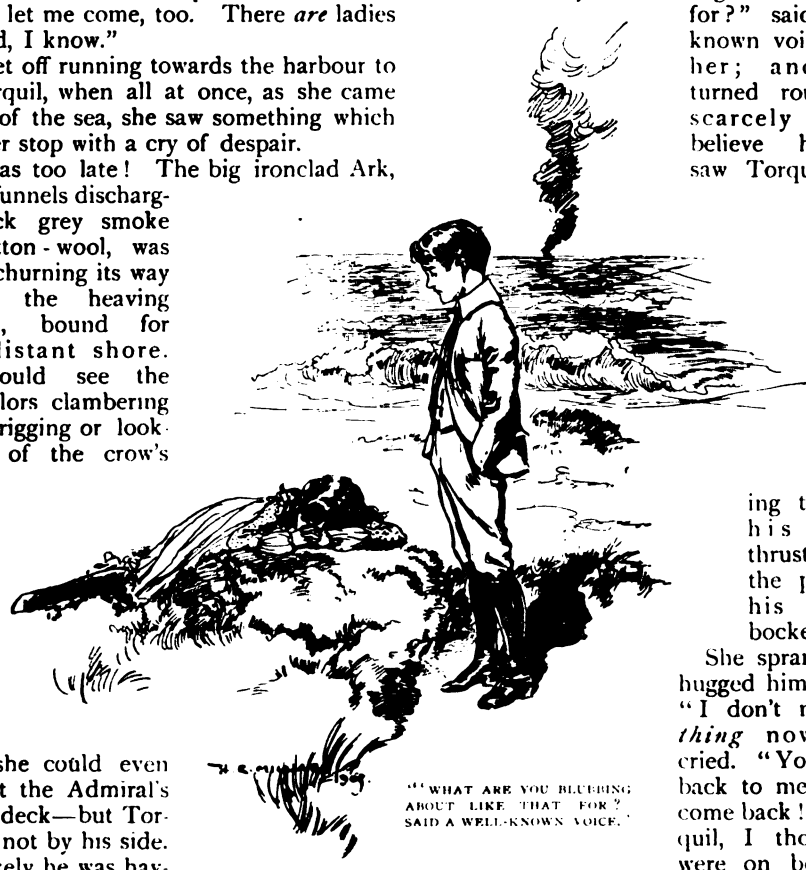
But the Ark went on, growing smaller and smaller, and at last Irene saw that it was all no use. She was left here, lonely and unprotected, among all these unfriendly and contemptuous beings, and she was farther off from finding any employment than ever.

And, as she thought of all this, poor Irene broke down completely, and, flinging herself on a clump of blue and crimson tufts by the shore, she cried—no, cry is much too mild a term—she absolutely *howled*—without caring in the least whether it was babyish and undignified or not.

CHAPTER X.

HOW TORQUIL FAILED AT VARIOUS THINGS.

"WHAT *are* you blubbing about like that for?" said a well-known voice behind her; and Irene turned round and, scarcely able to believe her eyes, saw Torquil standing there with his hands thrust deep in the pockets of his knickerbockers.



"'WHAT ARE YOU BLUBBING ABOUT LIKE THAT FOR?' SAID A WELL-KNOWN VOICE."

She sprang up and hugged him violently. "I don't mind *anything* now!" she cried. "You've come back to me. You've come back! Oh, Torquil, I thought you were on board that ship there!" and she pointed to the Ark, which was now little more than a speck in the distance.

"Well," said Torquil, "I'm *not*, you see."

"You *were* good to stay behind because of me, when you might have risen to be a distinguished officer in no time!"

Torquil balanced himself on his heels once or twice. "Oh, I don't know," he said. "Not on a rotten old tub like that. They've stuck masts and funnels and things into her, but she's only an Ark all the same, and they know it, too. It's all bosh being a Midshipman on a beastly Ark."

"But wasn't Shem dreadfully disappointed when you said you couldn't go?"

"He didn't seem to be, particularly. Besides, who cares whether a cad like Shem minds or not?"

"Why, Torquil!" said Irene, rather shocked, "I thought you felt you could get on with him so well?"

"I don't feel that now, anyhow. He's a jolly sight too stuck-up for *me*, Shem is!"

"But you passed all right, didn't you, Torquil?" said Irene.

"I should have—with anything like fair questions. But—well, if you *must* know, I got plucked on Projectiles."

"It does sound horrid!" said Irene, shuddering. "What are Projectiles?"

"It seems Projectiles are the things you fire out of cannons. He asked me to mention the chief sorts, and I said, 'Peas, *generally*, but you *can* use bits of slate-pencil.' I thought if they had any guns on his Ark that was about all they *would* fire."

"And wasn't that right?"

"He *said* not. The sarcastic beast said he supposed I had 'pursued *my* studies chiefly in the nursery'! So I said, 'Of course I knew that ironclads fired torpedoes.' And Shem said, 'What *is* a torpedo?' And I said, 'It's a sort of a metal fish.' And he said, 'Describe the process of letting it off.' Well, I never have let one off, but I said I supposed it was done with a lighted match somehow, and he said, 'Wrong.' So I said, 'How do *you* do it, then?' and he got as red as a turkey-cock and said his business was to *ask* questions, not *answer* them. But I believe *he* didn't know either. Then he said I was very weak in Gunnery and it wasn't necessary to trouble me any further. So I said, 'Did that mean I'd passed?' And he said, 'No, it didn't.' And I came away. It does seem rot being so particular on a Noah's Ark—as if it was the *Britannia!*"

"They all seem to know so much now, don't they?" said Irene, with a little sigh.

"Yes, it's no use trying for a profession here — they're sure to say you're plucked. What's it like at the Farm?"

"I—I wasn't there very long," confessed Irene, and then she told her story. "I don't see how we're ever to win their hearts and all that," she concluded, plaintively, "if they will go on being so sniffy to us."

"The Grocer was polite enough just now," said Torquil. "I dare say he'd take me in as partner. He seemed rather to like the idea when Clementina started it before—at least, if it's the *same* Grocer; they're all altered so, you can't tell."

"You won't like having to serve in a shop."

"It's Stores now, and I must find something to do; and when I'm a partner I shall get you in as a show-woman, or to sit at the desk and sign the bills, or something. It's no good being proud."

So they made their way back to the market-place and entered the handsome and prosperous-looking Stores, where Mr. Grocer was standing with a highly important air between his counters. This time he did not bow or smirk, but observed drily that his terms were strictly cash.

"We haven't come to shop," said Torquil, "but do you remember what the Queen said when she brought us to see you a little time ago?"

"I have no recollection of the circumstance," said the Grocer, "but I *did* understand that you were hand-in-glove, so to speak, with Royalty. Stoppin' with Her Majesty, ain't you?" he added, with a disagreeable grin.

"That was a mistake," said Irene. "At least, we're not staying at the Palace *now*."

"So I heard," said the Grocer. "Went to Mrs. Bodgers's apartments, didn't you? 'Ighly respectable party she is, and *most* partickler who she takes in."

"I know," said Torquil. "She—she couldn't take *us* in. So I thought, if you can find a place here for my sister, you and I might go into partnership together."

"Lor'! *did* you, though?" said the Grocer. "*There's* condescension for you!" And several lady and gentleman customers who had gathered round to listen sniggered almost as openly as the school children had done.

"I *mean* it!" Torquil assured him. "Not the condescension—the partnership."

"And no doubt you've had a good deal of business experience, at your age?" said the Grocer; and though Torquil didn't notice it, Irene was almost sure she saw the Grocer wink at the Toy Customers!

"I know some Grocers sell Essig by the yard and that the worst starch is two blue beads a pound more than the best," said Torquil. "But perhaps you don't do *your* business like that," he added, remembering that beads did not seem to be much valued now.

"Perhaps I don't," said the Grocer. "About how much capital, now, did you think of bringing into the concern?"

"I don't quite understand," said Torquil.

"I mean," said the Grocer, "as you propose to do me the honour—and an honour it *is*, I'm sure!—of becoming my partner, how much money might you be prepared to invest in the business?"

"I've got seven-and-sixpence in my money-box at home," said Torquil, "but I'm afraid I can't get at it very well."

"So your idea," said the Grocer, "is to take half the profits of *my* money, without putting in any money of your own, eh? P'raps you can explain how I benefit by that transaction," he went on, pompously. "I'm only a poor, ignorant Tradesman, I dare say, and I don't see at present what good it's going to do *me*. Where do *I* come in?"

Torquil hadn't looked at it in that light before, and now he did it was not so easy to explain where Mr. Grocer came in precisely.

"Well, never mind about being partners," he said. "I'll be anything you like, so long as you let me come."

"There *is* a post vacant in my emporium," said Mr. Grocer, slowly, "but the dooties are so important and responsible that I almost 'esitate; however, I might give you a trial as errand-boy."

"Errand-boy!" cried Torquil, blankly, for it was a considerable come-down from being a partner.

"Of course," said Mr. Grocer, "I must have a character from some party who can vouch for your honesty and respectability."

"I'm sure Santa Claus would tell you I was all right!" said Torquil, hoping that such a reference would impress them.

"Don't know the gentleman," said the Grocer. "Who is he, and what's his address?"

"I don't know where he lives exactly, but you *must* know Santa Claus! The one who drives over the roofs at Christmas-time in a sledge drawn by reindeer."

"I'd like to ketch him driving over *my* roof," said the Grocer; "he wouldn't do it twice!"

"He only does it to come down the chimneys and fill children's stockings," put in Irene, eagerly.

"A party who comes down chimneys in a reindeer sledge to fill stockings!" said the Grocer; "and a friend o' *yours!* What d'ye mean by trying to make me believe such rubbidge?"

"We didn't believe it *ourselves* once," said Torquil, "but we do now—because we've *seen* him. And I can tell you *this:* you wouldn't be so grand as you are now—whether you know it or not—if it hadn't been for *him*."

"That'll do!" said the Grocer. "I can't tolerate any sooperstitious nonsense among *my* employés. If you've got a friend of that special sort you'd better go to him."

"We would," said Irene, "only we don't know where to find him."

"And yet you give him as a reference!" said the Grocer. "I've had enough of *your* impidence, comin' here and interrupting me and my customers with such stories, and as likely as not just to see what you can pick up unbeknown. You clear out—sharp's the word, now!"

They hadn't the heart to make any retort; they left the shop without a word, and as they did so they saw that the Official in the big black helmet, who must have been watching them all the time through the glass door, was making copious notes in that thick book of his.

"If Santa Claus knew how some of these Toys spoke of him," said Torquil, when they were some distance away, "he wouldn't be so jolly fond of them. I wish I'd told them now that they were only a pack of enchanted Toys. I've half a mind to go back and do it!"

"I *wouldn't*," said Irene, anxiously. "They'd only be all the more unpleasant. And that Police-gentleman is in there now, and we don't want to offend *him*. Besides, we don't know for certain that they *are* Toys. They're quite unlike any Toys *we've* ever known."

"I should just think they were!" said Torquil. "Those other Toys were at least easy to get on with!"

"Only we didn't try to get on with them," said Irene; "we only told them how silly they were!"

"Well, they *were* duffers, you know," said Torquil. "These are awfully clever, which makes it all the more queer why we can't make friends with them. . . . Oh! I say, look at that!" And he read a placard which was stuck on the gate of the Livery Stables which they had just come to: "Wanted, a Stable-boy. Must be a thoroughly good horseman." "I'd sooner be a Stable-boy than run on errands for a Grocer, any day!"

"But *are* you a thoroughly good horseman, Torquil?" asked Irene.

"I can ride a real pony in the Row," he said, loftily, "so I ought to be able to stick on a horse that's only wood, or else plaster. Anyhow, I'm going in."

The Jobmaster seemed to have heard of

their expulsion from the Queen's Palace; at all events, his manner was no longer obsequious or even respectful. "Can't you get a job at the Royal stables?" he inquired. "I thought you was such a chum of Her Majesty's. And how do I know you can ride?"

"TORQUIL FOUND HIMSELF FLYING OVER THE HORSE'S NOSE."

Torquil said he had had several lessons from a real Riding Master.

"Well," said the Jobmaster, "you're a nice light weight, and I don't mind taking you on as Rough Rider, if you ca stay on my piebald o-s for five minutes."

Torquil felt sure he could do that, and that he had found a place at last. He did not feel so certain about it, however, when the grooms (who resembled real stablemen in not walking about on wooden stands) threw open a stable door, and a great piebald horse, ready saddled and bridled, came ramping out. It was in vain to tell himself that the animal, though covered with real skin, was only a wooden horse with glass eyes, and little wheels inside its hoofs—it was none the less vicious for that. Its nostrils were red and distended, its glass eyes flashed, and it plunged and reared all over the yard in a very spirited manner.

However, Torquil felt he was in for it now, and he wasn't going to back out, though Irene begged him to do so.

"Tumble up!" said the Jobmaster. And Torquil tumbled up—and down again.

"Have another try!" the Jobmaster suggested, and Torquil climbed into the saddle, and found himself the next moment flying over the horse's nose, to the undisguised delight of the Jobmaster and his men, who roared with unfeeling merriment.

But they said the third time was always lucky, and Torquil, determined not to be beaten by a skin horse, mounted once more, and came off again, only over the tail this time.

Fortunately he wasn't hurt, and they all urged him to persevere, but he saw now that this was only for the fun of seeing him tumble off, and he had had enough of that.

"I think I won't try any more," he said. "You see, I've never been accustomed to *this* kind of horse."

"They *do* go quieter on rockers, don't they?" said the Jobmaster; "but as I don't keep that breed of animal you're no use to *me*. So good morning!"

And Torquil left the stables with Irene, who was thankful to have him safe and sound again, and they were pursued by derisive laughter, in which—or so Irene believed—even the piebald joined!

CHAPTER XI.

THE TRAIN THAT LEFT FOR LONDON.

"IF we have to stay here till we've learnt to like all these creatures," said Irene, disconsolately, glancing back at the jeering crowd which had collected, and was following them at a distance, "we shall *never* get home. They don't seem to *want* to be liked."

"That's because we're not clever enough to play with *these* Toys," said Irene, "so, of course, they look down on us."

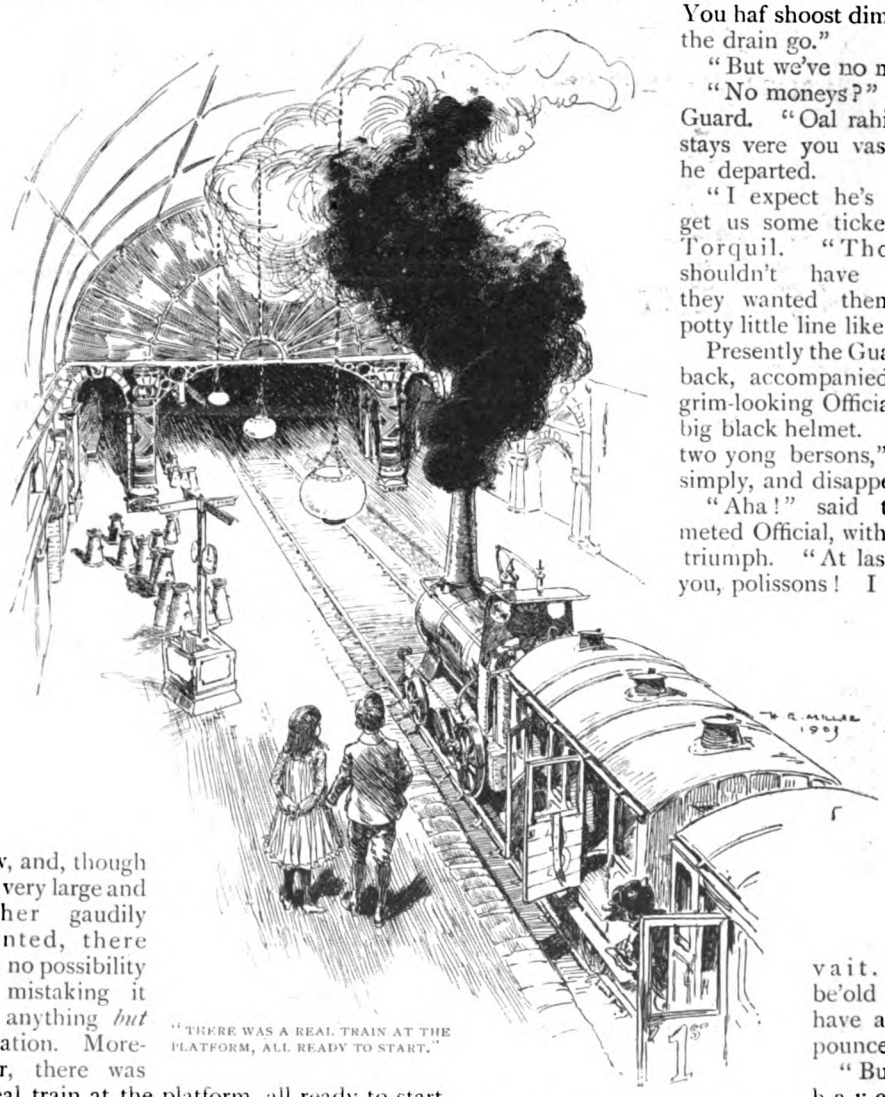
"Well, if they're too stuck-up to play with us, I don't see why Santa Claus should expect

us to stay on here. I vote we go straight home, Irene."

"But, Torquil! How?"

"Why, by train, of course, silly! There's something *like* a Railway here, and don't you see what's painted on that board, 'Frequent trains to London'? Very well, then, all *we've* got to do is to get into one, and say good-bye to all these beasts."

They were close to the Railway Station now, and, though not very large and rather gaudily painted, there was no possibility of mistaking it for anything *but* a station. Moreover, there was a real train at the platform, all ready to start.



"THERE WAS A REAL TRAIN AT THE PLATFORM, ALL READY TO START."

There was nobody in the Booking-Office or at the barrier either; so they went through and took their seats in one of the carriages, which were numbered First, Second, and Third, but were all bare and cushionless alike.

"We shall be off directly," said Torquil; "here comes the Guard."

And a very German-looking Guard, with a flat cap and a red leather belt, stuck his head into the window and said, "Billette!—dickets, blease!"

"We haven't got any," said Torquil. "But it's London we're going to."

"To London? Goot! You ged your dickets at the bureau—aideen shilling each. You haf shoost dime before the drain go."

"But we've no money."

"No moneys?" said the Guard. "Oal rahit. You stays vere you vas." And he departed.

"I expect he's gone to get us some tickets," said Torquil. "Though I shouldn't have thought they wanted them on a potty little line like this."

Presently the Guard came back, accompanied by the grim-looking Official in the big black helmet. "Those two yong bersons," he said simply, and disappeared.

"Aha!" said the helmeted Official, with gloomy triumph. "At last I catch you, polissons! I vatch, I vait. And be'old ze hour have arrive to pounce!"

"But what have we done?" they asked, both together.

"You 'ave broke a by-law! You make attempt to travel by rail wizout teeketts, and pay nossing. I 'ave your *dossiers*," and here he produced his book. "You cannot evade my eye of lynx!"

"But we never knew—we thought——" stammered Torquil.

"Silence! you make your excuses at your trial, if you like—zey serve you not."

"At our Trial!"

"I arrest you as my prisoners. You go before ze Lord 'Ead Justice Shelley for your condemnation!

"Oh, please, monsieur!" pleaded Irene, "do let us off this once—like a nice, kind Policeman! We'll send you the money directly we get home."

"Ha! so you vould corrup' me—viz bribes? I am not a Pollis. No; I am ze Prosecuting Chief Commissary-Pouncer. Tremble!"

And they did tremble, for they had never heard of such a title before, and it sounded very terrible indeed.

"Milor Shelley he vill be moch please," continued the Official. "He has a fine Court and a Jury, and *tout ce qu'il faut* for a trial—but prisoners, no. Now he 'ave some. *Sortez donc.* Come out of zat!"

"We won't!" said Torquil. "We don't want to be tried!"

The Chief Commissary-Pouncer simply raised his hand, and two big Grenadiers came up with fixed bayonets. "My frens," he said, quietly, "remove me zese two vickeds!"

And the next moment Torquil and Irene found themselves ignominiously hauled out of the compartment and marched off, between the soldiers, out of the station.

There a crowd — amongst whom they recognised the Sentinel, the Butcher, the Market-woman, the two Royal Footmen, Mrs. Bodgers the landlady, Mr. and Mrs. Farmer, Admiral Noah (whose cruise seemed to have been rather a short one), the Jobmaster, and Mr. Grocer—had collected, and greeted the captives with a storm of hisses.

"I vant all of you for vitnesses," said the Chief Commissary-Pouncer, and they joined the procession to the Court House.

"TWO BIG GRENADIERS CAME UP WITH FIXED BAYONETS."

And Irene, as she was being led along, heard the whistle of the engine behind them as it started on its journey, and could not help reflecting that perhaps she and Torquil might have been in the train and on their way home at that very minute — if only they had not taken such pains, at their first visit to the Toy Railway, to insist on the necessity of tickets!

But it was too late to regret all that now, and her only hope was that Mr. Lord Head Justice Shelley—whoever he might be—would not take quite such a serious view of their offence as the Commissary-Pouncer seemed to do.

(To be concluded.)

Boarding a Derelict.

AN EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF CHARLES DIXON, CHIEF OFFICER ON THE MERCHANT SHIP THE "ERIN'S ISLE."

Sunday, November 17th, 1901.
Position at noon—Latitude 29° 30′ south, Longitude 25° 30′ west.

THERE has been a light breeze from the north-west all day, with a heavily-clouded sky, and a long, heavy swell from the westward.

Until 1.30 p.m. to-day everything went on as usual on a fine Sunday. The wind being steady there was no work to do, so most of the watch were sitting in various shady corners about the deck, reading. I was sitting on that part of the quarter-deck where I could have a view of all that was going on, and also ahead of the vessel, reading one of Max Pemberton's most interesting stories, when I happened to look up, and about nine miles ahead was what appeared to be a steamer bound to the eastward.

THE QUARTER-DECK OF THE "ERIN'S ISLE"—THE SPOT WHERE THE WRITER WAS SITTING AT THE TIME HE FIRST SAW THE "DERELICT" IS MARKED WITH AN "X." *From a Photo. by* [*the Author.*

I thought it rather strange to see a steamer here, as we were quite out of the track of steamers; so I went and got the telescope, and on looking at her through this saw at once it was not a steamer, but a dismasted ship, and to all appearances in ballast and without any sign of life on board. I told the boatswain, who had seen it by this time, and who was standing at the front of the poop deck, what it appeared to be.

The apparently abandoned vessel was two points on the starboard bow, so that if we kept our course we should pass it at a distance of about a mile and a half or two miles. I then went down in the cabin to notify the captain (who was having his afternoon doze) of what was in sight, and that if he wished to find out all about her we should have to alter our course. He told me at once to alter the course so as to pass close to the dismasted vessel. I went on deck and did as was required, and in a few moments the captain came up and we both had a good look through the glasses, but, although we were then a little nearer than when we first sighted her, we could make out no more than I had at first.

By this time it had spread through the ship that there was something unusual in sight, and everyone on board, even the "watch below," who were a few moments ago sound asleep, were up on the "forecastle head deck," dressed in whatever articles of clothing had come to hand first when jumping out of their bunks—and some of them had not stopped to get much. Everyone was gazing anxiously and expectantly at the mystery.

But our curiosity was not to be satisfied for some time. The wind, which had been but a light breeze all day, fell away until at times it was almost a calm, the ship moving along at about two miles an hour, and the object of our curiosity was still some eight miles distant. When it fell nearly calm our impatience to solve this mystery caused the use of rather stronger language (when speaking of the wind) than was suitable for Sunday.

However, the time began to pass faster when we began to argue and speculate as to the cause of the wreck's present condition; whether the masts had been cut away to save the vessel, or whether a sudden squall had dismasted her; or was she burnt out?

Then, again, was there anything of value on board? Could she be rigged up and taken to the nearest port to be refitted or sold? And some of us had got so far that we were planning how to spend our share of the salvage money.

THE DERELICT "NORFOLK ISLAND," AS SEEN FROM THE SHIP'S BOAT.
From a Photo. by the Author.

And then the question arose, what had become of the crew? Had they been killed in the disaster which had befallen the ship, or had they left in boats or been taken off by a passing vessel, or were they still on board? These and a hundred other speculations kept us busy talking until 4.15 p.m. We were then about a mile and a half from the wreck, and it could easily be seen that she was an iron vessel and had been but recently in dock, as the paint on the hull was fresh and clean. But that was all we could discover, as she was lying over very much and had the high side towards us, so that we could not get a glimpse of her deck.

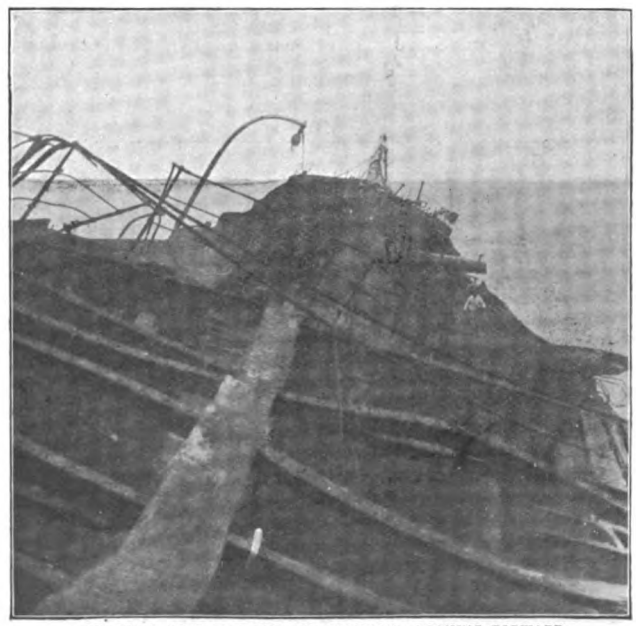
It was now almost a calm, so the captain decided to put out the small boat at once, as it was getting late in the day and we could row much faster than the ship was then going. So the boat was put out and three men and myself jumped into her and we left our ship. About a quarter to five we were up to the wreck. In passing under her stern we read the name, the *Norfolk Island*, of Glasgow. As we pulled around to the lee side so that we could get a view of the deck, it nearly took my breath away to see such a sight; the other side had looked so promising. She had been completely burnt out, so as to be useless, and apparently had not a thing of value on her.

However, we determined to go on board. So we pulled cautiously to the vessel, keeping a sharp look-out for any sunken wreckage that might sink the boat, but there was none, and we got safely alongside. I seized hold of one of the shrouds that was hanging over the side and climbed on board. One of the others soon followed.

The fire had done its work only too well. There was not a vestige of woodwork to be seen; nothing but bent and twisted iron beams, the broken bulwarks, and the remains of the shattered masts. In the bottom of the vessel was a rather strange combination of elements. In the after part there was about a hundred to a hundred and fifty tons of coal and cinders still smouldering. In the forward part was water about three or four feet deep.

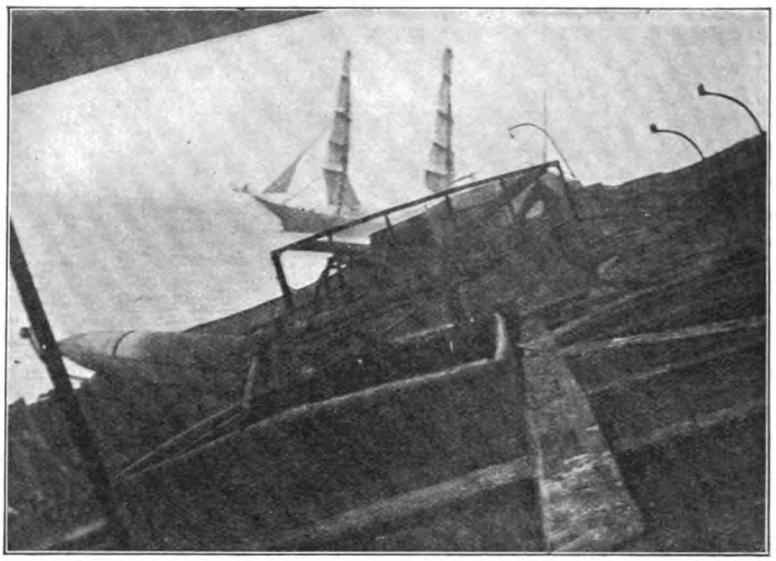
The vessel had been loaded with coal, and was of about two thousand two hundred tons burden.

We first went aft, where the cabin had been, and here apparently the fire had not been so fierce as elsewhere. Amongst the ashes I noticed many articles that had been used in the cabin. One of the first things I noticed was the works of the cabin clock, with the hands still attached, and stopped at three o'clock; also the ship's bell, which I secured as a memento of our visit; also all the tins in which the cabin stores had been, and many things to remind one that it had once been the habitation of men of whose fate we were ignorant. We then went along to where the cook-house had been, and here found that, owing to its being protected from the



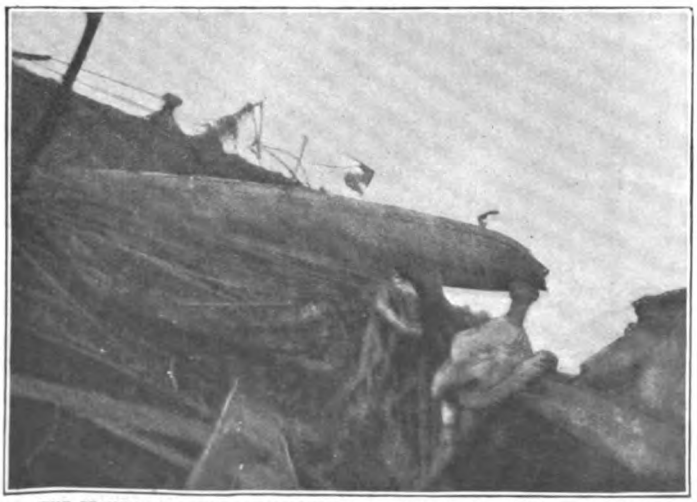
THE DECK OF THE BURNT-OUT DERELICT, LOOKING FORWARD.
From a Photo. by the Author.

direct heat of the burning cargo by an iron deck, nearly everything was intact; that is, the stove and most of the cooking utensils. I then went down into the after-hold on the top of the smouldering coal. But it was rather too hot and stifling to stay. I then climbed into the 'tween decks and there took a photo. I then climbed on the upper deck, and after that the other man and I climbed pretty well all over the vessel to see if there were anything of value to be found; and it was climbing, with the deck-beams at an angle of about forty degrees and the vessel rolling so that at times the deck seemed nearly perpendicular. There was nothing to crawl about on except the deck-beams, which were about eight inches wide; and when in the middle of one there was the prospect that when the ship lurched one might drop comfortably among a tangled mass of iron and wire and cinders, some twenty-two feet below. I think the knowing that we might never have the chance of boarding a derelict again made us feel that we wanted to see all that was to be seen, and to experience to the full what it was like to be on board an abandoned vessel, as it is an experience that very few have had.



THE DECK OF THE DERELICT, LOOKING AFT, WITH THE "ERIN'S ISLE" IN THE DISTANCE.
From a Photo. by the Author.

While I was down in the hold of the vessel I tried to realize the sensations of one left alone on a vessel in this state. I was out of sight of our own ship and could not see the man who had come on board the wreck with me. There were heavy clouds in the sky, which at that time of day made it very gloomy. Add to this the mournful sound made by the uncontrolled rudder moving with the sea, the washing backward and forward of the water in the hold, together with a peculiar moaning sound as of someone in agony, made by the remains of the masts moving slowly as the vessel rolled.



THE BROKEN FOREMAST AND BULWARKS, SHOWING THE PIECES OF TORN SAIL.
From a Photo. by the Author.

With these surroundings, and when I realized how helpless a human being would be in such a position, there came over me a feeling of such despair and hopelessness as I never again wish to experience. Everything seemed so real that I can hardly say how relieved I felt, when I climbed on deck, to see our boat waiting to take

me to the ship, where we should have cheerful surroundings, the companionship of a few of our fellow-men, and a sense of security not to be felt on board the derelict of the good ship *Norfolk Island*.

One of the most curious things I noticed on board, close to the foremast where it was broken off at the side of the ship, was a piece of sail caught on the bulwarks, where even the iron was bent with heat. How the canvas was not consumed is more than I can solve, and I have given it serious thought. Someone might offer a suggestion. I wish they would, for there is something uncanny in the thing which worries me. There was also a wooden pulley in the same place, also intact. It was the only piece of wood in the ship that had not been burnt. Within three inches of where the pulley lay the deck planks were completely destroyed.

OUR SHIP AS WE APPROACHED HER IN THE BOAT.
From a Photo. by the Author.

It was now nearly half-past five, and although the sun was still above the horizon the sky was so heavily clouded that it was quite dark, and as there was nothing to be gained by remaining longer I called the men left in charge of the boat. They came alongside and we started for our own vessel, then about a mile and a half away, where we arrived about 6 p.m.

After hoisting in the boat we at once imparted all the news we had to tell, the facts that demolished all the castles in the air we had built while approaching this abandoned vessel; now we were leaving her, and although we knew something concerning her we were still ignorant of the fate of the crew. Probably we shall find out that when we arrive in Cape Town, if they have been picked up by another vessel.

THE BELL OF THE DERELICT, TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR AS A SOUVENIR.
From a Photo. by the Author.

About 7 p.m. we saw the last of the *Norfolk Island*. As she faded from our sight in the gathering mists of evening she presented a picture of such desolation that it left an impression to be long remembered as a fitting close to an incident that is likely to remain unique in the writer's seafaring career.

On arrival in Cape Town I learned the fate of the crew from the following paragraph in the *Daily Graphic* of October 23rd:—

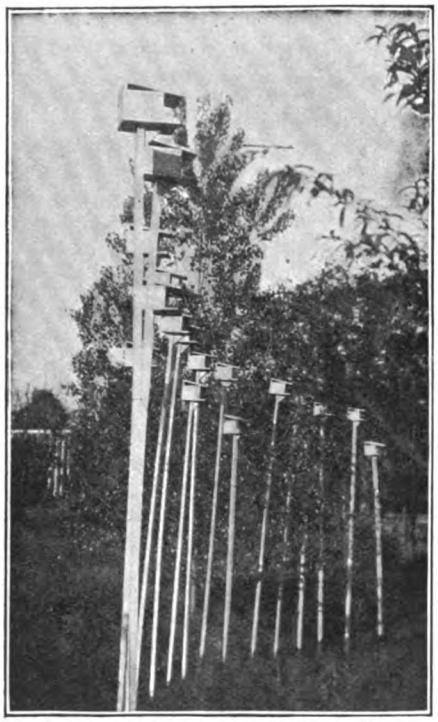
"SHIPWRECKED SAILORS' SUFFERING.

"Terrible tales of suffering and privation at sea were told yesterday by members of two shipwrecked crews brought home to England by the R.M.S. *Thames*. . . . One party consisted of survivors of the British barque *Norfolk Island*, which left Leith Roads on July 6th, bound for Cape Town, with a cargo of coal. Towards the end of August it was found that the cargo was getting heated. Everything possible was done by the officers and men to save the ship, but an explosion took place on September 5th, and the crew escaped in two boats. In the darkness they drifted out of each other's sight, one boat being at sea twelve and the other fourteen days before they were picked up. The crew, who belonged to Leith, Cardiff, Carnarvon, and Portmadoc, were landed at Bahia, whence they were sent home by the British Consul little the worse for their adventure."

As to what became of the derelict when we left her, it appears that after drifting about for some months she went on the rocks at the Island of Tristan d'Acunha, about eight hundred miles from where we parted with her.

Some Wonders from the West.

LIV.—A MARTIN VILLAGE.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MARTIN VILLAGE.
From a Photo.

ONE of the best-known birds of temperate North America is the purple martin. He is a bold fellow and follows the first breath of spring north from Cuba and Mexico, where he passes the winter months.

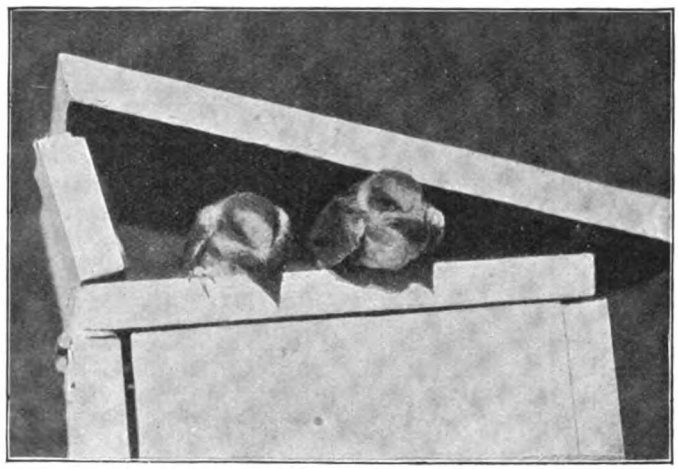
Long of wing and swallow-like in form, he is a strong flier and he knows not what fear is. The larger predatory birds are aware of his prowess, and the call of the single martin to the clans is followed by a precipitate retreat on the part of the trespasser. He is of an extremely sociable disposition, and dwells by preference where man has his habitation, rarely being seen far from settlements. This fact has led to the custom of supplying him with a home for himself and family. There are few farms that have not a martin house reared for Mr. Martin, and the invitation extended by an unoccupied box is soon accepted. No "To Let" sign is necessary; the mere fact of the house being untenanted is sufficient for the martins, and once domiciled they fight for their homes valiantly, rendering service for the leasehold by protecting the feathered dwellers in the barn-yards from the attacks of thieving hawks.

The largest martin village in the United States is one maintained by Mr. Otto Widmann, a few miles from St. Louis, in the State of Missouri. There are eighteen houses in the village proper, and every spring the martins return there. The inevitable spring house-cleaning is no small task, but they work valiantly, putting things to rights and refitting, and then settle down to their Liliputian housekeeping for the summer months.

The houses in the little village are all in a row and face towards the south. In front of

From a] A NEARER VIEW OF SOME OF THE MARTIN HOUSES. *[Photo*

each is a comfortable veranda, and the martins sit there in the evenings discussing men and things, gossiping merrily, unmindful of the clatter that ensues from all talking at once. On the outskirts of the village proper are several suburban cottages occupied by martins who arrived too late to take a town house, but no line is drawn between town and country dwellers. The cottages on the outskirts of the village are truly suburban, for they are perched up among the branches of the trees that surround the settlement, and the green foliage and the pleasant shade make them delightful habitations.



From a] "UNDER THE SLANTING ROOF." *[Photo.*

When the little martins arrive there are busy times in the village and its suburbs, for they have tremendous appetites, and the families consist of from four to six children each. It is amusing to see the comfort the martins find in their tiny homes. Sometimes the wife will sit in the front door, her head only peeping out, and berate her spouse for some real or fancied neglect until the poor fellow takes flight. Often they sit side by side under the slanting roof, gossiping with their next-door neighbours and chattering away noisily, each trying to outdo the other. The branches of the trees in the vicinity are favourite resting-places for them when they feel disinclined to share the noisy gossip of the village, and it is amusing to see a couple sitting side by side demurely watching the turmoil, as one of the photographs shows them. Let a dog or cat approach the martins' village and the uproar is indescribable. Even a strange human being creates much of a disturbance; but the birds know the man who built their village and do not resent his visits in the least.

When the young birds have grown to maturity their parents send them out upon the world with little preliminary instruction, but they launch forth bravely and are strong winged from the first trial. Not until the second year do the young birds attain the full glory of their plumage. The first is spent in sombre, dull black, that makes them look vastly different from their elders, but the next summer finds them clothed in purple and resplendent.

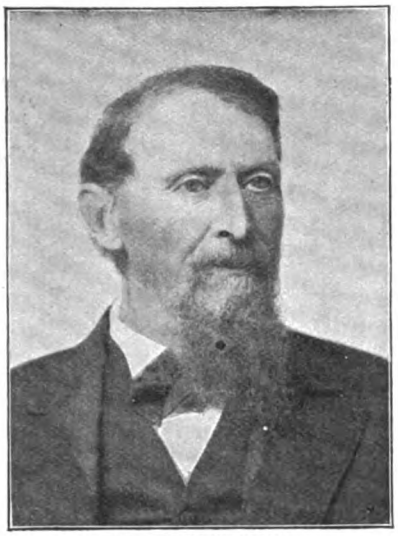
Beyond doubt many of the martins have dwelt in the tiny village from the time of its founding, eight years ago. Some of them are so marked that it is easy for a bird-lover to identify them, and year after year they come back to the spot that is their home and that was built for their pleasure.

From a] "WATCHING THE TURMOIL." *[Photo.*

When the winter winds wisp the snow through the open doors and pile it up into little drifts on the porches, the feathered villagers, far to the south, are revelling in the suns of Cuba or Mexico, thinking perhaps of their little cottages swaying in the winter winds far to the north.

LV. — A COIN-SCATTERING RECORD.

It is one thing to make a promise and another to keep it. Moreover, people who keep the promises they make form but a small percentage of the world's population. So runs the dictum of the cynic. It is not wholly surprising, therefore, that when any man in these times of unfaith keeps a solemn vow once made, in such a way that the public may have visual demonstration of the fact, his action should be deemed worthy of comment in a public print.

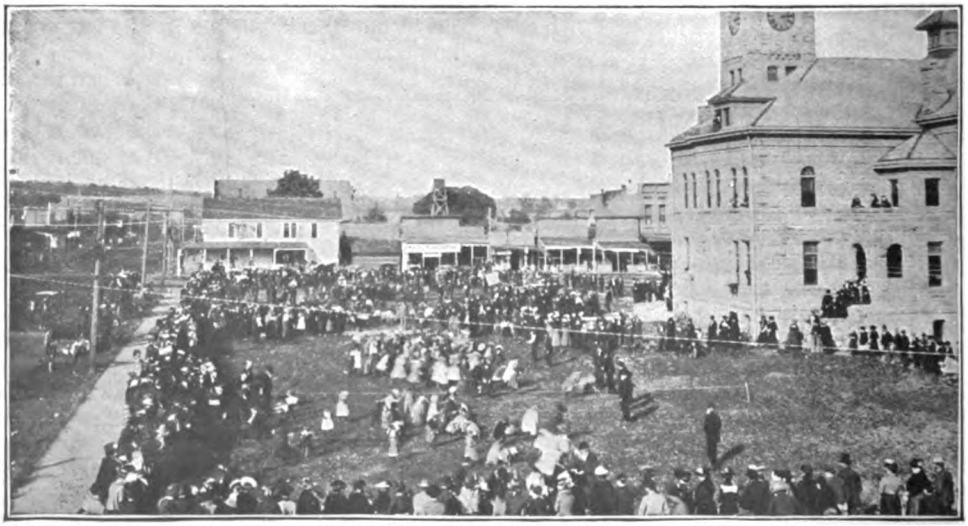


THE HON. W. C. BROWN.
From a Photo. by Abell & Son, Portland, Or.

The Hon. W. C. Brown, of Dallas, in far-off Oregon, is one of the chosen few who mean what they say, and the people of Dallas may congratulate themselves not only in having such a citizen in their midst, but also, through his agency, in having had a rare good time as a result of one of his promises. Possibly when Mr. Brown, a well-known hop-grower, made his promise years ago that he would throw away a hundred dollars' worth of five-cent pieces when the price of hops reached twenty cents per pound, he little thought that he would be called upon to keep his word. At that time, owing to over-production, probably, hops had been selling for eight or ten cents per pound, with occasional downward fluctuations, and for anyone to hope that they would ever double their price was, perhaps, beyond the wildest dreams of agricultural avarice. Mr. Brown, who knew something about hops, evidently doubted the possibility, for in conversation with some friends he was led to make the above-named pledge.

In the month of October last Mr. Brown sold his hop crop for twenty-five cents per pound. From the point of view of trade he was a gainer, but from the view-point of obligation he was a loser to the extent of one hundred dollars. The pleasant moment had come for him to redeem his pledge. The country was in a state of unexampled prosperity, and he was in a State where a man's word is kept. Accordingly, when the crop was sold, Mr. Brown lost no time in making public announcement that he was prepared to toss his well-earned "nickels" into the air.

The 25th of October is a day long to be



From a] SCATTERING THE COINS AT DALLAS. *[Photo.*

remembered in the annals of Dallas. It was a day when the small boy and small girl came out, not in single spies, but in hordes, when paternal citizens of Dallas and their friends and neighbours from outlying parts had to be roped off in tiers along a rectangular square in front of the court-house, when town officials, politicians, and people of reputation gathered together in one common cause. The children were arranged in groups according to size and age. This was a problem in itself, for large boys, small boys, large girls, and little girls were carefully separated into different sections, divided by ropes, until the coins were thrown. Older people, it seems, were not allowed to participate, although some of them, even in this time of prosperity, might well have coveted one of these five-cent pieces merely as a souvenir. Needless to add, the sight was unusual and the interest in the proceedings intense, from the mayor himself down to the smallest boy in trousers.

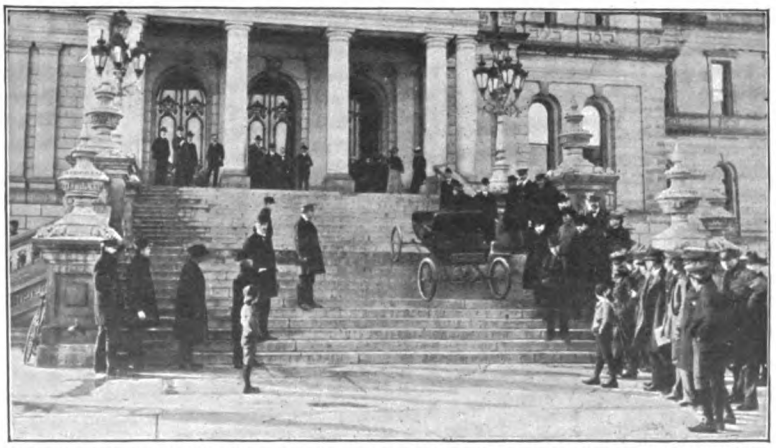
The interest, however, was centred in the man of promise. Finally he appeared, a fine-looking gentleman of best American type, walking leisurely across the sward of the court-house square with a bag in his hand containing the promised coins. He it was who gave the coins to different men specially employed as tossers, and he himself gave the signal for the scramble. It was a signal awaited for with a juvenile intensity of expectation which no words can adequately describe, and when it was given the people behind the ropes almost danced with joy. Four hundred children, dressed for the grand occasion, plunged wildly into the square, and in less than a minute bonnets, hats, boots, shoes, and other habiliments of childhood were mixed up in indescribable confusion. The bright shining coins—two thousand in all—fell from the sky in a shower of silver rain, and not a child went home from the court-house square without some mark of the contest, either with a coin or a sign of damage. Luckily, however, precaution had been taken to avoid serious accident, and no one was hurt. Mr. Brown himself was in the greatest danger at the end of the proceedings, owing to the lively congratulations from his multitudes of friends and neighbours, and it was not surprising to hear that the result of this novel exhibition of coin-tossing is a source of satisfaction to him and to his friends.

LVI.—RIDING UPSTAIRS ON AN AUTOMOBILE

THE accompanying pictures serve to show the remarkable climbing powers of the light automobile. The scene is the main steps and Rotunda of the State Capitol at Lansing, Michigan.

Mr. E. Doan, the daring driver, is the possessor of an Oldsmobile, a light runabout, in which gasoline is the motive power. Mr. Doan uses his machine every day to go to business, and constant use over all kinds of roads and under all the conditions which have to be constantly faced on the rough American highways has made him very proficient as a chauffeur, although this was the first time he ever attempted anything except ordinary driving.

A desire to successfully make the ascent of the State Capitol steps was first suggested by the failure of an automobile manufacturer in Detroit to run his machine up the steps of the County Building in that city. Mr. Doan, who witnessed the failure at Detroit, was impressed by the fact that the machine which there attempted to climb the steps



MR. E. DOAN RIDING UP THE STEPS OF THE STATE CAPITOL AT LANSING ON HIS MOTOR-CAR.
From a Photo.

was rather a heavy one, and seemingly wasted a great deal of power and effort in "rushing" at the ascent. When the trial was made at Lansing the start was effected gradually and slowly, the machine running at slow speed to the foot of the steps, and then the hill-climbing gear being used for the ascent. There are twenty-five steps, each having a rise of six inches and a width of thirteen and a half inches, making an actual grade of 44 per cent. This, of course, is a very steep climb even on an ordinary incline or hill, and the steps naturally make it more difficult. Predictions were freely made by the assembled crowd that the driver would fail in his effort, which seemed most

From a] THE MOTOR-CAR AT THE TOP OF THE STEPS. [*Photo.*

probable as the start was slow, though the spectators were not aware that the full power of the machine was not being used. When about half the ascent had been accomplished the full power was applied, and the latter half of the ascent was thus made more quickly than the first—a wonderfully impressive exhibition to the onlookers. Mr. Doan, in speaking of the ascent, said: "I felt no fear or hesitancy at all. I knew the little Oldsmobile would do it, as it has gone up hills almost as steep and much longer, and with my experience with it I knew there was no danger of anything 'going wrong' or breaking down. Going slowly at first took off a great deal of the jar and shock which I noticed in watching the lunging efforts of the heavier machine at Detroit. I think the fact that my automobile is lighter in weight and has ample power was the chief reason I succeeded in going up. I did not consider it any risk at all, as during the three years that I have owned the machine I have never found it fail me in any emergency, so that I have become accustomed to going over places which might be considered dangerous by some people. The sensation was simply one of going up a very steep hill on which stones or blocks of wood had been placed. There is so little vibration, however, with my auto that with the long reach between the front and rear wheels the shock which anyone would naturally think would occur in practically jumping up six inches was not very noticeable."

Governor Aaron T. Bliss and the assembled crowd of legislators heartily congratulated the intrepid driver and his "climbing beauty" upon surmounting the difficulties of "entering the Legislature," and the repeated cheers of the crowd showed their admiration for the daring driver.

Mr. Doan claims the world's record in grade climbing for this performance, as heretofore the best climb recorded was made on a plank incline of 42·78 per cent.

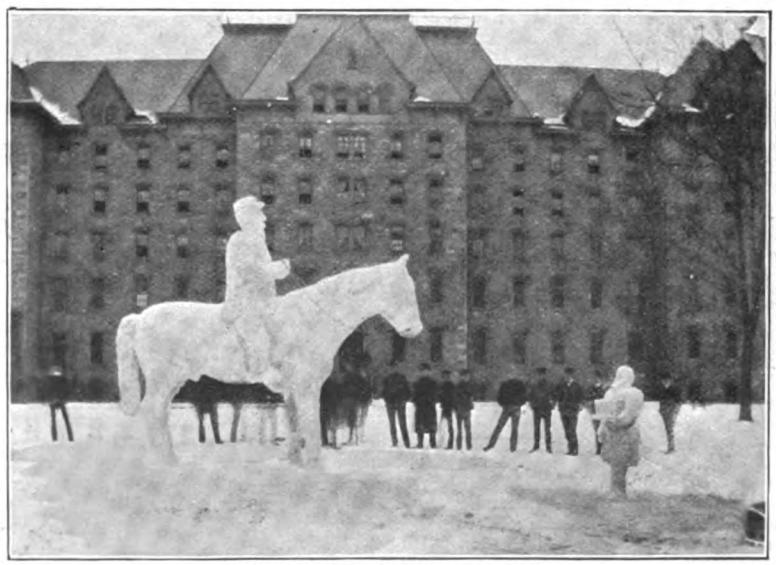
LVII.—A SNOW GARIBALDI.

DR. GEO. W. ATHERTON, president of the Pennsylvania State College, having an enrolment of six hundred students, recently returned from a trip to Europe, where he had been for recreation and rest. Upon arrival at the college he was welcomed home by the faculty and students. In an address he described his trip abroad and spoke in particular of his visit to Rome. While there he had been strongly impressed by the statue of Garibaldi, the famed Italian patriot. Quoting the president, he said :—

"There I stood, on the cold winter's day, with my hat in my hand, and looked up into Garibaldi's face while he looked down into mine. I could but admire the man of such famed pluck and courage. That one sight fully repaid me for the trip, and I have to say to you, ladies and gentlemen, that if you ever have an opportunity of visiting Rome, go to see Garibaldi."

The following morning the entire college community were greatly surprised to find a life-sized reproduction, modelled in snow, of the Garibaldi equestrian statue, and Dr. Atherton standing hat in hand admiring it, as he had described himself in his address. The figures occupied the most prominent spot on the campus, and were accordingly very conspicuous. Immediately there was much conjecture as to who the originators of the idea might be, but before long it leaked out that W. R. Miles, H. E. Stoeltzing, H. S. Yeakle, F. L. Rohrbach, F. C. Johnston, and E. S. McLarn, all seniors, had worked on the statues from 11 p.m. till 4 a.m. It seems that these clever fellows—for it was a very clever piece of work, especially when one takes into consideration the difficulties under which they worked by lantern light—desired that we all should have an opportunity of seeing Garibaldi. The name on the base of the equestrian statue was done in coal, while the height over all was nearly fifteen feet. The modelling, which was largely done by Mr. Stoeltzing, was so faithful that the president was well portrayed, and when viewed from a little distance the group looked like fine art executed in marble, and attracted crowds to see it. Among the latter were school-children and elderly people, many of whom were quite feeble, yet would venture out to see the prank.

The whole affair gives to the reading public some idea of the originality which very often crops out in college pranks. Mr. Miles, the originator in this case, was highly complimented for the uniqueness of his thought. At first there was some doubt as to how the president might view the situation, but as the work was so well done, even to the detailing of his features and characteristic attitude, it was thought he could not take offence from it. Happily this was the case, and Dr. Atherton complimented the students upon their originality and ingenuity.



From a] GARIBALDI AND HIS ADMIRER IN SNOW. *[Photo.*

Curiosities.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

A DARING FEAT.

"I send you the photograph of a young lady climbing up to her bedroom window, which can be seen above her head on the right of the photograph. The distance from the ground to the bottom of the bedroom window is twenty feet. I can vouch for the fact that this photo. is not 'faked' in any way and that it was taken last summer at a country house in Co. Durham, where she and I were staying as guests."—Mr. Harold Bell, 20, St. Mary's Terrace, Ryton-on-Tyne, Co. Durham.

TO BAFFLE PURSUIT.

"These false horseshoes were found in the moat at Birtsmorton Court, near Tewkesbury. It is supposed that they were used in the time of the Civil Wars, so as to deceive any person tracking the marks. The one on the left is supposed to leave the mark of a cow's hoof, the one on the right that of a child's foot."—Miss Alice E. Lewis, Coombe Hill, near Cheltenham.

NEARLY ELECTROCUTED!

"Some time ago I was ascending Mount Pelerin, near Vevey, in Switzerland, with some friends. When near the village of Chadon, about half-way up, we heard most horrid screams, as of one in mortal agony. The ladies of the party were naturally very much alarmed. A friend and myself hurried on, and came across the scene depicted in the photograph enclosed. It appears that a man employed in connection with the telegraph wires received a shock, and was unable for a time to let go of the wires. When he did he fell in the position in which the snap-shot was taken. His feet are fastened to the pole with iron rings, which prevented his falling and breaking his neck. He remained twenty minutes head downwards. When released he appeared none the worse for his thrilling experience." — Mr. M. Graham, Villa Paradis, Vevey, Switzerland.

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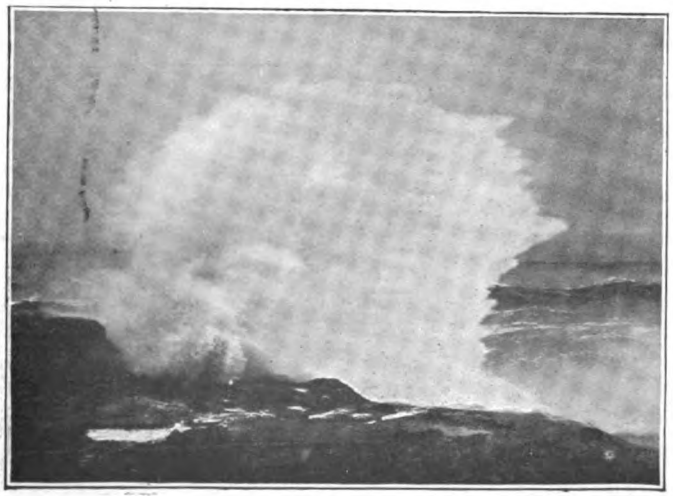
CARVING.

"This model is carved out of a *solid block of wood*, lion and all, no nail, glue, or any substance whatever having been utilized. No fret-saw was used, and the work was done mainly with a pocket-knife, and the few tools that I did use I made myself. I commenced this model by pencilling out the design on a solid block of wood, after which I started the carving by making the bars. I then carved the lion, leaving the loosening of the door until last, so that it cannot be said that the latter made the working of the lion less difficult. The wheels and underpart of the car required very delicate handling, as the grain of the wood runs in the direction of the bars, and therefore leaves these parts very frail. The under-carriage works so that the car can be turned round; the wheels revolve and the door opens and shuts. Wood-carving is not my trade, and I therefore found the task rather tedious. It took about six weeks, working on an average two hours every evening."—Mr. Fred. Day, 20, Salisbury View, Lodge Road, Armley, Leeds.

NEPTUNE'S PHOTOGRAPH.

"This photo. was taken during a storm at Santa Cruz, Cal. The outline of the wave forms a perfect face. The wave was about sixty feet high, and is considered one of the most curious freaks of the ocean ever 'snapped' by a photographer."—Mr. C. L. Aydelotte, 27, Locust Street, Santa Cruz, Cal.

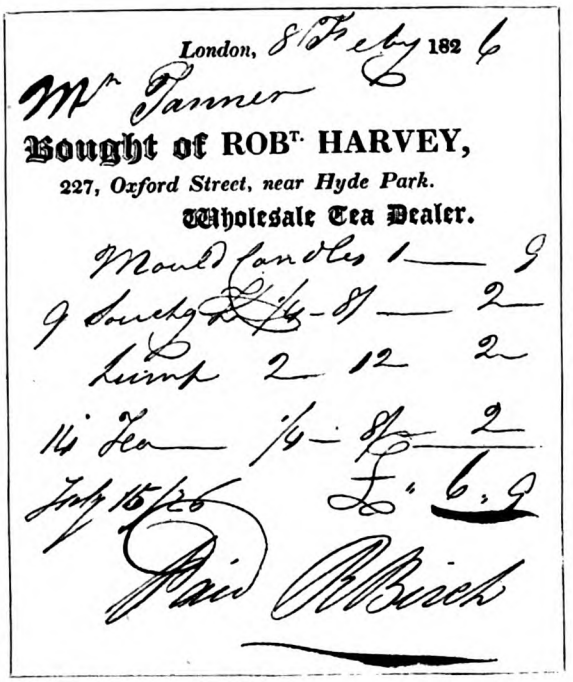


ANGLING FOR ALBATROSS.

"My photo. represents a young albatross which we caught on the voyage out to South Australia. He is not tied up in any way, as these birds are unable to rise on the wing from a level surface, and are too clumsy to walk fast. Although he is only a young bird, as can be seen from the dark colour of his breast, which is pure white in an adult, his wings measure ten feet from tip to tip. The method of catching them is interesting. A brass triangle is made with the centre cut out, and to the sides of the triangle lumps of pork are fastened; a line is made fast to the middle of one of the sides, and corks are affixed to float the whole thing. Then, in a calm, it is allowed to float abaft the ship, when the albatross swims up to it, and, pecking furiously, his curved upper beak gets caught in the apex of the triangle, so that if the line is kept taut he can be hauled on board, where he is helpless. The camera has caught him just as he is trying to fly up."—Miss H. W. Ponder, Balcombe Hurst, Branksome Park, Bournemouth.

TEA AT EIGHT SHILLINGS A POUND.

"In turning out some cupboards and boxes recently, which had not been disturbed for many years, we came across several rather interesting old letters and papers, and this bill was amongst them. It speaks for itself."—Miss J. S. Woodhouse, Easthampton Lodge, Shobdon R.S.O., Herefordshire.


London, 8 Feby 1826
Mr Tanner
Bought of ROBT. HARVEY,
227, Oxford Street, near Hyde Park.
Wholesale Tea Dealer.
Mould Candles 1 — 9
9 Souchg £ 1/4 - 8/ — 2
Lump 2 12 2
14 Tea 1/4 - 8/ 2
July 15/26 £ 6 9
Paid R Birch

A BRAVE MOTHER.

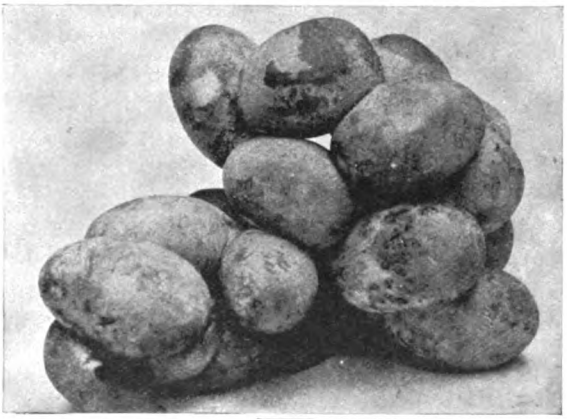
"A remarkable accident occurred recently on a Cape mail train. The train left Johannesburg on a Tuesday, being due at Cape Town on the following Sunday, and amongst the travellers was a lady with her two children, the younger being a baby of but eighteen days old. On the Saturday morning, whilst rounding a curve between Beyer's Point and Novilisfontein, the elder child was violently thrown against the door of the carriage, which, being insecurely fastened, sprang open and caused her to fall from the train. The train was travelling at a high rate of speed at the time, but the mother immediately jumped from it, and was hurled down the steep embankment. Some soldiers in the train saw them both fall, and made frantic gesticulations to the engine-driver, who, however, apparently misunderstood them and did not pull up the train. On arrival at Novilisfontein the engine and guard's van were at once dispatched to the scene of the accident, and the brave mother and her child were eventually found amongst the rocks and boulders. The mother had escaped with a few bruises, but the child was more seriously hurt. In the meantime, the baby, warmly and comfortably wrapped up, was sleeping peacefully in the empty carriage, little knowing that it had been very near to losing its mother and sister for ever."—Mr. H. T. Harris, Prince Alfred Street, Grahamstown, S.A.

A MARVELLOUS ESCAPE.

"With regard to this remarkable escape the *Worcester Daily Times* says: 'William Lloyd, in the employ of Lord Hindlip, was carting a load of empty fruit baskets from Fernhill Heath. When about half-way down the Court Farm Hill—which is very steep—the horse in the lorry took fright and galloped down the hill at a tremendous rate. The horse tried to turn through the gate which leads to the farmyard. Lloyd, who was riding on the top of the baskets, tried to keep the horse in the straight road, when the bridle broke, and the horse went straight at a stable wall, which was opposite. The force of the blow drove a large hole in the wall, through which the horse was forced, into a loose-box, and the man was thrown through the hole also from the top of the baskets. When Mr. W. R. Whiting ran to the spot, expecting to find horse and man both dead, the horse was standing quietly in the box, still harnessed to the lorry, which could not get through the wall, but was in the road, and Lloyd was unfastening the harness as if nothing had happened. Strange to say, he had not a scratch or a bruise on him, and the only damage done (except to the wall, which is considerable) was a bruise on the horse's nose, some skin off its hind legs, and about six inches broken off the near shaft of the lorry. The wall is a substantial nine-inch brick, built about twenty years ago.'"—Mr. Wm. R. Whiting, Estate Office, Hindlip, Worcester.

WHAT IS THIS?

"I send you a photograph I took lately of an immense heap of empty cartridges which were used at a certain shooting-club. I doubt whether your readers have ever seen so many cartridges in one heap before."—Mr. K. T. Cox, Woodstock House, Golders Green, Hendon, N.W.



A CLUSTER OF SNAKE'S EGGS.

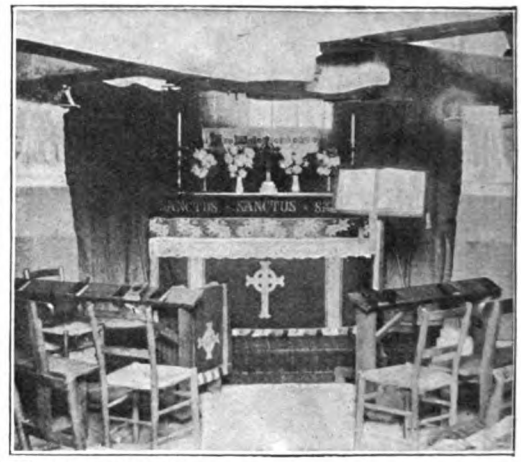
"This cluster of snake's eggs was found beneath a cucumber bed in a garden frame, and some depth down in the material. They were, no doubt, deposited by a large snake seen on the spot some months before the find."—Mr. Chas. Jones, The Gardens, Ote Hall, Burgess Hill, Sussex.

A UNIQUE RAIN-COLLECTOR.

"In the courtyard of Bovey House (near Seaton, S. Devon), the property of the Hon. Mark Rolle, there has stood for nearly three hundred years what is probably the handsomest rain-water cistern in the world. It is made of pure lead and has a capacity of, roughly, four hundred gallons. It will be seen that the beautifully designed scroll-work, and the figures of Justice, Plenty, Peace, War, Hope, etc., are almost as sharp as when the cistern was cast. The date, 1674, is equally clear, and the state of preservation is marvellous. A hole has been cut about half-way up by some vandal for the purpose of inserting a bung, and the lead so removed should have been made into a bullet for his benefit."—Sent by Mr. Percye Kempe, for the owner of the photograph and copyright, Geo. H. Barton, Nelson Cottage, Seaton, S. Devon.

A CURIOUS ANOMALY.

"A public-house on the ground floor and a temperance hotel on the upper stories! I promptly took a photograph of this curious anomaly for your Curiosities."—Mr. E. J. B. MacKenzie, Daresbury, Malvern.



A WINDMILL USED AS A CHAPEL.

"At a tiny hamlet near Reigate, Surrey, there is to be seen an old disused mill, the ground floor of which has been converted into a small chapel of ease. As will be seen from the photo. of the exterior, there is nothing to indicate the transformation which has taken place within. The grindstones have been removed and the huge centre beam sawn away to the level of the four supporting beams, the brick supports upon which the latter rest having been ornamented by Scriptural scenes and sacred objects, depicted in red paint on a white ground. The mill is situated upon rising ground in the middle of a large common, and is a conspicuous object for miles around."—Mr. W. B. Richardson, St. Mary Cray, Kent.

£1,000 IN PRIZES!

THE Proprietors of *Tit-Bits* offer ONE THOUSAND POUNDS under the following conditions: **Competitors are to send in a list of what they consider the best Twelve Advertisements which will appear in THE STRAND MAGAZINE during the six months—March to August inclusive.**

FIRST PRIZE, £500. | SECOND PRIZE, £250. | THIRD PRIZE, £100.

FIFTEEN PRIZES OF £10 EACH.

The order of merit will be decided by the votes of the competitors themselves.

That is to say, the Advertisement which receives the most votes will be placed at the top of the list, that which receives the second greatest number of votes will be second, and so on, till the complete list of twelve is made according to the public vote. The competitor whose list most nearly corresponds with the list as shown by the public vote will win the First Prize of £500. The other prizes will be awarded on the same principle.

Each list must be accompanied by 26 numbered coupons, one from each copy of *Tit-Bits* which appears during the six months. The first coupon appeared in *Tit-Bits* dated March 7. Back numbers of *Tit-Bits* and of THE STRAND MAGAZINE can be obtained at this office.

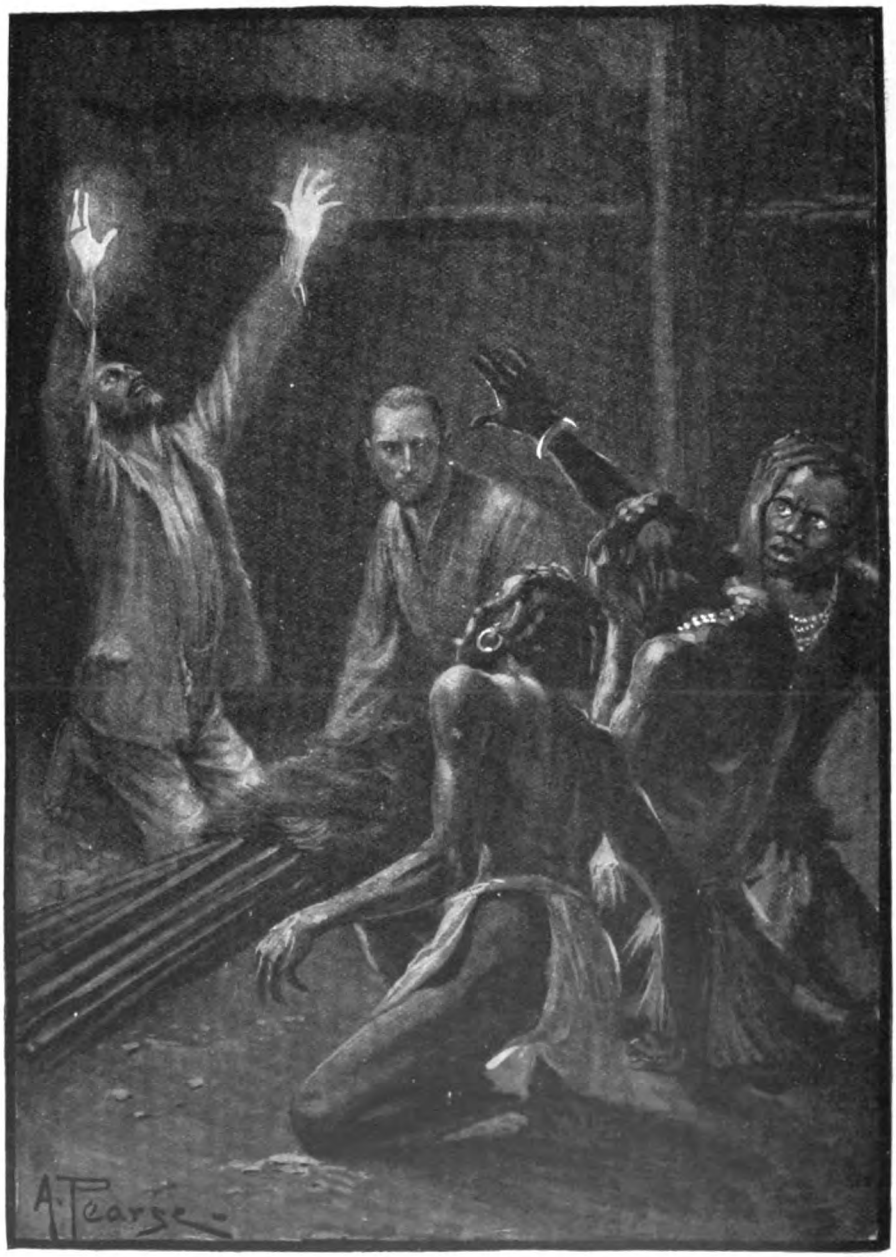
The actual advertisements selected from THE STRAND MAGAZINE must be cut out and sent in with each competing list, and numbered in accordance with the position on the list.

Lists may be sent on sheets of paper *written on one side only*.

It will be asked: How are competitors to make their selections? Is it from an artistic or commercial, or some other point of view, that the Advertisements are to be judged?

In reply, we say that the competitor should choose what he thinks are the most attractive Advertisements, likely to make the reader purchase the article which is advertised.

We need hardly point out to our readers that this competition does not require any high order of intellectual ability, such as is demanded for the solution of puzzles, but is open to anyone possessing judgment and common sense. To our advertisers it will be equally obvious that such a competition provides them with unique advantages, seeing that every Advertisement appearing during six months will not only be glanced at, but attentively studied by vast numbers of the public who might otherwise never have looked at them at all.



"I WAVED MY SHINING PALMS AT THE PANIC-STRICKEN MEN."

(*See page* 611.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxv. JUNE, 1903. No. 150.

By Tammers' Camp Fires.—I.

By K. and Hesketh Prichard.

TAMMERS AND THE HOLY WAR.

IN giving the following adventures of my friend Tammers to the world, I feel that my best efforts hardly do justice to his remarkable personality and achievements. The circumstances of our first meeting in Jersey, and his celebrated duel there (which I have, under the title of "Tammers' Duel," recorded elsewhere), had left upon me a singularly deep impression. Outwardly, Tammers was sturdily built, with a bullet head well poised on his strong shoulders; the even sunburn of his colour told of a life spent in the open under a hotter sun than ours. It was not till you met the glance of his steady eyes that you felt that this was a man out of the common run.

Perhaps it was the standpoint, entirely his own, from which he viewed life that made him unique. It certainly lent that directness to his thoughts and actions which led him by such original short cuts to the solution of difficulties baffling to other minds. His methods were as terse as his speech. Unbiased by ordinary ideas, he went straight to the point.

As a scout he was the embodiment of romance and daring. That I, Paul Anson, who am a person of quiet habits and a timid nature, should have been his companion in many of the scenes I write of is perhaps odd, but when he was ordered on service and offered to take me with him and help me to make acquaintance with "Mrs. Africa" under his guidance, I accepted with misgivings.

The upshot of the matter was that some weeks later I found myself with Tammers on one of the nameless ridges that seam the sands of the Soudan. Below us, under a dazzling moon, lay the camp we sought, scrawled out on the face of the desert.

"Cavalry and camels," commented Tammers. "Few men, and light in the heels. Come on, Anson, the General's expecting us. Where's that letter?"

He patted his pocket as we jolted down the slope, and not five minutes later we were ushered into a tent set slightly apart from the others. The General, lounging over a map, looked less than his real height. I had once before seen him. It was but a passing glimpse of a tall man in a hard felt hat, with a face tanned red and a heavy moustache, who was landing from the Calais-Dover boat upon the last stage of a journey which had started from that "stricken field" where jibbeh-clad bodies were lying stark, and upon which the strongest barbaric power of modern times had been broken.

The General pushed his chair round, and I met his inscrutable gaze. But it passed over me, to rest on the thick-set yet alert figure of Tammers.

He took the letter with his own name accurately written out upon it, that Tammers and I had carried in such haste from Cairo—Tammers' testimonial, so to speak, from the Head of the Intelligence Department, who had known him in former days.

The General opened the letter and glanced gravely over the sheet. I gave Tammers a despairing look, for the paper it contained was, as I could see, absolutely blank! I saw Tammers grow rigid.

The General kept his eyes on Tammers.

"I suspect this recommendation of yours is not waste-paper," he said, abruptly. "Come here!" He turned back to the map.

Through the middle of it ran a thin red route-line. Starting from the north-west of the bulk of the continent, it wound its way over depicted swamp and sands, until at length it plunged into the belt of forests that lay between us and the heart of Africa.

The General followed it slowly with the point of a worn silver pencil-case. Upon issuing from the forest land the line was dotted in circles and curves.

"You see this route? What occurs to you?"

"It's not a likely one for a white man. I'd call it impossible—for a white man; it

leads amongst some of the most savage tribes in the continent."

"You are right. It is not the route-line of a white man. It is that of the Fiki Omar ibn Farag."

"Yes, sir." Tammers bent forward and scanned the line more attentively.

"Very good. Omar has been sent south by the Sheik es Senussi, to preach a Jehad. He is doing his business well. There will be a serious outbreak down there. I foresaw this, and some time ago sent a small force to intercept him. It has not returned. I should like to know what has prevented Lieutenant Crosland from carrying out my orders."

"Yes, sir."

"My original wish as to the quiet capture of the Fiki is now, I fear, out of the question. To bring him here a prisoner would have been a most effective blow to the rising belief in him. The next best thing is to secure, if possible, the safe return of the little expedition I sent against him."

"I'll do what I can, sir."

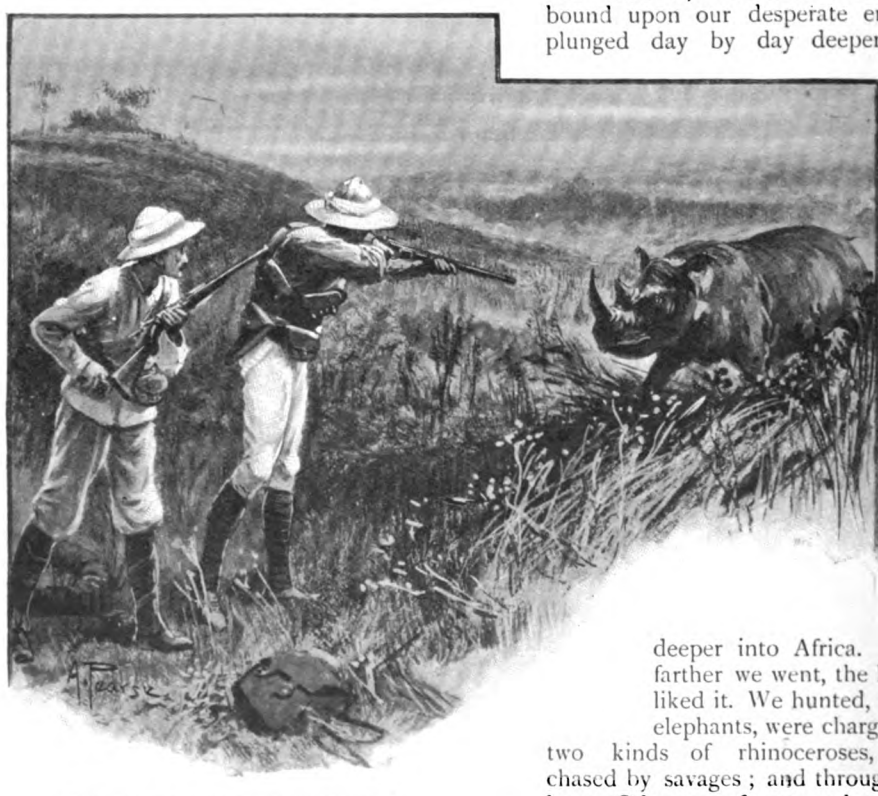
"I understand from this"—the General tapped the blank letter of introduction—"that you have had experience; that you are trustworthy and silent."

Tammers merely saluted.

"And this gentleman will remain behind, of course?"

"No, sir; I can't do without Mr. Anson—Scout Anson he is now. He's the best friend to back you up at a pinch ever a man had," said Tammers, handsomely.

I can swear I saw the General's eyebrows go up just perceptibly. "As you wish," he said, coldly. "Good evening, gentlemen." Then I heard him add, quietly, "I shall be very glad to see you again, Mr. Tammers, and to explain this letter, which seems to puzzle you, if you are—successful."



"WE WERE CHARGED BY RHINOCEROSES."

II.

WE—that is, Tammers and I—bound upon our desperate errand, plunged day by day deeper and deeper into Africa. The farther we went, the less I liked it. We hunted, killed elephants, were charged by two kinds of rhinoceroses, and chased by savages; and through the long Odyssey of our adventures Tammers' skill as a scout and his equally marvellous resourcefulness kept the life in us and a modicum of flesh upon our bones.

Whatever our circumstances, it was more and more borne in upon me that Tammers was, above and beyond all things, a man of resource. He was full of ideas.

So are many. But with him it did not stop there. He had an original mind of the practical order, hence his resourcefulness seemed literally inexhaustible. In a mental flash he would consolidate his wildest dreams into possible actions. He had a fine fancy allied to the capabilities of a man of business. This is the most marvellous of all blends.

From time to time Tammers, who was a polyglot as far as the tongues of Africa were concerned, picked up details of information about our arch-enemy, the Fiki.

The birth and upbringing of Omar ibn Farag were shrouded in the impenetrable mystery of Africa. He came upon the stage of his world riding on a borrowed camel. He was a Fiki, which, being interpreted, means a Mohammedan theological student. For two long years he dwelt alone, a hermit amid the black rocks and pallid desert sands. When he reappeared he gave himself out as a Fiki el Tarika, a Guide to Heaven, a Pointer of the Way.

About this time it occurred to the powerful potentate known as the Senussi Sultan, whose influence is even yet but dimly realized by Europe, that a widespread Jehad, or Holy War, would be a useful move in the game of practical politics, a game at which he is no mean antagonist. He therefore sent for Omar ibn Farag, the Fiki, and entrusted him with the congenial mission.

The Fiki next appeared some eight degrees of latitude farther south, stalking through Africa with an ombeyeh and a handful of spears, preaching the faith of the Prophet. By the time we came within the sphere of his activities he had already gathered a large following of disciples—gentlemen in costumes of quilt-like rags, who smelt of the smoke of camel-dung fires and fought with large fish-hook-like spears and the utmost savagery. Needless to say, this man was a torch flung among the inflammable tribes upon the rim of the Equator.

"That Fiki's a hot card," said Tammers one day, as we prepared our meagre meal. "He knew how to set about the business. First he copied half the Koran on to a bit of wood; then he washed off the words and bathed himself in the water. Next thing he tied a text in his turban, and made an ombeyeh out of an elephant tusk and travelled south. He's been blowing that trumpet a good lot round here, and the tribes have a great notion of him as a miracle-man. His preaching's simple, but it's stimulating, you know, Anson. 'Turn Mussulman on the spot or be carved up into little bits.' A dogma of that sort appeals to a savage."

I remarked that we had heard a good deal of the Fiki, but nothing at all of Crosland.

"It's a bad job for him, anyhow. He was sent down here to fetch that Fiki and he's failed," said Tammers.

I intimated that I was glad we had not been set the same task.

"Haven't we?" Tammers' eyes, steely-grey, focused themselves to a set gaze. "Haven't we? Then I very much mistook our orders, Anson."

"So much the worse for us," I rejoined, "for the General seems to be a man who judges by success."

"Just so. Success is expected. It's no use carrying excuses to Cairo. There are three things a man who serves the General may not do: You mustn't marry. You mustn't put on weight. But above all things you must never fail. It doesn't do to fail," Tammers repeated, meditatively.

"But——" I began, then desisted. What was the use of arguing on a foregone conclusion? If Tammers ever found Crosland and aided him to escape from the Fiki it would be a marvellous achievement. But as for anything further—I dismissed the idea from my mind.

Even then I little knew the evil that was close upon us.

A couple of nights later we were lying among the thickets of a low eminence on the bank of a river, whose waters had shrunk during a spell of dry weather to a series of scummy pools. A game-track lay below us, and the strong moonlight glinted on the water lower down. Tammers had his rifle ready in case Fate should send us a meal—as it often had done—bounding quick from the underbrush of the river edge.

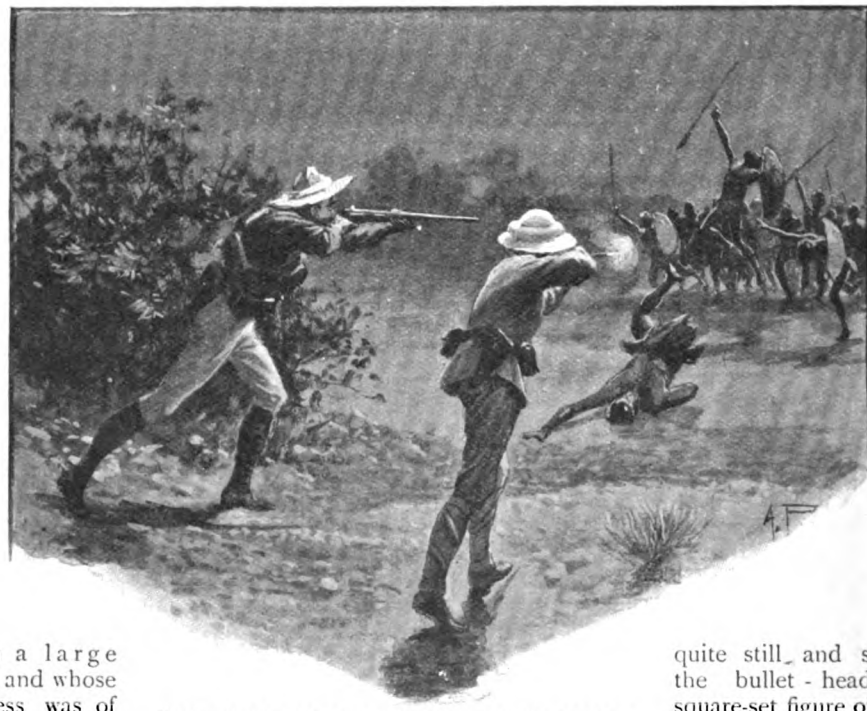
I was lying supine enjoying the comparative coolness of the night wind, and staring out upon an undulating belt of sand. Suddenly over the rim of this sand something that appeared in the dazzle of the moonlight like a huge ragged black fly struggled into sight. We could see that it was making for the cover amongst which we lay. Close upon its heels a broken tumult of dark figures surged up in pursuit.

The next thing I remember we were charging down to meet the fugitive, Tammers firing as he ran. A stone's throw from us the hunted man stumbled, and in falling doubled up helplessly and lay still.

But the crowd of savages rushed headlong upon us. Tammers emptied his Colt's

carbine, and I sent one cartridge after another into the thick of the oncoming mass blindly enough. There was no time to reload, and within a minute the long centuries had been eliminated, and we were engaged in a primeval hand-to-hand combat with our foes.

Any description of the fight is beyond me, for the simple reason that a misshapen savage with a large head, and whose ugliness was of a brand scarcely human, seemed to single me out as his especial opponent, probably because I offered the prospect of a manifestly easy victory. He promptly clubbed me into the realms of unconsciousness.



"THE HUNTED MAN STUMBLED, AND IN FALLING DOUBLED UP HELPLESSLY."

I regained my senses presently, and having done so rather deplored the proceeding. I think I have made it clear that I am a timid man, and am composed of very different material from the cast-iron Tammers, whose spirit rises to danger, and who can go three days without sleep or food and still retain an interest in his surroundings. I cannot.

When I came to myself the same moon was still shining in the sky, and my head ached horribly.

"Tammers!"—I had to use all my force to say the word—"Tammers!"

A fierce face, beneath a high-domed, shaven head, glared at me and gabbled some words which sounded like a malediction, and an indistinct black hand jabbed me in the stomach with a spear-haft.

I think he jabbed me three or four times, but I am not sure.

III.

I WOKE to full consciousness of life and suffering just as the sun rose on a sultry morning more than a fortnight later. I lay quite still and studied the bullet-head and square-set figure of Tammers, who was outside the door of the hut, cooking something over a small fire.

I watched him awhile, for to move or utter a word was beyond my power. Presently he turned to look at me, and, meeting my eyes, was beside me in a moment.

"I'm afraid I've been ill," I struggled to say, after a moment. "I'm sorry."

"Don't say that, Anson," said Tammers. "You've saved both our lives."

I could only smile incredulously.

"It's a fact, though," continued Tammers. "We're in the hands of the Fiki, and we'd be killed off by now if you hadn't had the good sense to get ill after that bash on the head."

"Tell me."

"The morning after that battle of ours we were brought here. It's a little island in the middle of the river, and the village used

to belong to a chief with filed teeth who'd fattened on minced baby. He's one of the Fiki's warmest adherents. When we were dragged before the Fiki he thought at first he'd execute us by some gradual process as a treat to his allies. That's where you came in, Anson. You were unconscious, and that knocked half the bottom out of the execution. The murdering of an unbeliever who doesn't know if he's just decapitated, or eaten up alive by ants, or hung head downwards from a tree, was too flat an affair to count as an amusement. See?"

I agreed that such a feeling on the part of the Fiki was a very natural one.

"Just so," resumed Tammers. "But for all that he thought he'd make the best of you. You looked like dead, so he said you were dead, but he'd bring you back to life and then give the people their fun out of us. He tried what he could do there and then, Anson. He put a red-hot wood-ash inside your shirt between your shoulders, but you paid no heed to it. So that Fiki's credit was at stake, all through your grasp of the situation in not coming to when he wanted you. At last he was driven to call me into consultation, and asked me if I'd cure you. Of course, I said I could. But I told him it would take time. To say the truth, Anson, there were days when you lay there that I thought you never could get better, and other times I more than half hoped you never would."

"I almost wish it myself." The sentence was out before I recognised how ungracious was its tenor.

"I dare say you do for the moment"—Tammers had the grand tolerance of one who is utterly without self-consciousness—"but '*Illi umru tawil bishuf ketir*,' as the Arabs say—'He who lives long sees much.' So I made you up a bed in this fly-trap of a hut, and did all I knew to coax back your strength. Every day that wild ass of a Fiki comes in to look at you, and goes out and brays on his ombeyeh and delivers a bulletin to the tribes. Like this it runs: 'The Small Unbeliever, who has been dead many days, is, owing to the power of the Fiki Omar, still warm. He will recover.'"

Tammers raised my head and did what he could to make my bed more comfortable. Then he added, as if the fact did me credit:—

"I tell you, Anson, when you show yourself in public, you'll raise that Fiki's reputation as a miracle-man to a preposterous point."

"But it won't alter our ultimate fate?" I questioned. "We'll be executed, all the same?"

"At present," Tammers admitted, "I'm afraid that *is* the idea. But '*Illi umru tawil bishuf ketir*,' Anson. Besides, there's always a chance that the Fiki may give you a respite, seeing the walking advertisement you will be to his supernatural powers.

"You see, Anson, it isn't as if Omar was a fool," he continued. "He's one of the soundest-headed fanatics that ever raised a war-howl. It would be different if we were among Dervishes or Arabs. We're not. We're among the Equatorial tribes—superstitious, wizard-ridden savages, whose nearest claim to being civilized is that a chief belonging to them once wore a pair of ice-spectacles he'd looted from a prehistoric explorer. The Fiki's as much a stranger among them as you or I, and if they didn't think him a superior make of wizard they'd fry him with bananas to-morrow."

I listened, not more than half comprehending him at the moment, for I was very weak.

"If I'd had orders six months ago from Cairo," he resumed, "such as I have now, I'd have got in here first and played the Fiki's own game with the tribes, and to-day I'd be one of the most respected wizards that ever pranced in the moonlight. But as it is, Anson, the Fiki's the top dog, and all our comfort lies in 'He who lives long sees much.'"

It is a strange fact that the convalescent enjoys life under almost any circumstances. I found myself gradually tasting the sweets of returning health, even in that haunt of flies and worse, where I lay and recovered through the sultry days.

So events ran on monotonously, and in spite of the fact that life and some degree of vigour were being painfully won back to my body, merely that it might last out through the series of horrors that were to make my execution a tasty offering to the savage palate, I felt something of pleasure as the flesh began to hide my bones.

Then suddenly, unexpectedly, as all things happen under a tyranny, the pale easements of my existence were struck from me and a new era began.

It was, if possible, a hotter noontide than usual. Africa drowsed in an access of torpidity. The very flies slept in clusters under the plantain-leaf roof of the hut. I had spent the morning in reading a sixpenny magazine that had somehow throughout our long travel clung to our lessening effects,

and which Tammers had managed to get back a day or two previously.

I had fallen asleep with it in my hand on the day in question, and I was aroused by a violent blowing of the ombeyeh. I started up. I found myself alone, and was wondering where Tammers had gone, when a number of tribesmen dashed into the hut and dragged me out into the unbearable sunshine. They haled me roughly along through the narrow lanes of one of the most squalid villages I had yet seen.

In the shade of the principal hut sat the Fiki on his sheepskin. At his feet lay the magazine. With a pang I recognised it.

I stood dizzily in front of the Fiki. He was a tall man, gaunt and hollow-featured. His long, stringy arms and legs were left uncovered by a scanty raiment of white cotton. Under an Arab headdress of white, his high-nosed face looked haughtily out upon me. His fiery glance seemed to pierce me.

I stared at him magnetized. The moments passed in this menacing silence until a loud sound of savage music, hatched from a hairy drum by the misshapen tribesman who had knocked me on the head, burst from the back of the hut, and a man was driven out into the sunlight.

It was Tammers. Tammers bound and half naked, his body polluted with river-mud. His ankles were joined by a grass rope bound with copper wire, and to this was attached an enormous stone. He took his place beside me.

The Fiki at once broke into an oration.

"He's boasting about you, Anson," said Tammers. "He's pointing out how healthy you look. He wants to know if you aren't grateful to him for all he's done for you in giving you back your life? I'm telling him, Anson, that you're one of the most grateful giaours in Africa."

But the Fiki was not mollified. His face darkened and lowered.

"It's that magazine," explained Tammers, "One of these chaps found it in your hand while you slept. They always give print the credit of magic."

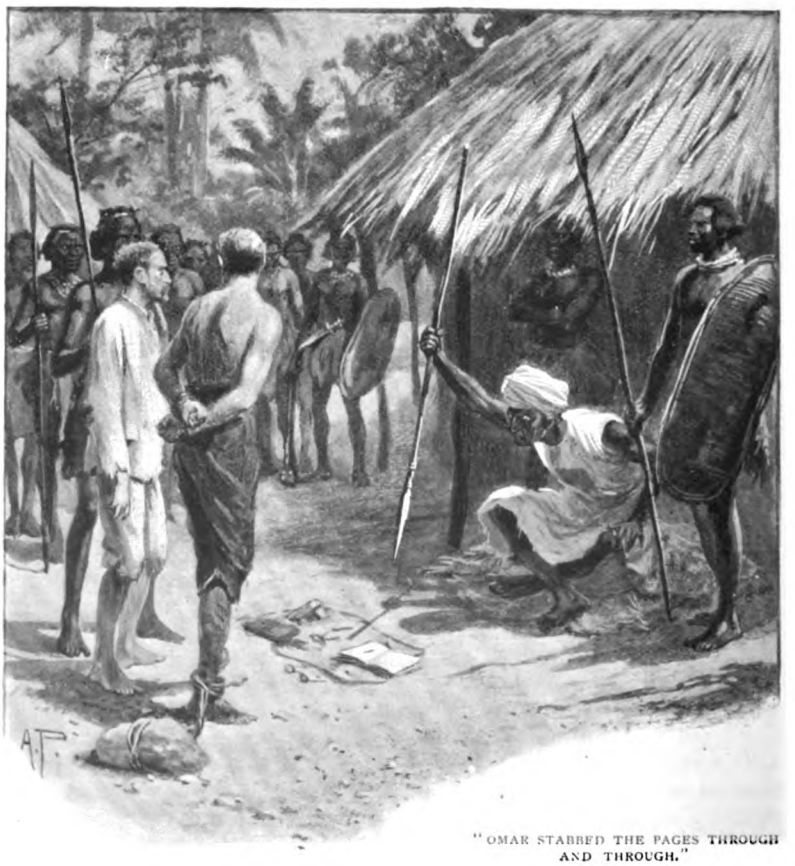
Omar put out his arm and stabbed the pages through and through with his spear. I shivered involuntarily.

"That looks bad," criticised Tammers. "I'm afraid, Anson, that magazine's going to be the death of us."

And indeed it seemed likely.

Omar ibn Farag demanded to know what was written in the book of the Small Unbeliever, and I have reason to think Tammers explained that it was a learned treatise on medicine, much of which had been written by himself.

But this device, which I suspect was meant



"OMAR STABBED THE PAGES THROUGH AND THROUGH."

to exonerate me from any guilt in the matter, proved of no avail. For the Fiki in withdrawing his spear tore open the pages at a full-sized illustration called "Spring," which represented a girl being kissed by a young man under a moon and a haycock. He literally roared aloud.

"He says," translated Tammers, "that it's a beastly immoral book, and that tortures and execution are trifling punishments for such as ourselves to undergo."

I have lived to smile over the recollection, yet even now it is but a painful smile, for it is interwoven with the agonized suspense of the following day and night, while we lay under sentence of a dreadful death, in a close hut, famished and tormented with thirst.

The night wore through, and then the heats of morning and afternoon. Towards evening we were again haled before Omar ibn Farag to undergo, as we believed, our sentence.

But the Fiki spoke at some length. When he ceased Tammers explained: "He says he's made up his mind not to issue our through tickets to torment to-night. That's all right, so far. But we're to be executed with full honours in the course of the next week or so; meanwhile he'll take us to be his personal attendants to do the meaner jobs. Anyway, it's better than—the other, you know, Anson."

IV.

THE days that followed upon that island are burnt in upon my brain. Tammers and I were chained to logs, which we had to drag with us wherever we went. Degradation, insult, and blows rained upon us. It was a pitiable existence. On one occasion we were flogged. I must acknowledge that, in spite of Tammers' optimism, hope in my heart passed from a faint glow to dead blackness.

Under such conditions you will imagine how the long days drag — each one an eternity. The lack of room oppresses you, the monotony wears down your spirit. At precisely the same time of day the same objects throw precisely the same shadows on the brown, foot-trampled dust. In those latitudes the brazen sky of noon changes to a thousand delicate tints of green and gold and rose when the aching sunlight wanes, then night comes, breathless, giving no rest to the worn body, for the mind forbids sleep and horrors brood upon the drowsing senses. Yet it was something to have Tammers at the other end of my chain, with his eternal "*Illi umru tawil bishuf ketir.*"

We now began to perceive that Omar had his own troubles. The brand of convert he had garnered in upon that little island were the crudest savages, steeped in superstition and sodden with tribal customs of a most debasing kind. The ineradicable substrata of negro beliefs flourished beneath the veneer of professing Mohammedanism, and, if they hearkened to the Fiki at sunset, the later hours of the night found them reverting to the full observance of their ancient customs.

The fact was, the Fiki needed a decisive victory to consolidate his power. At this juncture news of Lieutenant Crosland first came to us. He had, it appeared, made a very good defence of it up to date in an entrenched camp some twenty miles to the eastward.

To capture this camp was the Fiki's objective; with which aim in view immense preparations were being made, the Fiki promising supernatural aid in the shape of Jinns and a crowning victory over the Unbelievers. Thus in the early dawn of one morning the savage hordes stepped out with hateful arrogance to conquer.

Tammers and I were left behind. We were thrown into the hut of the Fiki and cheered up by the promise of instant execution when the triumphant troops returned.

During the two days that elapsed between Omar's departure and the next act in our unhappy drama Tammers went through a miscellaneous heap of articles which formed the Fiki's personal share of loot, and which were stored in a corner of the hut.

"There's an ass's load of patent pills here," he remarked, after a while, "and a camera, and some gauze pants, a lot of loose boxes of tooth-powder, and—what's this?"

I looked at him. He was squatting on the ground with a tin in his hand.

"What?" I inquired, lazily.

"Only some stuff for signalling at night."

While he spoke a sudden noise broke out in the village. Our guards rushed in, cut off the ropes that bound us to our respective logs, and dragged us headlong into the open. It was easy to judge from the wild turmoil of talk that something unforeseen and calculated to further rouse feeling against our unlucky selves had happened.

"What is it?" I asked, anxiously.

"They've been driven off by Crosland, and that Fiki says it's because he omitted to kill us before starting that their arms didn't prosper. He's going to make good the

omission, he says, after morning prayers to-morrow."

Of course, I had been expecting this moment, yet it found me unprepared, but Tammers was still far from cowed by the shadow of coming events.

"These people are very sore about being knocked out so often by Crosland's Soudanese. Besides, they've never had their treat of seeing us finished off. The Fiki finds it's awkward after all his promises about the Jinns and phantoms that were to back them up. So now, you see, there are two parties. The two parties'll only vote solid on one thing."

"What's that?"

"Us," replied Tammers, baldly. "Our instant execution!"

A crowd of angry blacks were drawing in about us. My original enemy, the misshapen tribesman, seemed in command. He shouted out some malignant words.

"Hardly-Human there says we're to be taken to the Fiki's camp to-night in readiness——" Tammers broke off, for my enemy, raising his spear-hand, suddenly rushed at me in an access of fury. Tammers thrust himself between us, with a few sharp words in the native tongue. The effect of this was extraordinary. The whole mass fell back, staring at me with a look I could not interpret. Then Tammers turned and, to my amazement, made an elaborate genuflexion before me, saying:—

"Try to rest in the hut; I'm going to have a quiet chat with the chief." He pointed to my special foe.

The heat of the day was passing by the time Tammers joined me.

"That chief Hardly-Human's got some raw spots on him against the Fiki," he began. "I've rubbed red pepper into 'em. He's a bit jealous, because he was chief of this river-island before the Fiki came and got the better of him. Now the tribe find they prefer paganism; and, besides, that Fiki's failed to keep his word about the Jinns, and he's losing his popularity. I advised Hardly-Human to kick out that Fiki."

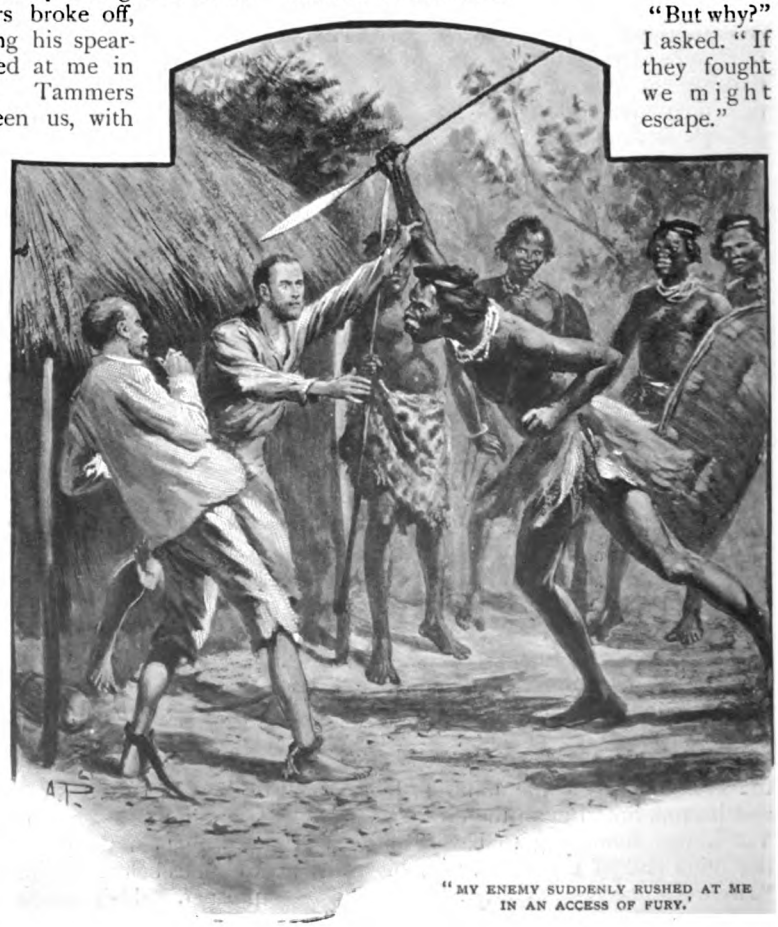
"How is that going to help us?"

Tammers pondered. "According to present arrangements we should be past history in a few hours. But I've an idea, Anson, that'll be one of the most notable things Mrs. Africa's ever seen!"

My heart leaped. I had cause to believe in Tammers, and I wondered what ideas were hatching within that close-cropped bullet-head.

"Hardly-Human's in as tight a place as we are, for the Fiki has twice as many men, and could swamp the revolt without any trouble, and he'd take care to swamp it in blood, too. This was the point I made the most of to the chief."

"But why?" I asked. "If they fought we might escape."



"MY ENEMY SUDDENLY RUSHED AT ME IN AN ACCESS OF FURY."

"Just so. I made it plain to Hardly-Human, you may believe me, Anson, that he'd no chance of conquering that Fiki unless *you* helped him."

"I?" I exclaimed, blankly.

"I told him," went on Tammers, "what a first-class wizard you were. I told him you could help him cut out that Fiki's eye-teeth if you liked. I said you'd influence with Jinns, whose power was several times greater than those the Fiki's friendly with. See?"

I could not see in the least, but I nodded drearily.

"Hardly-Human didn't seem to believe in you much at first, Anson, but I took a high hand with him. My word, I scared him!" He glanced out of the door, and added, hurriedly, "The sun's near setting. Here, Anson, just oblige me by standing in that corner and scowling, will you?"

Men carrying spears now appeared at the door of the hut and gazed at me with an amount of frightened reverence that led me to indulge in the flattering belief that I was scowling with intimidating ferocity. Tammers commenced waving his hands and humming with a reverberant buzz that plainly deepened the effect of my appearance. In obedience to a sign from Tammers, the black men heaped the spears at my feet and followed each other humbly out of the hut.

"Now, Anson, we must turn on steam," said Tammers, as the last of them vanished. "Hardly-Human's coming in half an hour to put your boast to the test."

"How are you going to deceive him?"

"Deceive him?" echoed Tammers, in a shocked tone. "We can't deceive him, Anson. I promised him you'd give him substantial help, and, what's more, you'd see to supplying his followers with fiery spears." He paused to let me take in the notion fully. "You can't go back on a thing like that, you know." He was half reproachful. "You've just got to do it, Anson."

I could only look at him dizzily. The many vicissitudes of our fate had evidently turned his brain.

"Fiery spears?" I murmured, helplessly.

"Look here! These savages are crying for Jinns and ghostly apparatus of that description. You're going to gratify 'em. Lend a hand, Anson." He shuffled among the heap in the corner and produced the mixture for signalling at night, and, picking up a spear, began to apply it to the blade.

Then I saw the splendour of his idea.

"With these fiery spears we're going to make a night attack upon that Fiki. He won't feel very comfortable inside when he sees these coming along through the dark night."

We smeared the spear-heads with the shining stuff as rapidly as possible, and then Tammers drew a bullock-skin over them. Then we sat down to wait for the chief, who soon appeared. Hardly-Human entered the hut, treading delicately, and accompanied by two friends. Eyeing me with some dread, he squatted as far from me as he could, and the interview began.

"I'm telling him," said Tammers to me, "that the Small Wizard—that's you, Anson—has spoken with the spirits. I said at first they refused their aid, for they were angry at the treatment their master—that's you, Anson—had received in this village. Did you see him grovel at that? Now, Anson, you must oblige me by smiling savagely, and I think you'd better gabble with a far-away look in your eyes."

"What language?" I asked. I am a curiously helpless man at an emergency.

"German for choice," suggested Tammers, promptly. "It's a kind of language they'd be likely to talk in Satanic circles."

I gibbered obediently.

Then Tammers took up the tale. He impressed upon the chief and his companions my boundless power, he impressed upon them the awful fact that the Jinns were uncles and aunts to the Small Wizard.

The men cowered and I gibbered again under Tammers' orders.

At length, in the quick-closing gloom, Tammers made his crowning speech.

"The Small-sized Wizard, who is greatly beloved of his uncles and aunts, the Jinns, is merciful. He will aid you as none have ever been aided since men walked the earth. Watch and behold wonders!"

I heard the men groan in terror.

"Now's the climax, Anson. If you could manage a cat-call or so to work up their feelings, you know——"

I carried out my part to the best of my ability. Indeed, I think I may say I caterwauled and waved my shining palms at the panic-stricken men with marked success.

"I think that'll do for 'em as one dose, Anson, thank you," said Tammers at last, and putting his hand under the covering bullock-skin he drew out a gleaming spear.

"Sit still!" he commanded, as the tribesmen huddled together, breathingly audibly. "The hut is full of spirits. You have made proof of the power of the Small-sized Wizard. Here is a spear for you, O Chief,

Father of Warriors; but, before you take it, you must swear. Those of you who lay hands upon the Fiki Omar ibn Farag shall give him over alive to the vengeance of the Small Wizard."

Hardly-Human tremblingly took his oath, and, handling his flaming weapon with fear, rose to depart.

"Call your men, for we march at once. Behold the wondrous workings of the Small Wizard!" He raised the bullock-skin and disclosed the mass of glistening spears.

A few moments later, as we walked in the centre of the column, Tammers remarked to me:—

"I think, Anson, that Fiki's going to be sorry he ever tied that text in his turban and took this trip into Equatoria."

Our guns, which we took care to recover, were borne behind us, while I, for the look of the thing, carried a shining club, which, by Tammers' directions, I brandished at intervals. The tribesmen sang softly as they marched on, for, though confident of victory, they were terribly afraid.

Our procession must have made a panorama new to Africa. From where I walked the scene ahead was a striking one, the ghostly blue-fire spears waving in a broken line through the darkness.

As we approached the British camp the sound of the guns grew louder, telling of the unended fight going forward.

"That Fiki's got a night attack on," explained Tammers, "and he's promised Jinns to his people to back 'em up. We'll, maybe, be mistaken for those Jinns at first, and before they know where they are we'll show 'em they've got hold of the wrong end of the stick—and the dirty end, too."

Presently we emerged from the forest land, and began to advance more rapidly towards the scene of the fight. With a hideous battle-cry, our men broke into a run. The Fiki's warriors, hearing the noise, looked round, and, terrified by the spectacle of blazing spears, carried by unseen hands, bearing down upon them from the outer gloom, began to retreat in some disorder. In vain the Fiki shouted encouragement and threats. A few only of the braver spirits closed up round him.

Then with a clash the battle joined in the vague night. A torch here and there added to the weird effect, and in five minutes it was over.

Meantime, Tammers and I had made for the Fiki. By the light of a torch I saw Tammers spring forward and twist his long arms round the fanatic's body. A fierce struggle ensued, for both men were of unusual strength. A couple of Omar's followers rushed to his help.

"Slog them on the head with your club, Anson," shouted Tammers. And as the twisted knot of men reeled conveniently towards me I did what execution I could with the utmost cheerfulness.

It was soon over, and the Fiki was translated from the leader of a formidable combination of tribes into a helpless prisoner.

Tammers was wounded, so was the Fiki; but as I busied myself with rough surgery I had time to notice that, though the spears of our party still rose and fell, their brightness was dimmed in blood. Most of our opponents were already in full flight through the darkness. Hardly-Human, having once got the upper hand, consummated the affair in strict adherence with the most approved tribal methods, so that it was grey dawn before the pursuers returned from their work of extermination.

Those in the British camp were much perplexed, we afterwards learned, by the sudden withdrawal of the attacking force, but guessed that some inter-tribal quarrel had broken out. Crosland only waited for the light to make a sortie, judging the opportunity to be favourable. He advanced with caution through the mist of dawn, until he came upon a sight that puzzled him.

A ragged man, his face half hidden in a bloody cloth, seated upon the body of another man, and flying a small Union Jack.

"Halloa! Who on earth are you?" exclaimed the young officer.

"This," said Tammers, pointing to me, "is Mr. Anson, my distinguished friend from London, but for the moment Great Wizard of the Galua tribe."

Crosland stared at me in wonder. "And you?"

"My name's Tammers."

"Ah!"—it was a comprehensive syllable—"you've got a prisoner there?"

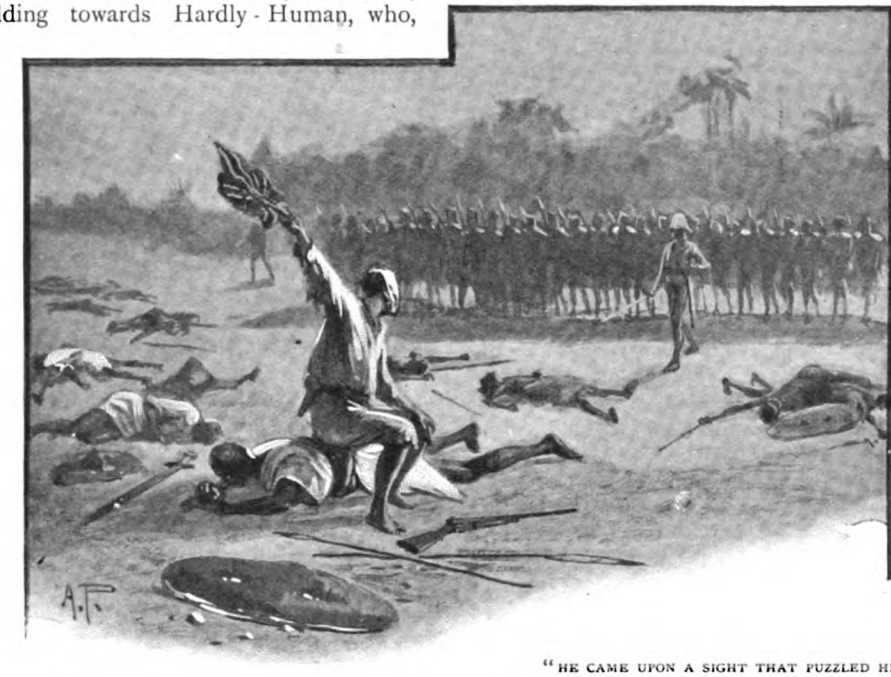
"You ought to know who this is, though he's not looking his best to-day." Tammers gently patted the shaven crown over the fierce wild eyes of his captive. "It's your friend the Fiki Omar ibn Farag."

Crosland's face became a study. He stepped up and shook Tammers cordially by the hand.

"I congratulate you," he said, "and I may as well say that, if you hadn't relieved us

to-day, there would have been little use in coming to-morrow."

"I suppose we *are* the relieving force. That man there with the face," he added, nodding towards Hardly-Human, who,



"HE CAME UPON A SIGHT THAT PUZZLED HIM."

carrying the marks of conquest thick upon him, certainly merited the nickname, "is our chief ally. Well, sir, though we're the relieving force, just now we'd like to be relieved. You see, I can't get up until we truss this fellow a bit tighter. He might make off, you know, and I've orders to bring him back to Cairo."

And now I must ask you to pass over some weeks. We found the General encamped near the White Nile. His horse was being led up and down by an orderly, and as we were ushered into his presence he looked at his watch.

"Ah, Mr. Tammers, any news of Crosland?"

"He's outside, sir."

"Can you add anything to this?" He glanced towards the map showing the Fiki's route.

"I think there's another man could do it more accurately than I."

"Very well. Send in Lieutenant Crosland," was the curt order.

"It isn't Lieutenant Crosland," put in Tammers.

"Who, then?"

"That Fiki, sir."

"The Fiki? Where is he?"

"Outside, sir."

The General laid down his riding-gloves.

"Let me hear how you did it—in fifty words."

As Tammers briefly told the story the tent-flap was raised and another officer entered.

The General listened impassively, but when Tammers reached the stratagem of the fiery spears he glanced across at the new-comer with the flash of a smile in his stern eyes.

"Unless I am mistaken, Mr. Tammers, that letter of recommendation you brought me puzzled you?" he said. "Here is the writer to answer for himself."

The new-comer shook hands with Tammers and laughed.

"In my letters I try to give an idea of what a man is good for," he explained. "When I gave you that blank sheet what do you suppose I guaranteed you could do?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Or—anything."

The General nodded.

Sovereigns I Have Met.

By Hélène Vacaresco.

I.—QUEEN VICTORIA.

[Mademoiselle Hélène Vacaresco, the author of the most interesting series of articles which we have made arrangements to set before our readers, is Maid of Honour to the Queen of Roumania, and her projected marriage with the Crown Prince of Roumania a few years ago formed a romance which is not yet forgotten. Mademoiselle Vacaresco is well known as a poet of distinguished merit. Her *Chants d'Aurore* was crowned by the French Academy, and her *Roumanian Ballads* obtained the Jules Favre Prize, a rare distinction accorded to women only. Among the Sovereigns of whom Mademoiselle Vacaresco will give her reminiscences are Queen Alexandra and the German Emperor.]

HOWEVER numerous and interesting may be the descriptions made by personages who have come in touch with the Great Queen; however thrilling the narratives in connection with her public and private life, still everyone who has had the honour of approaching this illustrious lady may feel justified in hoping that much more remains to be told of one whose every movement and whose every word now belong to history. I am not afraid, therefore, to appear daring, or to lack modesty and common sense, when I say that my own experience of Queen Victoria's kindness and intellectual power may prove a novelty even to those who have read the innumerable books and biographies that have been written about her.

MLLE. VACARESCO.
From a Photo. by Franz Mándy, Bucharest.

All the circumstances of our journey to England, whither I accompanied Queen Elizabeth of Roumania ("Carmen Sylva"), are so alive in my mind that I am scarcely able to realize how far off those days are now — beyond our reach for ever. Methinks I see the little station of Ballater, gaily decorated with foliage and wild flowers, as our Royal train rushed in, then came to a sudden stop in front of the eternal red carpet. In fact, red carpets and white gloves are so associated with official receptions, so familiar and loathsome to travelling Royalty, that "Carmen Sylva" always says, "Oh, what would my travels be, how joyous and charming, without those obnoxiously new red carpets and those white gloves! What would I not give to see stones and bare hands before me!"

Methinks I hear the shrill notes of the bagpipes as the Highland soldiers burst upon us, playing a merry salute. The doors of our compartment are flung open; the Prince of Wales mounts a few steps and helps the Queen to alight. We well know that everything will pass off in the conventional ceremonious way which renders Royal interviews so much like each other; every movement, every syllable is studied and decided beforehand; everyone seems most delighted, and declares this moment to be eventful and entrancing. How natural, how free from constraint, how simple and actually sincere they all seem while accomplishing the dismal duty! How difficult even for the closest observer to detect the slightest hesitation or a passing shade of annoyance on the well-trained countenances; how impossible, if one is not aware of the truth, to discover that the conversations obey the same unflinching rule and cannot vary; how striking the merit appears of those who give to them such a semblance of life that sometimes Princes themselves forget they are playing a part! Now, as a matter of course, all these ceremonies and salutes are a serious drawback when some of the people present have the secret intention of gathering infor-

mation ; when they are bent on some psychological inquiry dear to that spirit of philosophy which every true soul carries everywhere. The visages, serene and courteous, wear a silken mask ; and, like the red carpet and the white gloves, a glare and gloss are cast upon things—whose nakedness would be too apparent—and make them perfectly monotonous.

" Don't you believe it is always the same red carpet that we see at every station where I must alight ? " asks the Queen.

Yet we feel obliged to confess that much leisure and agreeable freedom are obtained by the facilities attendant on Royal arrivals. No porter to scream after, no anxiety about the luggage, no rough old gentleman to elbow his way just between one's innocent self and a foot-lamp, no grating quarrels—in fact, none of the thousand nuisances that often change the station of a big city into a corner of Dante's hell.

So there we were, in the grey mist of a raw September morning, bowing and curtsying right and left. This was for the moment our only serious duty; and when we had done so for at least ten minutes, in a methodical and, I must say, most elegant way, we could easily look round and try to recognise all the illustrious personages who had come to meet us. These were the Princess of Wales, the Princess Henry of Battenberg, her husband, Prince Henry, the late Duke of Clarence, and Princess Victoria of Wales. Our Queen walked lightly from one to the other, and, leaning on the arm which the Prince of Wales had proffered, they now exchanged quite a volley of affectionate compliments.

" How kind of you to have come so far ! We really did not dare ask you to come."

" But how could I be twelve hours' distant from Queen Victoria without doing my utmost to see her ? "

" But we really are so agreeably surprised, so charmed to greet you here. Till the very last moment we were afraid you would not make the journey."

Yet we were all aware that the meeting between Roumania's Queen and the Queen of England had been arranged long before we left Roumania.

I was convinced that I would see very little of Queen Victoria during the two days that we were to spend at Balmoral, and I had already made plans for scouring the Highland hills and glens, in the company of the amiable ladies-in-waiting whose acquaintance we had just made, and who spoke gaily of their drives and walks. When I bent low over the Queen's proffered hand, my sole idea was to cast a hasty glance at her face. My glance quickly took in the whole countenance —the clear azure of her childish eyes, the complexion rosy, instead of red as I had always supposed her skin to be, and the extreme candour of her looks and smile; an expression so strange in the physiognomy of an aged grandmother that I kept pondering over the fact, and immediately wrote in my *journal de voyage:* " La reine a un visage limpide — ses rides sont jeunes." (The Queen's wrinkles are young.)

My expectations were completely deceived ; no leisure was left for an afternoon in the forest or the park round the castle, as we were told after luncheon that the Queen invited us all to tea. This was a treat indeed ; the hours fled swiftly as we sat in the billiard-room talking away and hearing the ladies relate all about the Court of England, while in our turn we described the customs of our own. There is ever between *dames d'honneur* an exchange of opinions regarding etiquette which constitutes a subject of conversation quite unknown to other circles of society. In this I always found the greatest amusement, as personal feelings and inveterate patriotism ever enter the lists, and it is seldom that the friendly talk ends without some acrimony on both sides, each party being always intent on proving the superiority of its Court and Sovereign. The typical *hof-dame*, however, only exists in Germany. In England the ladies who have the honour of attending upon their Queen still preserve sentiments, opinions, and nerves of their own ; whereas German Court ladies soon become machines, give themselves up blindly to their duty, and preserve so little of their individuality that it is impossible to distinguish one of them from another. They are not human beings ; they are an imitation bent upon maintaining propriety, fine manners, and the humble conviction that the distance is immense which separates a King from his subjects.

Prince Henry of Battenberg came himself to apprise us that tea would soon be served, and he showed us the way to the Queen's drawing-room. We followed duly upon his steps, and when he opened a door we found ourselves in the presence of the Royal Family. All the Princesses were standing ; Queen Victoria alone sat in a large arm-chair. She makes a slight movement as we advance towards her, and asks whether we have not found our first day in the Highlands too

dreary and too long. Her voice is clear, though not very strong; the French syllables tremble a little, yet she speaks the language well, with a very slight accent. She knows she can address me in English.

"Take a chair and sit by my side," she says, waving the others away, and showing them a sofa not far off. I find that the chair must be close by, but I am short-sighted and in great confusion, so remain motionless while Princess Beatrice, who pities my embarrassed countenance, wheels a chair and places me somewhat behind the Queen, but still very near, where I shall be able to see and hear her every movement, her very breathing. To hear the breathing of a living creature, to listen eagerly for the regular return of the slight sound, has ever impressed me with an emotion deeper than that which the heaving of the sea or the pulsations of a clock can give. Thus, while listening to the faint movements of that gentle breast, my thoughts flew towards the moment when thousands would hang anxiously on the feeble sighs which announced the approach of death. I pictured to myself what the nations and the whole world would say when the blood, stirred into action by the weak breathing whose cadence now stirred my hair, would be growing older and older, and when the shadows of mourning would fall upon the kingdoms and empires far heavier than the shadows of night. Then the high meaning and symbolism of monarchy burst upon my soul as I sat there so near the Queen; and I smiled to see how different from my vagaries were the surroundings, how familiar and old-fashioned the aspect of the faded drawing-room, the tints of the huge furniture, whose coverings had not been changed for years; how quaint and even rustic the few trifling objects that decorated the shelves and tables. No trace of grandeur, no hint of the exalted state of the illustrious owner lurked there. Through the open window a sharp evening wind was beginning to blow right in our faces; the twilight hour was fast coming. Still, the hills were fair to look upon in the silvery rays of the wet atmosphere. The Queen of Roumania and the Duchess of Albany merrily turned over the leaves of a large music album and pointed out their favourite songs to a beautiful young girl who stood by the open piano. The unknown appeared neither moved nor fluttered. The clear and perfect lines of her profile, her cold smile, and the respectful silence with which she received the eager words of the Royal ladies made a striking contrast with their playful condescension, and I could not make out who the fine girl was till Princess Beatrice advanced towards her mother and said:—

"Mamma, she will sing three songs—Elizabeth has chosen them. I am told her voice is excellent and well trained."

"Is it really so? You know, dear, she has to be a good singer, a perfect artist, if she sings before Elizabeth," answered Queen Victoria; and I comprehended that no small anxiety was felt by the august hostess on account of our own Queen's musical gifts and reputation.

"Yes, mamma, you may be perfectly quiet. Helen (the Duchess of Albany) and my husband have heard her sing this morning. Are you well seated, mother? Does not the light disturb you?" And into the eyes of the Princess Beatrice came a look of unutterable tenderness and solicitude. She was at that time a woman in the prime of robust and healthy womanhood; her lips and her eyes spoke of happiness, and her cordial smile, her fine figure, her amiable conversation, and, above all, the unceasing care she took to make everyone at ease and content, rendered her most attractive.

"Mamma, don't you think she should begin to sing?" she asked. "Just a little song to begin with. Henry, go and tell her to sing the shortest of the three little songs."

"But Alsa has not come yet," said the Queen. "I will have no singing till Alsa is here. Of course, the young girl will be as delighted to sing before Alsa as before myself." The voice of the Queen lingered caressingly on the name "Alsa." She alluded to Alexandra, the Princess of Wales, and as she laid particular stress on the last sentences a sense of the grandeur which had hitherto been missing in the scene took hold of me—not because of mere affection, the attachment of a mother to her daughter-in-law, but because of the instinctive homage rendered by the actual Queen to the future Queen-Consort, a tribute of respect to the Heiress of the Throne, the lady on whom the hopes of the realm were centred. The proud consciousness of her own grandeur already reflected in the grandeur of the dynasty lit up Queen Victoria's eyes and gave those few broken sentences a signification which went far beyond their apparent meaning.

"Of course, Alsa knows she must come; but as Bertie (the Prince of Wales) is going off by the five o'clock train and she accom-

panies him to the station, she will be somewhat late, perhaps. So, if it please you, the young girl will sing immediately."

"No singing for the moment," replied the Queen. "We will wait for the Princess of Wales." And to cut short all further remark, while the Queen of Roumania lightly touched the open pianoforte and delighted the Princesses who lingered near by playing some Roumanian airs, Queen Victoria turned her head towards me and beckoned me to pull my chair still nearer. There was a gentle calmness in her gesture, and, in fact, all that now happened appeared to be at the same time as strange and as familiar as those dreams whose goodwill takes us back to the spots we have cherished and are sure never to see again.

Her Majesty questioned me closely as to my musical tastes and preferences. When I mentioned that my favourite composers were Mozart and Wagner she said:—

"How wide apart lie your ideals! I am so fond of music myself; and I love reading the biographies of the great musicians. They all have had such sad and thrilling experiences. I have till quite lately played on the piano, and even practised whenever I found time enough to do so, because I ever remember the happy days when my darling husband opened the instrument himself and led me to the music-stool, and then opened a book of Mendelssohn—he loved Mendelssohn—and pointed out the passages he wanted to hear. Now I am rather ashamed to play, I am such an old woman. One day one of my youngest granddaughters caught me practising and laughed outright. 'Why, grandmamma, how can *you* practise now, and what for?' Her remark struck me. . . . I left off playing for some time. But then, you see, my dear husband taught me to love all things beautiful and good—I learnt to seek them for his sake—now I return to them often in memory of him. You cannot guess to what extent my life is interwoven with the life of the dead. I only feel alive when in close communion with the dead. My prayers lead me toward them. Their spirits and their power guide me. I am sure that the dead we have loved pray constantly in favour of the living."

THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA.
From a Photo. by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond, taken about the time of Mad-moiselle Vacaresco's visit.

I then took occasion to relate to Her Majesty how tender and true was the love which the villagers in Roumania bestow on their dead, and how many touching ceremonies and songs point out this particular trait of our national instincts. The Queen said:—

"I am beginning to get quite fond of Roumania. Roumania is happy, indeed, to possess such a Queen as yours. I never could have believed before meeting her that I was liable to get so rapidly attached to a mere stranger. Everything she says and does is charming. I am so attracted by her goodness, her intelligence. And what a voice she has! She must be idolized in your country, is she not? I beg of you to tell everyone who may take any interest in your visit to Scotland that I admire your Queen exceedingly. I want her and her subjects to know it. I am not of an enthusiastic nature, nor does my temperament impel me to exaggerate. This time I am enthusiastic and lyrical—how queer the words sound on my lips those who have not lived by my side cannot understand." The light blue eyes looked into mine more and more

as if they sought in my soul the secrets of my race and of the distant land from which I came. "Tell me more about Roumania," she said. "It is a country whose mysteries authors and guide-books have not yet exhausted. I am astonished to see that English travellers do not often seek pleasure and exotic surprises in your country. Do write a book on Roumania—invite the English to your native land; they do much good to all the lands whose climate and vegetation lure them to long excursions and frequent sojourn. Just think how much Italy and Switzerland owe to the English! Do call them to the banks of the Danube—I would be *so* pleased to observe the result, and I have many reasons for wishing it. They only like those parts of the globe in which they can create history, or call to life again historical deeds long forgotten. So search your history well through, stir up your sleeping heroes, and the English will come to you. But you must offer them trout-fishing and mountain-climbing besides. Some of your national legends remind me of Indian folk-lore. I am studying Hindustani just now. Don't laugh—I am very old, but I have always lived up to a precept which I advise you to remember: 'We must always live as if we were immortal.'"

In my opinion all the power and bliss of Queen Victoria's life and influence are explained by those words. With a quiet, melancholy smile she added:—

"Then will death come to us like a radiant surprise, a most wonderful and unlooked-for boon; then will the joy of seeing again those we have loved be most startling and complete."

A slight rustling, a composed and soft sound filled the room, and Queen Victoria tried to rise as she sought the help of her thick ebony walking-cane. All the other persons were standing, as, beautifully clad in a dark red velvet gown, her small head illumined by a haze of gold, the swan-like whiteness of her visage and bare arms visible in the dimness of the silvery twilight, with steps that glided as softly as the sea foam on the beach, the Princess of Wales advanced and, fondly embracing the aged Queen, arranged the folds of the black dress and replaced the ebony cane on the arm of the chair, as her mother-in-law said in low tones:—

"Dear child, we have been looking forward to your presence. I have invited a young and lovely Irish girl to sing some Irish songs. Beatrice says she has an excellent voice. I want Elizabeth to be pleased. We are one and all delighted with Elizabeth. But I am talking away and the girl must begin to sing."

Then the young voice went forth pure and powerful, while all the rest of the room lay in darkness; two candles only flickered on the piano and stood out like big pins of light. The young voice wandered on, like a rush of warriors in the glare of the rising sun, then moaned over the bleeding throng, and returned bruised and weary under the cold gaze of the moon. Ever and anon a piercing cry came from the harmonious lips. These were the songs of wild, rebellious Erin, the clamour of her soul shrieking for liberty lifted up in rebellion and woe. A solemn stillness had fallen upon the august listeners, on the group of mighty lords and ladies, as the voice threw out its imperious flood of protestations and defiance, thrusting its music into the silence of that hallowed room like the flash of a spear.

We all knew that the hour was one of great import to the young singer, perhaps the hour which would decide all her after-life—the culminating point of her career and her fate. She sang in the presence of her Queen, and as the silvery notes dashed through the azure twilight we thought we could hear the mad throbbings of her heart, the beatings of her blood against temples and veins. All at once the headlong cadence fell and died away; a few words were muttered, words carefully enveloped in hushed tones amid the empty spaces; yet the contrast between the Irish girl's excitement, the extraordinary force and talent she had displayed, and the apparent coldness with which her rendering of the song was received, would have seemed cruel had not the Princess of Wales approached the instrument and kindly complimented the beautiful artist, whose strikingly clear and hard profile seemed cut out clearly by the side of the soft, fair visage that smiled encouragingly and spoke thanks for all.

"Carmen Sylva" in her turn said: "How well you sing, madam, and how very near your heart this music must be, because I cannot suppose anyone could offer us a nobler specimen of the Irish fervour and emotions."

The lamps had been brought, but large shades prevented them from bathing the whole room with light, and most of the people present remained invisible. Suddenly, in loud, distinct tones, Queen Victoria said:—

"I want to hear 'The Wearing of the Green.'"

The title bore no signification whatever to our ears, but an uncomfortable murmur floated through the auditors, and I could even discern a few whispered words such as: "Oh, no, impossible . . . here . . ." However, the Queen repeated her request.

"Sing that song, please. I wish to hear it very much indeed. Will you do that for me?"

"Yes, madam," answered the beautiful Irish girl, firmly. Her face was set and her eyes shone with a strange glow. From the very instant that she began to sing I grasped the meaning of the constraint and awed indignation with which the Queen's proposition had been received. In the full glare of a neighbouring lamp the lovely young woman, whose features were now fully revealed in the glory of an audacious perfection, began to sing. Her voice swelled out in accents as fiery and dishevelled as the flames of some lurid torches, as glittering and furious as the harsh cries of multitudes raised up by wrath to a pitch of passion —fearful and magnificent indeed.

From a Photo. by] THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA. *[F. Mändy.*

The song she sang was a popular anthem, a shriek for mercy and pity, a defiant challenge from the weak to the strong, something startling and appalling like a thunderbolt that falls on the bosom of the tempestuous sea and awakens thousands of echoes from its billows. All these waves of vengeance, all the screams, all the withering rage which that young voice poured forth came dying like foam at the feet of the quiet Queen. Once again I saw that peculiar expression in her eyes; that expression of freshness and limpidity, as if those eyes were made of wind and water, and could blow away and wipe out every tear, every anguish, every one of the complaints and the woes uttered by the desperate song. It was evidently hastening towards its end — the stanzas quickened their faltering pace, and each measure was full to the brim of vehement desire for justice and victory. We were then one and all wrapped up in the same thought: what would we say after the young girl had ceased — who would dare to break the silence this time? What would follow? When the dreaded pause came we almost held our breath; no word was spoken, no sound heard. Then an incident unexpected and charming took place. With dignified yet joyful alacrity the Queen of Roumania knelt by the side of Queen Victoria's huge chair and, taking both her hands caressingly between her own, said:—

"What a very great Queen you must be, and how sure of the affection of your subjects, to be able to hear such a song sung in your presence! In fact, were you not really a great Queen, no one would ever have dared to obey you to-day."

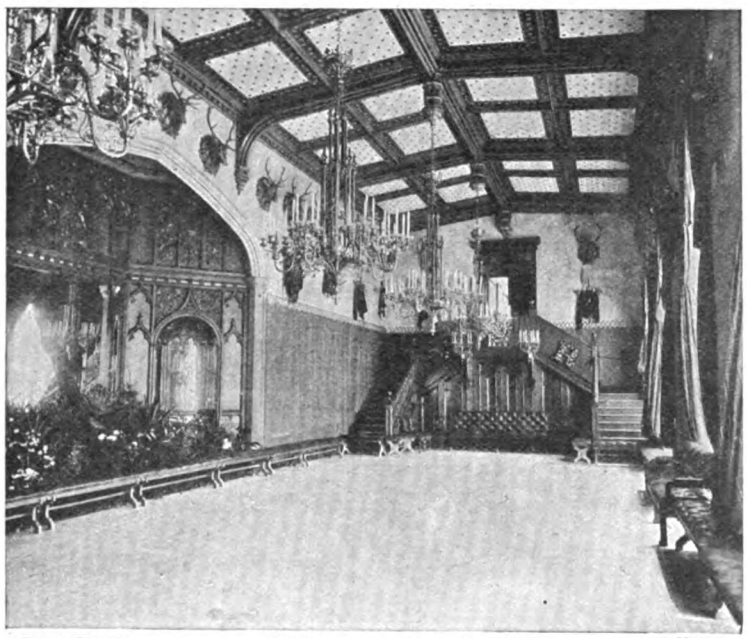
"But the song is splendid," said Queen Victoria, "and I wanted you to hear it. Besides, I am very fond of the Irish, you may be sure of that," and, turning towards the young girl, "I thank you with all my heart, my dear. You have given me great pleasure, and been the occasion of my receiving, from the Queen of Roumania, a compliment which I shall never forget."

At dinner I was seated by the side of the Duke of Clarence, not far from the Queen, whose right-hand neighbour was "Carmen

Sylva." The Princess of Wales beamed radiantly upon us from the opposite side of the table on the left of her Royal mother-in-law. Queen Victoria spoke little, but followed the conversation with evident interest.

"Mamma," said the Princess of Wales, "look well at Mlle. Vacaresco and try to remember whom she is like—remember Florence and the ladies you have seen there. *I* judge of the likeness from a photograph."

Queen Victoria's glance rested on my face. "Yes, Alsa, dear, I see what, or rather whom, you mean. But would Mlle. Vacaresco care about resembling that lady, almost one of her countrywomen? I have noticed when abroad that people belonging to the same race appear to be very like each other."



From a Photo. THE BALL-ROOM, BALMORAL. [*by Morgan.*

"The lady we allude to is very handsome," said the Princess of Wales to me, with ready tact, "so you need not be offended."

"Surely, dear, that lady is handsome, much handsomer than you, my child. I guess you already know to whom I refer. Yet I read disappointment in your face. You do not like the idea of being compared to her?"

I bowed in mute acquiescence. The Queen continued:—

"Her face is beautiful, it is true, but it lacks life and expression, which yours does not, though less striking and harmonious. And you prefer wearing your soul in your face to any perfection that beauty can confer—I would do the same in your place. I do not like vacuous visages and stagnant physiognomy, yet the ideal in England and most of the north countries is in favour of a countenance well-bred and drilled to hide every emotion—even the natural curiosity of an intellect athirst for knowledge and comprehension. And southern poets would laugh outright at *our* heroines, whose secret aspirations no one can read in face or gesture."

When we passed into the drawing-room after the meal the conversation around us waxed rapid and full of spirit, though in a key of discreet undertone. Lord Cross was at that moment the Minister in attendance on the Queen, and he related to us that in the morning he had worked hard with Her Majesty, as he was the one member in the Cabinet who had the management of the Indies. "So you are the Minister for India?" said I. "Oh! then you might accomplish my warmest dream. I wish to be Vice-Queen of India in my own right, if only for a few days. I wish to ride on a white elephant who would kneel to drink in the Ganges; to see the land of splendour and diamonds, the land of fakirs and temples innumerable. Oh! I have hesitated long between the attractions exercised on my imagination by extremely modern and excessively old civilizations, by the two opposite poles of the world as to history and religion. I had ardently desired to become Empress of the United States—Empress of North America altogether. But since I am here, and such a good opportunity is offered me, why, I prefer the Indies."

At this Lord Cross laughed, and we took up the sentence and repeated the words, "Empress of the United States!" in tones so shrill that all the company were startled, and to our great confusion *our* Queen put a finger on her lips, while the Princess of Wales smiled approval, saying:—

"Oh, no, do not stop; the Queen likes young people to be merry. Look, here is my mother, who comes to inquire into the cause of your mirth."

Surely the Princess was right. Queen Victoria herself came up to Lord Cross and asked:—

"What have these little girls been saying which makes you all so gay, Lord Cross? May I not know?"

"Certainly, madam. Here is a young lady who desires me to ask your Majesty to name her Vice-Queen of India for a few days, or even a few hours."

"What for?" asked the Queen, in an amused and eager way.

I explained my childish day-dream and how often I had longed to see and visit thoroughly the distant realm of light, the empire whose gentle, placid Empress stood before me, modestly clad in a plain black silk gown.

"These stones are from India," said the Queen, as she pointed to the huge diamond necklace that glittered on her bosom. "A gift from the town of Bombay. You are right, my child," she continued. "Like you, I have had a longing to see those lands so marvellous and far away. I am the ruler, but I have no more than you enjoyed the sight of my subjects, of the beauteous cities and the rivers where big elephants kneel to drink. Your wish will be granted. You are a poet, so you will have all that you desire. Sleep quietly this night, and while you sleep I will sign an invisible decree which will give you the power to fly towards the distant paradise of your taste and be a Queen there, and play with the birds and rubies and possess them all much more than I possess them myself."

"Is your Majesty aware," interposed Lord Cross, "that Mlle. Vacaresco had just thought of becoming Empress of the United States?'

"Oh, what a singular, what an unexpected title!" exclaimed the Queen. "I am grateful to have heard these extraordinary words coupled together: Empress—United States. Is it a presage? Oh, how could it come about? The United States an empire! Could you live to see that?" The Queen stood dumb-struck, plunged in serious thought; then turned away slowly, still muttering: "Empress of the United States. What an extraordinary idea! What a title! Is it a prophecy?—the United States a monarchy!"

"My mother wishes you to remember all your life that you have spent your birthday with her," said Princess Beatrice, next morning, as I entered her drawing-room. "Your Queen has told us that this is your birthday," and the Princess pointed to a big volume on the table. "This is the Queen's 'Journal.' She has written a dedication and her autograph on the flyleaf."

I ran up to my room with my treasure. In the corridor I was startled to meet Queen Victoria herself, and I endeavoured to thank her.

"Please don't," said the Queen. "I have a boon to ask from you. I want you to write some verses of yours in an album, verses appropriate to the book. But I am keeping you here. Run upstairs; you must have letters to write, and I am also in a hurry."

"My maid is lucky to-day, madam," said I. "She has had but one idea since she left Roumania—to catch a glimpse of Queen Victoria, and there she is at the end of the gallery, looking at your Majesty with greedy eyes."

"I will say a word to her, poor thing," and before I could prevent the Queen from taking such trouble she had briskly walked towards the terrified maid and was actually saying to her:—

"I have come to ask you whether you like my home and whether you have all you require here?"

The woman, whose utterance was choked by tears of gratitude, could find no answer, and when the Queen turned to go she saw that my own eyes were moist.

The Queen took leave of us in the evening. "We shall see so little of each other to-morrow morning. Do not forget Balmoral. I will send my album up to your room, and remember that what you will write in it will create a lasting link between the ancient Queen of England and the Roumanian poet-girl."

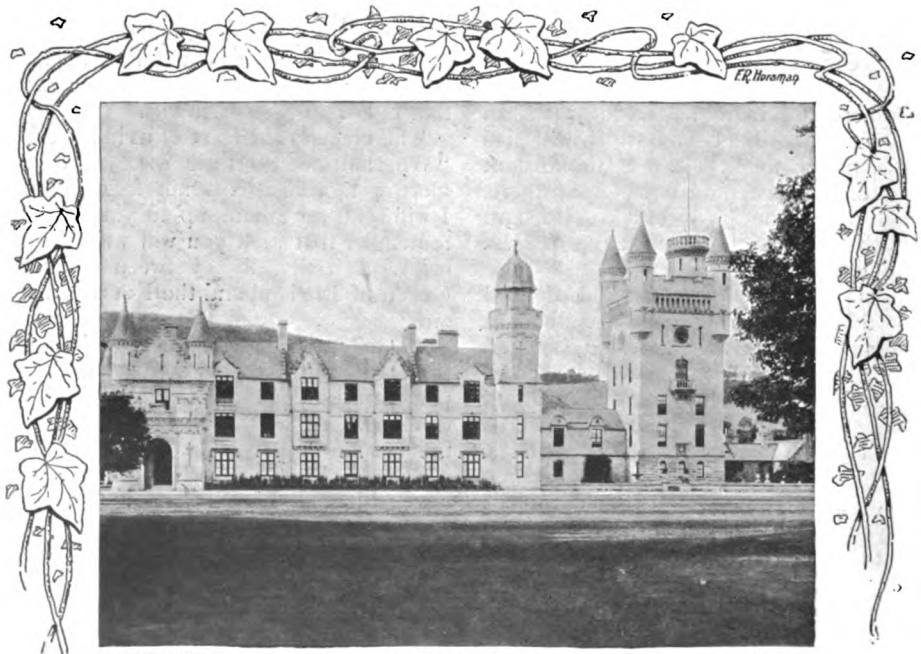
I sat alone in my chamber pondering over the events of the past two days, and I felt a pang at the thought of leaving the hospitable dwelling. Around me, one by one, the inmates of the castle had retired and were sinking to sleep. There I stood in the darkness with folded hands and a heart full of veneration and regret. A slight tap at the door roused me, and an usher walked in, bearing a black leather book. A tiny key fell from its lock as I tried to open it. I lit my lamp and entered into communion with the slumbering souls whose memory lingered there. The book was a cemetery, and as the passing winds wakened the murmur of leaves around the graves, so as I turned the pages

a rustling sound aroused the dead—I knew them almost all by name. Here was the Emperor Frederick III., and his last letter and a drawing of his tomb; here, too, the Grand Duchess of Hesse, verses written by her hand, and several letters from her; here also memorial stones were represented which bore the names of all those whom the Queen had mourned and loved—the same tribute was paid to the humblest as to the great. A few verses from "In Memoriam" were written in Tennyson's own hand; a tender missive from the mother of the Queen to her daughter; withered flowers, a tuft of heather taken from the wedding bouquet presented by Prince Albert to his wife, and two of the flowers that had been placed under his hand before he was laid in his coffin—all the homage rendered by a soul anchored in the harbours of faith and hope, to the souls who travel and float in eternal bliss, was rendered between the pages of that moving little book. My whole night was spent in its perusal. The small volume completed the high features of Queen Victoria's portrait in my mind.

"You have written exactly what I wished you to write," she said, when I stooped over her hand the next morning in the white hall of Balmoral Castle, and Her Majesty gently kissed my forehead, saying: "Thank you for *their* sake and for mine."

So we passed away from the stately and familiar castle. The mists were so thin that the whole landscape danced before our eyes. I turned my head and looked behind, and lost not from my sight the massive tower where the standard of England floated.

Something trembled in my thoughts, something that waved to and fro like the glorious standard whose vivid colour soared so high. Something spoke in my heart and questioned and said: Have I not seen two women in one, and two Queens in a single Queen, and which of the two women must the English prefer? The grandmother, ever alive to receive and distribute affection, or the quiet guardian of the little cemetery, of the small black book that I had so much loved? And which of the two Queens is the truest Queen—the one who toils till midnight, till the abundant oil in her lamp is spent, and allows no fault or flaw in her Government to be overlooked, or the indulgent Sovereign who listened in serene enjoyment to the rebellious song that had endeavoured to kindle revolutions? I had seen two women in one—two Queens in a single Queen.



From a Photo. BALMORAL CASTLE. *[by Morgan.*

Chrystal's Century.

By E. W. Hornung.

IT really began in the pavilion up at Lord's, since it was off Tuthill that most of the runs were made, and during an Eton and Harrow match that the little parson begged him to play. They had been in the same Harrow eleven some eighteen years before. The Rev. Gerald Osborne had afterwards touched the hem of first-class cricket, while Tuthill, who captained a minor county, was still the very finest second-class bowler in England.

"Who's it against?" asked Tuthill, with a suspicious glint in his clear eye; for if he was not good enough for first-class cricket, third-class was not good enough for him.

"A man who's made his pile and bought himself a place near Stangrove; they let him have a week in August on the school-ground, and I run the side against him for the last match."

"Decent wicket, then?" said Tuthill, with a critical eye upon the Eton bowling.

"I shouldn't wonder if you found it a bit fiery," said the crafty priest, with a timely memory of Tuthill's happiest hunting-ground. "And they'll put you up and do you like a Coronation guest."

"I don't care twopence about the doing," said Tuthill. "Will they keep my analysis?"

"I'll guarantee it, Tuttles," said the little parson. And Tuthill consulted the diary of a conscientious cricketer.

"I can," said he, "and I don't see why I shouldn't. I was coming up for the Oval Test in any case. It will only mean taking another day or two while I am about it. You can put me down."

"And rely on you?" added the other, as one whose fortune was too good to be true.

"My dear Jerry," cried Tuttles, with characteristic emphasis, "I never chucked a match in all my life! It's a promise, and I'll be there if no one else is. But who is this sporting pal of yours? I suppose he has a name?"

Osborne went out of his way to applaud a somewhat inferior stroke by the Harrow boy who was making all the runs.

"TUTHILL CONSULTED THE DIARY OF A CONSCIENTIOUS CRICKETER."

"As a matter of fact," he finally confessed, "he was at school with us, though you probably don't remember him. His name's Chrystal."

Copyright in America, 1903, by E. W. Hornung.

"Not old Ginger Chrystal?"

"I believe they did call him Ginger. I don't remember him at school."

"But I do! He was in our house, and super'd, poor beast! Ginger Chrystal! Why on earth didn't you tell me who it was before?"

"You've named one of my reasons, Tuttles. He's a bit shy about his Harrow days. Then he says himself that he was no more use at cricket than he was at work, and I thought it might put you off."

"No more he was," said Tuttles, reflectively. "Do you mean to say he's any good now?"

"No earthly," replied the little parson, with his cherub's smile. "Only just about the keenest rabbit in the whole cricket-warren!"

The finest second-class bowler in England displayed a readiness of appreciation doubly refreshing in an obviously critical temperament.

"And yet you say he has done himself well!" he added, incredulously, as his mirth subsided.

"Only made a hundred thousand in South America, Tuttles."

"Nonsense!"

"It might be double by the way he does things."

"That utter old all-round rabbit?"

"He's not one now, Tuttles, at anything but cricket. That's his only weak point. At everything else Chrystal's one of the smartest chaps you ever met, though he does weigh you and me put together, and quite one of the best. But he's so mad-keen on cricket that he keeps a pro. for himself and his son of seven, and by practising more than any man in England he scores his ten runs in all matches every season. However, when this boy runs into three figures, or gets out, you must come and meet the modern Chrystal in the flesh; there's plenty of it, though not too much for the heart inside, and at the present moment he's spreading every ounce of himself in a coach he's got here in my name."

It was a fair enough picture that the parson drew, for Chrystal was really corpulent, though tall and finely built. He wore a stubby moustache of the hue which had earned him his school nickname, but underneath were the mouth of a strong man and the smile of a sweet woman. It was a beaming, honest, unassuming face; but the womanly quality reappeared in a pair of very shapely, well-kept hands, one of which could yet come down with virile force on Tuthill's shoulder, while the other injured the most cunning bunch of fingers in second-class cricket. Then a shyness overcame the great fellow, and the others all saw that he was thinking of the one inglorious stage of his career. And his wife, a beautiful woman, took charge of little Osborne; and Tuthill, who had sense and tact, congratulated Chrystal point-blank and at once upon his great success in life. But for an instant Chrystal looked quite depressed, as though success at school was the only sort worth achieving; then his smile came out like the sun, and his big body began to shake.

"Yet," he whispered, "they promised me a dog's life and a felon's death because I couldn't make Latin verses! Do you remember my second half of a pentameter?"

"*Laomedontiaden!*" cried Tuthill, convulsed with laughter at the sudden reminiscence.

"I never could see where the laugh came in," confessed Chrystal, like the man he was. "But I've no doubt that was what cooked my goose."

Tuthill was much impressed.

"And the dear old chap never said it didn't matter," as he afterwards put it to the parson, "or changed the subject to the things he has done, or took out a big gold watch, or drowned us in champagne, or did or said a single thing that wouldn't have done honour to the bluest blood on the ground. All he did say, at the end of the innings, was that he'd give half he'd got to have been in the eleven himself! Oh, yes, I've promised to play in his all right; who could refuse a chap like that? I'm going for the whole week; let's only hope he won't drop all his catches off my stuff."

"You must forgive him his trespasses, Tuttles," the clergyman said, with some gravity, and no irreverence at all.

"I can't forgive that one," replied the candid demon of second-class cricket. "I never could and never shall."

But it was not for Tuthill to forgive when the great week came, or, at all events, before the week was at an end. It is true that the catches followed the non-cricketer to every position in the field, as catches will, and equally true that a large majority of them were duly "put on the floor." But as good luck and his own accuracy would have it, the great bowler was not usually the sufferer. Once, indeed, when it was otherwise, he did tell his host, with unpremeditated emphasis, that the ball wouldn't bite him; but that was

"He has such a good opinion of himself."

"He has reason!" cried Chrystal, with hardly 10 per cent. of envy in his loyal tone.

"Then I do think he's rather spiteful. To go and bowl you out first ball—if he did."

"He'd bowl me out if I was his long-lost brother! He's so keen; and quite right, too. You've got to play the game, dear." If it had been the game of battle, murder, and sudden death, Chrystal's manner could not possibly have been more serious.

But a silence had fallen on piano and billiard-room, and Chrystal hurried indoors, as he said, "to keep the ball rolling if I can't hit it." They were only talking about the final match, however, in which Chrystal played his gardeners and grooms, while little Osborne took the field against him with the like raw material from his own parish near Ware.

"It's all very well," said Chrystal, joining in the cricket talk, that was beginning to get on his nerves; "but I ought really to object to Tuttles, you know. He has neither the birth qualification nor the residential; he isn't even your deputy-assistant secretary, Jerry!"

"I suppose you don't really object?" said Tuttles himself, in the nicest way, the first time he and Chrystal were more or less alone.

"My dear fellow!" was all Chrystal said in reply. "I want to see you take all ten wickets," he added. "I promise you mine."

Tuthill smiled at the superfluous concession.

"I'll have to do my best," said he, as the hangman might of his painful duty. "But, as a matter of fact, I'm not sure that my best will amount to much to-morrow. I've been bowling a bit too much and a bit too well. My off-day's about due, and on my off-day I'm a penny treat. Full-pitches to leg and long-hops into the slips!"

Chrystal's mouth watered; the second sort of ball was often fatal to him, but the first was the one delivery with which he was almost as much at home in practice as in theory. He had seldom run into double figures without the aid of the repeated full-pitch to leg.

It so happened that there was rain in the night, but only enough to improve a pitch which had quite fulfilled little Osborne's promise of fire; and an absence of sun next day averted an even more insidious state of things. The last match was thus played on the worst day and the best wicket of the week. The ball came along stump high without any tricks at all. Yet Osborne's side was out shortly after lunch for something under a hundred runs, of which Osborne himself made more than half. Tuthill, who did not take his batting seriously, but hit hard and clean as long as he was there, was beginning to look as though he never need get out when Chrystal, of all people, held him low down at point. It was a noble effort in a stout, slow man, but Tuthill walked away without a word. He was keen enough on his innings while it lasted; but at luncheon he was the first to compliment Chrystal, who had not been so happy all the week. Chrystal had written himself last in the order, but, thus encouraged, he was persuaded to give himself one more chance, and finally went in fourth wicket down.

It was then 3.20 by the clock on the little pavilion, and one of those grey, mild days which are neither close nor cold, and far from unpleasant on the cricket-field. The four wickets had fallen for fewer than forty runs, but Tuthill had only one victim, and it really did appear to be his off-day; but he looked grim and inexorable enough as he waited by the umpire while Chrystal took centre and noted that it was now 3.21; at 3.22 he would be safe back in the pavilion, and his cricket troubles would be over for the season, if not for his life.

But the first ball was that wide long-hop of which Tuthill himself had spoken. Down it skimmed, small as a racket-ball to Chrystal's miserable eye; he felt for it with half his heart, but luckily heard nothing before the dull impact of the ball in the gloves of an agile wicket-keeper standing back.

"No!" cried the tall Quidnunc at the opposite end, and Chrystal began to feel that he was playing an innings.

The second ball was the other infallible sign of Tuthill's off-day; it was a knee-high full-pitch just wide of Chrystal's pads, and he succeeded in flicking it late and fine, so that it skimmed to the boundary at its own pace. For one wretched moment Chrystal watched the umpire, who happened to be the man who had advised him not to take his cricket so seriously, and who now read his anxiety in a flash.

"That was a hit!" the unorthodox official shouted towards the scorers' table.

"And a jolly good one!" added the tall Quidnunc, while more distant applause reached the striker's trembling ears, and the ardent Tuttles waited for the ball with the face of a handsome fiend. Yet his next was nothing deadlier than a slow half-volley out-

side the off-stump, which Chrystal played gently but firmly as a delicate stroke at billiards, but with the air of Greek meeting Greek. Already the ball was growing larger, and it was close on 3.25.

Osborne was bowling at the other end; he always was either batting, bowling, or keeping wicket, but the bowler's was the only department of the game at which he exposed a definite inferiority. He was, however, very fond of bowling, and as he could claim two of the four wickets which had already fallen (one having been run out) it was extremely unlikely that he would rest himself until the tenth one fell. Osborne's first over after Chrystal's arrival was one of his least expensive. The Quid drove him for a languid single, while Chrystal, after keeping out of mischief for four balls, sent the fifth high and dry through the slips for three. The stroke was a possible chance to none other than Tuthill, but it was not off his own bowling, and the impression upon the observant spectator must have been a bad one.

"Don't begin by running yourself off your legs," Chrystal's partner crossed over to advise him between the overs. "There's the whole afternoon before us, and you won't have many to run for me. I'm as limp as a wet rag, and my only chance of staying here is to sit on the splice while you punch 'em. But don't you be in any hurry; you play yourself in."

If Chrystal had made a respectable score every day, the tone of the best batsman on the side could not have betrayed more confidence in him. He began to feel confident; the ball swelled to its usual size, and Tuttles's next long-hop went to third man for another sharp single. Chrystal apologized, but his partner had called him in response to an appealing look; evidently he was not too limp to run his captain's hits; it was only Chrystal himself who puffed and blew and leant upon his bat.

And even by the half-hour he was within a run of that two-figure rubicon which he had not passed for two seasons; his face showed the pale determination of a grave endeavour; it would hurt him more to get out now than to fall, as usual, to his only ball.

Yet what did happen? It was Tuthill's slow yorker, and Chrystal was in many minds from the time it left the bowler's hand; his good blade wagged irresolutely, and the odious projectile was under it in a twinkling. But at that instant the umpire threw up his arm with a yell, and Chrystal never heard the havoc behind him; he was only instinctively aware of it as he watched Tuthill turn upon a comrade who had donned the long white coat over his flannels.

"No *what?*" demanded the best bowler in second-class cricket.

"I said 'No ball.'"

"You're the first man who ever said it to me in my life," remarked Tuttles, deadly calm, while he looked the other up and down as a new specimen of cricket curiosity. Then he held up his hands for the ball. "There's a man still in," he cried; and proceeded to send down a perfectly vicious full-pitcher upon Chrystal's legs, which the captain, who had the single virtue of never running away, promptly dispatched for another four.

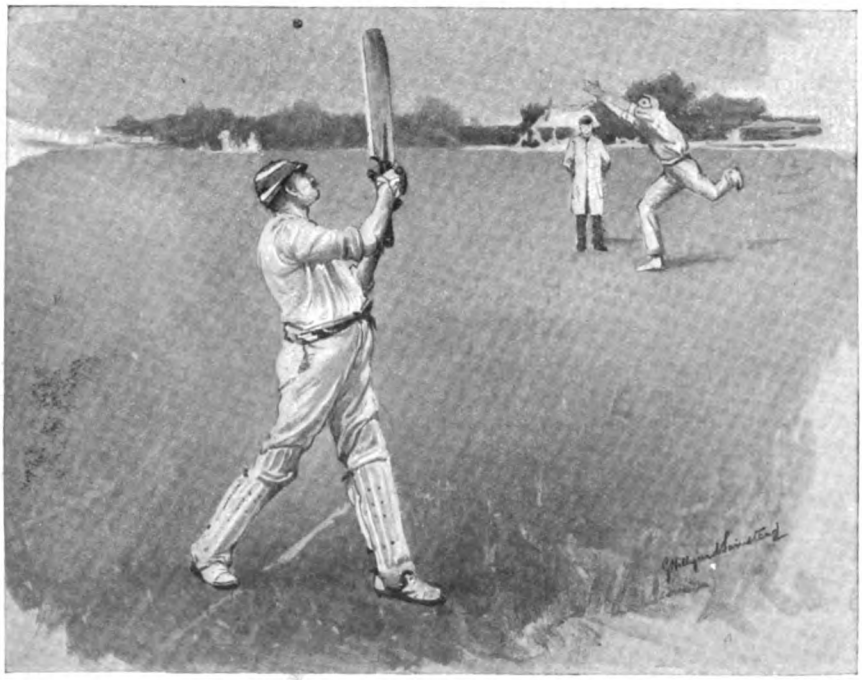
He had now made thirteen runs in less than thirteen minutes, and already the whole world was a different place, and that part of it a part of Paradise. He was emboldened to glance towards the seats; there was his dear wife, strolling restlessly with her parasol, and their tiny boy clapping his hands. Chrystal could see how excited they were at a hundred yards; it only had the effect of making him perversely calm. "I'm all right--I've got going at last!" he wanted to sing out to them; for he felt all right. He had even passed the stage of anticipating the imminent delivery, and playing at the ball he expected instead of at the ball that came along. This had been one of Chrystal's many methods of getting rid of himself in the first over. And he had more suicidal strokes than an Indian Prince has scoring ones. But now he looked from his family in the long-field to the noble trees to square-leg, and from the trees downhill to the reservoir gleaming through third-man's legs; it was hardly credible that he had wished to drown himself in its depths both yesterday and the day before.

The worst player in the world, with his eye in, may resist indefinitely the attack of the best bowler; after all, a ball is a ball and a bat is a bat, and if you once begin getting the one continually in the middle of the other, and keeping it out of harm's way, there is no more to be said and but little to be done. Chrystal was soon meeting every ball in the middle of a bat which responded to the unparalleled experience by driving deliciously. The majority of his strokes were not ideal, though even a critical Cambridge Quid was able to add a stimulating "Good shot!" to not a few, while some were really quite hard and clean. Never before had this batsman felt the bat leap in his

hands, and the ball spring from the blade beyond the confines of his wildest hopes, at an unimagined velocity, half so often as he experienced these great sensations now. Great! What is there in the sensual world to put on the same page with them? And let your real batsman bear in mind that these divine moments, and their blessed memory, are greatest of all where they are most rare, in his heart who never had the makings of a real batsman, but who once in his life has played a decent game.

Chrystal was in heaven. No small boy succeeding in his first little match, no international paragon compiling his cool hundred thoughts wandered between the overs it was back to Harrow, and to the pleasing persuasion that he might have been in the eleven but for his infernal ineptitude for Latin verses. Meanwhile, every ball brought its own anxiety and delight, and for several overs there was really very little to criticise except the batsman's style; then came an awful moment.

It was a half-volley on his legs, and Chrystal hit it even higher than he intended, but not quite so hard. One of those vigorous young schoolmasters was keeping himself hard and fit at deep-mid-on; he had to run like a greyhound, and to judge a cross-



"HE HAD TO RUN LIKE A GREYHOUND."

before fifty thousand eyes, was ever granted the joy of the game in fuller or in sweeter measure than was Robert Chrystal's that afternoon. Think of his failures. Think of his years. Think of his unathletic figure. Think of ball after ball—big as a football to him now—yet banged to a bullet into thin air or down the hill or under the trees. "Thank Heaven, there's a boundary," murmured Chrystal, wiping his face while they fetched it. Yet he was cool enough in the way that mattered. His mind was entirely concentrated on the coming ball, but it was an open mind until the ball arrived. If his flight as he ran; but the apparent impossibility of the catch was simply a challenge to the young schoolmaster's calibre as a field; the ground was just covered, and the ball just held with extended hand. It was a supreme effort—or would have been. There are those catches which are held almost, but not quite, long enough to count. This was an exaggerated instance. Unable to check himself, the young schoolmaster must have covered at least a yard with the ball in his hand. Then it rolled out, and he even kicked it far in front of him in his headlong stride.

"Got him! No, he hasn't. Put him on the floor!" Chrystal heard the little parson say, as he himself charged down the pitch in his second run. He saw nothing. His partner was calling him for a third, and Tuttles was stamping and railing at the bowler's end.

"Was that a chance?" gasped Chrystal, as he grounded his bat.

"A chance?" snorted Tuttles. "My dear fellow, he only held it about twenty minutes."

"Am I out, then?" asked Chrystal of the umpire, his hot blood running cold.

"Not out!" declared that friendly functionary without an instant's indecision.

The incident, however, had a disturbing effect upon Chrystal's nerves. He shuddered to think of his escape. He became self-conscious, and began to think about his score. It was quite a long time since they clapped him for his fifty. He must be in the eighties at the very least. On his own ground he would have the public scoring apparatus that they have at Lord's; then you would always know when you were near your century. Chrystal, however, was well aware that he must be pretty near his. He had hit another four, not one of his best, and had given a stumping chance to little Osborne, who had more than once exchanged the ball for the gloves during the past two hours.

Yes, and it was a quarter past five. Chrystal saw that, and pulled himself together, for his passive experience of the game reminded him that the average century is scored in a couple of hours. No doubt he must be somewhere about the nineties. Everybody seemed very still in the pavilion. The scorer's table was certainly surrounded. Chrystal set his teeth and smothered a half-volley in his earlier "no-you-don't" manner. But the next ball could only have bowled him round the legs, and Tuttles hardly ever broke that way, besides which this one was too fast, and, in short, away it went skimming towards the trees. And there and then arose the sweetest uproar that Robert Chrystal had ever heard. They were shouting themselves hoarse in front of the little pavilion. The group about the scoring table was dispersing with much hat-waving. The scorer might have been seen leaning back in his chair like a man who had been given air at last. Mrs. Chrystal was embracing the boy, probably (and in fact) to hide her joyous tears. Chrystal himself felt almost overcome and quite abashed. Should he take his cap off or should he not? He would know better another time; meanwhile he meant to look modest, and did look depressed; and half the field closed in upon him, clapping their unselfish hands, while a pair of wicket-keeping gloves belaboured his back with ostentatious thuds.

More magnanimous than any, Tuttles had been the first to clap, but he was also the first to stop clapping, and there was a business air about the way in which he sig-

"A BEAUTIFUL SWING, A LOVELY LENGTH, AND CHRYSTAL'S MIDDLE STUMP LAY STRETCHED UPON THE GRASS."

nalled for the ball. He carried it back to the spot where he started his run with as much deliberation as though measuring the distance for an opening over. There was a peculiar care also in the way in which he grasped the leather, rolling it affectionately in his hand, as though wiping off the sawdust which it had not been necessary to use since the morning. There was a grim light in his eye as he stood waiting to begin his run, a subtle something in the run itself, the whole reminding one, with a sudden and characteristic emphasis, that this really was the first bowler in second-class cricket. A few quick steps, firm and precise, a couple of long ones, a beautiful swing, a lovely length, and Chrystal's middle stump lay stretched upon the grass.

It was a great end to a great innings, a magnificent finale to a week of weeks; but on the charming excesses on the field one need touch no more than on the inevitable speeches that night at dinner. Field and house alike were full of good hearts, of hearts good enough to appreciate a still better one. Tuthill's was the least expansive; but he had the critical temperament, and he had been hit for many fours, and his week's analysis had been ruined in an afternoon.

"I wasn't worth a sick headache," he told Chrystal himself, with his own delightful mixture of frankness and contempt. "I couldn't have outed the biggest sitter in Christendom."

"But you did send down some pretty good ones, you know!" replied Chrystal, with a rather wistful intonation.

"A few," Tuttles allowed, charily. "The one that bowled you was all right. But it was a very good innings, and I congratulate you again."

Now, Chrystal had some marvellous old brandy; how it had come into his possession and how much it was worth were respectively a very long and rather a tall story. He only broached a bottle upon very great occasions; but this was obviously one, even though the bottle had been the last in the cellar and its contents liquid gold. The only question was whether they should have it on the table with dessert or with their coffee in the library.

Chrystal debated the point with some verbosity; the fact was that he had been put to shame by hearing of nothing but his century from the soup to the speeches; and he resolutely introduced and conscientiously enlarged upon the topic of the brandy in order to throw a deliberate haze over his own lustre. His character shone the more brilliantly through it; but that could be said of each successive incident since his great achievement. He beamed more than ever. In a sudden silence you would have expected to catch him purring. And Mrs. Chrystal had at last agreed to his giving her those particular diamonds which she had over and over again dissuaded him from buying; if he must make some offering to his earthly gods it might as well be to the goddess on the hearth. But none but themselves knew of this, and it was of the Chrystal known to men as well that all sat talking when he had left the dining-room with his bunch of keys. Mrs. Chrystal felt the tears coming back into her eyes; they were every one so fond of him, and yet he was all and only hers! It was she who made the move, and for this reason, though she said she fancied he must be expecting them to follow him to the library, for he had been several minutes gone. But Mrs. Chrystal led the other ladies to the drawing-room, merely pausing to say generally to the men: —

"If you don't find him there he must have gone to the cellar himself, and I'm afraid he's having a hunt."

Now the Chrystals, like a sensible couple, never meddled with each other's definite departments in the house, and of course Mrs. Chrystal knew no more about her husband's cellar arrangements than he did of the inside of her store-room. Otherwise she would have known that he very seldom entered his own cellar, and that he did not require to go there for his precious brandy.

Yet he did seem to have gone there now, for there was no sign of him in the library when the cricketers trooped in. Osborne was saying something in a lowered voice to Tuthill, who, looking round the empty room, replied as emphatically as usual:—

"I'm glad you think I did it well. Man and boy, I never took on such a job in all my days, and I never will another. The old sitter!"

And he chuckled good-humouredly enough.

"Steady!" said the major of the Indian regiment.

"It's all right, he's down in the cellar," the cherubic clergyman explained. "Trust us not to give the show away."

"And me," added the scholastic hero of the all-but-gallery catch.

"You precious near did," Osborne remonstrated. "You held it just one second too long."

"But fancy holding it at all! I never thought I could get near the thing. I thought a bit of a dash would contribute to the general verisimilitude. Then to make the catch of a lifetime and to have to drop it like a hot potato!"

"It showed the promising quality of self-restraint," the clerical humorist allowed. "You will be an upper usher yet."

"Or a husher upper?" suggested a wag of baser mould—to wit, the sympathetic umpire of the afternoon. "But your side-show wasn't a patch on mine. Even Osborne admits that you had a second to think about it. I hadn't the fifth of one. I called that no-ball between the time the bat was beaten and the sticks were hit! Tuttles, old man, I thought you were going to knock me down!"

"I very nearly did," the candid bowler owned. "I never was no-balled in my life before, and for the moment I forgot."

"Then it wasn't all acting?"

"Half and half."

"I thought it was too good to be untrue."

"But," continued Tuttles, with his virile vanity, "you fellows buck about what you did, as though you'd done a thousandth part of what I did between you. You had your moment apiece. I had one every ball of every over. Great Lord! if I'd known how hard it would be to serve up consistent tosh! Full-pitches on the pads! That's a nice length to have to live up to through a summer afternoon. I wouldn't do it again for five-and-twenty sovereigns!"

"ABOUT YOUR CENTURY, DARLING?"

"And I," put in the quiet Quidnunc—"it's the first time *I* ever sat on the splice while the other man punched them, and I hope it's the last." He had been tried as a bat for an exceptionally strong Cambridge eleven.

"Come, come," said the grave major. "I wasn't in this myself. I distinctly disapproved. But he played quite well when he got his eye in. I don't believe you could have bowled him then if you'd tried, Tuttles."

If the irascible Tuthill had been a stout old man he would have turned purple in the face; being a lean young one, at least in effect, his complexion gained a glorious bronze.

"My good sir," said he, "what about the ball after the one which ran him into three figures?"

"Where *is* the dear old rabbit?" the ex-umpire exclaimed.

"Well, not in the hutch," said the little parson. "He's come right out of that, and I shouldn't be surprised if he stopped out. I only wish it was the beginning of the week."

"I'm going to look for him," the other rejoined, with the blank eye that has not seen a point. He stepped through a French window out into the night. The young schoolmasters followed him. The Indian major detained Osborne.

"We ought all to make a rule not to speak of this again, either here or anywhere else. It would be too horrible if it leaked out."

"I suppose it would." The little parson

had become more like one. Though full of cricket and of chaff, and gifted with a peculiarly lay vocabulary for the due ventilation of his favourite topic, he was yet no discredit to the cloth. A certain superficial insincerity was his worst fault. The conspiracy, indeed, had originated in his nimble mind, but its execution had far exceeded his conception. On the deeper issues the man was sound.

"Can there be any doubt?" the major pursued.

"About the momentary bitter disappointment, no, I'm afraid not; about the ultimate good all round, no again; but, there, I don't fear, I hope."

"I don't quite follow you," said the major.

"Old Bob Chrystal," continued Osborne, "is absolutely the best sportsman in the world, and absolutely the dearest good chap. But until this afternoon I never thought he would get within a hundred miles of decent cricket; and now I almost think he might, even at his age. He has had the best practice he ever had in his life. His shots improved as he went on. You saw for yourself how he put on the wood. It is a liberal cricket education to make runs, even against the worst bowling in the world. Like most other feats, you find it's not half so formidable as it looks once you get going; every ten runs come easier than the last. Chrystal got a hundred this afternoon because we let him. I said just now I wished it was the beginning of the week. Don't you see my point?"

The major looked a brighter man.

"You think he might get another?"

"I don't mind betting he does," said the little parson, "if he sticks to country cricket long enough. *Possunt quia posse videntur!*"

They went out in their turn; and last of all Chrystal himself stole forth from the deep cupboard in which he kept his cigars and his priceless brandy. An aged bottle still trembled in his hand; but a little while ago his lip had been as tremulous, and now it was not. Of course he had not understood a word of the little clergyman's classical tag, but all that immediately preceded it had made, or may make, nearly all the difference to the rest of even Robert Chrystal's successful life.

His character had been in the balance during much of what had passed in his hearing and yet behind his back; whether it would have emerged triumphant, even without Gerald Osborne's final pronouncement, is for others to judge from what they have seen of it in this little record.

"It was most awfully awkward," so Chrystal told his wife. "I was in there getting at the brandy—I'd gone and crowded it up with all sorts of tackle—when you let all those fellows into the study and they began talking about me before I could give the alarm. Then it was too late. It would have made them so uncomfortable, and I should have looked so mean."

"I hope they were saying nice things?"

"Oh, rather; that was just it; but don't you let them know I overheard them, mind."

Mrs. Chrystal seemed the least bit suspicious.

"About your century, darling?"

"Well, partly. It was little Osborne, you know. He knows more about cricket than any of them. Tuttles is only a bowler."

"I *don't* like Mr. Tuthill," said Mrs. Chrystal. "I've quite made up my mind. He was trying to bowl you out the whole time!"

"Little Osborne," her husband continued, rather hastily, "says I ought to make a hundred if I stick to it."

Mrs. Chrystal opened her eyes.

"But you have!"

"I mean another hundred," he added, in some confusion.

"Of course you will," said Mrs. Chrystal, who just then would have taken her husband's selection for England as a matter of course.

Chrystal was blushing a little, but glowing more. It was one of those moments when you would have understood his making so much money and winning such a wife. Never was a mouth so determined, and yet so good.

"I don't know about that, dear," he opened it to say. "But I mean to try!"

The Magic Shop.

By H. G. Wells.

I HAD seen the Magic Shop from afar several times, I had passed it once or twice, a shop window of alluring little objects, magic balls, magic hens, wonderful cones, ventriloquist dolls, the material of the basket trick, packs of cards that *looked* all right, and all that sort of thing, but never had I thought of going in until one day, almost without warning, Gip hauled me by my finger right up to the window, and so conducted himself that there was nothing for it but to take him in. I had not thought the place was there, to tell the truth—a modest-sized frontage in Regent Street, between the picture shop and the place where the chicks run about just out of patent incubators—but there it was sure enough. I had fancied it was down nearer the Circus, or round the corner in Oxford Street, or even in Holborn; always over the way and a little inaccessible it had been, with something of the mirage in its position; but here it was now quite indisputably, and the fat end of Gip's pointing finger made a noise upon the glass.

"If I was rich," said Gip, dabbing a finger at the Disappearing Egg, "I'd buy myself that. And that"—which was The Crying Baby, Very Human—"and that," which was a mystery and called, so a neat card asserted, "Buy One and Astonish Your Friends."

"Anything," said Gip, "will disappear under one of those cones. I have read about it in a book.

"And there, dadda, is the Vanishing Halfpenny—only they've put it this way up so's we can't see how it's done."

Gip, dear boy, inherits his mother's breeding, and he did not propose to enter the shop or worry in any way; only, you know, quite unconsciously he lugged my finger doorward, and he made his interest clear.

"That," he said, and pointed to the Magic Bottle.

"If you had that?" I said; at which promising inquiry he looked up with a sudden radiance.

"I could show it to Jessie," he said, thoughtful as ever of others.

"It's less than a hundred days to your birthday, Gibbles," I said, and laid my hand on the door-handle.

Gip made no answer, but his grip tightened on my finger, and so we came into the shop.

It was no common shop this; it was a magic shop, and all the prancing precedence Gip would have taken in the matter of mere toys was wanting. He left the burthen of the conversation to me.

It was a little, narrow shop, not very well lit, and the door-bell pinged again with a plaintive note as we closed it behind us. For a moment or so we were alone and could glance about us. There was a tiger in *papier-maché* on the glass case that covered the low counter—a grave, kind-eyed tiger that waggled his head in a methodical manner; there were several crystal spheres, a china hand holding magic cards, a stock of magic fish-bowls in various sizes, and an immodest magic hat that shamelessly displayed its springs. On the floor were magic mirrors: one to draw you out long and thin, one to swell your head and vanish your legs, and one to make you short and fat like a draught; and while we were laughing at these the shopman, as I suppose, came in.

At any rate, there he was behind the counter—a curious, sallow, dark man, with one ear larger than the other and a chin like the toe-cap of a boot.

"What can we have the pleasure?" he said, spreading his long, magic fingers on the glass case; and so with a start we were aware of him.

"I want," I said, "to buy my little boy a few simple tricks."

"Legerdemain?" he asked. "Mechanical? Domestic?"

"Anything amusing," said I.

"Um!" said the shopman, and scratched his head for a moment as if thinking. Then, quite distinctly, he drew from his head a glass ball. "Something in this way?" he said, and held it out.

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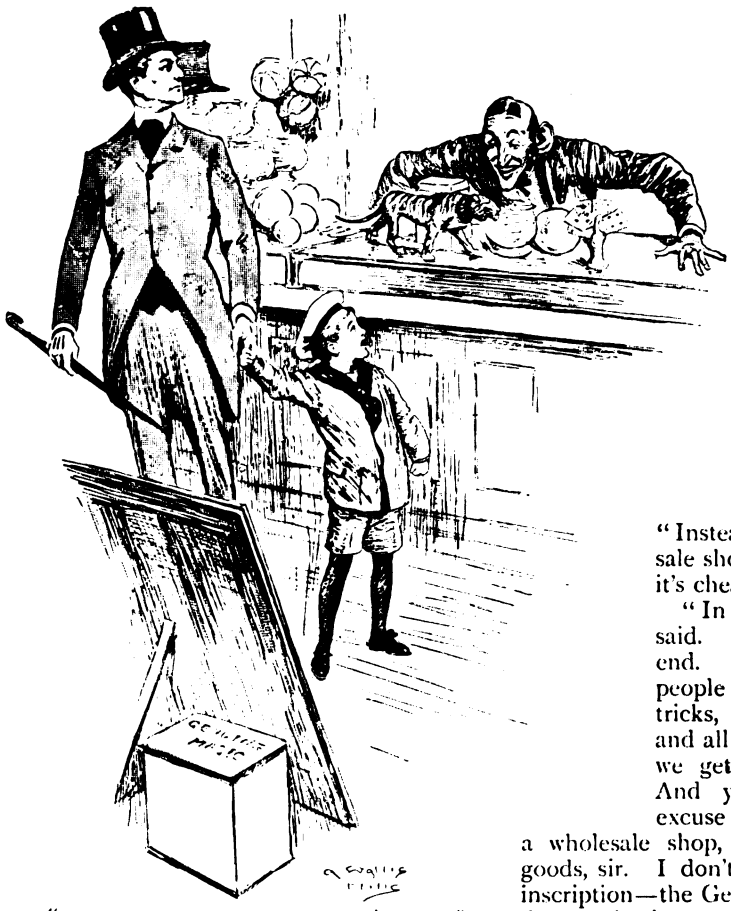


"'WHAT CAN WE HAVE THE PLEASURE?' HE SAID."

The action was unexpected. I had seen the trick done at entertainments endless times before—it's part of the common stock of conjurers—but I had not expected it here. "That's good," I said, with a laugh.

"Isn't it?" said the shopman.

Gip stretched out his disengaged hand to take this object and found merely a blank palm.

"It's in your pocket," said the shopman, and there it was!

"How much will that be?" I asked.

"We make no charge for glass balls," said the shopman, politely. "We get them"—he picked one out of his elbow as he spoke—"free." He produced another from the back of his neck, and laid it beside its predecessor on the counter. Gip regarded his glass ball sagely, then directed a look of inquiry at the two on the counter, and finally brought his round-eyed scrutiny to the shopman, who smiled. "You may have those too," said the shopman, "and, if you *don't* mind, one from my mouth. *So!*"

Gip counselled me mutely for a moment, and then in a profound silence put away the four balls, resumed my reassuring finger, and nerved himself for the next event.

"We get all our smaller tricks in that way," the shopman remarked.

I laughed in the manner of one who subscribes to a jest. "Instead of going to the wholesale shop," I said. "Of course, it's cheaper."

"In a way," the shopman said. "Though we pay in the end. But not so heavily—as people suppose. . . . Our larger tricks, and our daily provisions and all the other things we want, we get out of that hat. . . . And you know, sir, if you'll excuse my saying it, there *isn't* a wholesale shop, not for Genuine Magic goods, sir. I don't know if you noticed our inscription—the Genuine Magic shop." He drew a business-card from his cheek and handed it to me. "Genuine," he said, with his finger on the word, and added, "There is absolutely no deception, sir."

He seemed to be carrying out the joke pretty thoroughly, I thought.

He turned to Gip with a smile of remarkable affability. "You, you know, are the Right Sort of Boy."

I was surprised at his knowing that, because, in the interests of discipline, we keep it rather a secret even at home; but Gip received it in unflinching silence, keeping a steadfast eye on him.

"It's only the Right Sort of Boy gets through that doorway."

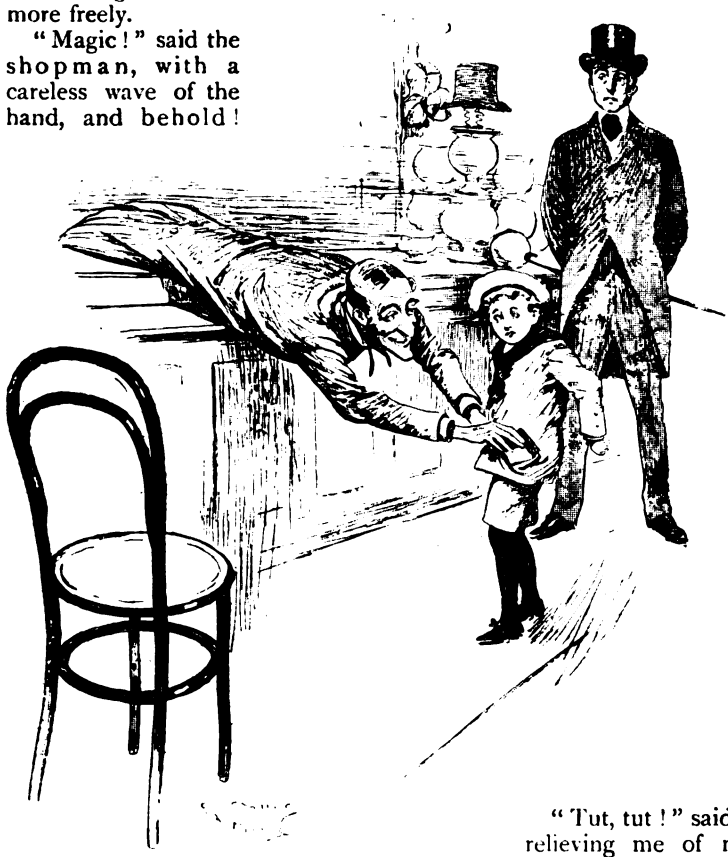
And, as if by way of illustration, there came a rattling at the door, and a squeaking little voice could be faintly heard. "Nyar! I *warn* 'a go in there, dadda, I WARN 'a go in there. Ny-a-a-ah!" and then the accents of a down-trodden parent, urging consolations and propitiations. "It's locked, Edward," he said.

"But it isn't," said I.

"It is, sir," said the shopman, "always—for that sort of child," and as he spoke we had a glimpse of the other youngster, a little, white face, pallid from sweet-eating and over-sapid food, and distorted by evil passions, a ruthless little egotist, pawing at the enchanted pane. "It's no good, sir," said the shopman, as I moved, with my natural helpfulness, doorward, and presently the spoilt child was carried off howling.

"How do you manage that?" I said, breathing a little more freely.

"Magic!" said the shopman, with a careless wave of the hand, and behold!



"THIS AMAZING PERSON PRODUCED THE ARTICLE IN THE CUSTOMARY CONJURER'S MANNER."

sparks of coloured fire flew out of his fingers and vanished into the shadows of the shop.

"You were saying," he said, addressing himself to Gip, "before you came in, that you would like one of our 'Buy One and Astonish your Friends' boxes?"

Gip after a gallant effort said "Yes."

"It's in your pocket."

And leaning over the counter—he really had an extraordinarily long body—this amazing person produced the article in the customary conjurer's manner. "Paper," he said, and took a sheet out of the empty hat with the springs; "string," and behold his mouth was a string-box, from which he drew an unending thread, which when he had tied his parcel he bit off—and, it seemed to me, swallowed the ball of string. And then he lit a candle at the nose of one of the ventriloquist's dummies, stuck one of his fingers (which had become sealing-wax red) into the flame, and so sealed the parcel. "Then there was the Disappearing Egg," he remarked, and produced one from within my coat-breast and packed it, and also The Crying Baby, Very Human. I handed each parcel to Gip as it was ready, and he clasped them to his chest.

He said very little, but his eyes were eloquent; the clutch of his arms was eloquent. He was the playground of unspeakable emotions. These, you know, were *real* Magics.

Then, with a start, I discovered something moving about in my hat—something soft and jumpy. I whipped it off, and a ruffled pigeon — no doubt a confederate — dropped out and ran on the counter, and went, I fancy, into a cardboard box behind the *papier-maché* tiger.

"Tut, tut!" said the shopman, dexterously relieving me of my headdress; "careless bird, and—as I live—nesting!"

He shook my hat, and shook out into his extended hand two or three eggs, a large marble, a watch, about half-a-dozen of the inevitable glass balls, and then crumpled, crinkled paper, more and more and more, talking all the time of the way in which people neglect to brush their hats *inside* as well as out, politely, of course, but with a certain personal application. "All sorts of things accumulate, sir. . . . Not *you*, of course, in particular. . . . Nearly every customer. . . . Astonishing what they carry

about with them. . . ." The crumpled paper rose and billowed on the counter more and more and more, until he was nearly hidden from us, until he was altogether hidden, and still his voice went on and on. "We none of us know what the fair semblance of a human being may conceal. Are we all then no better than brushed exteriors, whited sepulchres——"

His voice stopped—exactly like when you hit a neighbour's gramophone with a well-aimed brick, that instant silence, and the rustle of the paper stopped, and everything was still. . . .

"Have you done with my hat?" I said, after an interval.

There was no answer.

I stared at Gip, and Gip stared at me, and there were our distortions in the magic mirrors, looking very rum, and grave, and quiet. . . .

"I think we'll go now," I said. "Will you tell me how much all this comes to? . . .

"I say," I said, on a rather louder note, "I want the bill; and my hat, please."

It might have been a sniff from behind the paper pile. . . .

"Let's look behind the counter, Gip," I said. "He's making fun of us."

I led Gip round the head-wagging tiger, and what do you think there was behind the counter? No one at all! Only my hat on the floor, and a common conjurer's lop-eared white rabbit lost in meditation, and looking as stupid and crumpled as only a conjurer's rabbit can do. I resumed my hat, and the rabbit lolloped a lollop or so out of my way.

"Dadda!" said Gip, in a guilty whisper.

"What is it, Gip?" said I.

"I *do* like this shop, dadda."

"So should I," I said to myself, "if the counter wouldn't suddenly extend itself to shut one off from the door." But I didn't call Gip's attention to that. "Pussy!" he said, with a hand out to the rabbit as it came lolloping past us; "Pussy, do Gip a Magic!' and his eyes followed it as it squeezed through a door I had certainly not remarked a moment before. Then this door opened wider, and the man with one ear larger than the other appeared again. He was smiling still, but his eye met mine with something between amusement and defiance. "You'd like to see our show-room, sir," he said, with an innocent suavity. Gip tugged my finger forward. I glanced at the counter and met the shopman's eye again. I was beginning to think the magic just a little too genuine. "We haven't *very* much time," I said. But somehow we were inside the show-room before I could finish that.

"All goods of the same quality," said the shopman, rubbing his flexible hands together, "and that is the Best. Nothing in the place that isn't genuine Magic, and warranted thoroughly rum. Excuse me, sir!"

"HE HELD A LITTLE, WRIGGLING RED DEMON BY THE TAIL."

I felt him pull at something that clung to my coat-sleeve, and then I saw he held a little, wriggling red demon by the tail—the little creature bit and fought and tried to get at his hand—and in a moment he tossed it carelessly behind a counter. No doubt the thing was only an image of twisted india-rubber, but for the moment——! And his gesture was exactly that of a man who handles some petty biting bit of vermin. I glanced at Gip, but Gip was looking at a magic rocking-horse. I was glad he hadn't seen the thing. "I say," I said, in an undertone, and indicating Gip and the red demon with my eyes, "you haven't many things like *that* about, have you?"

"None of ours! Probably brought it with you," said the shopman—also in an undertone, and with a more dazzling smile than ever. "Astonishing what people *will* carry about with them unawares!" And then to Gip, "Do you see anything you fancy here?"

There were many things that Gip fancied there.

He turned to this astonishing tradesman with mingled confidence and respect. "Is that a Magic Sword?" he said.

"A Magic Toy Sword. It neither bends, breaks, nor cuts the fingers. It renders the bearer invincible in battle against anyone under eighteen. Half a crown to seven and sixpence, according to size. These panoplies on cards are for juvenile knights-errant and very useful; shield of safety, sandals of swiftness, helmet of invisibility."

"Oh, daddy!" gasped Gip.

I tried to find out what they cost, but the shopman did not heed me. He had got Gip now; he had got him away from my finger; he had embarked upon the exposition of all his confounded stock, and nothing was going to stop him. Presently I saw with a qualm of distrust and something very like jealousy that Gip had hold of this person's finger as usually he has hold of mine. No doubt the fellow was interesting, I thought, and had an interestingly faked lot of stuff, really *good* faked stuff, still ---

I wandered after them, saying very little, but keeping an eye on this prestidigital fellow. After all, Gip was enjoying it. And no doubt when the time came to go we should be able to go quite easily.

It was a long, rambling place, that show-room, a gallery broken up by stands and stalls and pillars, with archways leading off to other departments, in which the queerest-looking assistants loafed and stared at one, and with perplexing mirrors and curtains. So perplexing, indeed, were these that I was presently unable to make out the door by which we had come.

The shopman showed Gip magic trains that ran without steam or clockwork, just as you set the signals, and then some very, very valuable boxes of soldiers that all came alive directly you took off the lid and said——. I myself haven't a very quick ear and it was a tongue-twisting sound, but Gip—he has his mother's ear—got it in no time. "Bravo!" said the shopman, putting the men back into the box unceremoniously and handing it to Gip. "Now," said the shopman, and in a moment Gip had made them all alive again.

"You'll take that box?" asked the shopman.

"We'll take that box," said I, "unless you charge its full value. In which case it would need a Trust Magnate——"

"Dear heart! *No!*" and the shopman swept the little men back again, shut the lid, waved the box in the air, and there it was, in brown paper, tied up and—*with Gip's full name and address on the paper!*

The shopman laughed at my amaze nent.

"This is the genuine magic," he said. "The real thing."

"It's a little too genuine for my taste," I said again.

After that he fell to showing Gip tricks, odd tricks, and still odder the way they were done. He explained them, he turned them inside out, and there was the dear little chap nodding his busy bit of a head in the sagest manner.

I did not attend as well as I might. "Hey, presto!" said the Magic Shopman, and then would come the clear, small "Hey, presto!" of the boy. But I was distracted by other things. It was being borne in upon me just how tremendously rum this place was; it was, so to speak, inundated by a sense of rumness. There was something a little rum about the fixtures even, about the ceiling, about the floor, about the casually-distributed chairs. I had a queer feeling that whenever I wasn't looking at them straight they went askew, and moved about, and played a noiseless puss-in-the-corner behind my back. And the cornice had a serpentine design with masks—masks altogether too expressive for proper plaster.

Then abruptly my attention was caught by one of the odd-looking assistants. He was some way off and evidently unaware of my presence—I saw a sort of three-quarter length of him over a pile of toys and through an arch—and, you know, he was leaning against a

pillar in an idle sort of way doing the most horrid things with his features! The particular horrid thing he did was with his nose. He did it just as though he was idle and wanted to amuse himself. First of all it was a short, blobby nose, and then suddenly he shot it out like a telescope, and then out it flew and became thinner and thinner until it was like a long, red, flexible whip. Like a thing in a nightmare it was! He flourished it about and flung it forth as a fly-fisher flings his line.

"OUT IT FLEW AND BECAME THINNER AND THINNER."

My instant thought was that Gip mustn't see him. I turned about and there was Gip quite preoccupied with the shopman, and thinking no evil. They were whispering together and looking at me. Gip was standing on a little stool, and the shopman was holding a sort of big drum in his hand.

"Hide and seek, dadda!" cried Gip, "You're He!"

And before I could do anything to prevent it the shopman had clapped the big drum over him.

I saw what was up directly. "Take that off," I cried, "this instant! You'll frighten the boy. Take it off!"

The shopman with the unequal ears did so without a word, and held the big cylinder towards me to show its emptiness. And the little stool was vacant! In that instant my boy had utterly disappeared! . . .

You know, perhaps, that sinister something that comes like a hand out of the unseen and grips your heart about. You know it takes your common self away and leaves you tense and deliberate, neither slow nor hasty, neither angry nor afraid. So it was with me.

I came up to this grinning shopman and kicked his stool aside.

"Stop this folly!" I said. "Where is my boy?"

"You see," he said, still displaying the drum's interior, "there is no deception——"

I put out my hand to grip him, and he eluded me by a dexterous movement. I snatched again, and he turned from me and pushed open a door to escape. "Stop!" I

said, and he laughed, receding. I leapt after him—into utter darkness.

Thud!

"Lor' bless my 'eart! I didn't see you coming, sir!"

I was in Regent Street, and I had collided with a decent-looking working man; and a yard away, perhaps, and looking a little perplexed with himself, was Gip. There was some sort of apology, and then Gip had turned and come to me with a bright little smile, as though for a moment he had missed me.

And he was carrying four parcels in his arm!

He secured immediate possession of my finger.

For the second I was rather at a loss. I stared round to see the door of the magic shop, and, behold, it was not there! There was no door, no shop, nothing, only the common pilaster between the shop where they sell pictures and the window with the chicks! . . .

I did the only thing possible in that mental tumult; I walked straight to the kerbstone and held up my umbrella for a cab.

"'Ansoms," said Gip, in a note of culminating exultation.

I helped him in, recalled my address with an effort, and got in also. Something unusual proclaimed itself in my tail-coat pocket, and I felt and discovered a glass ball. With a petulant expression I flung it into the street.

Gip said nothing.

For a space neither of us spoke.

"Dadda!" said Gip, at last, "that *was* a proper shop!"

I came round with that to the problem of just how the whole thing had seemed to him. He looked completely undamaged—so far, good; he was neither scared nor unhinged, he was simply tremendously satisfied with the afternoon's entertainment, and there in his arms were the four parcels.

Confound it! what could be in them?

"Um!" I said. "Little boys can't go to shops like that every day."

He received this with his usual stoicism, and for a moment I was sorry I was his father and not his mother, and so couldn't suddenly there, *coram publico*, in our hansom, kiss him. After all, I thought, the thing wasn't so very bad.

But it was only when we opened the parcels that I really began to be reassured. Three of them contained boxes of soldiers, quite ordinary lead soldiers, but of so good a quality as to make Gip altogether forget that originally these parcels had been Magic Tricks of the only genuine sort, and the fourth contained a kitten, a little living white kitten, in excellent health and appetite and temper.

I saw this unpacking with a sort of provisional relief. I hung about in the nursery for quite an unconscionable time. . . .

That happened six months ago. And now I am beginning to believe it is all right. The kitten has only the magic natural to all kittens, and the soldiers seem as steady a company as any colonel could desire. And Gip——?

The intelligent parent will understand that I have to go cautiously with Gip.

But I went so far as this one day. I said, "How would you like your soldiers to come alive, Gip, and march about by themselves?"

"Mine do," said Gip. "I just have to say a word I know before I open the lid."

"Then they march about alone?"

"Oh, *quite*, dadda. I shouldn't like them if they didn't do that."

I displayed no unbecoming surprise, and since then I have taken occasion to drop in upon him once or twice, unannounced, when the soldiers were about, but so far I have never discovered them performing in anything like a magical manner. . . .

It's so difficult to tell.

There's also a question of finance. I have an incurable habit of paying bills. I have been up and down Regent Street several times, looking for that shop. I am inclined to think, indeed, that in that matter honour is satisfied, and that, since Gip's name and address are known to them, I may very well leave it to these people, whoever they may be, to send in their bill in their own time.

Under an Atlantic Liner.

By E. Seton Valentine.

Note.—The following article sets forth the very latest knowledge of the configuration of the submerged Atlantic continent, chiefly with respect to that portion of it traversed at a varying height of from eighty to twelve thousand feet by the great ocean liners between Liverpool and New York. The maps and diagrams have been carefully prepared by an expert oceanographer, and will probably require but little modification in view of deep-sea soundings now being undertaken in the North Atlantic.

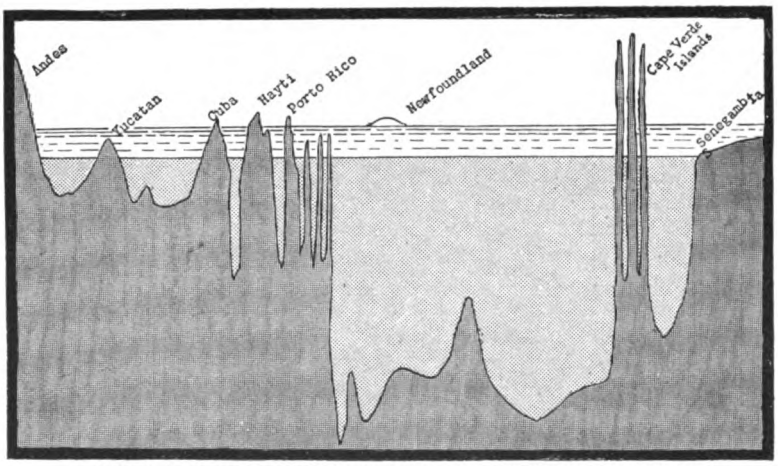
ON a recent voyage from New York to Liverpool by a White Star liner, a very charming young Englishwoman had a seat at the captain's table in close proximity, although unknown to her, of a well-known and expert oceanographer.

"Captain," she said, suddenly, bending her glance upon the courteous skipper, "can you tell me exactly how far we are from land?"

"From the nearest land?"

"If you please," was the reply.

"Then you had better ask Mr. Wyman, on your left. He is better up in such matters than I. My business is only with what I can see with my two eyes or hit with my ship's bows during a fog. Mr. Wyman, would you mind telling Miss A. how far we are from land?"



A COMPRESSED CHART OF THE BED OF THE ATLANTIC FROM EAST TO WEST.

While the company stared at this odd speech, the gentleman addressed pulled a chart from his pocket. From another pocket he produced a watch. He consulted both and said, gravely:—

"At our present rate of speed, at 7.15 p.m. we should be in latitude 47deg. 10min., longitude 38deg. 41min." Here he tapped lightly with his finger the spot upon the chart answering to this description. "We are now, therefore, just about seventy yards from land."

Naturally a thrill of amazement ran through the company. Some of the more nervous ones had sudden visions of shipwreck; others, in spite of the gravity of the gentleman who had furnished this extraordinary information, began to laugh it off as a joke.

"Seventy yards!" they cried; "more like eight hundred miles. Is this land to the east, west, north, or south?—for we have never heard of an island in mid-Atlantic, at least not on this course."

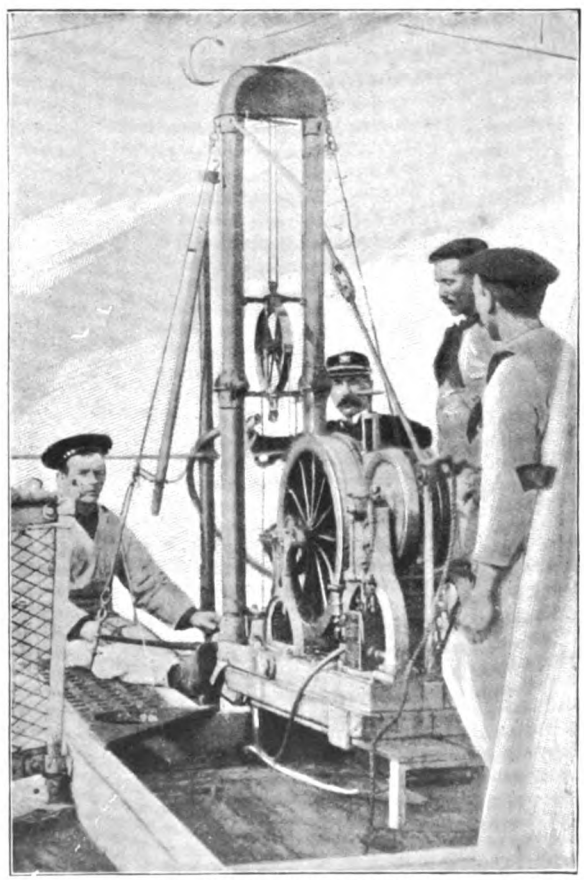
"Ladies and gentlemen," responded Mr. Wyman, imperturbably, "you are evidently of those who only believe what you actually see. The land I speak of is just thirty-six fathoms beneath this ship. It is the summit of the Laura Ethel Mountain, which is just twenty thousand feet above the lowest level of the Atlantic basin. If it were some two hundred feet higher, or the sea were two hundred feet lower, you would call it an island."

The laugh was thus very neatly turned on the company, and for the remainder of the voyage much more interest was evinced by the passengers in submarine geography than they had ever felt before, and whenever the question, "How far is it from land?" was asked, it was always added that the meaning was in a horizontal and not a vertical sense.

Supposing M. Santos-Dumont and his fellow-aerial travellers to be in full flight over that fluid which we call the atmosphere, we should be very much surprised to hear that they were totally oblivious of the terrestrial conditions beneath them; that they invariably passed their time aloft in dining, deck-pacing, cloud-gazing, and whist, with no curiosity

whatever concerning subjacent hills, valleys, and animal habitations. For we know from the statements of every aeronaut who has put pen to paper that this is far from being the case. We know that, no matter what the climatic conditions, at what altitude, or whether night or day, each is constantly absorbed in speculation as to the physical features of the landscape beneath him. Green and Mason, who travelled from London to Weilburg, Hanover, in a balloon many years ago, relate that their night was spent leaning over the car, peering into the blackness, full of "vague conjectures and clouded with the mystery wherewith darkness and uncertainty were involving our expedition."

Is it, then, on the whole, less astonishing that there should be annually a hundred thousand or so other travellers suspended by another fluid at about the same distance from earth who would as soon think of craning their necks over the side of their water-ship to speculate upon the submarine landscape as they would of elucidating the subtleties of the binomial theorem to the occupants of a ship's forecastle? The other fluid we have referred to is the ocean, and the particular division we shall discuss is the Atlantic.

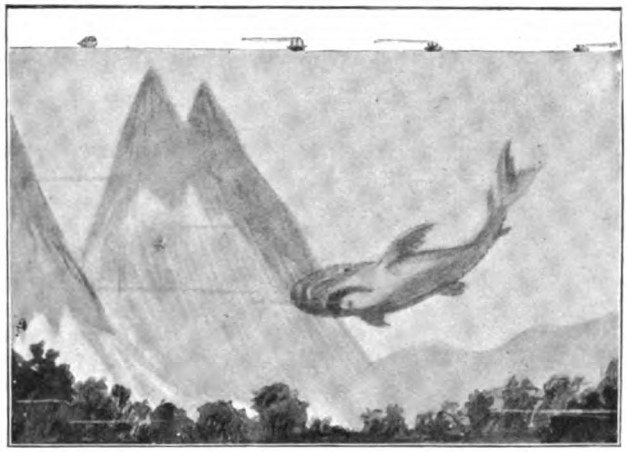


From a] THE SIGSBEE SOUNDING APPARATUS. *[Photo.*

According to the elementary physical geographies, this earth we inhabit is made up of "land and water." But the Scriptural phrase "*dry* land" really helps us to a more accurate definition. Would it not be better to say that the surface of the globe comprises *dry* land and *wet* land—the former being the continents and islands and the latter the parts submerged by the waters? In effect, the Atlantic is a huge continent boasting a superficial area of twenty-five million square miles. It is nine thousand miles long and two thousand seven hundred broad, wholly under the salt waves. The depth of this liquid covering is by no means so considerable as people imagined, even a quarter of a century ago, when the Atlantic was regarded as being in places ten, fifteen, and twenty miles deep or more. The old term "fathomless" can no longer be applied to the ocean; soon even the poet Gray's more moderate expression in the "Elegy," "unfathomed," will be obsolete. The fluid layer which hides the Atlantic continent from our sight is relatively no more to the diameter of the globe than a leaf of fine tissue paper to three bound volumes of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Thanks chiefly to the labours of the cable-laying and cable-repairing ships, our knowledge of the configuration of the bed of the ocean grows greater annually. Oceanography as a science may be said to date only from about 1850. The famous cruise of the *Challenger* between 1872 and 1876 enabled Sir Wyvill Thomson and Sir John Murray to give to the world valuable observations concerning marine depths, zoology, and oceanic conditions. It is true that before that discoveries of importance had been made, mountain ranges and plateaux had been revealed, but not even the cable companies possessed very much accurate knowledge of the bottom of the Atlantic.

In fact, it is only quite recently that these have perceived the wisdom and value of knowing the ground, and we doubt if Mr. Marconi's ingenuity is likely to check seriously their thirst for greater submarine knowledge. In 1899 Mr. Peake, on board the *Britannia* cable-ship, did some valuable exploring, and during this present summer of 1903 Mr. Maynard Dodd, who accompanies the *Minia*, of the Anglo-American Cable Company, will continue his deep-sea investigations. Besides these a host of able men in various countries, headed by Sir John Murray, the Prince of Monaco, Mr. Agassiz, and others, in actively pursuing the science of oceanography, are laying bare the secrets of the deep; so that, at the present rate, every geographical peculiarity of the land beneath the sea will be as familiar to the mind's eye as any other on the surface of the globe of which we may possess only second-hand knowledge.



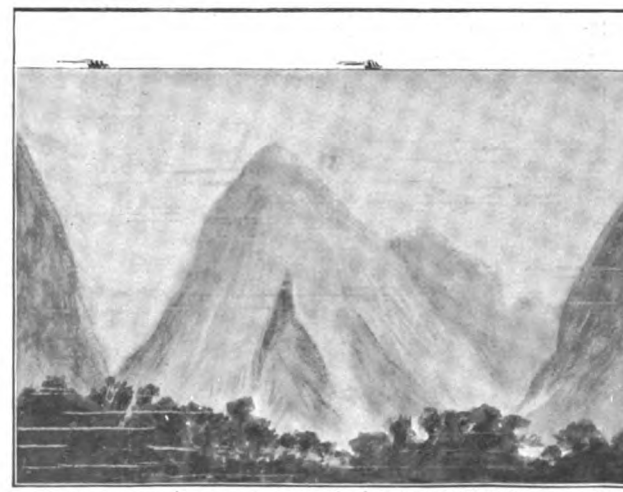
THE LAURA ETHEL MOUNTAIN (LAT. 47.10, LONG. 38.41)—THE HIGHER PEAK IS ONLY THIRTY-SIX FATHOMS FROM THE SURFACE.

The Laura Ethel Mountain is the uttermost peak of one of the most celebrated of the submarine elevations in the Atlantic. It was discovered in 1878 and figures on all recent charts. Adjacent soundings showed a depth of two thousand fathoms, so that the discovery of a depth of only thirty-six fathoms created much surprise. It has been repeatedly explored by the sounding-line, until now, after a quarter of a century of acquaintanceship, its contour and characteristics are almost as well known as many peaks of the Alps or Andes. Yet its moist surroundings will probably for ever preclude Messrs. Whymper and Fitzgerald from scaling its sides, although this feat has frequently been performed by various aquatic travellers, who build nests, lay eggs, frolic, and perish on its summit.

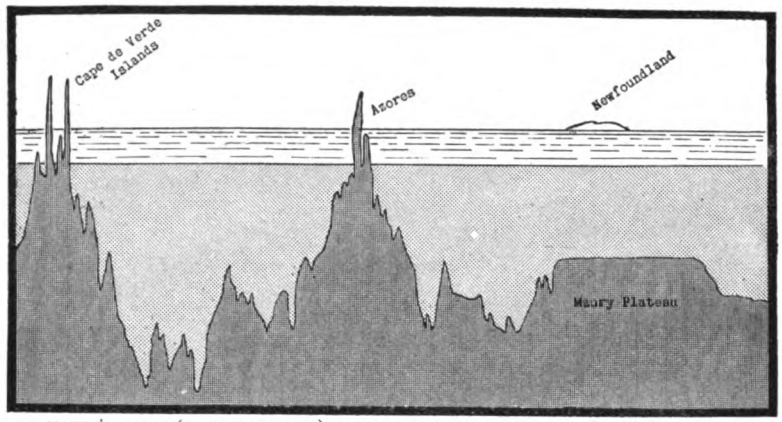
Mount Chaucer was revealed to oceanographers in 1850. It is situated in latitude 42deg. 50min., longitude 28deg. 50min., and its crest is only forty-eight fathoms from the surface. The honour of being the first discovered mountain in the Atlantic belongs to Sainthill, in latitude 42deg. 50min., longitude 42deg. 20min. It became known to science in 1832; that its existence was unguessed until three-quarters of a century ago is strong testimony to the extreme novelty of oceanography. It is not less than ten thousand feet high, and its summit is one hundred fathoms from the surface.

Lieutenant Maury, U.S.N., prior to the laying of the first Atlantic cable, made known to mankind that a great wide plateau exists beneath the ocean, running from Ireland to Newfoundland. To this elevation he modestly gave the name of the Telegraphic Plateau, because it seemed so admirably suited to the purpose of cable-laying, but in the newest charts it has been rechristened with its discoverer's name.

It may be mentioned that at that period,



MOUNT CHAUCER (LAT. 42.50, LONG. 28.50), ONLY FORTY-EIGHT FATHOMS FROM THE SURFACE.

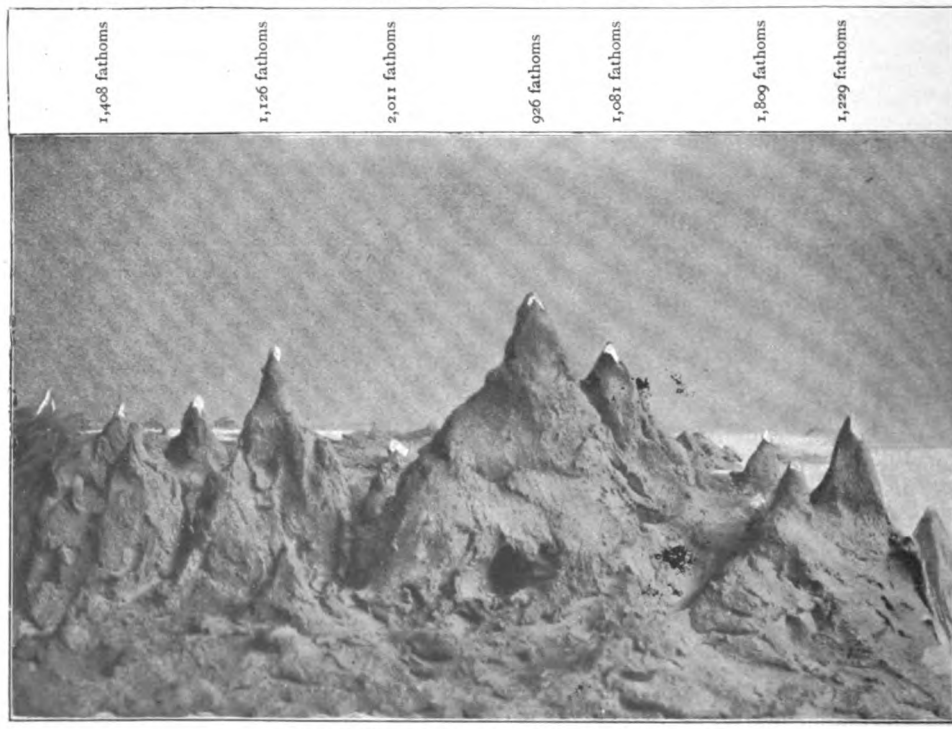


MAURY'S CHART (NORTH TO SOUTH), SHOWING THE GREAT PLATEAU WHICH RUNS FROM IRELAND TO NEWFOUNDLAND.

and before Lord Kelvin's apparatus for taking soundings by means of fine steel wire, a sounding of three thousand fathoms occupied not less than three and a half hours; twice, and almost thrice, the time it now takes. The process, too, is only possible in the summer months, and when the waves and weather are propitious. Nevertheless, in spite of all drawbacks and many failures, the work goes on from year to year, and new soundings constantly repeated in the same locality serve to correct and extend previous information.

An interesting group of submarine mountains, six thousand feet high, considerably more lofty than the Snowdon range, has recently been found in latitude 43deg., longitude 22deg. 30min. To these have been given the name of the Edward the Seventh Range, the peaks being named after members of the Royal Family. Mount Tillotston Bright, in latitude 45deg. 10min., longitude 27deg. 50min., is a considerable elevation, two thousand four hundred feet high, in the North Atlantic. In latitude 45deg., longitude 48deg., there would be found, should the ocean be drained dry, a lofty range of hills and mountains. The peaks of some of them come dangerously near the surface. Mount Placentia, in latitude 45deg., longitude 54deg., lacks but five fathoms of being an island.

It needs but a glance at the chart of the



EDWARD THE SEVENTH RANGE (LAT. 43, LONG. 22.30).

ocean's bed to perceive that all the islands of the main are merely the summits of hills. Some are more precipitous than others, as the Azores and Cape Verde Islands, whose hidden slopes descend almost abruptly for some thousand fathoms or so.

The Faraday Hills, discovered by the exploring staff on board the ss. *Faraday*, in 1883, in latitude 49deg. 50min., longitude 28deg. 19min., are noted for the presence of much wreckage at their base, and also for a huge white cone, which rises at a somewhat lower elevation, almost like a marble shaft, to commemorate the sepulture of innumerable ships and lives in this part of the Atlantic.

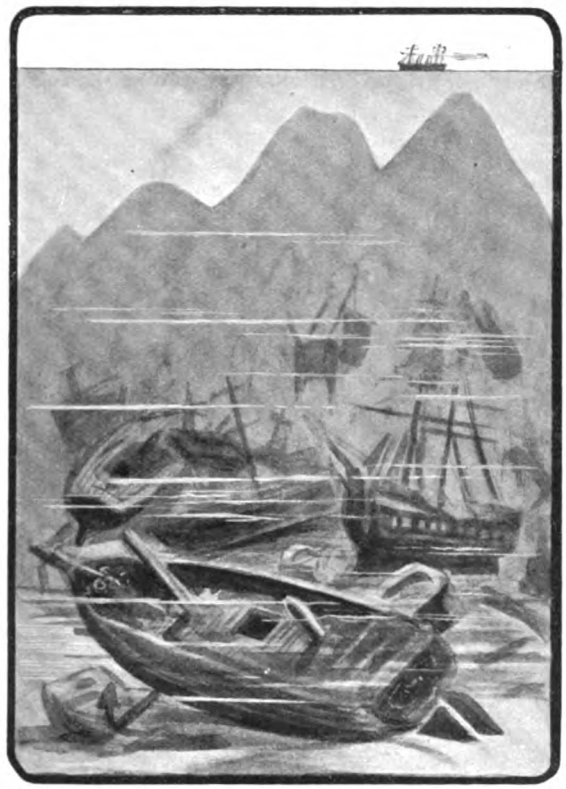
Reclus, in his great geographical work, observes that many of the cones and hills in the Atlantic "are covered by a white mantle of carbonate of lime," which he explains as being "the dead shells and skeletons of pelagic and deep-sea organizations."

"A HUGE WHITE CONE RISES AT A LOWER ELEVATION, ALMOST LIKE A MARBLE SHAFT, TO COMMEMORATE THE SEPULTURE OF INNUMERABLE SHIPS AND LIVES IN THIS PART OF THE ATLANTIC."

Of these vast submarine plateaux and plains, rocks, cliffs, and fells, it may be said that they are not submitted to the same agencies which conspire to erode and destroy visible land. Beneath the ocean there are no frosts, no lightnings, no glaciers, no meteoric agents at work. If it were not for the eddies and the perpetual destruction and accumulation of animal life, these Atlantic rocks and hills might rest as immutable as the "peaks and craters of the moon," where there is no atmosphere to cause decay.

All this land beneath the ocean being merely hidden land, it may some day, by the mighty workings of Nature, be exposed. Much of what is now dry land on the surface of our planet was formerly covered by the sea, and the geologists have discovered sea-shells on the flanks of the Himalayas eighteen thousand feet above the level of the mouth of the Ganges.

As to the nature of the soil at the bottom of the Atlantic, science tells us that the belt, to about four hundred fathoms, is commonly covered with sand and *débris* washed from the beach or rivers, a conglomeration resembling an immense suburban refuse-heap, only vastly richer in buried treasure. From four hundred to two thousand fathoms the landscape is generally overspread by a white globigerina ooze, consisting of the broken and decomposed shells of various marine animals. The substance known as grey ooze distinguishes depths from this up to two thousand three hundred fathoms, while the still deeper areas are chiefly covered by a red clay or silicate of alumina and iron. The quantities of pumice and other volcanic products which are found extensively scattered over the ocean's bed are due to submarine eruptions or perhaps to water-logged drift. So much for the equivalent of the soil or surface of the Atlantic continent. Upon this there lie strewn thousands of acres, millions of tons of iron and timber, of gold and silver, of dead men's bones. This represents some five centuries of shipwrecks and marine loss and disaster. The action of the tides and the Gulf Stream causes much of this metal and water-logged waste in certain latitudes to accumulate in definite areas. Commonly these areas are bounded on the east by a submarine hill, in a depression of which the hull of some gallant old sea-rover, merchantman, barque, or fighting frigate may find eternal lodgment.



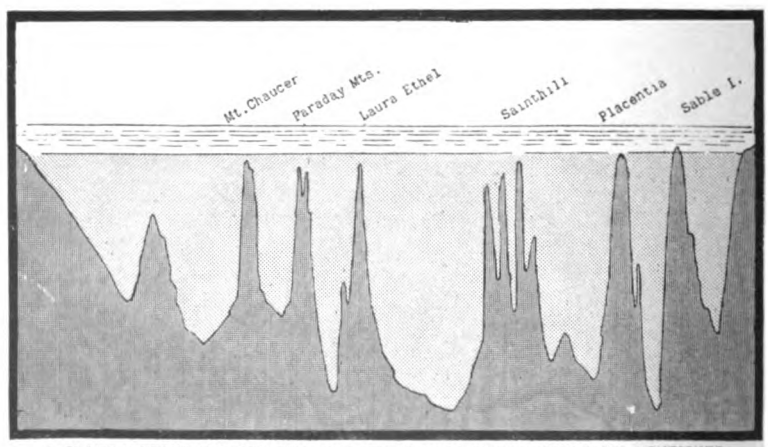
"THE BASE OF THE FARADAY HILLS MAY WELL CLAIM THE DISTINCTION OF BEING THE REAL 'DAVY JONES'S LOCKER.'"

From time immemorial sailors have been wont to speak of "Davy Jones's locker," with scant idea, doubtless, of any particular submarine repository where drowned ships and men are held in safe keeping till Judgment Day. But one peak of the Faraday Hills, or the eminence known as Sainthill, might each claim the distinction of being the real "Davy Jones's locker." It has been estimated that at the base of the latter the relics of not fewer than five thousand wrecks lie scattered, while the former is an arsenal and timberyard of proportions vaster than any on dry land.

Both these localities, calculated to be so interesting to passing tourists, are unaccountably omitted from the guide-books of a voyage to New York. But there is plenty of time to correct the oversight, and a geological map of the ship's course might well form a part of the mural embellishments of the saloon of a twentieth-century ocean liner. A submarine telescope for use by the passengers in viewing the subjacent scenery has, it is true, yet to be invented, but we live in an age of wonders—of Crookes tubes and Röntgen rays—and the want is sure to be supplied when science is seriously called upon to supply it.

There are, by the way, some hills in the Atlantic whose immediate vicinity vessels avoid with dread, and whose close acquaintanceship is usually accompanied by fatality. The chief of these, which just protrudes above the surface of the waves and is known as Sable Island, hardly comes within our scope, save as an illustration of the fact that an island is occasionally a steep hill, even when it appears as flat as any Newfoundland sandbank.

We have spoken of mountains, but have remarked little upon the mighty valleys of the ocean. The deepest indentation into the earth's crust is probably in the Pacific, but there are some cavernous depths now well defined in the Atlantic. To the greatest of these has been given the name of Nares Deep. Others are Sigsbee Deep, Libbey Deep, Thoulet Deep, Murray, Peake, and Monaco Deeps. The greatest depth yet sounded in the Atlantic was originally discovered by the

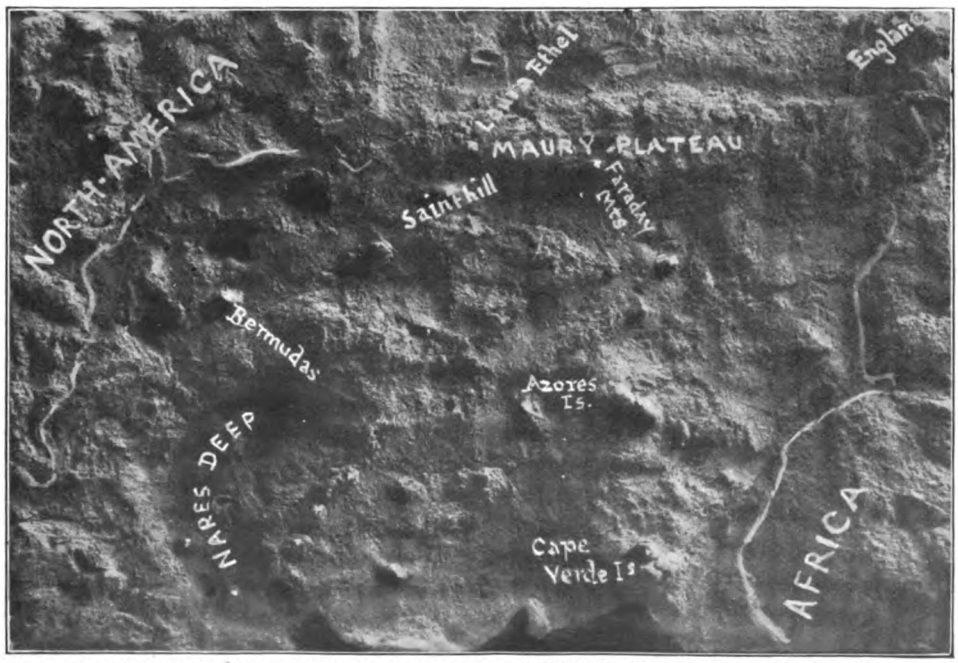


A CHART SHOWING THE RELATIVE HEIGHTS OF SOME OF THE MOUNTAINS MENTIONED. MOUNT PLACENTIA IS ONLY FIVE FATHOMS BELOW THE SURFACE.

ship *Gettysburg*, ninety-five miles north of St. Thomas, latitude 19deg. 41min., longitude 65deg. 7min. It is three thousand eight hundred and seventy-five fathoms below sea-level. Professor Agassiz, in the *Albatross* expedition of 1900, made a sounding in the Pacific of four thousand five hundred and forty fathoms off the Tonga Islands, and there are believed to exist still deeper basins near Japan. But four miles and a half may be taken to be the greatest depth of the Atlantic. The average depth of the whole ocean may be taken as about two English miles. Contrary to former opinion, recent research has clearly proved that the greater depths do not lie in the middle of the ocean, but in the neighbourhood of the dry land. The latest ascertained depth of the waters covering the earth is thus stated by Prince Albert of Monaco, following Professor Krummel, to be the average in fathoms: Atlantic, 2,012; Indian, 1,828; Pacific, 2,125; Antarctic, 1,804; Arctic, 844; Mediterranean, 732.

It is decidedly amusing to recall that Jules Verne, in his celebrated romance, "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea," which was based upon all the oceanic science then available, caused his hero to take a sounding in latitude 45deg. 37min., longitude 37deg. 53min. "It was," he remarks, "the same water in which Captain Denham, of the *Herald*, sounded seven thousand fathoms without finding the bottom. There, too, Lieutenant Parker, of the American frigate *Congress*, could not touch bottom with fifteen thousand one hundred and forty fathoms." All this was nothing to the redoubtable Captain Nemo, of the *Nautilus*, who issued orders for his submarine to descend into these staggering depths which the plummet could not sound. "At seven thousand fathoms I saw some blackish tops rising from the midst of the waters; but these summits might belong to high mountains like the Himalayas or Mont Blanc, even higher, and the depth of the abyss remained incalculable. . . . At the depth of more than three leagues the *Nautilus* had passed the limits of submarine existence, even as a balloon does when it rises above the respirable atmosphere."

When these submarine explorers had attained a depth of sixteen thousand yards, or just over nine miles, they took a photograph of the mountainous solitudes by electric light before the pressure of some five thousand pounds to the inch caused the submarine to shoot up to the surface as if expelled from a catapult! It rather damages romance to learn that the maximum depth at this point has lately been ascertained to be exactly two thousand five hundred and nineteen fathoms. Nowhere in the vicinity does the depth exceed two thousand seven hundred fathoms.



A RELIEF MAP OF THE ATLANTIC BED, SHOWING ALL THE PRINCIPAL ELEVATIONS AND DEPRESSIONS—ESPECIALLY PREPARED FOR THIS ARTICLE.

The Leather Funnel.

By A. Conan Doyle.

MY friend, Lionel Dacre, lived in the Avenue de Wagram, Paris. His house was that small one with the iron railings and grass plot in front of it, on the left-hand side as you pass down from the Arc de Triomphe. I fancy that it had been there long before the Avenue was constructed, for the grey tiles were stained with lichens and the walls were mildewed and discoloured with age. It looked a small house from the street—five windows in front, if I remember right—but it deepened into a single long chamber at the back. It was here that Dacre had that singular library of occult literature and the fantastic curiosities which served as a hobby for himself and an amusement for his friends. A wealthy man of refined and eccentric tastes, he had spent much of his life and fortune in gathering together what was said to be a unique private collection of Talmudic, cabalistic, and magical works, many of them of great rarity and value. His tastes leaned towards the marvellous and the monstrous, and I have heard that his experiments in the direction of the unknown have passed all the bounds of civilization and of decorum. To his English friends he never alluded to such matters, and took the tone of the student and virtuoso. But a Frenchman whose tastes were of the same nature has assured me that the worst excesses of the Black Mass have been perpetrated in that large and lofty hall, which is lined with the shelves of his books and the cases of his museum.

Dacre's appearance was enough to show that his deep interest in these psychic matters was intelle tual rather than spiritual. There was no trace of asceticism upon his heavy face, but there was much mental force in his huge, dome-like skull, which curved upwards from amongst his thinning locks like a snow-peak above its fringe of fir trees. His knowledge was greater than his wisdom and his powers were far superior to his character. The small, bright eyes, buried deeply in his fleshy face, twinkled with intelligence and an unabated curiosity of life; but they were the eyes of a sensualist and an egotist. Enough of the man, for he is dead now, poor fellow—dead at the very time that he made sure he had at last discovered the elixir of life. It is not with his complex character that I have to deal, but with the very strange and inexplicable incident which had its rise in my visit to him in the early spring of the year '82.

I had known Dacre in England, for my researches in the Assyrian Room of the British Museum had been conducted at the time when he was endeavouring to establish a mystic and esoteric meaning in the Babylonian tablets, and this community of interest had brought us together. Chance remarks had led to daily conversation, and that to something verging upon friendship. I had promised him that on my next visit to Paris I would call upon him. At the time when I was able to fulfil my compact I was living in a cottage at Fontainebleau, and, as the evening trains were inconvenient, he asked me to spend the night in his house.

"I have only that one spare couch," said he, pointing to a broad sofa in his large salon. "I hope that you will manage to be comfortable there."

It was a singular bedroom, with its high walls of brown volumes, but there could be no more agreeable furniture to a bookworm like myself, and there is no scent so pleasant to my nostrils as that faint, subtle reek which comes from an ancient book. I assured him that I would desire no more charming chamber and no more congenial surroundings.

"If the fittings are neither convenient nor conventional, they are at least costly," said he, looking round at the shelves. "I have expended nearly a quarter of a million of money upon these objects which surround you. Books, weapons, gems, carvings, tapestries, images—there is hardly a thing here which has not its history, and it is generally one worth telling."

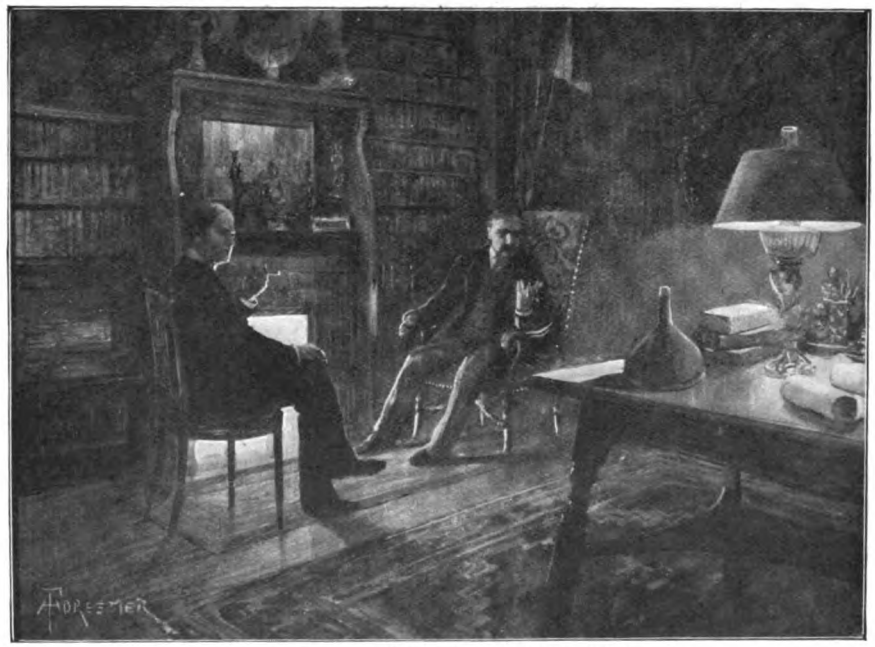
He was seated as he spoke at one side of the open fireplace, and I at the other. His reading-table was on his right, and the strong lamp above ringed it with a very vivid circle of golden light. A half-rolled palimpsest lay in the centre, and around it were many quaint articles of bric-à-brac. One of these was a large funnel, such as is used for filling wine casks. It appeared to be made of black wood, and to be rimmed with discoloured brass.

"That is a curious thing," I remarked. "What is the history of that?"

'Black Jacks,' as they were called — which were of the same colour and hardness as this filler."

"I dare say the date would be about the same," said Dacre, "and no doubt also it was used for filling a vessel with liquid. If my suspicions are correct, however, it was a queer vintner who used it, and a very singular cask which was filled. Do you observe nothing strange at the spout end of the funnel?"

As I held it to the light I observed that, at a spot some five inches above the brass tip,



"'THAT IS A CURIOUS THING,' I REMARKED."

"Ah!" said he, "it is the very question which I have had occasion to ask myself. I would give a good deal to know. Take it in your hands and examine it."

I did so, and found that what I had imagined to be wood was in reality leather, though age had dried it into an extreme hardness.

It was a large funnel, and might hold a quart when full. The brass rim encircled the wide end, but the narrow was also tipped with metal.

"What do you make of it?" asked Dacre.

"I should imagine that it belonged to some vintner or maltster in the Middle Ages," said I. "I have seen in England leathern drinking flagons of the seventeenth century—

the narrow neck of the leather funnel was all haggled and scored, as if someone had notched it round with a blunt knife. Only at that point was there any roughening of the dead black surface.

"Someone has tried to cut off the neck."

"Would you call it a cut?"

"It is torn and lacerated. It must have taken some strength to leave these marks on such tough material, whatever the instrument may have been. But what do you think of it? I can tell that you know more than you say."

Dacre smiled, and his little eyes twinkled with knowledge.

"Have you included the psychology of dreams amongst your learned studies?" he asked.

"I did not even know that there was such a psychology."

"My dear sir, that shelf above the gem-case is filled with volumes from Albertus Magnus onwards which deal with no other subject. It is a science in itself."

"A science of charlatans."

"The charlatan is always the pioneer. From the astrologer came the astronomer, from the alchemist the chemist, from the mesmerist the experimental psychologist. The quack of yesterday is the professor of to-morrow. Even such subtle and elusive things as dreams will in time be reduced to system and order. When that time comes the researches of our friends in the bookshelf yonder will no longer be the amusement of the mystic, but the foundations of a science."

"Supposing that is so, what has the science of dreams to do with a large, black, brass-rimmed funnel?"

"I will tell you. You know that I have an agent who is always on the look-out for rarities and curiosities for my collection. Some days ago he heard of a dealer upon one of the Quais who had acquired some old rubbish found in a cupboard in an ancient house at the back of the Rue Mathurin, in the Quartier Latin. The dining-room of this old house is decorated with a coat of arms, chevrons and bars gules upon a field argent, which proves upon inquiry to be the shield of one Nicholas de la Reynie, a high official of King Louis XIV. There can be no doubt that the other articles in the cupboard date back to the early days of that King. The inference is, therefore, that they were all the property of this Nicholas de la Reynie, who was, as I understand, the gentleman specially concerned with the maintenance and execution of the Draconic laws of that epoch."

"CAN YOU MAKE OUT ANY LETTERING UPON IT?"

"What then?"

"I would ask you now to take the funnel into your hands once more and to examine the upper brass rim. Can you make out any lettering upon it?"

There were certainly some scratches upon it, almost obliterated by time. The general effect was of several letters, the last of which bore some resemblance to a "B."

"You make it a 'B'?"

"Yes, I do."

"So do I. In fact, I have no doubt whatever that it is a 'B'."

"But the nobleman you mentioned would have had 'R' for his initial."

"Exactly! That's the beauty of it. He owned this curious object, and yet he had someone else's initials upon it. Why did he do this?"

"I can't imagine. Can you?"

"Well, I might perhaps guess. Do you observe something drawn a little farther along the rim."

"I should say it was a crown."

"It is undoubtedly a crown, but if you

examine it in a good light you will convince yourself that it is not an ordinary crown. It is a heraldic crown—a badge of rank—and it consists of an alternation of four pearls and strawberry leaves, the proper badge of a marquis. We may infer, therefore, that the person whose initials end in 'B' was entitled to wear that coronet."

"Then this common leather filler belonged to a marquis?"

Dacre gave a peculiar smile.

"Or to some member of the family of a marquis," said he. "So much we have clearly gathered from this engraved rim."

"But what has all this to do with dreams?" I do not know whether it was from a look upon Dacre's face, or from some subtle suggestion in his manner, but a feeling of repulsion, of unreasoning horror, came upon me as I looked at the gnarled old lump of leather.

"I have more than once received important information through my dreams," said my companion, in the didactic manner which he loved to affect. "I make it a rule now, when I am in doubt upon any material point, to place the article in question beside me as I sleep and to hope for some enlightenment. The process does not appear to me to be very obscure, though it has not yet received the blessing of orthodox science. According to my theory, any object which has been intimately associated with any supreme paroxysm of human emotion, whether it be joy or pain, will retain a certain atmosphere or association which it is capable of communicating to a sensitive mind. By a sensitive mind I do not mean an abnormal one, but such a trained and educated mind as you or I possess."

"You mean, for example, that if I slept beside that old sword upon the wall I might dream of some bloody incident in which that very sword took part?"

"An excellent example, for, as a matter of fact, that sword was used in that fashion by me, and I saw in my sleep the death of its owner, who perished in a brisk skirmish, which I have been unable to identify, but which occurred at the time of the wars of the Frondists. If you think of it, some of our popular observances show that the fact has always been recognised by our ancestors, although we, in our wisdom, have classed it among superstitions."

"For example?"

"Well, the placing of the bride's cake beneath the pillow in order that the sleeper may have pleasant dreams. That is one of several instances which you will find set forth in a small brochure which I am myself writing upon the subject. But to come back to the point, I slept one night with this funnel beside me, and I had a dream which certainly throws a curious light upon its use and origin."

"What did you dream?"

"I dreamed——" He paused, and an intent look of interest came over his massive face. "By Jove, that's well thought of," said he; "this really will be an exceedingly interesting experiment. You are yourself a psychic subject, with nerves which respond readily to any impression."

"I have never tested myself in that direction."

"Then we shall test you to-night. Might I ask you, as a very great favour, when you occupy that couch to-night, to sleep with this old funnel placed by the side of your pillow?"

The request seemed to me a grotesque one; but I have myself, in my complex nature, a hunger after all which is bizarre and fantastic. I had not the faintest belief in Dacre's theory, nor any hopes for success in such an experiment; yet it amused me that the experiment should be made. Dacre with great gravity drew a small stand to the head of my settee and placed the funnel upon it. Then, after a short conversation, he wished me good-night and left me.

I sat for some little time smoking by the smouldering fire, and turning over in my mind the curious incident which had occurred and the strange experience which might lie before me. Sceptical as I was, there was something impressive in the assurance of Dacre's manner, and my extraordinary surroundings — the huge room with the strange and often sinister objects which were hung round it — struck solemnity into my soul. Finally I undressed, and turning out the lamp I lay down. After long tossing I fell asleep. Let me try to describe as accurately as I can the scene which came to me in my dreams. It stands out now in my memory more clearly than anything which I have seen with my waking eyes.

There was a room which bore the appearance of a vault. Four spandrels from the corners ran up to join in a sharp, cup-shaped roof. The architecture was rough, but very strong. It was evidently part of a great building.

Three men in black, with curious, top-heavy, black velvet hats, sat in a line upon a

red-carpeted daïs. Their faces were very solemn and sad. On the left stood two long-gowned men with portfolios in their hands which seemed to be stuffed with papers. Upon the right, looking towards me, was a small woman with blonde hair and singular light blue eyes—the eyes of a child. She was past her first youth, but could not yet be called middle-aged. Her figure was inclined to stoutness and her bearing was proud and confident. Her face was pale, but serene. It was a curious face, comely and yet feline, with a subtle suggestion of cruelty about the straight, strong little mouth and chubby jaw. She was draped in some sort of loose white gown. Beside her stood a thin, eager priest, who whispered in her ear and continually raised a crucifix before her eyes. She turned her head and looked fixedly past the crucifix at the three men in black, who were, I felt, her judges.

As I gazed the three men stood up and said something, but I could distinguish no words, though I was aware that it was the central one who was speaking. They then swept out of the room, followed by the two men with the papers. At the same instant several rough-looking fellows in stout jerkins came bustling in and removed first the red carpet and then the boards which formed the daïs, so as to entirely clear the room. When this screen was removed I saw some singular articles of furniture behind it. One looked like a bed with wooden rollers at each end, and a winch handle to regulate its length. Another was a wooden horse. There were several other curious objects, and a number of swinging cords which played over pulleys. It was not unlike a modern gymnasium.

When the room had been cleared there appeared a new figure upon the scene. This was a tall, thin person clad in black, with a gaunt and austere face. The aspect of the man made me shudder. His clothes were all shining with grease and mottled with stains. He bore himself with a slow and impressive dignity, as if he took command of all things from the instant of his entrance. In spite of his rude appearance and sordid dress it was now *his* business, *his* room, his to command. He carried a coil of light ropes over his left fore-arm. The lady looked him up and down with a searching glance, but her expression was unchanged. It was confident—even defiant. But it was very different with the priest. His face was ghastly white, and I saw the moisture glisten

"BESIDE HER STOOD A THIN, EAGER PRIEST, WHO WHISPERED IN HER EAR."

and run on his high, sloping forehead. He threw up his hands in prayer, and then with a last frantic word to the lady he rushed wildly out of the room.

The man in black now advanced, and taking one of the cords from his left arm he bound the woman's hands together. She held them meekly towards him as he did so. Then he took her arm with a rough grip and led her towards the wooden horse, which was little higher than her waist. On to this she was lifted, and laid with her back upon it and her face to the ceiling. Her lips were moving rapidly, and though I could hear nothing I knew that she was praying. Her feet hung down on either side of the horse, and I saw that the rough varlets in attendance had fastened cords to her ankles and secured the other ends to iron rings in the stone floor.

My heart sank within me as I saw these ominous preparations, and yet I was held by the fascination of horror, and I could not take my eyes from the strange spectacle. A man had entered the room with a bucket of water in either hand. Another followed with a third bucket. They were placed beside the wooden horse. The second man had a wooden dipper—a bowl with a straight handle—in his other hand. This he gave to the man in black. At the same moment one of the varlets approached with a dark object in his hand, which even in my dream filled me with a vague feeling of familiarity. It was a leathern filler. With horrible energy he thrust it— —but I could stand no more! My hair stood on end with horror. I writhed, I struggled, I broke through the bonds of sleep, and I burst with a shriek into my own life, and found myself lying shivering with terror in the huge library, with the moonlight flooding through the window and throwing strange silver and black traceries upon the opposite wall. Oh, what a blessed relief to feel that I was back in the nineteenth century—back out of that mediæval vault into a world where men had human hearts within their bosoms! I sat up on my couch trembling in every limb, my mind divided between thankfulness and horror.

To think that such things were ever done—that they *could* be done without God striking the villains dead. Was it all a fantasy, or did it really stand for something which had happened in the black, cruel days of the world's history? I sank my throbbing head upon my shaking hands. And then, suddenly, my heart seemed to stand still in my bosom, and I could not even scream, so great was my terror. Something was advancing towards me through the darkness of the room.

It is a horror coming upon a horror which breaks a man's spirit. I could not reason, I could not pray; I could only sit like a frozen image and glare at the dark figure which was coming down the great room. And then it moved out into the white lane of moonlight, and I breathed once more. It was Dacre, and his face showed that he was as frightened as myself.

"Was that you? For Heaven's sake what's the matter?" he asked, in a husky voice.

"Oh, Dacre, I am glad to see you! I have been down into hell. It was dreadful."

"Then it was you who screamed?"

"I dare say it was."

"It rang through the house. The servants are all terrified." He struck a match and lit the lamp. "I think we may get the fire to burn up again," he added, throwing some logs upon the embers. "Good heavens, my dear chap, how white you are! You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"So I have—several ghosts."

"The leather funnel has acted, then?"

"I wouldn't sleep near the infernal thing again for all the money you could offer me."

Dacre chuckled.

"I expected that you would have a lively night of it," said he. "You took it out of me in return, for that scream of yours wasn't a very pleasant sound at two in the morning. I suppose, from what you say, that you have seen the whole dreadful business."

"What dreadful business?"

"The torture of the water—the 'Extraordinary Question,' as it was called in the genial days of 'Le Roi Soleil.' Did you stand it out to the end?"

"No, thank Heaven; I woke before it really began."

"Ah! it is just as well for you. I held out till the third bucket. Well, it is an old story, and they are all in their graves now anyhow, so what does it matter how they got there? I suppose that you have no idea what it was that you have seen?"

"The torture of some criminal. She must have been a terrible malefactor, indeed, if her crimes are in proportion to her penalty."

"Well, we have that small consolation," said Dacre, wrapping his dressing-gown round him and crouching closer to the fire. "They *were* in proportion to her penalty—that is to say, if I am correct in the lady's identity."

"How could you possibly know her identity?"

For answer Dacre took down an old vellum-covered volume from the shelf.

"Just listen to this," said he; "it is in the French of the seventeenth century, but I will give a rough translation as I go. You will judge for yourself whether I have solved the riddle or not:—

"'The prisoner was brought before the Grand Chambers and Tournelles of Parliament, sitting as a court of justice, charged with the murder of Master Dreux d'Aubray, her father, and of her two brothers, MM. d'Aubray, one being civil lieutenant and the other a counsellor of Parliament. In person it seemed hard to believe that she had really done such wicked deeds, for she was of a mild appearance and of short stature, with a fair skin and blue eyes. Yet the Court, having found her guilty, condemned her to the ordinary and to the extraordinary question in order that she might be forced to name her accomplices, after which she should be carried in a cart to the Place de Grève, there to have her head cut off, her body being afterwards burned and her ashes scattered to the winds.'

"The date of this entry is July 16th, 1676."

"It is interesting," said I, "but not convincing. How do you prove the two women to be the same?"

"I am coming to that. The narrative goes on to tell of the woman's behaviour when questioned. 'When the executioner approached her she recognised him by the cords which he held in his hands, and she at once held out her own hands to him, looking at him from head to foot without uttering a word.' How's that?"

"Yes, it was so."

"'She gazed without wincing upon the wooden horse and rings which had twisted so many limbs and caused so many shrieks of agony. When her eyes fell upon the three pails of water which were all ready for her, she said, with a smile: "All that water must have been brought here for the purpose of drowning me, monsieur. You have no idea, I trust, of making a person of my small stature swallow it all."'

"'IT IS INTERESTING,' SAID I, 'BUT NOT CONVINCING.'"

"Shall I read the details of the torture?"

"No, for Heaven's sake, don't."

"Here is a sentence which must surely show you that what is here recorded is the very scene which you have gazed upon to-night: 'The good Abbé Pirot, unable to contemplate the agonies which were suffered

by his penitent, had hurried from the room.' Does that convince you?"

"It does entirely. There can be no question that it is indeed the same event. But who, then, is this lady whose appearance was so attractive and whose end was so horrible?"

For answer Dacre came across to me and placed the small lamp upon the table which stood by my bed. Lifting up the ill-omened filler he turned the brass rim so that the light fell full upon it. Seen in this way the engraving seemed clearer than on the night before.

"We have already agreed that this is the badge of a marquis or of a marquise,' said he. "We have also settled that the last letter is 'B.'"

"It is undoubtedly so."

"I now suggest to you that the other letters, from left to right, are 'M,' 'M,' a small 'd,' 'A,' a small 'd,' and then the final 'B'."

"Yes, I am sure that you are right. I can make out the two small 'd's' quite plainly."

"What I have read to you to-night," said Dacre, "is the official record of the trial of Marie Madeleine d'Aubray, Marquise de Brinvilliers, one of the most famous poisoners and murderers of all time."

I sat in silence, overwhelmed at the extraordinary nature of the incident, and at the completeness of the proof with which Dacre had exposed its real meaning. In a vague way I remembered some details of the woman's career: her unbridled debauchery, the cold-blooded and protracted torture of her sick father, the murder of her brothers for motives of petty gain. I recollected also that the bravery of her end had done something to atone for the horror of her life, and that all Paris had sympathized with her last moments and blessed her as a martyr within a few days of the time when they had cursed her as a murderess. One objection, and one only, occurred to my mind.

"How came her initials and her badge of rank upon the filler? Surely they did not carry their mediæval homage to the nobility to the point of decorating instruments of torture with their titles?"

"I was puzzled with the same point," said Dacre; "but it admits of a simple explanation. The case excited extraordinary interest at the time, and nothing could be more natural than that La Reynie, the head of the police, should retain this filler as a grim souvenir. It was not often that a marchioness of France underwent the extraordinary question. That he should engrave her initials upon it for the information of others was surely a very ordinary proceeding upon his part."

"And this?" I asked, pointing to the marks upon the leathern neck.

"She was a cruel tigress," said Dacre, as he turned away. "I think it is evident that, like other tigresses, her teeth were both strong and sharp."

Illustrated Interviews.

MISS MARIE HALL, THE GIRL VIOLINIST.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

By M. Dinorben Griffith.

"MARIE is always, for ever and ever, *plac*tising, *plac*tising," was the irate comment of two little boys when they failed to induce their but little older favourite sister to play with them.

It is this "always, for ever and ever, plactising," or, in other words, that infinite capacity for taking pains which is the sign-manual of genius, that has brought Miss Marie Hall, the girl violinist, to the front of her profession before she has reached her nineteenth birthday.

Hers is no history of that forced and most miserable of spectacles—the child prodigy, often of ephemeral life and fame. A child prodigy she undoubtedly was, but of natural growth. Her talent was discovered and fostered by strangers, and it speaks well for her bodily and mental vitality that hard work, poverty, and even sorrow have only given strength to her personality and a finished maturity to her art.

MISS MARIE HALL AT THE AGE OF TEN.
From a Photo. by Ruddock, Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

She loves her fiddle, and even when idly handling it a beautiful tenderness comes into her face, which is generally sad and grave almost to sternness. With her bow she shows her inner self to the world, at least to as much of the world as can understand its language; her clever fingers not only interpret the masterpieces of the great composers, but the longings and aspirations of a young life striving for the perfection which alone can satisfy it; and for fame, not for fame's sake, but because it will enable her to carry out a noble, unselfish purpose.

Like all highly-strung natures her personality is complex, oftenest grave, impulsive, yet sometimes as merry and gay as a little child.

To interview her is as difficult as to follow a will-o'-the-wisp.

"Where was I born? Oh, dear, must I go back as far as that? It was ages ago! In Newcastle, on April 8th, 1884, and I was called the 'Opera Baby.'"

"Why?"

"Because my father, Mr. Edmund Felix Hall, was harpist in the Carl Rosa English Opera Company, which toured all over England. My mother always accompanied him, and while at Newcastle I was born; the company took a great interest in this important event, and called me the 'Opera Baby.' I may as well go a little farther back and tell you that my grandfather was a landscape painter and a harpist; my father, his brother, my mother, and sister are all harpists, and I ought to have been one too, I suppose. I did start; but I hated it, and used to hide when my father wanted to give me a lesson. I wanted to learn the fiddle. My father had his own ideas on the subject; I had mine, and I stuck to them."

The little lady, I noted, had more than one side to her character. Into the grave face as she spoke came a mutinous, mischievous look reminiscent of an *enfant terrible*. It was also easy to infer that her early childhood held no pleasant memories for her. She was one of a family of four sisters (two of whom died) and two quite young brothers, one of whom—

Teddy—is the stimulus to hard work and the making and saving of money on her part. He shares his sister's love of the fiddle, and, although not yet nine, according to Miss Hall is "much cleverer" than she.

"Teddy is a genius," she says, enthusiastically, "but, oh, so delicate. I want to have him with me always; to get him the best advice, to care for him, educate him, and love him. That is what I have been working for, that is what success means to me."

She started learning the harp when only five, and the violin at the age of eight and a half, her father being her first teacher. Those lessons were not shirked, they were her only pleasure. More may be learned of Miss Hall's early days from what she leaves unsaid than what she says, but there is no doubt that when Mr. Hall left the opera company, that meant to him a regular weekly income of twelve pounds, and more especially on the termination of a short engagement at the Empire Theatre, Newcastle, the family were in dire straits. From the orchestra Mr. Hall had to come down to playing in the streets, his wife and children in turns assisting him in earning a precarious livelihood.

MISS MARIE HALL AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN
From a Photo.

The struggles of those days are written on Miss Hall's face, but the fragile little figure is linked with an indomitable will. She is of the stuff that heroes are made of, withal a very girl, with a keen sense of humour and a pretty wit of her own.

The day of her first violin lesson was an era in her baby life, for the little maid had planted her foot firmly on the first rung of the ladder of fame. She had no thought of what was to follow; she had gained her point, and it behoved her to prove that the violin was her special *métier*.

"One day," she said, "I played Raff's 'Cavatina' to my father. I had been practising it hard as a surprise for him." A surprise indeed it was, for it convinced him of her ability, and she was sent to Miss Hildegarde Werner, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, for lessons. She made remarkable progress, and her teacher was so proud of her precocious little pupil that she introduced her to M. Sauret, who predicted great things of her in the near future.

"After I had been learning the violin for a year I made my first appearance on the concert platform," said Miss Hall. "I was then about nine and a half. After the concert was over I got several offers of engagements at music-halls."

"Did you then play in the streets?"

"Yes, we all did; I hated it."

"What were your usual takings?"

"Oh, a penny, and up to sixpence."

"And is it indiscreet to ask what you make now?"

"I will tell you with pleasure. My first concert in London, at the St. James's Hall, brought me in five hundred pounds."

Four hundred people were on that occasion—her second appearance in London—turned away from the doors. A guinea was cheerfully paid for standing room, and two guineas for a seat.

Before little Marie reached her eleventh year her parents moved to Malvern, when, she pathetically remarked, "times were very bad. My sister and I had to do all the housework, as we could not afford to keep a servant, and to help by playing in the streets and in the vestibules of hotels. I used sometimes to go inside the little gardens and

begin playing, and was often then called into the houses."

"Did you dislike it?"

"I hated collecting money," was the reply, with a flash of her eyes. "Sometimes mother went out with father and she did the collecting, while my sister and I stayed at home."

One can easily picture that untidy *ménage*, with the little drudges turning out in the evenings to play for money when tired out with the hopeless task of keeping things straight at home.

"Things might have been worse, you know," she remarked, "for several people got to know me and were very kind. Fifteen pounds was subscribed among friends to buy me a violin, but my father thought the money would be more wisely spent in taking me to London, so that Wilhelmj could hear me."

"With what results?"

"I stayed in his house for several months, he giving me free lessons as well as keeping me. I then returned to Malvern and took up my old life; not from choice, but from necessity. I played in the streets and in hotels until I was thirteen. Herr Max Mossel heard me play and offered me free lessons, so I went to Birmingham, living with some rich friends, who paid my parents a pound a week for letting me stay during the three years I worked under Mossel."

MISS MARIE HALL AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN.
From a Photo. by Langhans, Prague.

Herr Mossel was charmed with his pupil; he recommended her so highly to the Birmingham School of Music Committee that she received a free studentship, which she held for two sessions.

When fifteen years old she competed for the first Wessely Exhibition at the Royal Academy of Music and won it, but was unable to take it up, as she had no means to live on while in London.

"It was such a disappointment," said Miss Hall, "and things were worse than ever at home. We moved to Clifton, and there met with friends who were most kind to us all. They were Mr. and Mrs. Roeckel, of musical fame. We got to know them through a strange incident.

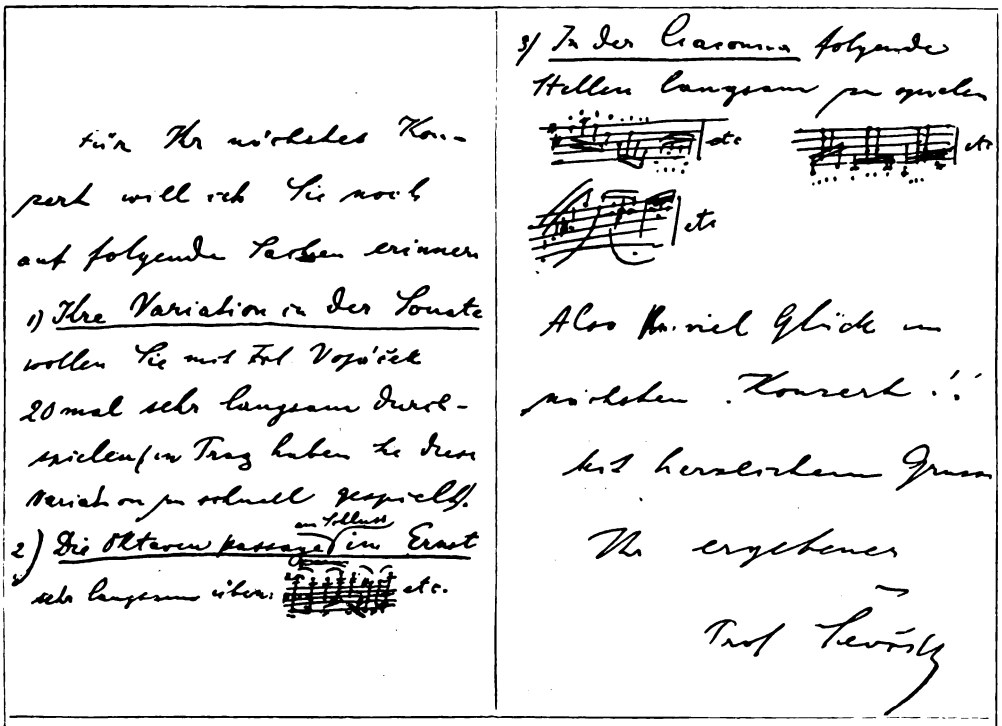
"As I told you, my uncle was a very clever harpist; he used to go about the country playing. Mr. and Mrs. Roeckel were spending a short holiday at Llandrindod Wells, in Wales. My uncle was there too, and they were delighted with his playing and spoke to him frequently, and learnt that his name was Hall.

"The Roeckels, on their return to their home at Clifton, heard one evening a harpist playing outside their door who reminded them, both in appearance and superior skill in playing, of the harpist they had met in Wales. It was his brother—my father."

From this time their kindness was unceasing to the family, who owe much to their frequent and timely help. They took a practical interest in the clever girl violinist, and enlisted Canon Fellowes's sympathy for their young *protégée*.

By Mr. Roeckel's advice Marie got up a subscription concert, Canon Fellowes promising to bring Mr. Napier Miles, the Squire of Kings Weston, near Bristol, to hear her play. The concert was a grand success, the playing of the delicate, frail, little fifteen-year-old *débutante* astonishing all present.

"Wonderful! delightful!" said Mr. Napier Miles. He asked if she had ever played with an orchestra. "No," was the reply. "Then you must come to Kings Weston for



Translation: As regards your next concert I must remind you of the following points: (1) Play your Variation in the Sonata over carefully 20 times with Fräulein Vojácek. You played this much too fast in Prague. (2) Practise the passage in Octaves at the finish in Ernst, very slowly. (3) Also, in the Chaconne, the following passages must be played slowly.
Well, good luck at your next concert!—With kindest regards, yours devotedly, PROF. SEVCIK.

A SPECIMEN OF PROF. SEVCIK'S METHOD OF TEACHING BY CORRESPONDENCE.

that purpose." Her future tuition and expenses were practically assured from that day.

Mr. Miles and a few other friends combined in sending her to study under Johann Kruse, and she stayed with him a year, or until, in her own words, "I had got all he could give me."

It was while she was in London with Kruse that she first heard Kubelik. He had shortly before been playing at Bristol, and Marie had urged her father to see him and beg of him to hear her play.

"I saw," said Miss Hall, "an announcement that he would give a recital in London on the 19th of June, 1900. I went. It was a red-letter day in my life. I went mad over his technique. As soon as the concert was over I went behind and waited outside his door, determined to see him if I had to wait until two o'clock in the morning. After what seemed to me a long time he came out, followed by his accompanist. I rushed forward and said, 'Oh, will you hear me play?' He seemed very startled, drew back a little, and stammered, 'I don't know you, do I?' Breathlessly I explained that my father had seen him at Bristol, and finally I left him with an appointment for ten o'clock the next morning. I practised nearly all night, for to sleep was impossible.

"I found Kubelik and his accompanist at breakfast. I do not think they expected me; they seemed to think I was amusing, especially when I asked Kubelik to accompany me."

With the sublime audacity of youth she had elected to play one of the very pieces she had heard Kubelik play the previous evening, the "D Minor Concerto" of Wieniawski, which was the success of the evening.

Kubelik was enthusiastic. "You must go at once," he said, "to Prague to my old master, Sevcik."

"But what do you think?" said Miss Hall, with a burst of merry laughter at the recollection. "Kubelik and the accompanist were so polite to me they both rushed to place a chair for me at the table, so that I could write my name and address, and I sat down—not on the chair, but on the floor,

with my feet in the air and my hat—well, I don't know where it was. I felt so small and so humiliated, and they—I do not know how they managed it—never even smiled—at least, for me to see."

It is difficult to get Miss Hall to talk about herself. She acknowledges being a "creature of moods," very full of spirits one moment, correspondingly despondent the next; grave, sympathetic, sedate, or a real little hoyden, full of fun and laughter.

Asked if she had received any offers of marriage since she had come out, "Two only," was the reply—"one from a Greek, a literary man, and one from a Bohemian musician."

"Were they nice?"

"Well," with comically raised eyebrows, "one was old and silly, the other very young and impressionable."

"No millionaire offers?"

"Sorry to disappoint you—no, not one.

"When did I go to Prague? Oh, very soon after my interview with Kubelik. My kind friend, Mr. Napier Miles, made all necessary arrangements. I went first to Dresden to learn a little German, which I managed to pick up without a master—Sevcik does not speak a word of English—and also to practise for my entrance examination for the Conservatoire."

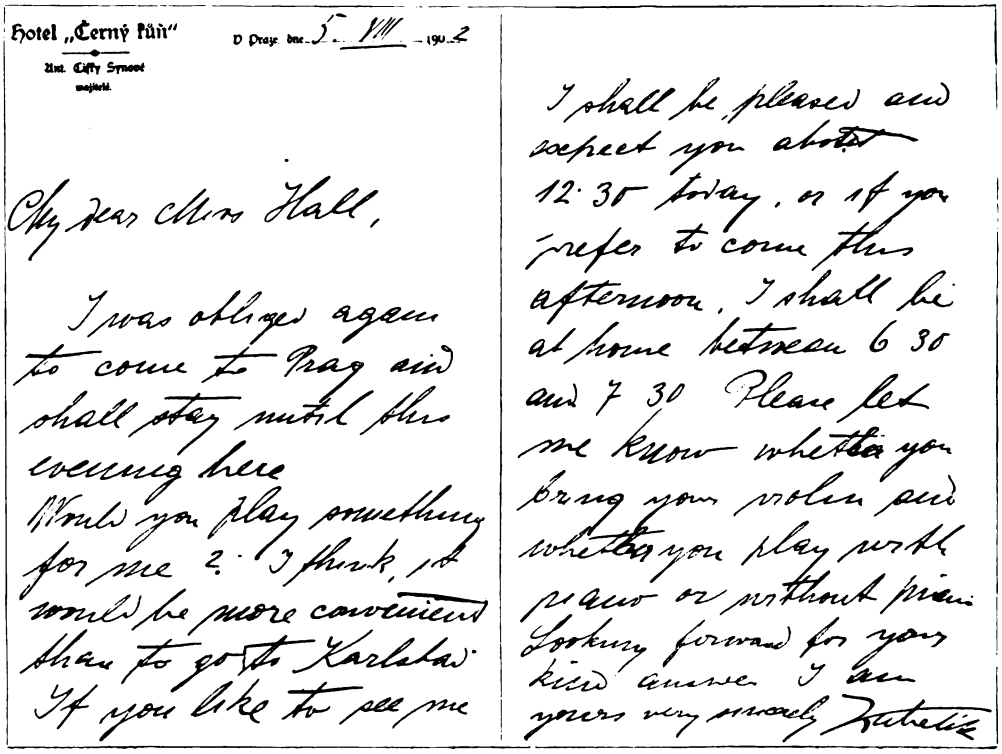
She was the great Sevcik's only English girl pupil, and he says, "She is the most gifted pupil I have ever had." In addition to lessons at the Conservatoire, she had private lessons as well, working often fourteen hours a day and getting up at four in the morning.

"Had you no recreation at all?"

"Oh, yes; while I was at Prague I read all Dickens's and Thackeray's works—to broaden my mind," she said, with a smile. "Do you know, I am very fond of shocking people?" she added. "In Prague it is considered very improper for girls to go out alone, especially to any public place. Several girl students lived together at a *pensionnat*, and we English ones used to love to dress up and go and dine sometimes at an hotel; people used to look at us, shrug their shoulders, and say, 'Es sind Englanderinen.' I was also very fond of dancing, and learned all the Bohemian national dances, which are very pretty."

"How long were you in Bohemia?"

"Eighteen months. A concert is given at



Hotel „Černý Pův"
Ust. Ciffy Synové majitelé.

V Praze dne 5. VIII 1902

My dear Miss Hall,

I was obliged again to come to Prag and shall stay until this evening here
Would you play something for me? I think, it would be more convenient than to go to Karlsbad.
If you like to see me I shall be pleased and expect you about 12.30 today, or if you prefer to come this afternoon, I shall be at home between 6 30 and 7 30 Please let me know whether you bring your violin and whether you play with piano or without piano
Looking forward for your kind answer I am yours very much Kubelik

A LETTER FROM KUBELIK TO MISS HALL.

the Conservatoire every year, in which all the students that have won their diplomas take part, and I played and was recalled twenty-five times."

Miss Hall during her holidays once went to Marienbad, where Kubelik was also staying, and he gave her a few lessons. He has always taken a great interest in her and considers her playing marvellous. She had a grand reception at Vienna, where she gave a recital before returning to England, being recalled no fewer than five times after each piece, a great compliment from so critical an audience.

"What is your fiddle?"

"An Amati. It was lent me by my master —Sevcik—and is the one used by Kubelik when he made his *début*. I have no violin of my own yet, but have three bows. I think I must learn to play on them.

"A pretty incident," Miss Hall went on to say, "occurred when I appeared for the first time after my return, at Newcastle-on-Tyne. A workman stood up and said, 'Miss Hall ought to have a new violin. I have just made one and would like to give it to her.' He evidently did not think much of this Amati, did he?"

"Is it not true that a violin worth two thousand guineas is being purchased by public subscription as a presentation to you?"

"Yes, it is so, but it will be some time yet before such a sum can be collected."

I was shown a letter from Sevcik; curious — as it showed his manner of giving his pupil violin lessons by post.

"He is coming back here with me in the autumn, and I hope he will settle in London."

"What are your plans when the season is over?"

"After my two recitals here on the 30th of May and 23rd of June, I am going back to Bohemia. I shall take a little cottage in the country there, where I can have perfect quietude and devote myself to practising, for I play with Richter in Manchester next season. I have a lot to do before I can rest, though. I am booked up for a tour in the provinces."

In March last Miss Hall was made a ward in Chancery, which, on account of family differences, her friends considered a wise measure.

MISS MARIE HALL AT THE PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Ltd.

MISS MARIE HALL AND HER ACCOMPANIST, MISS VOJÁCEK.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Ltd.

"You do not know," she said, "how I want to help my family. I have offered my parents a regular income if they will only let me have my little brother Teddy. We are so fond of each other, and I want him to get strong and well. I have offered also to have my sister in London. She is fourteen, and her great wish is to have lessons with Mr. Thomas, the Welsh harpist."

Miss Hall has very artistic tastes, is fond of pictures, and has the usual feminine love of pretty clothes. She always designs her own gowns. In a literary way her favourite books are the biographies of great musicians.

In reply to a query as to her favourite composers she said, "The three great B's—"Bach, Brahms, Beethoven; and last, but not least, Paganini. I do not really care for anything but classical music, but the public taste must be studied too."

MISS MARIE HALL, AS SHE APPEARS IN THE CONCERT-ROOM.
From a Photo. by Mendelssohn.

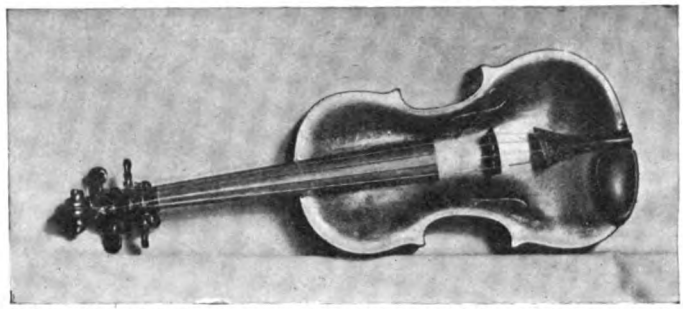
She recently played for the first time before the Prince and Princess of Wales, and met with great appreciation. She is in much demand at smart "At-homes." I heard an amusing story about a very smart society function at which she was asked to play. Her first piece was Bach's famous "Chaconne." When she had finished, and received the usual applause, a lady came up to her and said, "You

played it divinely. It is my favourite piece. Do you play his 'Chaconne' also?" Miss Hall, when she had recovered a little, simply answered "Yes."

"I forgot to tell you one thing that is impossible, is it? although you are unfortunate enough to be a girl."

"Perhaps not *impossible*, but it would be a startling innovation, would it not?"

Miss Hall is fortunate in having as an



THE VIOLIN LENT TO MISS HALL BY PROF. SEVCIK, ON WHICH SHE PLAYS IN PUBLIC.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Ltd.

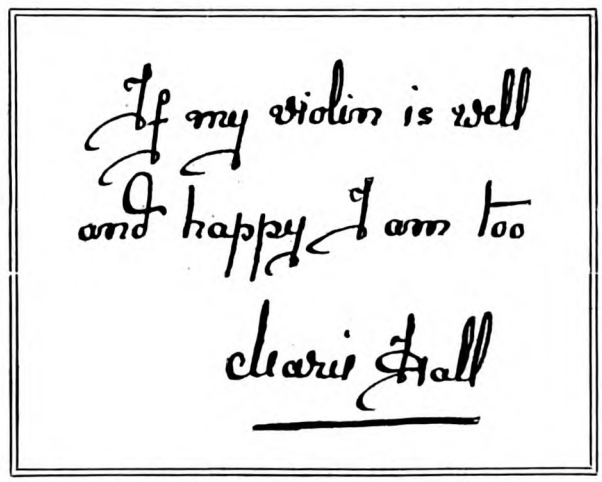
important," said Miss Marie, with a laugh. "I am immoderately fond of oranges, and eat I do not know how many a day; they taste better if I am reading a novel at the same time; that is what I was doing when you came in," pointing to "Temporal Power" and a plate of orange peel lying side by side.

"You are a second Kubelik, people say, I hear."

"I am not a second anybody or anything," she quickly retorted, with a proud little gesture. "I want to be myself, with a method and style of my own. If I were a man I should like to be the conductor of an orchestra. I should love it. That is not accompanist a charming Bohemian lady, who was introduced to her by Sevcik himself. Miss Vojácek has travelled with, and accompanied, all the Sevcik girl pupils in England and on the Continent.

"Do not forget to mention," said Miss Vojácek, smilingly, "that Marie always sits on the table when she is practising with me; it is so characteristic of her."

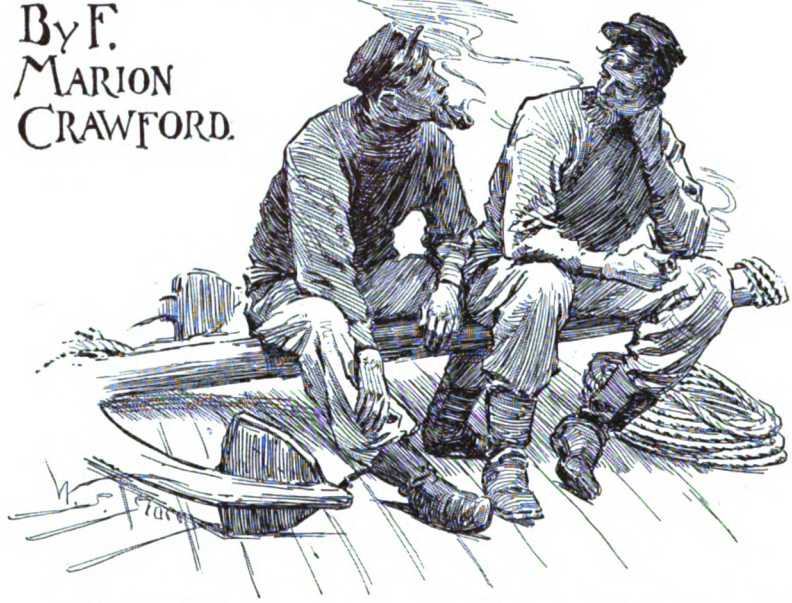
There seems — if she does not overtax her delicate frame—to be no limit to the possibilities that the near future holds for this youthful and gifted violinist. Her short public life has been, and continues to be, a series of triumphs that might spoil a less modest and natural person.



WRITTEN BY MISS HALL FOR "THE STRAND MAGAZINE."

MAN OVERBOARD!

By F. Marion Crawford.



CHAPTER I.

YES,—I have heard "Man overboard!" a good many times since I was a boy, and once or twice I have seen the man go. But I don't think I remember seeing a man come back when he was once fairly gone more than two or three times in all my life, though we have often picked up the life-buoy, and sometimes the fellow's cap. Once in a long time a man is fished out when it is just too late, and dies in the boat before you can get him aboard; and—well, I don't know that I ever told that story since it happened—I knew a fellow who went over, and came back dead! I didn't see him after he came back; none of us did, but we all knew he was there.

No, I am not giving you "sharks." There isn't a shark in this story, and I don't know that I would tell it at all if we weren't alone, just you and I.

It's a long story, and it took some time to happen; and it began four years ago, in October, as well as I can remember. I was second mate then; I passed the local Marine Board for first mate when I came home from that voyage. She was the *Helen B. Jackson*, of New York, with lumber for the West Indies, four-masted schooner, Captain Hackstaff. Short-handed, of course; I needn't tell you that. But she wasn't a hard ship, for the old man was better than most of them, though he kept to himself, and had a face like a monkey-wrench. We were thirteen, all told, in the ship's company; and some of them afterwards thought that might have had something to do with it, but I had all that nonsense knocked out of me when I was a boy.

I daresay you remember those two Benton boys that were so much alike? It is no wonder, for they were twin brothers. They shipped with us as boys on the old *Boston Belle*, when you were mate and I was before the mast. I never was quite sure which was which of those two, even then; and when they both had beards it was harder than ever to tell them apart. One was Jim and the other was Jack: James Benton and John Benton. The only difference I ever could see was that one used to whistle when he was alone. He only knew one tune and that was "Nancy Lee," and the other didn't know any tune at all; but I may be mistaken about that, too. Perhaps they both knew it.

Well, those two Benton boys turned up on board the *Helen B. Jackson*. They had been on half-a-dozen ships since the *Boston Belle*, and they had grown up and were good seamen. They had reddish beards and bright blue eyes and freckled faces; and they were quiet fellows, good workmen on rigging, pretty willing, and both good

men at the wheel. They managed to be in the same watch—it was the port watch on the *Helen B.*, and that was mine, and I had great confidence in them both. If there was any job aloft that needed two hands, they were always the first to jump into the rigging. They had good togs, too, and they were neat and clean men in the forecastle. Most of their clothes were alike, but they had one red guernsey between them. For some time I used to think it was always the same one that wore it, and I thought that might be a way to tell them apart. But then I heard one asking the other for it, and saying that the other had worn it last. So that was no sign either.

What started me to trying for some way of telling the Bentons apart was this. I heard them talking about a girl. It was at night, in our watch, and I stopped to look at a light, and leaned against the deck-house. While I was standing there I heard the two boys talking.

"Does Mamie know?" Jim asked.

"Not yet," Jack answered, quietly. He was at the wheel. "I mean to tell her next time we get home."

"All right."

That was all I heard, but it set me wondering which of them it was that had a girl at home.

After that I thought I noticed that the two brothers were more silent when they were together. They didn't talk much, it seemed to me. They were fond of sitting on the anchor, and they generally tucked away their pipes under it, for the *Helen B.* was a dry boat in most weather, and like most fore-and afters was better on a wind than going free. With a beam sea we sometimes shipped a little water aft. We were by the stern anyhow on that voyage, and that is one reason why we lost the man.

We fell in with a southerly gale, south-east at first, and then the barometer began to fall while you could watch it, and a long swell began to come up from the south'ard. It blew harder after sunset, and by the time it was quite dark it was a full gale. I had the first watch with the Benton boys.

The old man came up on deck and looked round, and in less than a minute he told me to give her the trysail. I asked whether I should call all hands, but just then the cook came aft, and the old man said he thought we could manage the job without waking the sleepers. We were all in oilskins, of course, and the night was as black as a coal mine, with only a ray of light from the slit in the binnacle shield, and you couldn't tell one man from another except by his voice. The old man took the wheel; we got the boom amidships, and he jammed her into the wind until she had hardly any way. It was blowing now, and it was all that I and two others could do to get in the slack of the weather vang, while the others lowered away at the peak and throat, and we had our hands full to get a couple of turns round. Then the *Helen B.* did her favourite trick, and before we had time to say much we had a sea over the quarter and were up to our waists, with the trysail only half-becketed to the mast, and the deck so full of gear that you couldn't put your foot on a plank, and the spanker beginning to get adrift again, being badly stopped, and the general confusion and hell's-delight that you can only have on a fore-and-after when there's nothing really serious the matter. But I knew something happened somewhere on board when we shipped that sea, and you'll never get it out of my head.

Now I am going to tell you something. I had passed the last becket, and I sang out to the men to sway away, and I was standing on the jaws of the spanker-gaff, with my left hand on the bolt-rope of the trysail, so that I could feel when it was board-taut. It was as black as a coal-pocket, except that you could see the streaks on the seas as they went by, and abaft the deck-house I could see the ray of light from the binnacle on the captain's yellow oilskin as he stood at the wheel—or rather I might have seen it if I had looked around at that minute. But I didn't look round. I heard a man whistling. It was "Nancy Lee," and I could have sworn that the man was right over my head in the mizzen-crosstrees. Only somehow I knew very well that if anybody could have been up there, and could have whistled a tune, there were no living ears sharp enough to hear it on deck then. I heard it distinctly, and at the same time I heard the real whistling of the wind in the weather rigging, sharp and clear. That was all right—that was as it should be; but the other wasn't right; and I felt queer and stiff, as if I couldn't move, and my hair was curling against the flannel lining of my sou'wester, and I thought somebody had dropped a lump of ice down my back.

I said that the noise of the wind in the rigging was real, as if the other wasn't, for I felt that it wasn't, though I heard it. But it was, all the same; for the captain heard it too. When I came to relieve the wheel,

while the men were clearing up decks, he was swearing. I didn't need to ask him what was the matter, for I knew he had heard "Nancy Lee," as I had, only it affected us differently.

He did not give me the wheel, but told me to go forward and get the staysail to windward. As we tailed on to the weather-sheet, the man next me knocked his sou'wester off against my shoulder, and his face came so close to me that I could see it in the dark. It must have been very white for me to see it, but I only thought of that afterwards. I don't see how any light could have fallen upon it, but I knew it was one of the Benton boys. I don't know what made me speak to him. "Halloa, Jim! Is that you?" I asked. I don't know why I said Jim, rather than Jack.

"I am Jack," he answered.

We got the staysail to windward, and made all fast; and things were much quieter.

"The old man heard you whistling 'Nancy Lee,' just now," I said, "and he didn't like it."

It was as if there were a white light inside his face, and it was ghastly. I know his teeth chattered. But he didn't say anything, and the next minute he was somewhere in the dark trying to find his sou'wester at the foot of the mast.

When all was quiet, and she was hove-to, coming-to, and falling-off her four points as regularly as a pendulum, and the helm becketed a little to the lee, the old man turned in again, and I managed to light a pipe in the lee of the deck-house, for there was nothing more to be done till the gale chose to moderate, and the ship was as easy as a baby in its cradle. When I had finished my pipe I began to move about. I went aft, and there was a man leaning over the wheel, with his legs apart, and both hands hanging down in the light from the binnacle, and his sou'wester over his eyes. Then I went forward, and there was a man at the look-out, with his back against the foremast, getting what shelter he could from the staysail. I knew by his height that he was not one of the Benton boys. Then I went round by the weather side and poked round in the dark, for I began to wonder where the other man was. But I couldn't find him, though I searched the decks until I got right aft again. It was certainly one of the Benton boys, but it wasn't like either of them to go below to change his clothes in such warm weather. The man at the wheel was the other, of course. I spoke to him.

"Jim, what's become of your brother?"

"I am Jack, sir."

"Well, then, Jack, where's Jim? He's not on deck."

"I don't know, sir."

When I had come up to him he had stood up from force of instinct and had laid his hands on the spokes as if he were steering, though the wheel was becketed; but he still bent his face down, and it was half hidden by the edge of his sou'wester, while he seemed to be staring at the compass.

"What put it into your head to whistle like that, Jack? You've been at sea long enough to know better."

He said something, but I couldn't hear the words; it sounded as if he were denying the charge.

"Somebody whistled," I said.

He didn't answer, and then, I don't know

"'SOMEBODY WHISTLED,' I SAID."

why, perhaps because the old man hadn't given us a drink, I cut half an inch off the plug of tobacco I had in my oilskin pocket and gave it to him. He knew my tobacco was good, and he shoved it into his mouth with a word of thanks. I was on the weather side of the wheel.

"Go forward and see if you can find Jim," I said.

He started a little and then stepped back past behind me, and crossed the deck between the binnacle and the deck-house to the lee side. She was only falling-off and coming-to, and riding the big seas as easily as possible, but the man was not steady on his feet, and reeled against the corner of the deck-house and then against the lee rail. I was quite sure he couldn't have had anything to drink, for the brothers were not the kind to hide rum from their shipmates, if they had any, and the only spirits that were aboard were locked up in the captain's cabin.

I left the wheel and went after him, but when I got to the corner of the deck-house I saw that he was on a full run forward, so I went back. I watched the compass for a while, to see how far she went off, and she must have come to again half-a-dozen times before I heard voices, more than three or four, forward; and then I heard the little West Indies cook's voice, high and shrill above the rest:—

"Man overboard!"

There wasn't anything to be done, with the ship hove-to and the wheel becketed. If there was a man overboard, he must be in the water right alongside. I couldn't imagine how it could have happened, but I ran forward instinctively. I came upon the cook first, half-dressed in his shirt and trousers, just as he had tumbled out of his bunk. He was jumping into the main rigging, evidently hoping to see the man, as if anyone could have seen anything on such a night, except the foam-streaks on the black water, and now and then the curl of a breaking sea as it went away to leeward. Several of the men were peering over the rail into the dark. I caught the cook by the foot, and asked who was gone.

"It's Jim Benton," he shouted down to me. "He's not aboard this ship!"

There was no doubt about that. Jim Benton was gone; and I knew in a flash that he had been taken off by that sea when we were setting the storm trysail. It was nearly half an hour since then; she had run like wild for a few minutes until we got her hove-to, and no swimmer that ever swam could have lived as long as that in such a sea.

By that time the old man was on deck. "Heaven knows I would risk my ship to look for him," he said, "if it were any use; but he must have gone half an hour ago."

He was a quiet man, and the men knew he was right, and that they had seen the last of Jim Benton when they were bending the trysail—if anybody had seen him then. The captain went below again, and for some time the men stood around Jack, quite near him, without saying anything, as sailors do when they are sorry for a man and can't help him; and then the watch below turned in again.

Jack stuck by the wheel that night until the watch was over. I don't know whether he slept, but when I came on deck four hours later there he was again, in his oilskins, with his sou'wester over his eyes, staring into the binnacle. We saw that he would rather stand there, and we left him alone.

Some people don't seem to be so dead, when they are dead, as others are. Jim Benton was like that. He had been on my watch, and I couldn't get used to the idea that he wasn't about decks with me. I was always expecting to see him, and his brother was so exactly like him that I often felt as if I did see him and forgot he was dead, and made the mistake of calling Jack by his name; though I tried not to, because I knew it must hurt. If ever Jack had been the cheerful one of the two, as I had always supposed he had been, he had changed very much, for he grew to be more silent than Jim had ever been.

One fine afternoon I was sitting on the main-hatch, overhauling the clockwork of the taffrail-log, which hadn't been registering very well of late, and I had got the cook to bring me a coffee-cup to hold the small screws as I took them out, and a saucer for the sperm-oil I was going to use. I noticed that he didn't go away, but hung round without exactly watching what I was doing as if he wanted to say something to me. I thought if it were worth much he would say it anyhow, so I didn't ask him questions; and sure enough he began of his own accord before long. There was nobody on deck but the man at the wheel, and the other man away forward.

"Mr. Torkeldsen," the cook began, and then stopped.

I supposed he was going to ask me to let the watch break out a barrel of flour, or some salt horse.

"Well, doctor?" I asked, as he didn't go on.

"Well, Mr. Torkeldsen," he answered, "I somehow want to ask you whether you think I am giving satisfaction on this ship, or not?"

"So far as I know, you are, doctor. What makes you think you are not?"

I am not good at giving you that West Indies talk, and sha'n't try. The cook said that the men were trying to frighten him, and he didn't like it, and that they put things in his way that frightened him. So I told him he was a fool to be frightened, anyway, and I wanted to know what things they put in his way. He gave me a queer answer. He said they were spoons and forks, and odd plates, and a cup now and then, and such things.

I set down the taffrail-log on the bit of canvas I had put under it, and looked at the doctor. He was uneasy, and his eyes had a sort of hunted look, and his yellow face looked grey. He wasn't trying to make trouble. He was in trouble. So I asked him questions.

He said that when he and the cabin-boy cleared up after the men's meals there were more things to wash than he had given out. There'd be a fork more, or there'd be a spoon more, and sometimes there'd be a spoon and a fork, and there was always a plate more. He didn't think it was right for the men to play tricks like that.

He stopped there, and looked at me, and I looked at him. I didn't know what he thought, but I began to guess. I wasn't going to humour any such nonsense as that, so I told him to speak to the men himself and not come bothering me about such things.

I heard no more about the odd platter and gear for two or three days, though I thought about his story a good deal. The doctor evidently believed that Jim Benton had come back, though he didn't quite like to say so. His story had sounded silly enough on a bright afternoon in fair weather when the sun was on the water, and every rag was drawing in the breeze, and the sea looked as pleasant and harmless as a cat that has just eaten a canary. But when it was toward the end of the first watch and the waning moon had not risen yet, and the water was like still oil, and the jibs hung down flat and helpless like the wings of a dead bird—it wasn't the same then. More than once I have started then and looked round when a fish jumped, expecting to see a face sticking up out of the water with its eyes shut. I think we all felt something like that at the time.

I asked some questions about Jack Benton, and one of the men told me that he was off his feed, and hardly ate anything, and swallowed all the coffee he could lay his hands on, and had used up all his own tobacco, and had begun on what his brother had left. "The doctor says it ain't so, sir," said the man, looking at me shyly, as if he didn't expect to be believed; "the doctor says there's as much eaten from breakfast to breakfast as there was before Jim fell overboard, though there's a mouth less and another that eats nothing. I say it's the cabin-boy that gets it. He's bu'sting."

"I ASKED SOME QUESTIONS ABOUT JACK BENTON."

I told him that if the cabin-boy ate more than his share he must work more than his share, so as to balance things. But the man laughed queerly, and looked at me again.

"I only said that, sir, just like that. We all know it ain't so."

"Well, how is it?"

"How is it?" asked the man, half-angry all at once. "I don't know how it is, but there's a hand on board that's getting his whack along with us as regular as the bells."

"Does he use tobacco?" I asked, meaning to laugh it out of him.

"I guess he's using his own still," the man answered, in a queer, low voice. "Perhaps he'll take someone else's when his is all gone."

It got worse after that, and the men watched the cook, and the cook watched the men, as if they were trying to catch each other; but I think everybody felt that there was something else. One evening, at supper-time, I was on deck, and Jack came aft to relieve the wheel while the man who was steering got his supper. He hadn't got past the main hatch on the lee side, when I heard a man running in slippers that slapped on the deck, and there was a sort of a yell, and I saw the coloured cook going for Jack, with a carving-knife in his hand. I jumped to get between them, and Jack turned round short and put out his hand. I was too far to reach them, and the cook jabbed out with his knife. But the blade didn't get anywhere near Benton.

The cook seemed to be jabbing it into the air again and again, at least four feet in front of him. Then he dropped the knife-hand, and I saw the whites of his eyes in the dusk, and he reeled up against the pin-rail and caught hold of a belaying-pin with his other hand. I had reached him by that time and grabbed hold of his knife-hand and the other too, for I thought he was going to use the pin; but Jack Benton was standing staring stupidly at him, as if he didn't understand. But instead, the cook was holding on because he couldn't stand, and his teeth were chattering, and he let go of the knife, and the point stuck into the deck. "He's crazy!" said Jack Benton, and that was all he said; and he went aft.

When he was gone the cook began to come to, and he spoke quite low, near my ear.

"There were two of them! So help me Heaven, there were two of them!"

I don't know why I didn't take him by the collar and give him a good shaking; but I didn't. I just picked up the knife and gave it to him, and told him to go back to his galley and not to make a fool of himself. You see, he hadn't struck at Jack, but at something he thought he saw, and I knew what it was, and I felt that same thing like a lump of ice sliding down my back that I felt that night when we were bending the trysail. When the men had seen him running aft they jumped up after him, but they held off when they saw that I had caught him. By-and-by, the man who had spoken to me before told me what had happened. He was a stocky little chap, with a red head.

"Well," he said, "there isn't much to tell. Jack Benton had been eating his supper with the rest of us. He always sits at the after corner of the table, on the port side. His brother used to sit at the end, next him. The doctor gave him a thundering big piece of pie to finish up with, and when he had finished he didn't stop for a smoke, but went off quick to relieve the wheel. Just as he had gone the doctor came in from the galley, and when he saw Jack's empty plate he stood stock still staring at it; and we all wondered what was the matter, till we looked at the plate. There were two forks in it, sir, lying side by side! Then the doctor grabbed his knife, and flew up through the hatch like a rocket. The other fork was there all right, Mr. Torkeldsen, for we all saw it and handled it; and we all had our own. That's all I know."

I didn't feel that I wanted to laugh when he told me that story.

Jack Benton never spoke of what happened that evening. I don't know whether he knew about the two forks or not; or whether he understood what the trouble was. Whatever he knew from the other men, he was evidently living under a hard strain. He was quiet enough, and too quiet; but his face was set, and sometimes it twitched oddly when he was at the wheel, and he would turn his head round sharp to look behind him; and what is curious, the other men seemed to catch the trick when they were steering. One day when I came up the man at the wheel was looking thus round, and I stood beside him and just asked him quietly what everybody was looking at, for it was getting to be a general habit.

He said that it wasn't that he saw anything, because there wasn't anything to see except the spanker sheet just straining a little and working in the sheaves of the blocks as the schooner rose to the short seas. There wasn't anything to be seen, but it seemed to him that the sheet made a queer noise in the blocks. It was a new manila sheet, and in dry weather it did make a little noise, something between a creak and a wheeze. I looked at it and looked at the man, but said nothing; and presently he went on. He asked me if I

"WE ALL WONDERED WHAT WAS THE MATTER TILL WE LOOKED AT THE PLATE."

didn't notice anything peculiar about the noise. I listened a while and said I didn't notice anything. Then he looked rather sheepish, but said he didn't think it could be his own ears, because every man who steered his trick heard the same thing now and then —sometimes once in a day, sometimes once in a night, sometimes it would go on a whole hour.

"It sounds like sawing wood," I said; "just like that."

"To us it sounds a good deal more like a man whistling 'Nancy Lee.'" He started nervously as he spoke the last words. "There, sir, don't you hear it?" he asked, suddenly.

I heard nothing but the creaking of the manila sheet. It was getting near noon, and fine, clear weather in southern waters—just the sort of day and the time when you would least expect to feel creepy. But I remembered how I had heard that same tune overhead at night in a gale of wind a fortnight earlier, and I am not ashamed to say that the same sensation came over me now, and I wished myself well out of the *Helen B.* and aboard of any old cargo dragger, with a windmill on deck and an eighty-nine-forty-eighter for captain, and a fresh leak whenever it breezed up.

Little by little during the next few days life on board that vessel came to be about as unbearable as you can imagine. It wasn't that there was much talk, for I think the men were shy even of speaking to each other freely about what they thought. The whole ship's company grew silent, until one hardly ever heard a voice, except giving an order and the answer. The men didn't sit over their meals when their watch was below, but either turned in at once or sat about on the forecastle smoking their pipes without saying a word.

We were all thinking of the same thing. We all felt as if there were a hand on board, sometimes below, sometimes about decks, sometimes aloft, sometimes on the boom end; taking his full share of what the others got, but doing no work for it. We didn't only feel it, we knew it. He took up no room, he cast no shadow, and we never heard his footfall on deck; but he took his whack with the rest as regular as the bells, and—he whistled "Nancy Lee." It was like the worst sort of dream you can imagine; and I daresay a good many of us tried to believe it was nothing else sometimes, when we stood looking over the weather rail in fine weather with the breeze in our faces; but if we happened to turn round and look into each

other's eyes, we knew it was something worse than any dream could be; and we would turn away from each other with a queer, sick feeling, wishing that we could just for once see somebody who didn't know what we knew.

There's not much more to tell about the *Helen B. Jackson* so far as I am concerned. We were more like a shipload of lunatics than anything else when we ran in under Morro Castle, and anchored in Havana. The cook had brain fever, and was raving mad in his delirium; and the rest of the men weren't far from the same state. The last three or four days had been awful, and we had been as near to having a mutiny on board as I ever want to be. The men didn't want to hurt anybody; but they wanted to get away out of that ship, if they had to swim for it; to get away from that whistling, from that dead shipmate who had come back, and who filled the ship with his unseen self!

The men came aft in a body, quiet enough, and asked the captain if he wouldn't pay them off and let them go ashore. Some men wouldn't have done it, for they had shipped for the voyage and had signed articles.

But the captain knew that when sailors get an idea into their heads they're no better than children; and if he forced them to stay aboard he wouldn't get much work out of them, and couldn't rely on them in a difficulty. So he paid them off and let them go. When they had gone forward to get their kits he asked me whether I wanted to go too, and for a minute I had a sort of weak feeling that I might just as well. But I didn't, and he was a good friend to me afterwards. Perhaps he was grateful to me for sticking to him.

When the men went off he didn't come on deck; but it was my duty to stand by while they left the ship. They owed me a grudge for making them work during the last few days, and most of them dropped into the boat without so much as a word or look, as sailors will. Jack Benton was the last to go over the side, and he stood still a minute and looked at me, and his white face twitched. I thought he wanted to say something.

"Take care of yourself, Jack," said I. "So long!"

It seemed as if he couldn't speak for two or three seconds; then his words came thick.

"It wasn't my fault, Mr. Torkeldsen. I swear it wasn't my fault!"

That was all; and he dropped over the side, leaving me to wonder what he meant.

I stuck to the *Helen B. Jackson* after that as long as I could stand a fore-and-after; but that night when we lay in Havana was the last time I ever heard "Nancy Lee" on board of her. The spare hand had gone ashore with the rest, and he never came back, and he took his tune with him; but all those things are just as clear in my memory as if they had happened yesterday.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER that I was in deep water for a year or more, and after I came home I got my certificate, and what with having friends and having saved a little money, and having had a small legacy from an uncle in Norway, I got the command of a coastwise vessel, with a small share in her. I was at home three weeks before going to sea, and Jack Benton saw my name in the local papers, and wrote to me.

He said that he had left the sea, and was going to try farming, and he was going to be married, and he asked if I wouldn't come over for that, for it wasn't more than forty minutes by train; and he and Mamie would be proud to have me at the wedding. I remembered how I had heard one brother ask the other whether Mamie knew. That meant, whether she knew he wanted to marry her, I suppose. She had taken her time about it, for it was pretty nearly three years then since we had lost Jim Benton overboard.

I had nothing particular to do while we were getting ready for sea; nothing to prevent me from going over for a day, I mean; and I thought I'd like to see Jack Benton, and have a look at the girl he was going to marry. I wondered whether he had grown cheerful again, and had got rid of that drawn look he had when he told me it wasn't his fault. How could it have been his fault, anyhow? So I wrote to Jack that I would come down and see him married; and when the day came I took the train, and got there about ten o'clock in the morning. I wish I hadn't. Jack met me at the station, and he told me that the wedding was to be late in the afternoon, and that they weren't going off on any silly wedding trip, he and Mamie, but were just going to walk home from her mother's house to his cottage. That was good enough for him, he said. I looked at him hard for a minute after we met. When we had parted I had a sort of idea that he might take to drink, but he hadn't. He looked very respectable

and well-to-do in his black coat and high city collar; but he was thin and bonier than when I had known him, and there were lines in his face, and I thought his eyes had a queer look in them, half shifty, half scared. He needn't have been afraid of me, for I wasn't going to talk to his bride about the *Helen B. Jackson.*

He took me to his cottage first, and I could see that he was proud of it. It wasn't above a cable's length from high-water mark, but the tide was running out, and there was already a broad stretch of hard, wet sand on the other side of the beach road. It was as neat a little place as you would care to see, the floors as clean as the decks of a yacht, all as bright and homelike as possible; and he showed me everything, and was proud of everything, and I liked him the better for it. But I wished that his voice would sound more cheerful, as it did when we first sailed in the *Helen B.*, and that the drawn look would go out of his face for a minute. Jack showed me everything and took me upstairs, and it was all the same: bright and fresh and ready for the bride. But on the upper landing there was a door that Jack didn't open. When we came out of the bedroom I noticed that it was ajar, and Jack shut it quickly and turned the key.

"THERE WAS MAMIE BREWSTER STANDING IN THE PATH."

"That lock's no good," he said, half to himself. "The door is always open."

I didn't pay much attention to what he said, but as we went down the short stairs, freshly painted and varnished so that I was almost afraid to step on them, he spoke again.

"That was his room, sir; I have made a sort of store-room of it."

"You may be wanting it in a year or so," I said, wishing to be pleasant.

"I guess we won't use his room for that," Jack answered, in a low voice.

Then he offered me a cigar from a fresh box in the parlour, and he took one, and we lit them and went out, and as we opened the front door there was Mamie Brewster standing in the path as if she were waiting for us. She was a fine-looking girl, and I didn't wonder that Jack had been willing to wait three years for her. I could see that she hadn't been brought up on steam-heat and cold storage, but had grown into a woman by the sea-shore. She had brown eyes and fine brown hair and a good figure.

"This is Captain Torkeldsen," said Jack. "This is Miss Brewster, captain, and she is glad to see you."

"Well, I am," said Miss Mamie, "for Jack has often talked to us about you, captain."

She put out her hand and took mine and shook it heartily, and I suppose I said something, but I know I didn't say much.

The front door of the cottage looked toward the sea, and there was a straight path leading to the gate on the beach-road. There was another path from the steps of the cottage that turned to the right, broad enough for two people to walk easily, and it led straight across the fields through gates to a larger house about a quarter of a mile away. That was where Mamie's mother lived, and the wedding was to be there. Jack asked me whether I would like to look around the farm before dinner, but I told him I didn't know much about farms. Then he said he just wanted to look around himself a bit, as he mightn't have much more chance that day; and he smiled, and Mamie laughed.

"Show the captain the way to the house, Mamie," he said. "I'll be along in a minute."

So Mamie and I began to walk along the path, and Jack went up toward the barn.

"It was sweet of you to come, captain," Miss Mamie began, "for I have always wanted to see you."

"Yes," I said, expecting something more.

"You see, I always knew them both," she went on. "They used to take me out in a dory to catch codfish when I was a little girl, and I liked them both," she added, thoughtfully. "Jack doesn't like to talk about his brother now. That's natural. But you won't mind telling me how it happened, will you? I should so much like to know."

Well, I told her about the voyage and what happened that night when we fell in with the gale of wind, and that it hadn't been anybody's fault, for I wasn't going to admit that it was my old captain's—if it was. But I didn't tell her anything about what happened afterwards. As she didn't speak, I just went on talking about the two brothers, and how like they had been, and how when poor Jim was drowned and Jack was left, I took Jack for him. I told her that none of us had ever been sure which was which.

"I wasn't always sure myself," she said, "unless they were together. Leastways, not for a day or two after they came home from sea. And now it seems to me that Jack is more like poor Jim, as I remember him, than he ever was, for Jim was always more quiet, as if he were thinking."

I told her I thought so too. We passed the gate and went into the next field, walking side by side. Then she turned her head to look for Jack, but he wasn't in sight. I sha'n't forget what she said next.

"Are you sure now?" she asked.

I stood stock-still, and she went on a step, and then turned and looked at me. We must have looked at each other while you could count five or six.

"I know it's silly," she went on, "it's silly, and it's awful, too, and I have no right to think it, but sometimes I can't help it. You see, it was always Jack I meant to marry."

"Yes," I said, stupidly, "I suppose so."

She waited a minute, and began walking on slowly before she went on again.

"I am talking to you as if you were an old friend, captain, and I have only known you five minutes. It was Jack I meant to marry, but now he is so like the other one."

When a woman gets a wrong idea into her head there is only one way to make her tired of it, and that is to agree with her. That's what I did, and she went on talking the same way for a little while, and I kept on agreeing and agreeing until she turned round on me.

"You know you don't believe what you say," she said, and laughed. "You know that Jack is Jack, right enough; and it's Jack I am going to marry."

I am not going to tell you all about the day. Miss Mamie introduced me to her mother, who was a quiet, hard-faced, old New England farmer's wife, and to her cousins and relations; and there were plenty of them, too, at dinner, and there was the parson besides. He was what they call a Hard-shell Baptist in those parts, with a long, shaven upper lip and a whacking appetite, and a sort of superior look, as if he didn't expect to see many of us hereafter.

After dinner we went out on the piazza, for it was warm autumn weather; and the young folks went off in pairs along the beach-road, and the tide had turned and was beginning to come in. The morning had been clear and fine, but by four o'clock it began to look like a fog, and the damp came up out of the sea and settled on everything. Jack said he'd go down to his cottage and have a last look, for the wedding was to be at five o'clock, or soon after, and he wanted to light the lights, so as to have things look cheerful.

"I will just take a last look," he said again, as we reached the house. We went in, and he offered me another cigar, and I lit it and sat down in the parlour. I could hear him moving about, first in the kitchen and then upstairs, and then I heard him in the kitchen again; and then before I knew anything, I heard somebody moving upstairs again. I knew he couldn't have got up those stairs as quick as that. He came into the parlour, and he took a cigar himself, and while he was lighting it I heard those steps again overhead. His hand shook, and he dropped the match.

"Have you got in somebody to help?" I asked.

"No," Jack answered sharply, and struck another match.

"There's somebody upstairs, Jack," I said. "Don't you hear footsteps?"

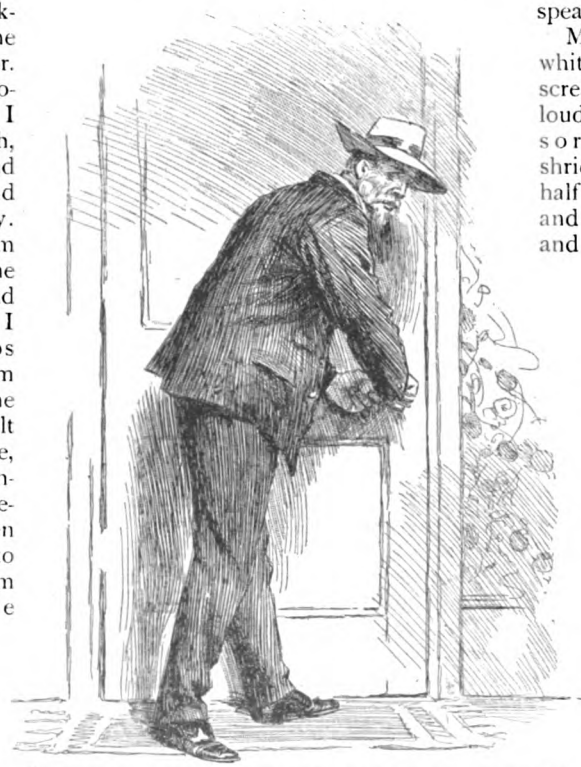
"It's the wind, captain," Jack answered; but I could see he was trembling.

"That isn't any wind, Jack," I said; "it's still and foggy. I'm sure there's somebody upstairs."

"If you are so sure of it, you'd better go and see, yourself, captain," Jack answered, almost angrily.

He was angry because he was frightened. I left him before the fireplace, and went upstairs. There was no power on earth that could make me believe I hadn't heard a man's footsteps overhead. I knew there was somebody there. But there wasn't. I went into the bedroom, and it was all quiet, and the evening light was streaming in, reddish

through the foggy air; and I went out on the landing and looked in the little back room that was meant for a servant girl or a child. And as I came back again I saw that the door of the other room was wide open, though I knew Jack had locked it. He had said the lock was no good. I looked in. It was a room as big as the bedroom, but almost dark, for it had shutters, and they were closed. There was a musty smell, as of old gear, and I could make out that the floor was littered with sea-chests, and that there were oilskins and such stuff piled on the bed. But I still believed that there was somebody upstairs, and I went in and struck a match and looked around. I could see the four walls and the shabby old paper, an iron bed and a cracked looking-glass, and the stuff on the floor. But there was nobody there. So I put out the match, and came out and shut the door and turned the key. Now, what I am telling you is the truth. When I had turned the key, I heard footsteps walking away from the door inside the room. Then I felt queer for a minute, and as I went downstairs I looked behind me, as the men at the wheel used to look behind them on board the *Helen B.*



"I HEARD FOOTSTEPS WALKING AWAY FROM THE DOOR INSIDE THE ROOM."

Jack was already outside on the steps, smoking. I have an idea that he didn't like to stay inside alone.

"Well," he asked, trying to seem careless.

"I didn't find anybody," I answered, "but I heard somebody moving about."

"I told you it was the wind," said Jack, contemptuously. "I ought to know, for I live here, and I hear it often."

There was nothing to be said to that, so we began to walk down toward the beach. Jack said there wasn't any hurry, as it would take Miss Mamie some time to dress for the wedding. So we strolled along, and the sun was setting through the fog, and the tide was coming in. I knew the moon was full, and that when she rose the fog would roll away from the land, as it does sometimes. I felt that Jack didn't like my having heard that noise, so I talked of other things, and asked him about his prospects, and before long we were chatting as pleasantly as possible.

I haven't been at many weddings in my life, and I don't suppose you have, but that one seemed to me to be all right until it was pretty near over; and then, I don't know whether it was part of the ceremony or not, but Jack put out his hand and took Mamie's and held it a minute, and looked at her, while the parson was still speaking.

Mamie turned as white as a sheet and screamed. It wasn't a loud scream, but just a sort of stifled little shriek, as if she were half frightened to death; and the parson stopped and asked her what was the matter, and the family gathered round.

"Your hand's like ice," said Mamie to Jack, "and it's all wet!"

She kept looking at it, as she got hold of herself again.

"It don't feel cold to me," said Jack, and he held the back of his hand against his cheek. "Try it again."

Mamie held out hers, and touched the back of his hand, timidly at first, and then took hold of it.

"Why, that's funny," she said.

"She's been as nervous as a witch all day," said Mrs. Brewster, severely.

"It is natural," said the parson, "that young Mrs. Benton should experience a little agitation at such a moment."

Most of the bride's relations lived at a dis-

tance and were busy people, so it had been arranged that the dinner we'd had in the middle of the day was to take the place of a dinner afterwards, and that we should just have a bite after the wedding was over, and then that everybody should go home, and the young couple would walk down to the cottage by themselves. When I looked out I could see the light burning brightly in Jack's cottage a quarter of a mile away. I said I didn't think I could get any train to take me back before half-past nine, but Mrs. Brewster begged me to stay until it was time, as she said her daughter would want to take off her wedding-dress before she went home; for she had put on something white with a wreath that was very pretty, and she couldn't walk home like that, could she?

So when we had all had a little supper the party began to break up, and when they were all gone Mrs. Brewster and Mamie went upstairs, and Jack and I went out on the piazza to have a smoke, as the old lady didn't like tobacco in the house.

The full moon had risen now, and as I looked down toward Jack's cottage it was behind me, so that everything was clear and white, and there was only the light burning in the window. The fog had rolled down to the water's edge and a little beyond, for the tide was high, or nearly so, and was lapping up over the last reach of sand, within fifty feet of the beach-road.

Jack didn't say much as we sat smoking, but he thanked me for coming to his wedding, and I told him I hoped he would be happy; and so I did. I dare say both of us were thinking of those footsteps upstairs just then, and that the house wouldn't seem so lonely with a woman in it. By-and-by we heard Mamie's voice talking to her mother on the stairs, and in a minute she was ready to go. She had put on again the dress she had worn in the morning, and it looked black at night, almost as black as Jack's coat.

Well, they were ready to go now. It was all very quiet after the day's excitement, and I knew they would like to walk down that path alone now that they were man and wife at last. I bade them good-night, although Jack made a show of pressing me to go with them by the path as far as the cottage, instead of going to the station by the beach-road. It was all very quiet, and it seemed to me a sensible way of getting married; and when Mamie kissed her mother good-night I just looked the other way, and knocked my ashes over the rail of the piazza. So they started down the straight path to Jack's cottage, and I waited a minute with Mrs. Brewster, looking after them, before taking my hat to go. They walked side by side, a little shyly at first, and then I saw Jack put his arm round her waist. As I looked he was on her left, and I saw the outline of the two figures very distinctly against the moonlight on the path; and a shadow on Mamie's right was broad and black as ink, and it moved along, lengthening and shortening with the unevenness of the ground beside the path.

I thanked Mrs. Brewster and bade her good-night; and though she was a hard New England woman her voice trembled a little as she answered, but being a sensible person she went in and shut the door behind her as I stepped out on the path. I looked after the couple in the distance a last time, meaning to go down to the road so as not to overtake them; but when I had made a few steps I stopped and looked again, for I knew I had seen something queer, though I had only realized it afterwards. I looked again, and it was plain enough now; and I stood stock-still, staring at what I saw. Mamie was walking between two men. The second man was just the same height as Jack, both being about a half a head taller than she; Jack on her left in his black tail-coat and round hat and the other man on her right—well, he was a sailor-man in wet oilskins. I could see the moonlight shining on the water that ran down him, and on the little puddle that had settled where the flap of his sou'wester was turned up behind, and one of his wet, shiny arms was round Mamie's waist, just above Jack's. I was fast to the spot where I stood, and for a minute I thought I was crazy. It was more like a bad dream after that.

I was glad Mrs. Brewster had gone in. As for me, I couldn't help following the three, in a sort of wonder to see what would happen, to see whether the sailor-man in his wet togs would just melt away into the moonshine. But he didn't.

I moved slowly, and I remembered afterwards that I walked on the grass, instead of on the path, as if I were afraid they might hear me coming. I suppose it all happened in less than five minutes after that, but it seemed as if it must have taken an hour. Neither Jack nor Mamie seemed to notice the sailor. She didn't seem to know that his wet arm was round her, and little by little they got near the cottage, and I wasn't a hundred yards from them when they reached the door. Something made me stand still then. Perhaps it was fright, for I

"MAMIE TURNED ROUND ON THE STEP, AND THEY ALL THREE STOOD THAT WAY FOR A SECOND OR TWO."

saw everything that happened just as I see you now.

Mamie set her foot on the step to go up, and as she went forward I saw the sailor slowly lock his arm in Jack's, and Jack didn't move to go up! Then Mamie turned round on the step, and they all three stood that way for a second or two. She cried out then,—I heard a man cry like that once, when his arm was taken off by a steam-crane—and she fell back in a heap on the little piazza.

I tried to jump forward, but I couldn't move, and I felt my hair rising under my hat. The sailor turned slowly where he stood and swung Jack round by the arm steadily and easily, and began to walk him down the pathway from the house. He walked him straight down that path as steadily as Fate, and all the time I saw the moonlight shining on his wet oilskins. He walked him through the gate and across the beach-road and out upon the wet sand, where the tide was high. Then I got my breath with a gulp and ran for them across the grass, and vaulted over the fence, and stumbled across the road. But when I felt the sand under my feet the two were at the water's edge, and when I reached the water they were far out and up to their waists, and I saw that Jack Benton's head had fallen forward on his breast and his free arm hung limp beside him, while his dead brother steadily marched him to his death! The moonlight was on the dark water, but the fog-bank was white beyond, and I saw them against it; and they went slowly and steadily down. The water was up to their armpits, and then up to their shoulders, and then I saw it rise up to the black rim of Jack's hat. But they never wavered; and the two heads went straight on, straight on, till they were under, and there was just a ripple in the moonlight where Jack had been!

It has been on my mind to tell you that story, whenever I got a chance. You have known me, man and boy, a good many years; and I thought I would like to hear your opinion. Yes, that's what I always thought. It wasn't Jim that went overboard; it was Jack, and Jim just let him go when he might have saved him; and then Jim passed himself off for Jack with us, and with the girl. If that's what happened, he got what he deserved. People said the next day that Mamie found it out as they reached the house, and that her husband just walked out into the sea, and drowned himself; and they would have blamed me for not stopping him if they'd known that I was there. But I never told what I had seen, for they wouldn't have believed me. I just let them think I had come too late.

When I reached the cottage and lifted Mamie up, she was raving mad. She got better afterwards, but she was never right in her head again.

Oh, you want to know if they found Jack's body? I read in a paper that two dead bodies had come ashore in a gale down East, in pretty bad shape. They were locked together, and one was a skeleton in oilskins!

Interzoos.

by Barry Pain
and
J A Shepherd

THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

"MR. RHINOCEROS UNICORNIS, I believe?"

"That," said the old gentleman—he looks very like an old gentleman—"is as it may be. I don't know who you are. Never seen your face before. Nor your friend's."

"I am an interviewer—perhaps I should say an interzooer."

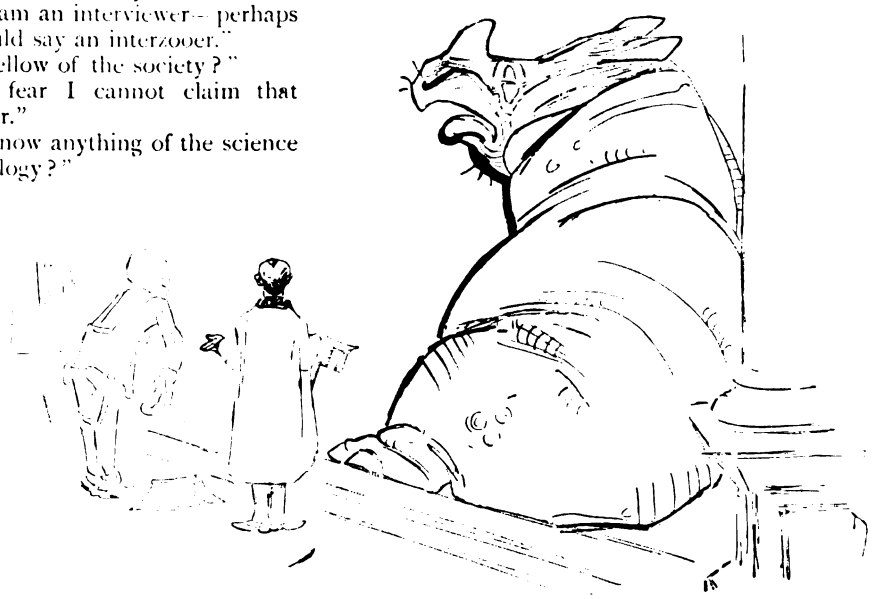
"Fellow of the society?"

"I fear I cannot claim that honour."

"Know anything of the science of zoology?"

"Nothing whatever. Interviewers don't know anything. That, you see, is why they ask. My friend here is an artist."

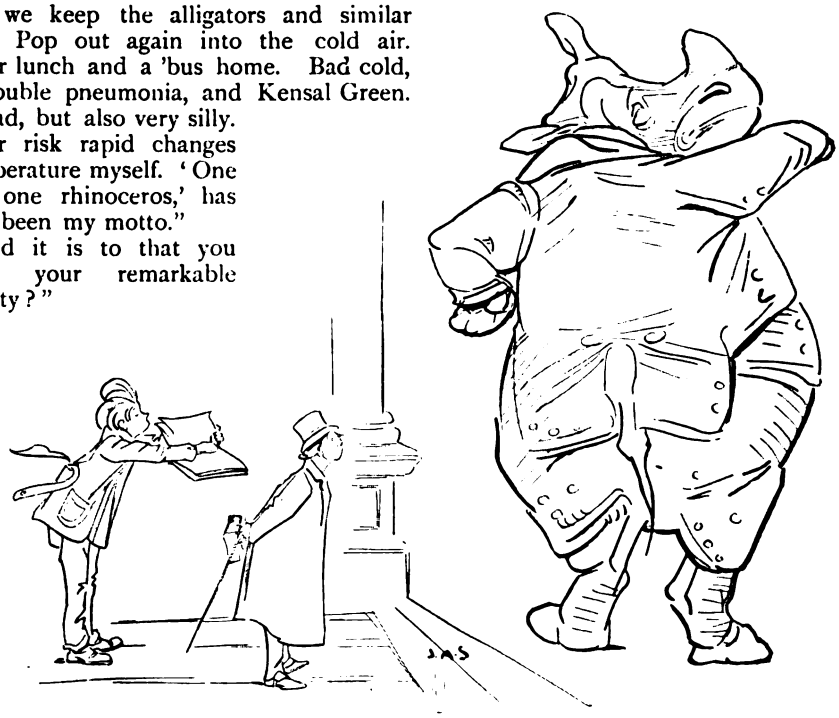
"Ah! We get lots of them here. Yes, lots of them, even in the winter. Silly girls with sketch-books. Go into the hot rooms,



"MY FRIEND HERE IS AN ARTIST."

where we keep the alligators and similar bugs. Pop out again into the cold air. Bun for lunch and a 'bus home. Bad cold, and double pneumonia, and Kensal Green. Very sad, but also very silly. I never risk rapid changes of temperature myself. 'One room, one rhinoceros,' has always been my motto."

"And it is to that you ascribe your remarkable longevity?"



"YOU WILL OBSERVE THAT I AM MADE OF GOOD WEARING MATERIAL."

"To that chiefly. But, then, my habits are regular, and you will observe that I am made of good wearing material."

"And you really are the oldest inhabitant?"

"I am. Grote and myself—Grote was a man I employed—started this place in 1864. You'll see it all put up on that board there."

The board stated that in 1864 Grote pre-

"YOU'LL SEE IT ALL PUT UP ON THAT BOARD THERE."

sented the rhinoceros. There may have been a misunderstanding somewhere. The interzooer said nothing.

"Since then I've allowed matters to slip out of my own control. I've full possession of my faculties, but I need rest and I take it. Still, I think you'll find the place fairly well managed. Society's a little mixed, but that's the inevitable tendency of the day."

"I'VE FULL POSSESSION OF MY FACULTIES."

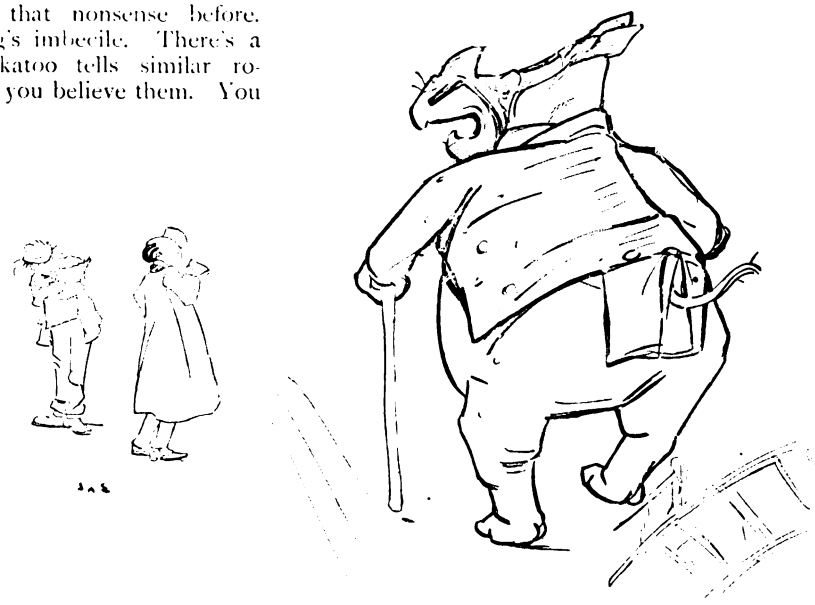
"Then the claims of the tortoise to be considered the oldest ——"

"I've heard that nonsense before. The poor thing's imbecile. There's a bare-eyed cockatoo tells similar romances. Don't you believe them. You say in print that they're liars, and I'll back you up. It's well known that I started this place in 1864. I can remember George III. and the Battle of Trafalgar — in fact, I was there. All the celebrities of the world have been to see me. I've had Royalties standing six deep round the front of my apartments. Ask Mr. Hall Caine, or Mr. Balfour, or Sir Thomas Lipton, or any of your great men. They'll all tell you that I'm the oldest inhabitant. And then to have a bare-eyed cockatoo setting itself up against *me!* A bare-eyed bird! The bare idea!"

"Yes, these unfounded claims are very annoying. And however thick-skinned one may be ——"

"Personal remarks of that kind are not wanted, young man. If I hadn't made it a definite rule not to leave my apartment, I'd ——"

"Extremely sorry," said the interzooer. "Unfortunate expression of mine. By the way, I read in the authorized handbook that you are 'quite inoffensive in a state of nature



"I'VE HEARD THAT NONSENSE BEFORE. THE POOR THING'S IMBECILE."

unless attacked.' But didn't you on one occasion——"

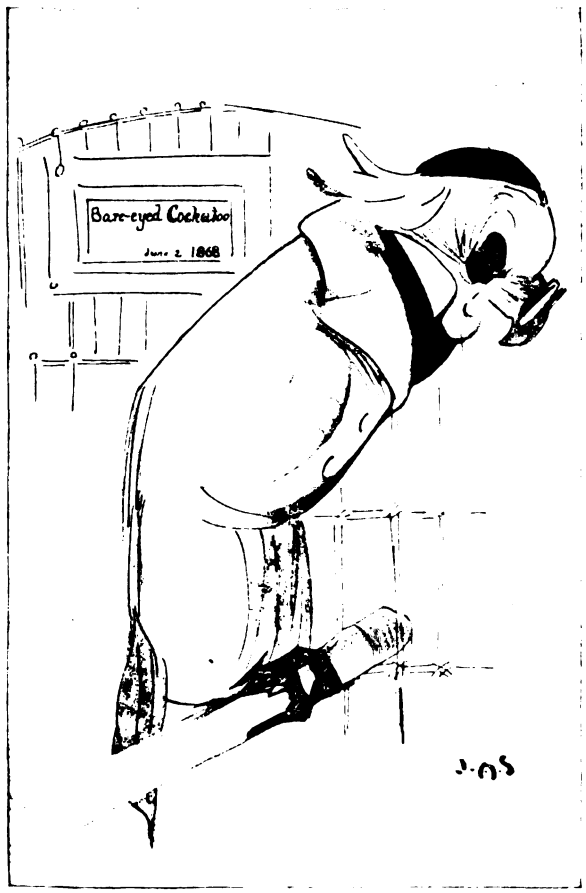
"Talking of unfortunate expressions," said the rhinoceros, "I think your friend the artist ought to see my winning smile. It's been much admired."

"Presently," said the interzooer. "I was going to ask if you did not on one occasion very nearly kill your attendant?"

"I fancy I did hear something of the kind. It was long ago. If there is a weakness in any of my faculties it is that my memory fails me as to certain incidents. I can remember the cavalry charge at the Battle of Trafalgar, but I cannot remember that I ever attacked anybody. In any case, it would be in better taste for you not to allude to it. It seems so unlikely, when you consider my winning smile. This is the winning smile!"

It was. The interzooer won a race for the exit by a neck. And then they adjourned to the parrot-house to have a word or two with Cacatua gymnopsis, which is the term of endearment that men of science apply to the bare-eyed cockatoo. The noise inside the parrot-house was like the noise inside a parrot-house; that is no exaggeration. It is a good quality noise and gets right to the spot. When one comes out of a parrot-house the sound of a steam-whistle gone mad falls on one's ear like a holy calm. In the middle of it sat the bare-eyed cockatoo, half asleep. With difficulty and a megaphone the interzooer managed to make his first sentence audible, and the rest of that interzoo was all cockatoo.

"THIS IS THE WINNING SMILE."



"I WAS A HUNDRED AND TWENTY WHEN I CAME."

"Wh a r t? Wh a r-r-r t? Wh a r-r-r-r t? Been talking to young rhino, h a v e y o u? Came in 1864 and I only came in 1868? What's that got to do with it? How old was he when he came? Just ask him that. I was a hundred and twenty when I came. I was looking for a nice, quiet place to spend the rest of my days, and I've found it. Some of the young ones get a little noisy at feeding-time, or when there's any excitement, but as a rule it's just like this — very, very peaceful. Now, Mr. Interzooer, don't you forget that I'm the oldest inhabitant. And, I say, could you bring that rhino round here? I want to talk to him. I'll comb his hair for him. You will?"

The interzooer bowed an insincere acquiescence, and he and the artist groped their way out through an atmosphere that was thick with screams and squawks.

"Take me away," said the artist, "to some kind of beast that can't sing. Age doesn't seem to me to matter any more; it's the voice that tells."

"We will call on the tortoise," said the interzooer.

The tortoise was asleep among his fellows, or engaged in a deep meditation. At first he refused to show himself; he murmured feebly that he was not at home, and not expected back till Wednesday.

But the interzooer was persistent and wily. "It doesn't matter," he said to the artist. "He is not the oldest inhabitant, or anything like it."

"What's that you're saying, young

"I WANT TO TALK TO HIM. I'LL COMB HIS HAIR FOR HIM."

"I WON'T HAVE THAT KIND OF THING SAID. IT'S MOST IMPROPER."

man?" said the tortoise. With a slowness and difficulty suggestive of chronic rheumatism he partially raised himself and wagged a very senile and decrepit head. "I'm not the oldest? Why, I was four hundred years old before I ever bought this place, or thought of buying it. That rhinoceros must go; so must the blear-eyed parrot, and you'd better go, too. I won't have that kind of thing said. It's most improper. I'll have the whole lot cleared out. What's the good of being five hundred years old if you're to be contradicted?"

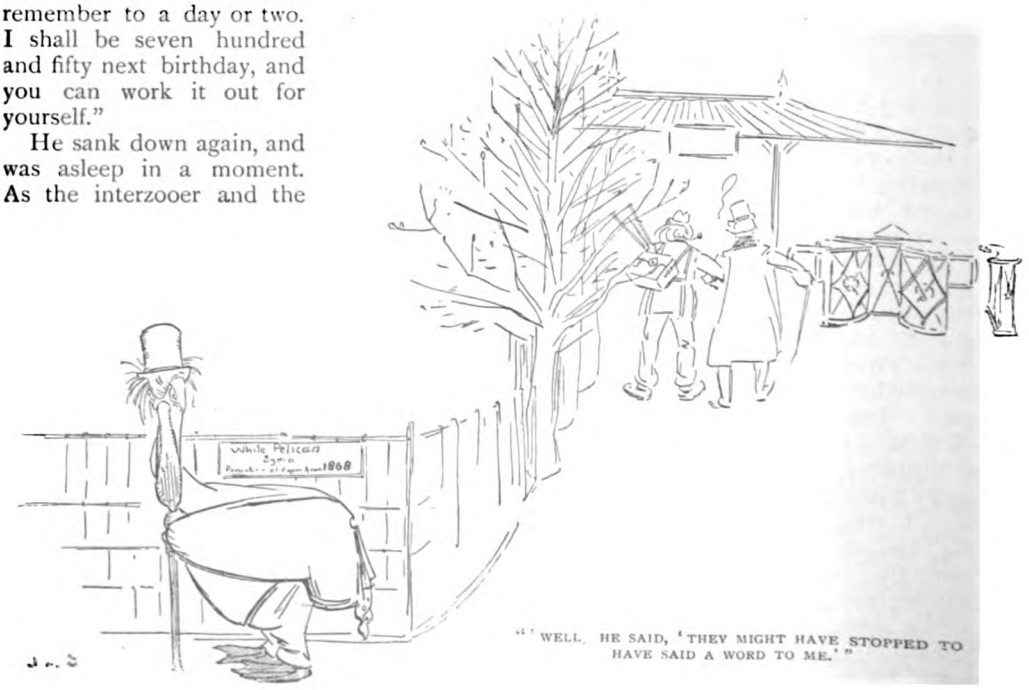
"It was four hundred just now."

"I'm so old that I can't remember to a day or two. I shall be seven hundred and fifty next birthday, and you can work it out for yourself."

He sank down again, and was asleep in a moment. As the interzooer and the artist sought for an entrance which appeared to have shifted since they came in by it, an elderly pelican watched them with an aggrieved air. His crest gave him the appearance of a highly eccentric old *savant* with tumbled hair. "Well," he said, "they might have stopped to have said a word to me—the oldest inhabitant of the lot."

"The way these lower animals lie is something terrible," said the artist.

"You forget," said the interzooer, "that they have had the advantage of long association with *homo*."



"'WELL,' HE SAID, 'THEY MIGHT HAVE STOPPED TO HAVE SAID A WORD TO ME.'"

Bachelors' Chambers.

By Leonard Larkin.

I HAVE an idea that bachelors' chambers are not what they were a very few years ago, when I was—comparatively—young and a bachelor, with chambers of my own. Indeed, there seem to be very few of them left, beyond those in the Inns of Court; the rooms in other places they now call flats, and charge for them at a rate that makes me wonder what word they have left for the tenants.

I well remember my first migration into chambers—never mind how long back. It was not a sudden change—not a direct plunge from the warmth of the maternal hearth into the chilling waters of lonely bachelorhood. I was acclimatized gradually; passing, by way of a select boarding-house with all the discomforts of a home for lost dogs (there were maiden ladies there who kept them), through the rigours of unmitigated lodgings, with the privilege of providing vast quantities of groceries and coal (to say nothing of whisky) to satisfy the voracity of—cats; and so to chambers at last.

My first chambers were in a large building that was not very old, but not so distressingly new as to be at all clean. It was a building which had been let as much as possible for offices, and when the catch of office-seekers grew scanty the remaining corners were packed with confiding bachelors. The advantages of the place, from a residential point of view, were not very many; they consisted in an absence of all the danger and inconvenience connected with lifts and electric light, a complete immunity from anything like sunstroke, a series of varied and highly interesting smells, and a low rent. The low rent was the bait that tempted the honest but impecunious bachelor, and if he were handled skilfully he did not discover the charges for housekeeping and coals till it was too late to withdraw. I was handled skilfully myself.

There are certain classes of humanity—honest, upright, and respectable—who seem able to get the better end of a bargain with me far more effectually than any common swindler could. I took my chambers before I was aware that furniture-dealers were among these people. I hope I do not boast when I say that any three-card trickster, bunco-steerer, or confidence man is welcome to anything he can make out of me; but nowadays, no longer an unprotected bachelor, I set my wife at all furniture-dealers. I don't believe she understands the three-card trick, but ignominious defeat is the lot of the furniture-dealer she patronizes. But when I furnished my chambers I was alone and defenceless, and the furniture-merchant was most agreeable and painstaking, disinterestedly undertaking to save me all trouble and difficulty. So that I became possessed of many wonderful things. I particularly remember a white, woolly rug, the plunder of some departed quadruped unknown, alleged to have been a bear, but afterwards suspected of canine connections, and mange. This rug was of an expansive nature, scorning to confine itself to its allotted area, and it began to pervade the entire premises, in the form of detached hairs, within five minutes of its arrival. As long as it lasted (and it took some little time to get completely bald) I carried it abroad in samples, as though I had been sleeping in my clothes among poodles. It was common in the bread, invariable in the marmalade, and it even contrived, by some occult means, to get into eggs; while at least a half of the whole rug, barring the skin, must at one time and another have got into my butter-dish. Its hair tickled my ears in the dead of night, I rubbed it into my eyes as I awoke in the morning, my pen lifted it from the ink-pot at every dip, it choked me in my coffee, infuriated me in my whisky, and it even managed to crawl into the stem of my pipe and get into my mouth that way. The furniture-man, to whom I complained, assured me that it would be "all right in a day or two"; but this was uncommonly modest of him, for, indeed, his rug lasted longer than that.

I had a chest of drawers, too, which were very difficult to shut, though I had no more of this trouble after about a fortnight, because one has no opportunity of failing to shut a drawer that no human power will open. The furniture-merchant also sent me a most ingenious chair, which would stretch out into a sofa, or double up into a chair again, or become either a rocking-chair or a rocking-sofa, or hold a book for me, or a drink, each by pulling a different knob and waiting for the crash. It was also warranted to do other things which I cannot distinctly remember—things like shaving me and blacking my

boots, I believe. It had a careless sort of way of not executing the required change when the knob was pulled, and then suddenly remembering later on, when I wasn't prepared for its evolutions. The last time it

doubled up on me I struggled desperately, and emerged from a broken heap of machinery that would never stand up again. For the ingenious chair was not very strong constitutionally, and, indeed, I discovered later that the only really solid, substantial article the furniture-man had sent me was the bill. That had a nature of such solidity and toughness as to cause me, when I first encountered it, to see fireworks, and to sit very suddenly on the effusive rug for some minutes of stunning discomfiture.

I suppose that a bachelor may live in chambers among strangers and remain an honest man; but when he has friends living in the same building demoralization ensues. I had friends in other chambers in the same building, and I stole their butter. This was when I had learned that most of the keys fitted most of the doors, and that a rough average of general honesty was maintained by everybody stealing from anybody else what he might need. I found myself short of many things requisite for breakfast on the first morning, and I was particularly grateful to my friend Burrage for lending me what was necessary; but I discovered that the articles really belonged to two friends of his, strangers to me, from whom Burrage had found it more convenient to loot them than to deprive himself of his own. I saw both of the strangers an hour later—they were late risers—raiding the premises of somebody else to make up their deficiencies. This last person chanced to be at home, so that it was necessary for one of the invaders, girding up his dressing-gown, to engage the victim in personal combat while the other acquired the necessary marmalade and plates. A few days later, when I had made my breakfast and tea department fairly complete, Burrage met me on the stairs at about four o'clock and invited me into his rooms for tea, and to meet one or two fellow-residents. There I found the two participants in the breakfast raid sitting amicably by their victim; and in the circumstances I was not vastly surprised presently to find that Burrage had invited us all to drink my own tea out of my new tea-cups. I entered into the spirit of the thing with great vigour after a very few such lessons, and succeeded, I think, in keeping a decent balance in my favour most of the time. But one thing I did not succeed in: by no stratagem, trap, dodge, or enticement could I persuade anybody to steal my white rug. It made itself too notorious—trespassed, by representative hairs, into too many neighbouring rooms and butter-dishes.

In most bachelors' chambers it is easily possible to order in a lunch or a dinner from a neighbouring restaurant, hot and neatly served. No such debasing luxury was encouraged by the position of my first chambers, which stood nearly half a mile from the nearest satisfactory eating-house. Attempts had been made by daring experimentalists, but they were not encouraging. The percentage of dishes which traversed that turbulent half-mile without smashing or

being consumed on the way by unauthorized dogs was too small to be profitable, and the few that did get through were not only very cold, but had a gritty quality and a suspicious flavour of dusty asphalt that did not inspire confidence. This led to heroic attempts at cookery on the part of some of us. I myself did very little in that way, but I learned one or two things worth knowing. For instance, it is inadvisable to stew a steak in a small tea-kettle. The steak goes in all right, being of a bendable disposition in its raw state; but it swells and stiffens in the stewing, and unless you have been very careful about the shape of it—and who considers the shape of a steak?—it won't come out again. You reflect that it would be wasteful—as well as sloppy—to rip open the kettle, and you end by planting that utensil on the table and hacking the steak to pieces *in situ* with a knife and fork.

I knew one man—many people knew him, for he was a famous artist—who worked all day in his chambers, and got over the difficulty of meals in a very thorough and comprehensive manner. He bought the biggest saucepan in Clare Market, and kept it permanently bubbling on his stove. Whenever he passed a shop—a butcher's, a greengrocer's, or a poulterer's—where they sold uncooked food, he bought some, carried it home, and tipped it into his pot; and whenever the broth boiled low he took his water-bottle and emptied it into the stew. That was his whole art, science, and mystery of cooking and dining—except (which I had almost forgotten) that he sometimes tipped in a penn'orth of pepper, for he liked it hot. Lunching or dining was thus possible at any hour of the day or night; he poked a fork into the saucepan at random and took what he got—a mutton chop, or a carrot, or a pheasant, or a sardine, or a sausage, or a cauliflower, or a bloater, or a mass of beef, or a chance match-box fallen in off the mantelpiece, as the case might happen. The stew got a bit greasy at the top sometimes, so that it grew difficult to get through to the submerged varieties; but that was easily remedied with a palette-knife or a small shovel.

I think it is generally observed that, when the tenant has been plucked more than usually clean in the matter of housekeeping fees, the servants, from a delicate desire not to remind him of the fact, stay away from his rooms as much as possible. Then, as he plays little games of noughts and crosses with his finger-tip in the dust, an imaginative man can make himself believe—for a little while—that he must be paying nothing at all for service; which is a decided relief, as long as it lasts. When the servants do come, it is to make revelations of the supernatural. That is how I first discovered that my rooms were haunted. Spiritualistic séances used to take place in my rooms, wholly without my permission, though it would seem that the presence of one servant at least was necessary to the manifestations. They were probably mediums. Thus, I once discovered a large starry hole in the side of the ewer in my washstand, and on seeking an explanation I was informed that "the bedstead had knocked up against it." Now, that bedstead in ordinary circumstances was a bedstead of the most steady and orderly disposition. Never in my presence had it knocked up against anything, or even moved, of its own accord. But in the

presence of that powerful medium the housemaid we have the extraordinary fact that, possessed of demoniac influence, it maliciously climbed upon my unresisting washstand to knock a hole in my inoffensive ewer. Let the Society for Psychical Research explain that on any naturalistic basis if they can. Nor was this all. Vases on my mantelpiece flung themselves upon the fender in a frenzy of ghostly suicide; and on returning unexpectedly to my rooms one Sunday afternoon I discovered that my best frock-coat had been spirited away into thin air. It materialized again, however, before I reached home in the evening, and hung itself on a different peg, exhaling a spectral odour that might have been of brimstone, but which strongly suggested shag. I heard rumours that it had been observed at some distance away, in Hyde Park, where it had been miraculously transported on the back of the young man that cleaned the windows and "walked out" with the mediumistic housemaid.

It was a curious ghost, too, that in my room, and rather ignorant. It dropped hairpins into the envelopes of my private correspondence. It once opened a crush-hat case of mine and sprung out the hat, but it seems that, far above our earthly intelligence as the intelligence of ghosts must be, they have not yet learned the secret of shutting an opera-hat. My ghost apparently solved the difficulty by sitting on my particular hat—it was a rather heavy ghost—and fastening down the case while it was in a state of suppression. So that when I next required my crush-hat, and loosened the catch of the case, there sprang out at me the most terrifying apparition of rags and splints and springs ever produced by spiritual agency.

I thought once that the ghost was actually in my presence. I had heard mysterious rumblings about my ceiling in the dead of night, faint struggles on the stairs, gasps and groans, and all the correct musical appliances for a haunted room. One such night, after more than usually horrifying manifestations from the staircase, I started wide awake and chilly with terror at a new sound—a scratching, a horrible, prolonged scratching at my outer door, as of some terrified animal; and then—and then—the sound of the slow opening of the door, which I knew I had locked. Then came footsteps—horrible dragging footsteps in my lobby, as of one staggering forward in a death-agony—and a trailing of fetters on the floor. I lay in the pitch dark and trembled. The awful steps neared and neared, crossing my sitting-room and approaching the door of the room where I lay. Should I lie still, or should I spring up and attempt to fasten the door? Too late—the handle turned and the door began to open. I lay quiet and waited in a cold sweat. On came the inexorable footsteps, halting and dragging, and I felt a shock from the foot of the bedstead and heard a fearful gasp. It was growing unbearable; a little more and I must do something desperate. It came. Slowly round to my bedside came the dragging steps, and then a horrible clammy hand suddenly descended and tore the bed-clothes off me!

I sprang up with a yell, and in an instant was grappling madly with my assailant. Down we came together with an awful crash, and in all the records of Psychical Research I never read of any ghost using such language. I sprang to my feet, but the phantom remained prostrate, gasping and threatening.

I reached the matches and struck a light, and then I observed the gentleman of the rooms above mine wallowing helplessly on my equally dissipated skin rug, a smashed hat by his side and the wreck of no more an umbrella still waving feebly in his hand.

He was a rather stout gentleman, in a condition diametrically opposed to total abstinence. It was his pleasing custom, it seemed, to seek repose at this hour, ascending the stairs in the manner customary among quadrupeds, and to carry into bed his entire outdoor equipment, or as much of it as he happened to have brought home, including his boots and his hat. As a rule, his proceedings had been manifested merely by the mysterious noises on the stairs and the rumblings across my ceiling. But to-night he had miscounted the staircases, and had made his customarily lengthy researches in quest of his key-hole on my door. His key fitted, like most of the others—and that was all.

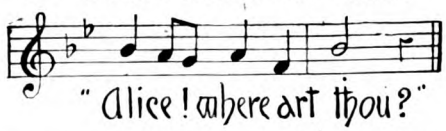
I saw him frequently after that on the staircase, usually in an oblique position. He was perfectly friendly, notwithstanding that he never got wholly free from the mass of loose hair which he carried away from my rug, and he sometimes wept on my bosom, mistaking me for a deceased uncle. But I put a catch on my door, which Burrage declared an unsportsmanlike act, for I was at that time several knives and forks and a large piece of cheese ahead of the whole colony.

Chambers in Inns of Court are different in some respects from the sort of chambers I began in, but like in others. Some tenants allege that the attendance is worse, and it was Charles Dickens' opinion that the substitutes for housekeepers in the Inns of Court were called laundresses because they never washed anything. I held a different theory at first. I perceived that the laundresses were, without exception, the very grimiest human creatures I ever beheld, and I reasoned that the grime must come from somewhere; *ergo*, they got it from the rooms in their charge, which, consequently, must be the cleaner by that exact amount. But after a little more experience in those rooms I saw the flaw in the argument, and formed my present theory, which I uphold to be the only true one. It is that the residences of the laundresses (said to be hidden mysteriously behind the houses in Leather Lane and Fetter Lane) are vast, primordial reservoirs of grime, whence is imported, secreted about the persons of the laundresses, all the dust, ashes, cobwebs, and flume wherewith the chambers of the Temple, Gray's Inn, and Clifford's Inn are replenished. It is quite true, you see, that the laundresses acquire their grime by transport of the substance, but it is in process of bringing it to the scene of their daily operations, not of taking it away. This theory will account for many previously unexplained phenomena, and in particular it throws a flood of light on the hitherto problematical meaning of the word "dusting," which plainly signifies to sprinkle dust.

The Romance of Some Celebrated Songs

By B. Mansell Ramsey.

I.—"Alice! Where Art Thou?"



WHAT is it that makes a song popular? Publishers seem unable to tell. Over and over again songs which have been considered worthless have brought fortunes to the publishers, though, alas! not always to the composers. For instance, the famous song, so popular throughout the American War, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," was thought unworthy of publication by the composer-publisher's partner, but in a short time a large number of printing presses were continuously at work to supply the enormous demand for this phenomenally successful composition.

Again, a little song, which was much in vogue a generation or so back—"Who's That Tapping at the Garden Gate?"—was thought so little of by the publisher that he hesitated at the idea of having it printed. However, he decided at length on its production, and was well rewarded for his venture. So, too, with the song under consideration—"Alice! Where Art Thou?" which was offered to the publisher for ten pounds, and declined.

For a few moments let me make a slight digression. As a youth I was one night leaving a concert-platform with a public singer when there was an unmistakable demand for an encore. As I approached the artists' room a courtly-looking old gentleman gave me a pleasant smile and bow, remarking with regard to the encore, "Greatly due to the accompanist." This old gentleman turned out to be Mr. Wellington Guernsey, the author of the words of "Alice! Where Art Thou?" and when I got to know him better he one day told me the story of the publication of this still-admired song. My readers may, therefore, rely upon the authenticity of the facts.

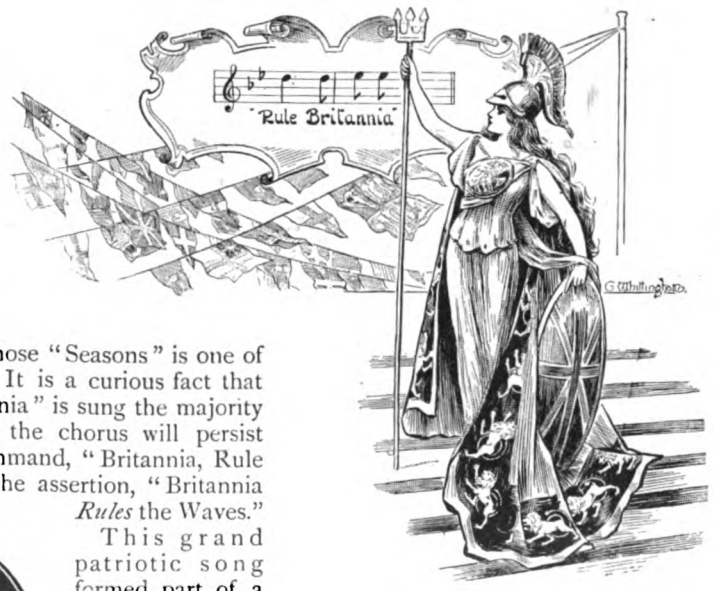
Ascher, the composer of a large number of once popular pianoforte pieces, was a friend of Wellington Guernsey, who showed the French composer the words of "Alice! Where Art Thou?" Ascher not only set them to music, but made his friend a present of the copyright.

When Wellington Guernsey returned to England he took the song to a music publisher, and on the strength of Ascher's reputation as a writer of drawing-room music offered it for publication, asking what now appears the very modest sum of ten pounds. The publisher would not entertain the idea.

Ascher was not known as a writer of songs. At length the publisher said, "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll publish it at my own expense and allow you a royalty of sixpence a copy."

Mr. Guernsey accepted the offer. After a while the sum for royalties grew to such a substantial amount that the publisher offered to purchase the copyright for three hundred pounds. But now it was Mr. Guernsey's turn to refuse. "No," said he, "I'll never sell it; it's as good as an annuity."

II.—"RULE, BRITANNIA."



EVERYBODY knows "Rule, Britannia," one of our most important national songs, but how few could answer the question, "Who wrote the words?" And yet their author is no less a person than the well-known poet James Thomson, whose "Seasons" is one of our standard odes. It is a curious fact that when "Rule, Britannia" is sung the majority of those joining in the chorus will persist in changing the command, "Britannia, Rule the Waves!" into the assertion, "Britannia *Rules* the Waves."

DR. ARNE, WHO WROTE THE MUSIC OF "RULE, BRITANNIA."

This grand patriotic song formed part of a "masque" entitled "Alfred," written by James Thomson and Alfred Mallet, with music by Dr. Arne. The work was performed at Cliefden House, Maidenhead, to commemorate the accession of George I., as well as in honour of the birthday of the Princess Augusta, on August 1st, 1740. The composer afterwards altered the "masque" into an opera, which was given at Drury Lane Theatre in 1745.

"Rule, Britannia," became immensely popular, and the Jacobites sang the air to words of their own. One of the Jacobite choruses ran thus:—

> Rise, Britannia! Britannia, rise and fight,
> Restore your injured monarch's right.

Another of their parodies commenced with the following:—

> Bri annia, rouse at Heav'n's commands,
> And crown thy native Prince again.

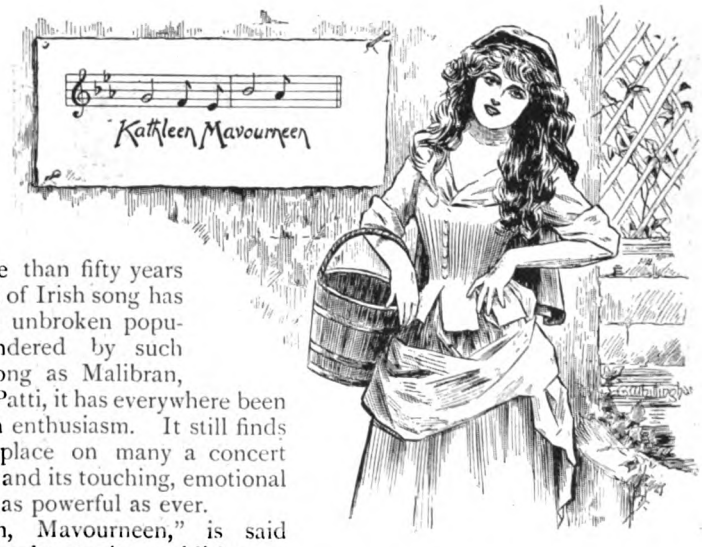
Handel introduced the air into his "Occasional Oratorio," and even the great Beethoven wrote "Five Variations on the Air 'Rule, Britannia.'"

Yes, we must confess that we are

JAMES THOMSON, WHO WROTE THE WORDS OF "RULE, BRITANNIA."

proud of our "Rule, Britannia." The music is worthy of the man who wrote it, while the words, as Southey said, "will be the political hymn of this country as long as she maintains her political power."

III.—"KATHLEEN, MAVOURNEEN."



FOR more than fifty years this gem of Irish song has enjoyed unbroken popularity. Rendered by such queens of song as Malibran, Titiens, and Patti, it has everywhere been received with enthusiasm. It still finds a welcome place on many a concert programme; and its touching, emotional qualities are as powerful as ever.

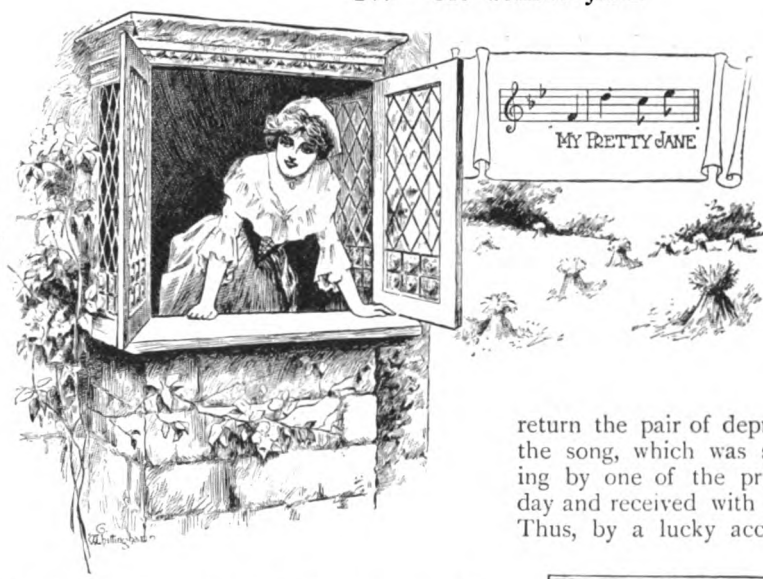
"Kathleen, Mavourneen," is said to have brought to its publisher a profit of fifteen thousand pounds. To its composer it brought fame and—a ten-pound note. "Kathleen, Mavourneen," is always considered a typical Irish song, and, indeed, the words were written by an Irishwoman—Mrs. Julia Crawford. The author of the music, however, was no son of Erin, but a true-born Englishman. Frederick Nicholls Crouch—for this was the composer's name—was born at Devizes, in Wiltshire, and was the son of a violoncello player, who at one time numbered among his pupils William IV. During a visit to Devonshire Frederick Crouch received from Mrs. Crawford the words of "Kathleen, Mavourneen," which made a great impression on the young musician. The story of "Kathleen, Mavourneen," shall be given in the composer's own words: "The words instantly attracted my attention by their purity of style and diction. I sought the authoress, and obtained her permission to set them to music. Leaving London as traveller to Chapman and Co., Cornhill, while prosecuting my journey towards Saltash I jotted down the melody on the historic banks of the Tamar. On arriving at Plymouth I wrote out a fair copy of the song and sang it to Mrs. Rowe, the wife of a music publisher of that town. The melody so captivated her and others who heard it that I was earnestly solicited that it should be given the first time in public at her husband's opening concert of the season. But certain reasons obliged me to decline the honour. I retired to rest at my hotel, and rising early next morning and opening my window, what was my surprise to see on a hoarding right opposite a large placard on which was printed in the largest and boldest type, 'F. Nicholls Crouch, from London, will sing at P. E. Rowe's concert "Kathleen, Mavourneen," for one night only!' Amazed and confused at such an unwarrantable and unauthorized announcement, I hurriedly completed my toilet, took my breakfast, and rushed off to Mr. Rowe's warehouse. But, despite my

F. N. CROUCH, THE COMPOSER OF THE MUSIC OF "KATHLEEN, MAVOURNEEN."
From a Photo.

reluctance, and overcome by the entreaties of the fascinating Mrs. Rowe, I appeared and sang the song to a crowded audience, with the most enthusiastic applause."

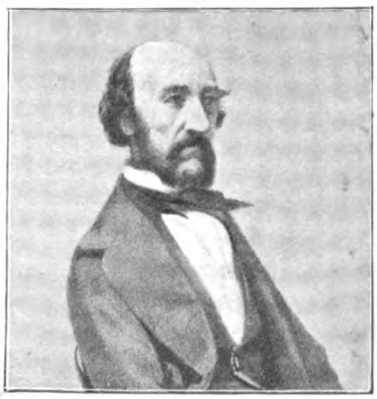
Shortly afterwards "Kathleen, Mavourneen," was published and met with immediate success. In the pecuniary results of this success, however, the composer had no share, and life became such a struggle that he soon left his native land for America. From that country he never returned, and, though for a time he remained in great poverty, his closing years were cheered and eased by kind friends. He died at the ripe old age of eighty-nine.

IV.—"My Pretty Jane."



WHEN Sir Henry Bishop wrote the music of "My Pretty Jane," so dissatisfied was he with his work that he consigned it to the waste-paper basket. It happened that the manager of Vauxhall Gardens wanted a new song, so with Edward FitzBall — who wrote the words of "My Pretty Jane"—called on Sir Henry Bishop to see what could be done.

Sir Henry Bishop was not at home, but on wandering about the room Edward FitzBall caught sight of a piece of manuscript music-paper in the waste-paper basket. Snatching the music-paper from the receptacle, FitzBall found that it contained his song, "My Pretty Jane." Without waiting for the composer's return the pair of depredators went off with the song, which was sung the same evening by one of the principal tenors of the day and received with tremendous applause. Thus, by a lucky accident, was preserved the song which for so many years was one of the great successes of Sims Reeves.



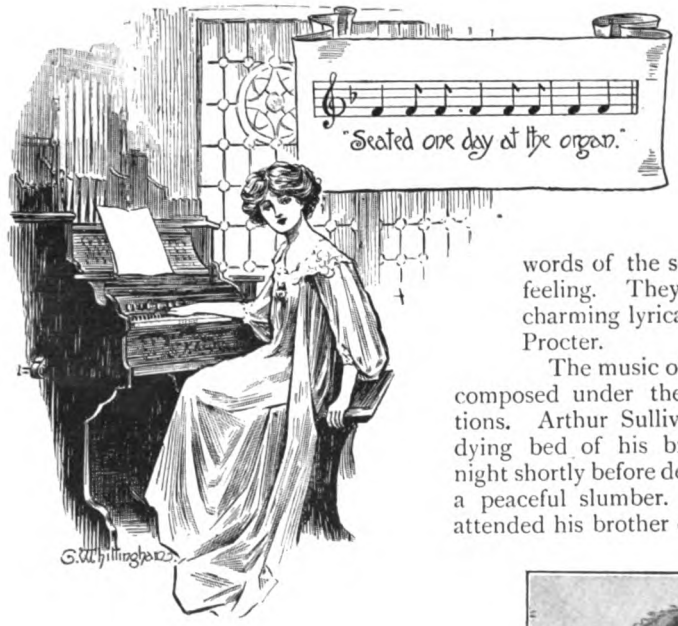
EDWARD FITZBALL, WHO WAS IN LOVE WITH "PRETTY JANE" AND WHO WROTE THE WORDS OF THE SONG.

SIR HENRY R. BISHOP, COMPOSER OF THE MUSIC OF "MY PRETTY JANE."

Like "The Lass of Richmond Hill," "Robin Adair," etc., "My Pretty Jane" was a real person. When Edward FitzBall

was a young man he lived in a small village in Cambridgeshire, and in one of the lanes along which the youth frequently passed lived a very pretty girl called Jane. She was the daughter of a farmer, and from her window would occasionally smile and nod to young FitzBall as he passed by. One summer day the budding author sat on a stile near the farmer's house, and in a few minutes wrote the words of this pleasing song. Probably the "bloom" was "on the rye" in the fields hard by where the youthful poet sat. Whether "Pretty Jane" ever responded to the invitation to meet the author "in the evening" we know not. There is some reason to think she may have done so, as there is in existence a portrait of the young lady painted by FitzBall.

V.—"The Lost Chord."



OF "celebrated songs" published in recent times, Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Lost Chord" must be reckoned the most successful. Hundreds of thousands of copies have been sold, and the substantial "royalty" paid to Madame Antoinette Sterling on this song must, by this time, have reached the amount of a small fortune.

"The Lost Chord" was just the sort of song to suit the magnificent voice and earnest, devout, poetic temperament of Madame Sterling. I remember, however, hearing her sing this song on an occasion when she was suffering from a cold, and on reaching the passage, near the end, where the only high note comes—well, it simply didn't come. Madame Sterling, with her characteristic *naïveté*, smiled at the audience and shook her head deprecatingly, as if to say, "You see, I did try, but it would not come."

Without entering upon a discussion as to whether a "lost chord" is within the range of possibility, it may frankly be conceded that the words of the song possess true poetic feeling. They were written by that charming lyrical author, Adelaide Anne Procter.

The music of "The Lost Chord" was composed under the most touching conditions. Arthur Sullivan was watching by the dying bed of his brother Frederick. One night shortly before death the invalid sank into a peaceful slumber. Arthur Sullivan, who attended his brother day and night, took the

ADELAIDE PROCTER, THE WRITER OF THE WORDS OF "THE LOST CHORD."

opportunity to read, and it happened that his eyes fell on Adelaide Anne Procter's poem, "The Lost Chord."

The verses impressed him greatly, and music appropriate to them suggested itself to his mind. Taking a sheet of music-paper

he began to write, and so absorbed was he in his task that he sat hour after hour working at it until the song was completed. Probably the acute emotional conditions under which the music was composed account largely for the power to touch the emotions which undoubtedly "The Lost Chord" possesses.

VI.—"HOME, SWEET HOME."

PROBABLY no English song, with the exception of the National Anthem, is sung so frequently or meets with such a favourable reception as "Home, Sweet Home." And what a marvellously simple little ballad it is! Plain, unaffected words, set to a melody of eight notes, without a single modulation, "Home, Sweet Home," seems somehow to possess the power of charming the ear and of touching our best and purest emotions. The Viscountess Folkestone—now the Dowager Lady Radnor—once sang "Home, Sweet Home," at a popular concert at the Victoria Music Hall with such effect that a poor lost girl from the London streets, who was sitting in the gallery, went straight back to her lodging, packed up her little bundle, and returned to her broken-hearted old mother in the country. The recollection of the "lowly thatched cottage" had been so vividly produced by the song and the singer that a result had been achieved which no other influence had been able to secure. It is rather remarkable that the words of "Home, Sweet Home"—so typically English in character—should have been written by an American, John Howard Payne. The song formed part of a musical drama composed by Sir Henry Bishop, and was first heard at Covent Garden Theatre in 1823.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, WHO WROTE THE WORDS OF "HOME, SWEET HOME."

The success of "Home, Sweet Home," was unprecedented. Within a year nearly three hundred thousand copies were sold. It has often been said that Sir Henry Bishop was not the composer of "Home, Sweet Home," but that he merely arranged a Sicilian melody to the words of John Howard Payne. This statement, however, has been entirely disproved by a friend of Sir Henry Bishop, the late Dr. Charles Mackay. Dr. Mackay tells us that Sir Henry Bishop "had been engaged in early manhood by the once eminent firm of Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co., musical publishers, of Soho Square, to edit a collection of national melodies of all countries. In the course of his labours he discovered that he had no Sicilian air, and as a Sicilian melody had been announced Sir Henry thought he would invent one. The result was the now well-known air of 'Home, Sweet Home,' which he arranged to the verses of Howard Payne. Pirates were in the field as now, and believing the air to be Sicilian and non-copyright they commenced issuing the song in a cheaper form, but Messrs. Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co. brought actions against the offenders, and won the day on the sworn evidence of Sir Henry Bishop, who declared himself to be the inventor of the same."

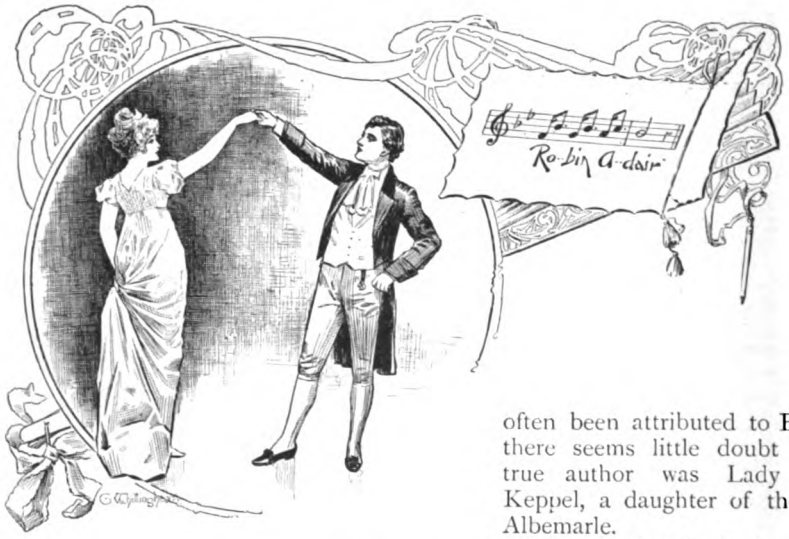
It is suggestive of the irony of fate that the words of "Home, Sweet Home," should have been written in a foreign land by a wandering exile, and that the melody should have been composed by a musician whose domestic happiness was frustrated by the elopement of his wife with a talented, but dissipated, harp-player.

It is customary now to sing only two stanzas of "Home, Sweet Home," but in the original version there were four. The following are the stanzas usually omitted:—

How sweet, too, to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile;
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh, give me, the pleasures of home!
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

To thee I'll return overburdened with care,
The heart's dearest face will smile on me there.
No more from that cottage again will I roam;
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

VII.—"Robin Adair."



IT is said that Handel once remarked that he would rather have been the author of this beautiful air than of all the music he had ever composed. Although this statement must be taken *cum grano salis*, yet it must be admitted that the melody of "Robin Adair" is exceptionally charming.

Though classed among Scottish songs the music is undoubtedly Irish. The air was known as "Eileen Aroon" long before "Robin Adair" was written, and is believed to have been introduced into Scotland by a celebrated Irish harpist named Hempson. "Eileen Aroon" was sung in London about the middle of the eighteenth century by the great operatic tenor Tenducci, who afterwards sang the same melody to the words of "Robin Adair." The popularity of the song was greatly due to the effective manner in which it was sung by Braham, who introduced into the air a certain inflection known as the "Scotch snap." The words have often been attributed to Burns, but there seems little doubt that the true author was Lady Caroline Keppel, a daughter of the Earl of Albemarle.

It seems that Lady Caroline had fallen in love with a fascinating young Irishman named Robert or Robin Adair. He was just starting in life as a medical man, and being so fortunate as to meet with a rich patron he soon acquired a good position in society. He was a fluent speaker, a fine dancer, and an altogether agreeable guest. At a certain dance he had for a partner Lady Caroline Keppel.

The young couple were mutually attracted, and after a few more meetings their intense affection could no longer be concealed. The consternation of Lady Caroline's relatives may be better imagined than described. They did all they could to break off this unsuitable attachment, but all in vain. Other suitors came forward, but Lady Caroline would have nothing to say to them. Her friends took her abroad to try what change of scene might effect, but instead of remedying matters they grew worse, for poor Lady Caroline became seriously ill. She was

brought back to England and taken to Bath, where she wrote the stanzas now usually associated with the music:—

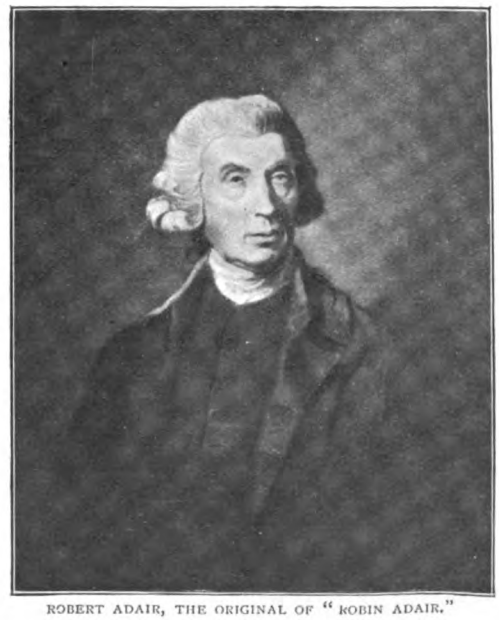
What's this dull town to me?
Robin's not near;
He whom I wish to see,
Wish so to hear.
Where's all the joy and mirth,
Made life a heaven on earth?
O! they're all fled with thee,
Robin Adair.

What made th' assembly shine?
Robin Adair!
What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there!
What, when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
O! it was parting with
Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt far from me,
Robin Adair!
And now I never see
Robin Adair!
Yet he I love so well
Still in my heart shall dwell;
O! I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair.

LADY CAROLINE KEPPEL, WHO WROTE THE WORDS OF "ROBIN ADAIR."
By permission of Henry Graves & Co.

It may be that the gallant young Irishman had sung "Eileen Aroon" to her, and the memory of the beautiful melody and the loved one who sang it inspired Lady Caroline to write the touching words of "Robin Adair"; and one can realize the melancholy pleasure which the poor suffering girl experienced in pouring out her soul in verse. At length Lady Caroline became so seriously ill that her life was despaired of, and, acting upon the advice of the physicians, her relatives gave their consent to the marriage of the faithful lovers. The "lucky Irishman," as George III. often called him, became a general favourite; he worked hard at his profession, in which he greatly distinguished himself, and lived to the advanced age of eighty years.



ROBERT ADAIR, THE ORIGINAL OF "ROBIN ADAIR."

[While upon a musical subject we may take the opportunity to advert to a statement in an article entitled "Eccentric Musicians," which appeared in our issue for February. The statement ran as follows: "Schumann had an unfortunate addiction to the bottle, to which in later life he gave way." The writer, Mr. J. F. Rowbotham, the well-known author of "A History of Music" and "The Private Life of the Great Composers," etc., based his assertion on private information which he believed to be well founded. On the other hand, Mr. Gustav Ernest, of 80, West Hill, Sydenham, who has investigated the subject, is authorized by Professor Joachim, the great violinist and most intimate friend of Schumann during his later years, and by Professor Dietrich, who was a guest in Schumann's house on the fatal day when the master threw himself into the Rhine, to say that such a statement is absolutely erroneous. In the face of this decisive evidence, which is corroborated by other witnesses, Mr. Rowbotham readily withdraws his statement, greatly, we are sure, to the relief of all lovers of the great composer, whose works, as Mr. Ernest most truly says, "are the very epitome of an elevation of thought, chastity of feeling, and strength of will wholly incompatible with the degrading failing attributed to him."]

ODD CHARGES

BY

W·W·JACOBS·

SEATED at his ease in the warm tap-room of the Cauliflower, the stranger had been eating and drinking for some time, apparently unconscious of the presence of the withered ancient who, huddled up in that corner of the settle which was nearer to the fire, fidgeted restlessly with an empty mug and blew with pathetic insistence through a churchwarden pipe which had long been cold. The stranger finished his meal with a sigh of content and then, rising from his chair, crossed over to the settle and, placing his mug on the time-worn table before him, began to fill his pipe.

The old man took a spill from the table and, holding it with trembling fingers to the blaze, gave him a light. The other thanked him, and then, leaning back in his corner of the settle, watched the smoke of his pipe through half-closed eyes, and assented drowsily to the old man's remarks upon the weather.

"Bad time o' the year for going about," said the latter, "though I s'pose if you can eat and drink as much as you want it don't matter. I s'pose you mightn't be a conjurer from London, sir?"

The traveller shook his head.

"I was 'oping you might be," said the old man.

The other manifested no curiosity.

"If you 'ad been," said the old man, with a sigh, "I should ha' asked you to ha' done something useful. Ginrally speaking, conjurers do things that are no use to anyone; wot I should like to see a conjurer do would be to make this 'ere empty mug full o' beer and this empty pipe full o' shag tobacco. That's wot I should ha' made bold to ask you to do if you'd been one."

The traveller sighed, and, taking his short briar pipe from his mouth by the bowl, rapped three times upon the table with it. In a very short time a mug of ale and a paper cylinder of shag appeared on the table before the old man.

"Wot put me in mind o' your being a conjurer," said the latter, filling his pipe after a satisfying draught from the mug, "is that you're uncommon like one that come to Claybury some time back and give a performance in this very room where we're now a-sitting. So far as looks go, you might be his brother."

The traveller said that he never had a brother.

We didn't know 'e was a conjurer at fust, said the old man. He 'ad come down for Wickham Fair and, being a day or two before'and, 'e was going to different villages round about to give performances. He came

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into the bar 'ere and ordered a mug o' beer, and while 'e was a-drinking of it stood talking about the weather. Then 'e asked Bill Chambers to excuse 'im for taking the liberty, and, putting his 'and to Bill's mug, took out a live frog. Bill was a very partikler man about wot 'e drunk, and I thought he'd ha' had a fit. He went on at Smith, the landlord, something shocking, and at last, for the sake o' peace and quietness, Smith gave 'im another pint to make up for it.

"It must ha' been asleep in the mug," he ses.

Bill said that 'e thought 'e knew who must ha' been asleep, and was just going to take a drink, when the conjurer asked 'im to excuse 'im agin. Bill put down the mug in a 'urry, and the conjurer put his 'and to the mug and took out a dead mouse. It would ha' been a 'ard thing to say which was the most upset, Bill Chambers or Smith, the landlord, and Bill, who was in a terrible state, asked why it was everything seemed to get into *his* mug.

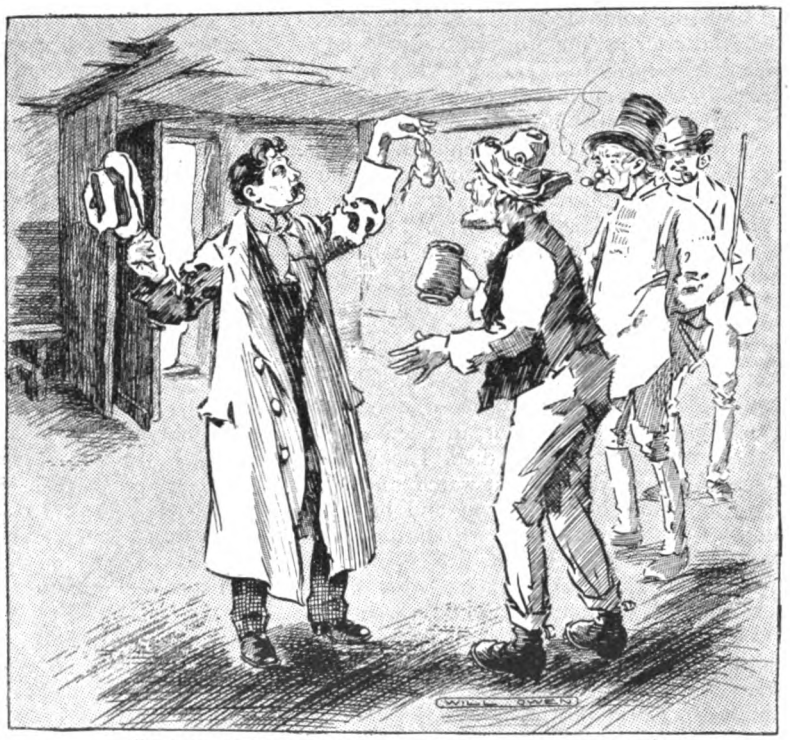
"P'r'aps you're fond o' dumb animals, sir," ses the conjurer. "Do you 'appen to notice your coat-pocket is all of a wriggle?"

He put his 'and to Bill's pocket and took out a little green snake; then he put his 'and to Bill's trouser-pocket and took out a frog, while pore Bill's eyes looked as if they was coming out o' their sockets.

"Keep still," ses the conjurer; "there's a lot more to come yet."

Bill Chambers gave a 'owl that was dreadful to listen to, and then 'e pushed the conjurer away and started undressing 'imself as fast as he could move 'is fingers. I believe he'd ha' taken off 'is shirt if it 'ad 'ad pockets in it, and then 'e stuck 'is feet close together and 'e kept jumping into the air, and coming down on to 'is own clothes in his hobnailed boots.

"He *ain't* fond o' dumb animals, then," ses the conjurer. Then he put his 'and on his 'art and bowed.



"PUTTING HIS 'AND TO BILL'S MUG, HE TOOK OUT A LIVE FROG."

"Gentlemen all," he ses. "'Aving given you this specimen of wot I can do, I beg to give notice that with the landlord's kind permission I shall give my celebrated conjuring entertainment in the tap-room this evening at seven o'clock; ad—mission, threepence each."

They didn't understand 'im at fust, but at last they see wot 'e meant, and arter explaining to Bill, who was still giving little jumps, they led 'im up into a corner and coaxed 'im into dressing 'imself agin. He wanted to fight the conjurer, but 'e was that tired 'e could scarcely stand, and by-and-by Smith, who 'ad said 'e wouldn't 'ave anything to do with it, gave way and said he'd risk it.

The tap-room was crowded that night, but we all 'ad to pay threepence each—coining money, I call it. Some o' the things wot he done was very clever, but a'most from the fust start-off there was unpleasantness. When he asked somebody to lend 'im a pocket-'ankercher to turn into a white rabbit,

Henery Walker rushed up and lent 'im 'is, but instead of a white rabbit it turned into a black one with two white spots on it, and arter Henery Walker 'ad sat for some time puzzling over it 'e got up and went off 'ome without saying good-night to a soul.

Then the conjurer borrowed Sam Jones's hat, and arter looking into it for some time 'e was that surprised and astonished that Sam Jones lost 'is temper and asked 'im whether he 'adn't seen a hat afore.

"Not like this," ses the conjurer. And 'e pulled out a woman's dress and jacket and a pair o' boots. Then 'e took out a pound or two o' taters and some crusts o' bread and other things, and at last 'e gave it back to Sam Jones and shook 'is head at 'im, and told 'im if he wasn't very careful he'd spoil the shape of it.

Then 'e asked somebody to lend 'im a watch, and, arter he 'ad promised to take the greatest care of it, Dicky Weed, the tailor, lent 'im a gold watch wot 'ad been left 'im by 'is great-aunt when she died. Dicky Weed thought a great deal o' that watch, and when the conjurer took a flat-iron and began to smash it up into little bits it took three men to hold 'im down in 'is seat.

"This is the most difficult trick o' the lot," ses the conjurer, picking off a wheel wot 'ad stuck to the flat-iron. "Sometimes I can do it and sometimes I can't. Last time I tried it it was a failure, and it cost me eighteenpence and a pint o' beer afore the gentleman the watch 'ad belonged to was satisfied. I gave 'im the bits, too."

"If you don't give me my watch back safe and sound," ses Dicky Weed, in a trembling voice, "it'll cost you twenty pounds."

"'Ow much?" ses the conjurer, with a start. "Well, I wish you'd told me that afore you lent it to me. Eighteenpence is my price."

He stirred the broken bits up with 'is finger and shook his 'ead.

"I've never tried one o' these old-fashioned watches afore," he ses. "'Owever, if I fail, gentlemen, it'll be the fust and only trick I've failed in to-night. You can't expect everything to turn out right, but if I do fail this time, gentlemen, I'll try it agin if anybody else'll lend me another watch."

Dicky Weed tried to speak but couldn't, and 'e sat there, with 'is face pale, staring at the pieces of 'is watch on the conjurer's table. Then the conjurer took a big pistol with a trumpet-shaped barrel out of 'is box, and arter putting in a charge o' powder picked up the pieces o' watch and rammed them in arter it. We could 'ear the broken bits grating agin the ramrod, and arter he 'ad loaded it 'e walked round and handed it to us to look at.

"It's all right," he ses to Dicky Weed: "it's going to be a success; I could tell in the loading."

He walked back to the other end of the room and held up the pistol.

"I shall now fire this pistol," 'e ses, "and in so doing mend the watch. The explosion of the powder makes the bits o' glass join together agin; in flying through the air the wheels go round and round collecting all the other parts, and the watch as good as new and ticking away its 'ardest will be found in the coat-pocket o' the gentleman I shoot at."

He pointed the pistol fust at one and then at another, as if 'e couldn't make up 'is mind, and none of 'em seemed to 'ave much liking for it. Peter Gubbins told 'im not to shoot at 'im because he 'ad a 'ole in his pocket, and Bill Chambers, when it pointed at 'im, up and told 'im to let somebody else 'ave a turn. The only one that didn't flinch was Bob Pretty, the biggest poacher and the greatest rascal in Claybury. He'd been making fun o' the tricks all along, saying out loud that he'd seen 'em all afore—and done better.

"Go on," he ses; "I ain't afraid of you; you can't shoot straight."

The conjurer pointed the pistol at 'im. Then 'e pulled the trigger and the pistol went off bang, and the same moment o' time Bob Pretty jumped up with a 'orrible scream, and holding his 'ands over 'is eyes danced about as though he'd gone mad.

Everybody started up at once and got round 'im, and asked 'im wot was the matter; but Bob didn't answer 'em. He kept on making a dreadful noise, and at last 'e broke out of the room and, holding 'is 'ankercher to 'is face, ran off 'ome as 'ard as he could run.

"You've done it now, mate," ses Bill Chambers to the conjurer. "I thought you wouldn't be satisfied till you'd done some 'arm. You've been and blinded pore Bob Pretty."

"Nonsense," ses the conjurer. "He's frightened, that's all."

"*Frightened!*" ses Peter Gubbins. "Why, you fired Dicky Weed's watch straight into 'is face."

"Rubbish," ses the conjurer; "it dropped into 'is pocket, and he'll find it there when 'e comes to 'is senses."

"Do you mean to tell me that Bob Pretty 'as gone off with my watch in 'is pocket?" screams Dicky Weed.

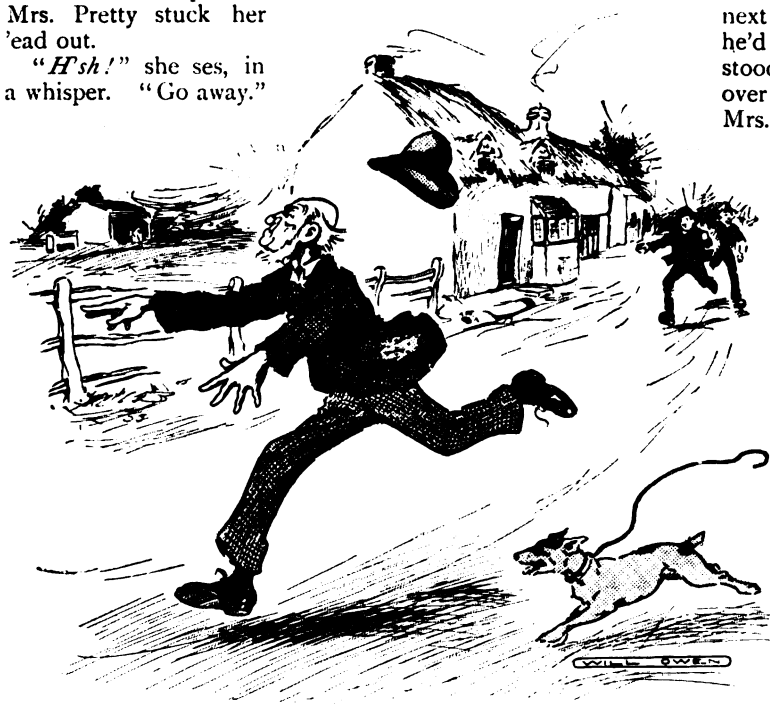
"I do," ses the other.

"You'd better get 'old of Bob afore 'e finds it out, Dicky," ses Bill Chambers.

Dicky Weed didn't answer 'im; he was already running along to Bob Pretty's as fast as 'is legs would take 'im, with most of us follering behind to see wot 'appened.

The door was fastened when we got to it, but Dicky Weed banged away at it as 'ard as he could bang, and at last the bedroom winder went up and Mrs. Pretty stuck her 'ead out.

"*H'sh!*" she ses, in a whisper. "Go away."



"HE WAS RUNNING ALONG TO BOB PRETTY'S AS FAST AS 'IS LEGS WOULD TAKE 'IM."

"I want to see Bob," ses Dicky Weed.

"You can't see 'im," ses Mrs. Pretty. "I'm getting 'im to bed. He's been shot, pore dear. Can't you 'ear 'im groaning?"

We 'adn't up to then, but a'most direckly arter she 'ad spoke you could ha' heard Bob's groans a mile away. Dreadful, they was.

"There, there, pore dear," ses Mrs. Pretty.

"Shall I come in and 'elp you get 'im to bed?" ses Dicky Weed, arf crying.

"No, thank you, Mr. Weed," ses Mrs. Pretty. "It's very kind of you to offer, but 'e wouldn't like any hands but mine to touch 'im. I'll send in and let you know 'ow he is fust thing in the morning."

"Try and get 'old of the coat, Dicky," ses Bill Chambers, in a whisper. "Offer to mend it for 'im. It's sure to want it."

"Well, I'm sorry I can't be no 'elp to you," ses Dicky Weed, "but I noticed a rent in Bob's coat and, as 'e's likely to be laid up a bit, it ud be a good opportunity for me to mend it for 'im. I won't charge 'im nothing. If you drop it down I'll do it now."

"Thankee," ses Mrs. Pretty; "if you just wait a moment I'll clear the pockets out and drop it down to you."

She turned back into the bedroom, and Dicky Weed ground 'is teeth together and told Bill Chambers that the next time he took 'is advice he'd remember it. He stood there trembling all over with temper, and when Mrs. Pretty came to the winder agin and dropped the coat on his 'ead and said that Bob felt his kindness very much, and he 'oped Dicky ud make a good job of it, because it was 'is fav'rite coat, he couldn't speak. He stood there shaking all over till Mrs. Pretty 'ad shut the winder down agin, and then 'e turned to the conjurer, as 'ad come up with the rest of us, and asked 'im wot he was going to do about it now.

"I tell you he's got the watch," ses the conjurer, pointing up at the winder. "It went into 'is pocket. I saw it go. He was no more shot than you were. If 'e was, why doesn't he send for the doctor?"

"I can't 'elp that," ses Dicky Weed. "I want my watch or else twenty pounds."

"We'll talk it over in a day or two," ses the conjurer. "I'm giving my celebrated entertainment at Wickham Fair on Monday, but I'll come back 'ere to the Cauliflower the Saturday before and give another entertainment, and then we'll see wot's to be done. I can't run away, because in any case I can't afford to miss the fair."

Dicky Weed gave way at last and went off 'ome to bed and told 'is wife about it, and listening to 'er advice he got up at six o'clock

in the morning and went round to see 'ow Bob Pretty was.

Mrs. Pretty was up when 'e got there, and arter calling up the stairs to Bob told Dicky Weed to go upstairs. Bob Pretty was sitting up in bed with 'is face covered in bandages, and he seemed quite pleased to see 'im.

"It ain't everybody that ud get up at six o'clock to see 'ow I'm getting on," he ses. "You've got a feeling 'art, Dicky."

Dicky Weed coughed and looked round, wondering whether the watch was in the room, and, if so, where it was hidden.

"Now I'm 'ere I may as well tidy up the room for you a bit," he ses, getting up. "I don't like sitting idle."

"Thankee, mate," ses Bob; and 'e lay still and watched Dicky Weed out of the corner of the eye that wasn't covered with the bandages.

I don't suppose that room 'ad ever been tidied up so thoroughly since the Prettys 'ad lived there, but Dicky Weed couldn't see anything o' the watch, and wot made 'im more angry than anything else was Mrs. Pretty setting down in a chair with 'er 'ands folded in her lap and pointing out places that he 'adn't done.

"You leave 'im alone," ses Bob. "*He knows wot 'e's arter.* Wot did you do with those little bits o' watch you found when you was bandaging me up, missis?"

"Don't ask me," ses Mrs. Pretty. "I was in such a state I don't know wot I was doing 'ardly."

"Well, they must be about somewhere," ses Bob. "You 'ave a look for 'em, Dicky, and if you find 'em, keep 'em. They belong to you."

Dicky Weed tried to be civil and thank 'im, and then he went off 'ome and talked it over with 'is wife agin. People couldn't make up their minds whether Bob Pretty 'ad found the watch in 'is pocket and was shamming, or whether 'e was really shot, but they was all quite certain that, whichever way it was, Dicky Weed would never see 'is watch agin.

On the Saturday evening this 'ere Cauliflower public-'ouse was crowded, everybody being anxious to see the watch trick done over agin. We had 'eard that it 'ad been done all right at Cudford and Monksham; but Bob Pretty said as 'ow he'd believe it when 'e saw it, and not afore.

He was one o' the fust to turn up that night, because 'e said 'e wanted to know wot the conjurer was going to pay him for all 'is pain and suffering and having things said about 'is character. He came in leaning on a stick, with 'is face still bandaged, and sat right up close to the conjurer's table, and watched him as 'ard as he could as 'e went through 'is tricks.

"And now," ses the conjurer, at last, "I come to my celebrated watch trick. Some of you as was 'ere last Tuesday when I did it will remember that the man I fired the pistol at pretended that 'e'd been shot and run off 'ome with it in 'is pocket."

"You're a liar!" ses Bob Pretty, standing up.

"Very good," ses the conjurer; "you take that bandage off and show us all where you're hurt."

"I shall do nothing o' the kind," ses Bob. "I don't take my orders from you."

"Take the bandage off," ses the conjurer, "and if there's any shot marks I'll give you a couple o' sovereigns."

"I'm afraid of the air getting to it," ses Bob Pretty.

"You don't want to be afraid o' that, Bob," ses John Biggs, the blacksmith, coming up behind and putting 'is great arms round 'im. "Take off that rag, somebody; I've got hold of 'im."

Bob Pretty started to struggle at fust, but then, seeing it was no good, kept quite quiet while they took off the bandages.

"*There!* look at 'im," ses the conjurer, pointing. "Not a mark on 'is face, not one."

"*Wot!*" ses Bob Pretty. "Do you mean to say there's no marks?

"I do," ses the conjurer.

"Thank goodness!" ses Bob Pretty, clasping his 'ands. "Thank goodness! I was afraid I was disfigured for life. Lend me a bit o' looking-glass, somebody. I can 'ardly believe it."

"You stole Dicky Weed's watch," ses John Biggs. "I 'ad my suspicions of you all along. You're a thief, Bob Pretty. That's wot you are."

"Prove it," ses Bob Pretty. "You 'eard wot the conjurer said the other night, that the last time he tried the trick 'e failed, and 'ad to give eighteenpence to the man wot the watch 'ad belonged to."

"That was by way of a joke like," ses the conjurer to John Biggs. "I can always do it. I'm going to do it now. Will somebody 'ave the kindness to lend me a watch?"

He looked all round the room, but nobody offered—except other men's watches, wot wouldn't lend 'em.

"Come, come," he ses; "ain't none of you

got any trust in me? It'll be as safe as if it was in your pocket. I want to prove to you that this man is a thief."

He asked 'em agin, and at last John Biggs took out 'is silver watch and offered it to 'im on the understanding that 'e was on no account to fire it into Bob Pretty's pocket.

"Not likely," ses the conjurer. "Now, everybody take a good look at this watch, so as to make sure there's no deceiving."

He 'anded it round, and arter everybody 'ad taken a look at it 'e took it up to the table and laid it down.

"Let me 'ave a look at it," ses Bob Pretty, going up to the table. "I'm not going to 'ave my good name took away for nothing if I can 'elp it."

He took it up and looked at it, and arter 'olding it to 'is ear put it down agin.

"Is that the flat-iron it's going to be smashed with?" he ses.

"It is," ses the conjurer, looking at 'im nasty like; "p'r'aps you'd like to examine it."

Bob Pretty took it and looked at it.

"Yes, mates," he ses, "it's a ordinary flat-iron. You couldn't 'ave anything better for smashing a watch with."

He 'eld it up in the air and, afore anybody could move, brought it down bang on the face o' the watch. The conjurer sprang at 'im and caught at 'is arm, but it was too late, and in a terrible state o' mind 'e turned round to John Biggs.

"He's smashed your watch," he ses; "he's smashed your watch."

"Well," ses John Biggs, "it 'ad got to be smashed, 'adn't it?"

"Yes, but not by 'im," ses the conjurer, dancing about. "I wash my 'ands of it now."

"Look 'ere," ses John Biggs; "don't you talk to me about washing your 'ands of it. You finish your trick and give me my watch back agin same as it was afore."

"Not now he's been interfering with it," ses the conjurer. "He'd better do the trick now as he's so clever."

"I'd sooner 'ave you do it," ses John Biggs. "Wot did you let 'im interfere for?"

"'Ow was I to know wot 'e was going to do?" ses the conjurer. "You must settle it between you now. I'll 'ave nothing more to do with it."

"All right, John Biggs," ses Bob Pretty; "if 'e won't do it, I will. If it can be done, I don't s'pose it matters who does it. I don't think anybody could smash up a watch better than that."

John Biggs looked at it, and then 'e asked the conjurer once more to do the trick, but 'e wouldn't.

"It can't be done now," he ses; "and I warn you that if that pistol is fired I won't be responsible for what'll 'appen."

"George Kettle shall load the pistol and fire it if 'e won't," ses Bob Pretty. "'Aving

"AFORE ANYBODY COULD MOVE, HE BROUGHT IT DOWN BANG ON THE FACE O' THE WATCH."

been in the Militia, there couldn't be a better man for the job."

George Kettle walked up to the table as red as fire at being praised like that afore people and started loading the pistol. He seemed to be more awkward about it than the conjurer 'ad been the last time, and he 'ad to roll the watch-cases up with the flat-iron afore 'e could get 'em in. But 'e loaded it at last and stood waiting.

"Don't shoot at me, George Kettle," ses Bob. "I've been called a thief once, and I don't want to be agin."

"Put that pistol down, you fool, afore you do mischief," ses the conjurer.

"Who shall I shoot at?" ses George Kettle, raising the pistol.

"Better fire at the conjurer, I think," ses Bob Pretty; "and if things 'appen as he says they will 'appen, the watch ought to be found in 'is coat-pocket."

"Where is he?" ses George, looking round.

Bill Chambers laid 'old of 'im just as he was going through the door to fetch the landlord, and the scream 'e gave as he came back and George Kettle pointed the pistol at 'im was awful.

"THE SCREAM 'E GAVE AS GEORGE KETTLE POINTED THE PISTOL AT 'IM WAS AWFUL."

"Don't be silly," ses George. "Nobody's going to hurt you."

"It's no worse for you than it was for me," ses Bob.

"Put it down," screams the conjurer; "put it down. You'll kill arf the men in the room if it goes off."

"Be careful where you aim, George," ses Sam Jones. "P'raps he'd better 'ave a chair all by hisself in the middle of the room."

It was all very well for Sam Jones to talk, but the conjurer wouldn't sit on a chair by 'imself. He wouldn't sit on it at all. He seemed to be all legs and arms, and the way 'e struggled it took four or five men to 'old 'im.

"Why don't you keep still?" ses John Biggs. "George Kettle'll shoot it in your pocket all right. He's the best shot in Claybury."

"Help! Murder!" says the conjurer, struggling. "He'll kill me. Nobody can do the trick but me."

"But you say you won't do it," ses John Biggs.

"Not now," ses the conjurer; "I can't."

"Well, I'm not going to 'ave my watch lost through want of trying," ses John Biggs. "Tie 'im to the chair, mates."

"All right, then," ses the conjurer, very pale. "Don't tie me; I'll sit still all right if you like, but you'd better bring the chair outside in case of accidents. Bring it in the front."

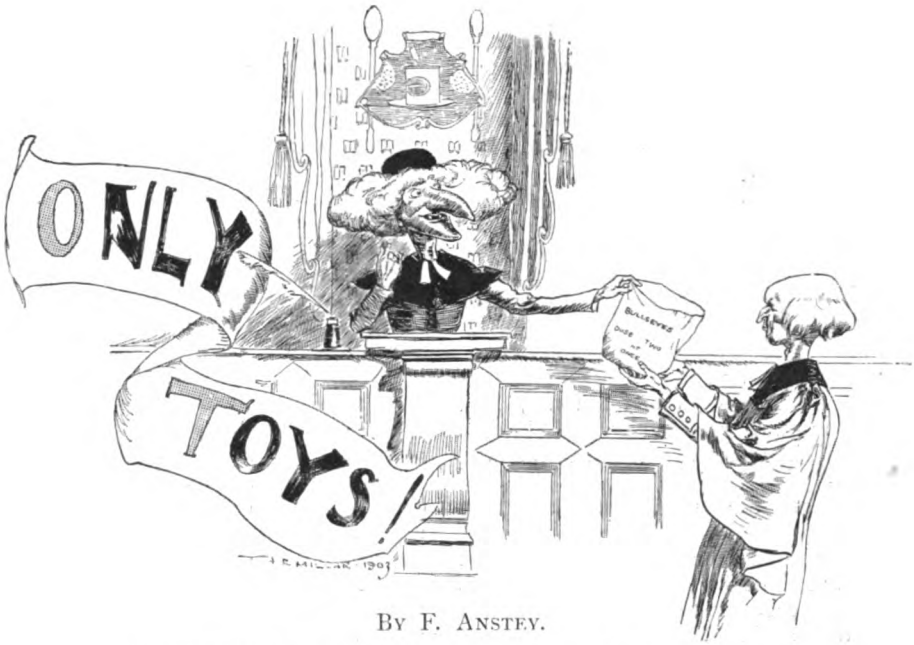
George Kettle said it was all nonsense, but the conjurer said the trick was always better done in the open air, and at last they gave way and took 'im and the chair outside.

"Now," ses the conjurer, as 'e sat down, "all of you go and stand near the man wot's going to shoot. When I say 'Three,' fire. *Why!* there's the watch on the ground there!"

He pointed with 'is finger, and as they all looked down he jumped up out o' that chair and set off on the road to Wickham as 'ard as 'e could run. It was so sudden that nobody knew wot 'ad 'appened for a moment, and then George Kettle, wot 'ad been looking with the rest, turned round and pulled the trigger.

There was a bang that pretty nigh deafened us, and the back o' the chair was blown nearly out. By the time we'd got our senses agin the conjurer was a'most out o' sight, and Bob Pretty was explaining to John Biggs wot a good job it was 'is watch 'adn't been a gold one.

"That's wot comes o' trusting a foreigner afore a man wot you've known all your life," he ses, shaking his 'ead. "I 'ope the next man that tries to take my good name away won't get off so easy. I felt all along the trick couldn't be done; it stands to reason it couldn't. I done my best, too."



By F. Anstey.

A STORY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.—PART II.

CHAPTER XII.

IN THE EYE OF THE LAW.

IRENE had never happened to go into a Court of Justice before, so she could not tell how far the one they were brought into now resembled the real thing.

The walls certainly looked as if they had been built of huge wooden blocks, and the windows had patches of red, blue, and yellow at the tops, and their sashes traced in Chinese white, like the windows you get in boxes of bricks. Still, there was a bench for the Judge and a box for the Jury, and quite a roomy dock, with spikes, for themselves, so that all the arrangements, so far as she knew, were correct enough.

Mr. Lord Head Justice Shelley was on his bench when they came in. To tell the truth, he was rather unlike Irene's idea of a Judge. He wore neither robes nor wig, only a short black velvet cape and a little cap of the same material. He had very fuzzy white hair, protruding black and white eyes, and a long, sharp, nutcracker nose and chin of a brilliant scarlet hue.

In fact, if Irene had not known him to be a Judge, she might have taken him for one of those comical figures made out of the shell and claws of a lobster. But somehow she did not feel tempted to laugh—she was far too much afraid of him for that.

However, he seemed in quite a good temper. "Prisoners, eh?" he said, as the Procession filed in after the Chief Commissary-Pouncer. "That's capital! Now we shall have something to do at last. Though I'm sorry to see Mr. Butcher and Mr. Grocer and the Admiral and so many of our respected fellow-citizens in this painful position," he added, feelingly.

"Pardon, milor Shelley," explained the Chief Commissary-Pouncer. "Zey are my vitnesses. It is zese two who are ze Culprits."

"Oh!" said the Judge, plainly disappointed. "I see. I hoped you would have had something bigger for us, Mr. Chief Commissary-Pouncer. Never mind, we must make them go as far as we can. How do you do, Culprits? Very pleased to see you. Seasonable weather, isn't it? Have a bull's-eye?"

And to Torquil and Irene's extreme surprise he produced a large paper bag, from which he extracted a couple of what appeared to be rather superior bull's-eyes, which were handed to them by the Usher.

"Peppermint is very sustaining," said the Lobster Judge, solemnly, "but you are not to suck them till the sentence, mind. Now we can begin. By-the-bye, is anybody going to defend the Prisoners? Not that it signifies."

At this a little black-robed figure sprang

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up from under the lid of a desk in the front row. "I'm the Demurrer-General's Devil, my lud," he said, in a nervous, squeaky voice. "I appear for the Defence. I have a *perfect* answer to the charge!" Which Irene was very glad indeed to hear.

"You'd better not say that," advised the Judge, "till you've heard what the charge *is*."

And the little figure squeaked, "As your ludship pleases," and bobbed down, shutting the lid over himself with a bang; "*just* like a Jack-in-the-box," as Irene thought.

"Proceed, Mr. Chief Commissary-Pouncer," said the Judge, and the State Prosecutor began in loud and dramatic tones, "If, milor, I ransack ze gloomy and 'orrible register of Crime from his earliest commencements——"

"Stop!" said the Judge. "If you're going to do *that*, we'd better *all* have a bull's-eye," and he took one himself, and directed that the bag should be handed round, which, to Irene's joy, seemed to put the Pouncer-General out considerably.

"Since zat ze Prisoners arrive in this town," he began again, "I 'ave kept upon zem alvays ze eye of a lynx."

"You needn't do it any longer," said the Judge. "They've each got two *Bull's*-eyes on them now." And, as nobody laughed, it was evident that he could not have intended to make a joke.

"It vill be better, perhaps," said the Commissary-Pouncer, discouraged, "zat I call my vitnesses."

"I think it *would* be more amusing," said the Judge, and the witnesses were called accordingly.

First, the Sentinel told how Torquil and Irene had passed him by giving the wrong countersign; then the Market Woman related their attempt to obtain cakes by falsely representing that they were staying with the Queen; the Royal Footmen described how the Prisoners had forced their way into the Palace under absurd and obviously fictitious names; Mrs. Bodgers identified them as having wantonly worn and torn her furniture and declined to pay the bill; and all the other witnesses told their stories in turn, until Irene began to think that she and Torquil must be dreadfully bad characters without knowing it.

Every now and then the little Demurrer-General's Devil would pop up and say, "My lud, *may* I ask the witness just one question?" And the Judge invariably replied, "Certainly *not*. They're not *your* witnesses. If you *must* ask questions, you should find witnesses for yourself." Whereupon the little Advocate bobbed down, crushed.

"One moment!" said the Lord Head Justice later, while Mr. Grocer was being examined. "You say, 'The prisoners referred me for their character to Santa Claus.' Who *is* Santa Claus?"

"That's just the *point*, my lud!" screamed the Demurrer-General's Devil. "He don't *exist*. And *my* argument is——"

"Sit down!" said the Judge. "If he doesn't exist there can't be any argument *about* him." And the little Advocate sat down promptly. "He's very easily shut up," thought Irene. "We might almost as well not be defended at all."

"Now, milor," concluded the Chief Commissary, "I arrive at ze grand climax of ze career, so scandalous, so infamous, of ze Prisoners now cowering in ze dock——"

"Stop! Let me get that down, and *do* use words that are easier to spell," said the Judge, pettishly. "'Now cowering in the dock.' *That* won't do, you know," he added to Irene and Torquil. "I can't have any cowering in the *dock*. If you want to cower you must come outside."

"We weren't cowering," said Torquil.

"Then take care you don't," said the Judge, "or I shall stop the case. This is a Court of Justice, remember, not a—not a—what *is* it that a Court of Justice isn't, Mr. Commissary-Pouncer?"

"Pardon, milor!" he replied; "for me it is too difficult a conundrum. I cannot guess him!"

"I know, my lud, I know!" squeaked the Demurrer-General's Devil, shooting out his hand like a boy at a village school. "It isn't an Asylum for Idiots!"

"If it *were*," said the Judge, pointedly, "some persons might feel more at home in it," and the little figure was shut up once more.

"As I was about to say, when I was so rudely interrupted," continued the Judge, "a Court of Justice is not a Theatre. And why? Because there's no band, no scenery, and no charge for admission. Do get on, Mr. Commissary-Pouncer, and let us hear what it is the Prisoners have done—for I am bound to say they've been behaving quite properly while they've been in the dock!" This comforted Irene, who began to feel sure now that he meant to let them off.

"Milor," said the Chief Commissary-Pouncer, "I 'ave detect zem in ze act of travelling wizout tickets."

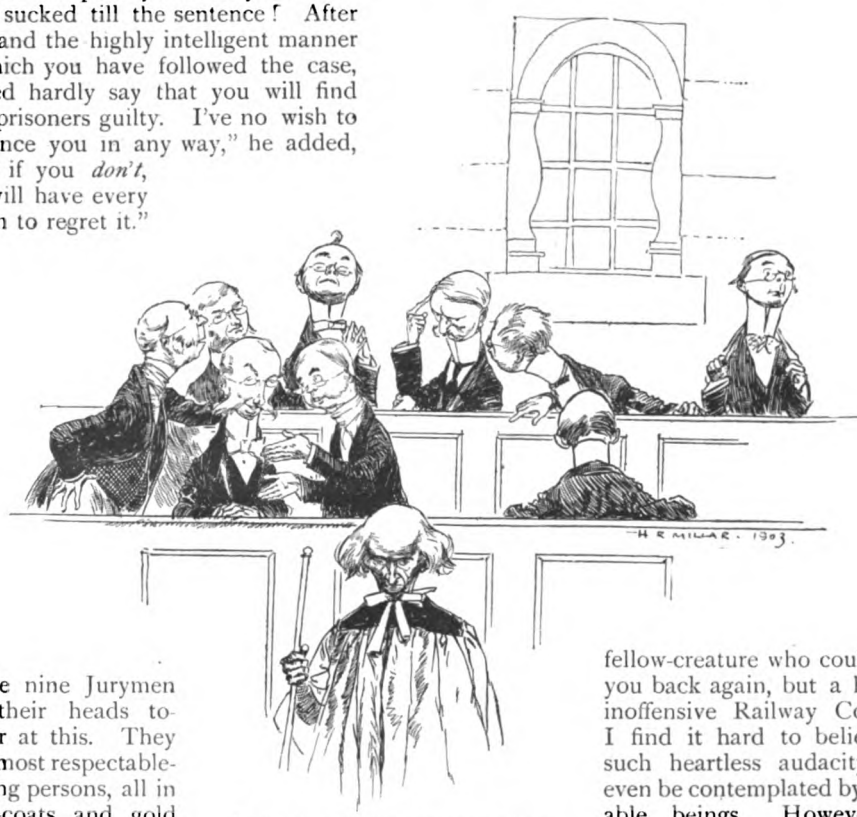
"*What?*" shrieked the Judge—and his nose and chin actually faded to a pale pink. "No! I can't—I *can't* believe it. Whatever you may be, Prisoners, tell me you have not sunk to *that!*"

"We didn't know there was any harm in it," said Torquil. "We did want to get home so!" added Irene.

"They confess it!" cried the Judge. "Give me back those bull's-eyes, Prisoners!"

"I can't," said Torquil, as Irene reluctantly surrendered hers. "I've eaten both mine. There wasn't much taste in them either," he added, in rather an injured tone.

"He has eaten both his, Gentlemen of the Jury, and complains of their want of flavour!" cried the Judge, in a tragic voice. "When I expressly said they were not to be sucked till the sentence! After *that*, and the highly intelligent manner in which you have followed the case, I need hardly say that you will find both prisoners guilty. I've no wish to influence you in any way," he added, "but if you *don't*, you will have every reason to regret it."



"THE NINE JURYMEN PUT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER."

The nine Jurymen put their heads together at this. They were most respectable-looking persons, all in frock-coats and gold spectacles, and it was odd that they should have reminded Irene of the Ninepins—but they did.

"My lord," said the Foreman presently, rising, "we find each prisoner guiltier than the other; and the sentence is——"

"One moment," said the Lobster Judge. "Correct me if I'm wrong—but my *impression* is that *I* do the sentencing, and I'm *going* to, anyhow. You can do the summing-up afterwards, if you like."

"But, my lud," screamed the Demurrer-General's Devil, "your ludship hasn't heard my *defence* yet!"

"You make such a noise, sir," said the Judge, severely, "that it's impossible to hear *anything*. Be kind enough to speak in your proper turn. Prisoners at the Bar," he continued, "you have been convicted, after the first and one of the fairest trials I have ever presided over—convicted of trampling in the most wanton and deliberate manner upon a poor, unprotected by-law, one of the hallowed bulwarks of our country. You have cheated, not a fellow-creature who could cheat you back again, but a helpless, inoffensive Railway Company. I find it hard to believe that such heartless audacity could even be contemplated by reasonable beings. However, you have done it, and it is my painful duty now to inflict penalties which I think everybody, yourselves included, will admit are devised with no little ingenuity. As for the female Prisoner, I am willing to allow some excuse on the grounds of gross ignorance and lack of education. *Her* sentence will therefore be comparatively light: she will merely go to school for a term

of fifty years, *or* her natural life, which ever lasts longest. She will learn and repeat all her lessons backwards, with the book held upside down, and write her exercises on pink blotting-paper with cold water. For every bad mark she will get an extra month, for every good mark she will get a half-holiday—such half-holidays not to commence until after her sentence has expired. By that time I trust she will have become a good, happy, and law-abiding little girl."

There was a round of applause as he finished, which he acknowledged by gratified bows.

"It's a beastly unfair sentence!" shouted Torquil. "How can you *expect* her to learn lessons backwards and upside down?"

"She may find it difficult at first," admitted the Judge, "but she'll have all her life to practise it in. And if she prefers to do her lessons in Chinese she will be graciously permitted to do so. Now I come to *you!* In spite of your conduct with respect to those peppermints I am loth to believe that you are utterly incorrigible, and I shall give you a chance, at all events, of retrieving your disgrace. You shall enter the Army. I think," he added, addressing the two Grenadiers, "your regiment goes to the Front next?"

"To-morrow, my lord," they replied, presenting arms; "on active service, against the Golgrislians."

"I thought so," said the Judge. "You will take the male Prisoner with you as Drummer-Boy."

"We've *got* a Drummer-Boy, my lord," they said, as if they did not want Torquil particularly.

"Well, it doesn't matter what he *goes* as," said the Judge, "so long as you take care that he is in every forlorn hope, several yards ahead."

"We'll take good care of *that*, my lord," they said.

"But he's *sure* to be killed then!" cried Irene. "He'll be shot by the—the Golgrislians the very first thing!"

"Oh, not *necessarily*," said the Judge. "He *might* be shot by his own side. And, anyway, he'll have a hero's death and a free pardon—and what *more* can he want? It's really impossible to please *everybody!* It only remains for me," he added, rising, "to thank all concerned, including the Prisoners in the dock, for the very able and talented—— Goodness gracious me, Mr. Demurrer-General's Devil, what is it *now?*"

"Only the — the Defence, my lud!" faltered the poor little man.

"Oh, I can't hear that *now*—keep it for the next case—if you are ever trusted with one."

"I warn your ludship," said the Advocate, "that if you don't hear what I've got to say you may find you have made a rather ridiculous exhibition of yourself, that's all."

"I cannot conceive anything making *me* ridiculous," said the Lobster Judge, bringing his nose and chin together with a sharp click. "However, I don't mind hearing you—it won't affect my decision in the least."

The Demurrer-General's Devil was like many nervous persons in one respect—all his diffidence wore off him as soon as he once warmed to his work. Irene had no idea what he was driving at, and very little hope that he would do any good, but she was astonished by his eloquence.

He began by calling the Judge's attention to the Prisoners' personal appearance, which he maintained was unnatural and even grotesque.

"Really, now you mention it," said the Judge, scratching his head thoughtfully with his right foot, "so it *is*."

"I hope to show beyond all doubt, my lud," proceeded the Advocate, "that my unhappy clients belong to a race of beings so inferior and unintelligent as to be beneath the notice of the law—that they are, in short, nothing more nor less than ordinary Toys!"

There was a tremendous sensation at this, and Torquil and Irene were at least as astonished as anybody.

"A very singular defence!" said the Judge. "I am curious to hear how you make it out."

"From all their actions, my lud. Only Toys would have been so ignorant of the immense importance of a countersign. Only Toys would have attempted to purchase valuable pastry and hire sumptuously furnished apartments with trumpery beads. Only Toys would suppose that cattle were fed on fluff and tea-leaves, and that cannon and rifles were loaded with such charges as peas and slate-pencil. Only a Toy—and a very simple Toy at that—would have proposed partnership to a highly respected and influential tradesman like the gentleman who has given his evidence in that box." (Here the Grocer rose and bowed.) "Finally, only Toys would have been unaware that tickets are absolutely essential before undertaking the shortest railway journey. On *Toy* railways, so I am instructed, there are no such regulations. And then, my lud and Gentlemen of the Jury, the Prisoners' reference to a certain individual of the name of Santa Claus is another

strong point in their favour. For let me inform your ludship and the Jury who this person *is*: a purely imaginary being whom Toys, in their simplicity, suppose to be their patron and protector. Then, again——"

"You needn't go on," interrupted the Judge, suddenly. "The Court is entirely with you. They are clearly Toys. That was my own opinion from the first. In fact, if the Chief Commissary-Pouncer hadn't been so positive and the Jury so obstinate I should never have wasted a sentence on them. It's all the Prisoners' fault, though, because they must have known what they were, and they stood by and never said a word."

"*I* was the first to discover they *were* Toys!" put in the Demurrer-General's Devil.

"We won't squabble over it," said the Judge, "it's so undignified! I tell you what we'll do. We'll *all* present them to the Queen—I don't mind if I introduce the Deputation myself."

The Demurrer-General's Devil scrambled out of his box as the Jury bundled out of theirs, and the Lobster Judge climbed cautiously down from his bench. "How are we to get them to the Palace, though?" he said. "Oughtn't they to be wound up, or something, Mr. Demurrer-General's Devil?"

"I don't exactly know how they work, my

"'I WAS THE FIRST TO DISCOVER THEY WERE TOYS!' PUT IN THE DEMURRER-GENERAL'S DEVIL."

"But we're n——" Torquil was beginning, when Irene pinched his arm, only just in time.

"They hadn't the sense to see the importance of it, my lud," explained their Advocate.

"Well," said the Judge, "the question is now: what's to be done with them? They can't be punished, yet we can't have them running loose all over the place. They might get into *more* trains without tickets. It wouldn't be a bad idea to present them to Her Majesty. They might amuse her."

"It is for me to make ze presentation," said the Chief Commissary-Pouncer. "It was me who arrest zem."

"But we *tried* them!" said the Jury.

lud," said the Advocate; "but as they don't seem to have run down, I dare say they'll get there without much trouble."

"Perhaps if I were to put another bull's-eye in the slot," suggested the Judge—"but no, better not, it might put the machinery out of order. Just point them towards the Palace—that's right. . . . Now, forward all!"

"Torquil," Irene managed to whisper, "hadn't we better try to walk as if we were clockwork?"

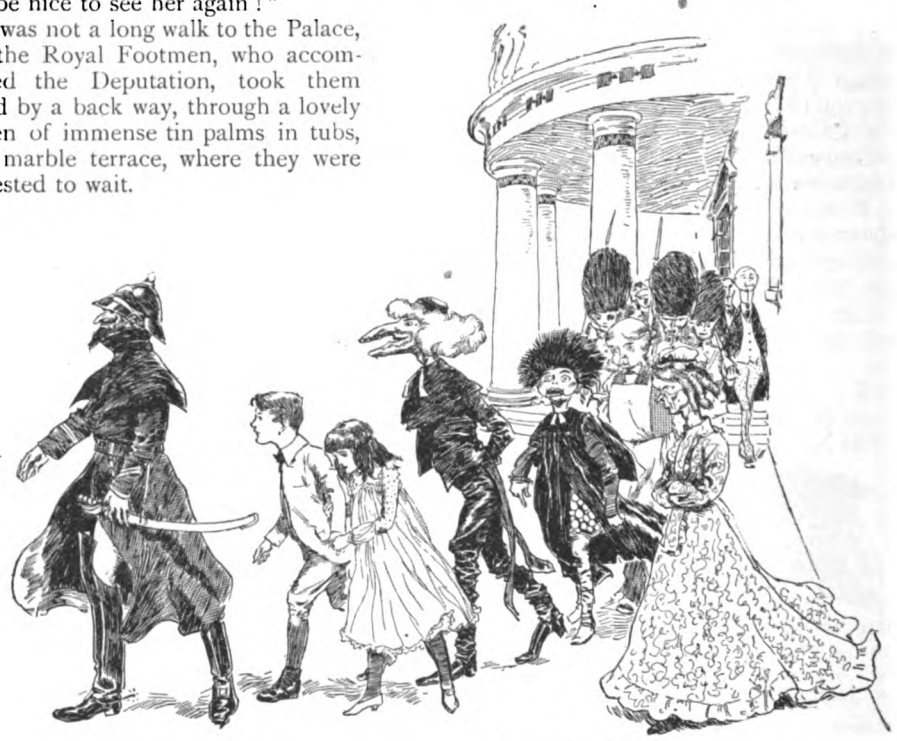
"You may, *I* sha'n't," said Torquil, stoutly; "I'm not a Toy, and I'm not going to pretend to be one."

"But it's our only way to get off," said Irene.

"We shall be all right as soon as we see old Clementina. *She'll* know us, and take care we're not bullied any longer."

"Dear old Clementina!" said Irene. "It *will* be nice to see her again!"

It was not a long walk to the Palace, and the Royal Footmen, who accompanied the Deputation, took them round by a back way, through a lovely garden of immense tin palms in tubs, to a marble terrace, where they were requested to wait.



"NOW, FORWARD ALL!"

Irene was secretly amused to see how nervous the Lobster Judge was getting: his nose and chin were positively clattering, though he tried to strut about jauntily and appear quite at home. The rest of the Deputation were not much more at their ease.

"They'll look more uncomfortable still," she thought, "when they see how Clementina treats us!"

Then there came a cry of "The Queen! The Queen!" and Irene saw the Judge suddenly turn a deep blue and get behind the Chief Commissary-Pouncer.

"*You* can introduce the Deputation," he said, hurriedly; "I've got a cold." And the next moment he bowed so low that his nose and chin scratched the priceless marble pavement. The Queen was slowly coming to them down the steps.

But Irene's heart sank at the sight—for the Queen was not Clementina after all!

CHAPTER XIII.

CLEMENTINA'S RIVAL.

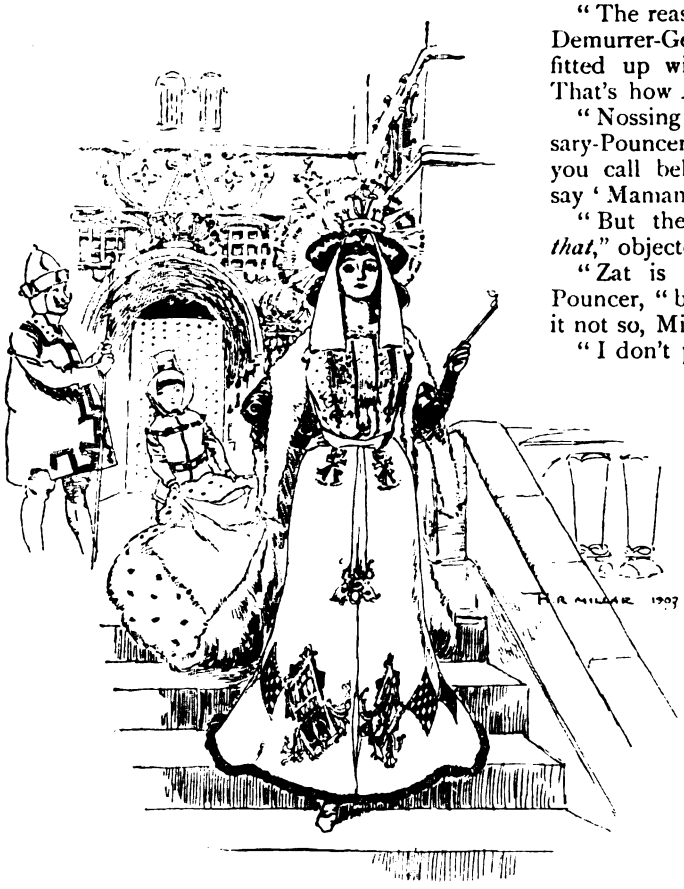
THIS Queen was as different as possible from Clementina in every respect. She was dark, for one thing, with brown hair, and bold black eyes, with very thick upper and lower lashes. She was magnificently dressed in long trailing robes, and a little crown glittered and sparkled on her elaborately dressed head. She had a hard and slightly malicious smile, and carried a pair of long handled eye-glasses, which she put up every now and then with a supercilious air.

"Well," she said, "what is it you all want?"

"We 'ave permit ourselves ze liberty, your Majesty," explained the Commissary-Pouncer, "to beg your acceptance of a couple of Toys zat are very curious, very original."

"We detest Toys," was the Queen's not over-gracious reply. "They bore us to death. Is there anything very remarkable about this pair? We don't notice it ourselves."

"I think, your Majesty," said the Judge, who had now regained his courage, "that they must be *rather* out of the common, or



"THE QUEEN WAS SLOWLY COMING TO THEM DOWN THE STEPS."

my excellent friend, the Chief Commissary-Pouncer, wouldn't have arrested them as real criminals and brought them before me for trial. Ha, ha! He positively did, I assure you!"

"This is too moch," cried the Commissary-Pouncer. "Milor Shelley forget that he sentence bose of zem."

"Only for the *joke* of the thing, that's all," said the Judge. "We don't often get the chance of a trial, and it's just as well to keep our hands in. Of course, I very soon saw that they were really Toys."

"Not till *I* pointed it out," squeaked the little Advocate. "I was the *first* to discover it, your Majesty."

"Were you really?" she drawled. "How very talented of you! I could have discovered so much without my glasses. They seem to be quite a cheap sort of Toys. Do they talk or anything?"

"So well, your Majesty, zat one almost imagines they 'ave intelligence," said the Commissary-Pouncer.

"The reason of *that* is," explained the Demurrer-General's Devil, "that they are fitted up with phonographs inside them. That's how *I* explain it."

"Nossing of ze kind," said the Commissary-Pouncer. "Only a leetle pair of vat you call bellows. You pince zem. Zey say 'Maman! Papa!' Like zat."

"But they can say much more than *that*," objected the Advocate.

"Zat is true," said the Commissary-Pouncer, "but it is done viz bellows. Is it not so, Milor Judge?"

"I don't pretend to say how they *talk*," replied the Judge, "but it's clear enough that they *walk* by *clockwork*."

"I think, my lud, you're mistaken there," said the Advocate. "Their movements are too lively for clockwork. Besides, they haven't a key hung round their necks. I fancy you'll find it's quicksilver."

"Pooh!" said the Judge, "I tell you they're clockwork. I think *I* ought to know."

"What *is* the use of wrangling over it?" said the Queen, languidly. "It's easily settled—you've only to open them."

"But that might spoil them, your Majesty!" said the Advocate.

"Oh, *we* don't mind," replied the Queen; "they're of no value to us. And if it *is* quicksilver it might be useful."

"So it might, your Majesty," said the Judge, briskly, "so it might. Can anybody oblige me with a knife or an old pair of scissors?"

"You—you *beasts!*" cried Torquil, enraged at this cold-blooded proposal. "You touch us if you dare! Don't you know it will hurt awfully?"

"That's absurd!" said the Queen. "Toys don't feel anything."

"But we haven't got any clockwork or quicksilver inside *us;* indeed, we haven't!" said Irene, who saw that it was useless to appeal to their sympathy. "And it *will* make such a horrid mess!"

"Only horsehair or bran or sawdust," said the Queen; "that's easily cleared up."

"I tell you we *aren't* Toys!" cried Torquil. "It's all a mistake. We're alive! And—

and—oh! you may think yourself cleverer than Clementina, but if she was here *she'd* never allow us to be cut open to see how we worked!"

"Clementina!" cried the Queen. "Why, what do *you* know about Clementina?"

"We were staying with her not so very long ago," said Irene; "and I only wish we were still!"

"Mr. Demurrer-General's Devil," said the Queen, "you have made a very silly mistake. *These* are no Toys!"

"Aha!" cried the Commissary-Pouncer. "I was right, then. Toys! Bah!"

"I *knew* the Demurrer-General's Devil was wrong," said the Judge; "or, of course, I shouldn't have sentenced them. He *would* go interfering with Justice, and I hope he's feeling properly ashamed of himself!"

The unhappy little Demurrer-General's Devil glanced nervously around, as if he would have been glad of a desk to retire into.

"Now," said the Lobster Judge, triumphantly, "they *can* be punished—and my sentences won't be wasted after all! They've broken a by-law, your Majesty."

"I don't care *what* they've done," said the Queen, calmly, "I'm going to pardon them."

"Might we inquire, without presumption, *why*, your Majesty?" asked the whole Deputation.

"Because, if you wish to know," she replied, "they have taught that idiotic Clementina to know her proper place—and I love them for it! *She* to set herself up as a Queen, indeed! Why, I shouldn't wonder if the silly creature actually thought herself our rival—*ours!* Ha, ha!"

"I don't believe she ever thought *about* you," said Irene.

"You mean she hasn't the brains," said the Queen. "What were those two ridiculous names she invented for you? 'Buffidella' and 'Chipsitop,' weren't they? How very absurd, to be sure!"

"I don't see anything so very absurd about them," said Torquil.

"Oh, you're *much* too clever not to see how foolish they are. And she actually invited you to a State Banquet, didn't she, with nothing to eat or drink? Just the kind of thing she *would* do."

"She gave us the best Banquet she had," said Irene.

"And she took you round her precious 'Kingdom,' as she calls it, afterwards, I hear. I do wish I could have been with you, you dear satirical little things. How we would have laughed!"

"There was nothing to laugh at," said Torquil. "You can't expect Toys—at least Toys like *them*," he added (Irene saw that for the life of him he couldn't be sure what these things really were)—"to know *everything*."

"But do you mean to tell me you *didn't* laugh at them and all their ways?"

"No," Irene admitted. "We did; and very beastly it was of us, too."

"Nonsense! What else could she expect? They tell me she's quite broken down since you left—not the same Doll, and her Kingdom quite at a standstill."

"I know, poor thing!" said Irene, penitently.

"I've an idea!" said the Queen. "Suppose you two go and invite her and her Court to pay us a little visit? I'm sure she'd come if *you* asked her."

"If we did, you would only make fun of her," said Irene.

"Oh, she'd be much too stupid to notice it. And just think what fun it would be. Fancy Clementina and her Maids of Honour and all the Ninepins at a *real* Banquet and Ball. They'd be simply too killing! Oh, we must have them here, we simply *must!*"

"A brilliant idea, your Majesty," said the Lobster Judge. "Their peculiarities will afford us excellent sport!"

"She sha'n't come here if *I* can prevent it!" said Irene.

"And, pray, why not?" the Queen inquired.

"Because I won't have her made any more uncomfortable than she is already."

"Why, she's nothing but a great silly Doll. *You* know that!" and the Queen addressed Torquil this time.

"She's a jolly decent sort all the same," said Torquil, and Irene could have hugged him for it. "And I'm not going to see her ragged or rotted."

"I'd no idea you thought so much of her!" sneered the Queen, smiling unpleasantly. "It wasn't so *always*, was it?"

"No," said Torquil, "we thought such a lot of ourselves once. But we've found out since that we don't really know how to do things much better than Toys—not so well as *some* do, and we'd a good deal sooner be with old Clementina and *her* lot than yours!"

"Because," said the Queen, sharply, "you can look down on *them* and you can't on *us!*"

"It isn't that at all!" said Irene; "it's because—but you'd only laugh if I told you."

"Well," said the Queen, "I've set my heart on having them all here, and she

won't come for anybody but you. Do as I wish, and directly afterwards I'll send you both home by special train. If you decline to oblige me, you can stay here and starve, for all *I* care. So choose. . . ."

"WHY, HALLOA! WHAT'S HAPPENED?"

"There's hardly anything I wouldn't do to get away from this hateful place," said Irene, almost in tears, "but no—I can't do that, and I don't believe Torquil will either."

"Of course I won't," said Torquil; "it would be too beastly shabby!"

"The truth is," said the Queen, "that you are actually babies enough to be fond of those silly Toys after all! At *your* age, too! Well, I thought you were more grown up!"

And the Lobster Judge and the Commissary-Pouncer and the Jurymen all laughed, and even the little Demurrer-General's Devil gave a shrill cackle, which was particularly hard to bear.

Irene's cheeks flushed defiantly. "I don't care!" she said. "I *am* fond of Clementina. She's a dear old darling. So now!"

"And what about Chipsitop?" asked the Queen, derisively. "Is *he* as devoted to her, too?"

"Torquil's a Boy," said Irene, "so of course he can't feel the same as *I* do. But I'm sure he doesn't *mind* her, *do* you, Torquil?"

"Rather not!" he replied. "She's not half a bad Doll. I'd as soon dance the polka with her as I would with some girls, any day. I believe she'd pick it up—in time. And old Noah—the *real* Noah, I mean—was a good chap in his way. So was the Lord High Acrobat, and the other Grocer—and even the Ninepins, I dare say, when you got to know them. And if ever I see 'em again, I'll . . . Why, halloa! What's happened?"

For, while he spoke, the marble terrace and the courtyard and garden all melted away, and with them the haughty Queen, and the Lobster Judge, and the Commissary-Pouncer, and all the rest of the Deputation vanished, too, and in place of them stood Clementina and the Lord High Acrobat, and the homely Ninepins and Dolls of honour, and Irene found that they were back in the Banqueting Hall—which was really only underneath the nursery table, but she didn't mind that now; she was too glad to be there once again!

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW IRENE AND TORQUIL CAME BACK AFTER ALL.

"OH, you dear! you dear!" cried Irene, and in her relief and delight she actually hugged the astonished Clementina. "How clever of you all to act so well—and *what* a fright you gave us! But we don't mind a bit *now*."

As for Torquil, he shook hands heartily with Clementina and the Prime Minister, and all the Dolls of honour, and would have done the same with the Ninepins, only of course it was no use attempting it.

"You did it jolly well!" he said. "I'd no idea you had it *in* you—but I suppose Santa Claus helped. Anyway, I like you all a lot better as you are!"

Clementina stared blankly. "I don't know

what you mean," she said. "I don't remember doing anything. I fancy we must all have been asleep; and as to being clever, surely *you* know how dreadfully stupid we all are? We can't do a single thing properly!"

"No more can *we!*" said Irene, gaily; "but what does that matter when it's only play? And we'll play at Banquets, or Farming, or Shopping—anything you like, and whatever we don't know we can make up—it will be all the better fun."

"So you've found out that at last, eh?" said a cheery voice, and Irene saw that Santa Claus had returned once more. "And it's worth knowing, too. But you can't play any more now. I must put you back again."

"Oh, not yet, Santa Claus," cried Irene. "We're only just beginning to play really."

"I can't keep my reindeer waiting about any longer," said Santa Claus, and indeed they seemed to be shaking their bells outside more impatiently than ever. "Of course, you *could* come in here again after tea and play, if you liked. Only you probably *won't* like."

"Why do you think that?"

"Because by that time you will be your proper size again and too big to play."

"Not *really* too big," said Irene.

"Well, there's another reason. After I'm once fairly off, the Toys won't be able to move about or talk any longer."

"Ah!" wailed Clementina and all the Dolls and Toys together. "Then they won't have the patience to play with us. We shall be even stupider than we are now. No, they'll *never* come back!"

"Yes, we will," said Irene. "We can do all the moving and talking *for* you. And then, if you're silly, it will be all *our* fault. And we really do know a little—not much, though—about *some* things. Don't be afraid—we'll come back to you, won't we, Torquil?"

"They'll come back to you," said Santa Claus, before Torquil could reply. "I'll answer for them. Shut your eyes!" he ordered as before, and they obeyed as usual.

When Irene opened her eyes she was not at all astonished to find herself her proper size again and sitting at the schoolroom table opposite Torquil. It was merely what she had expected.

"We *will*, Torquil, won't we?" she said.

"Will *what?*" said Torquil, lazily.

"I—I don't know!" said Irene, shaking the hair from her forehead. "Did I say anything?"

"You said, 'We will, *won't* we?' What did you mean?"

"I—forget," said Irene. And just then she read the sentence she had written, "No time for playing with Toys, which Torquil says is a childish pursute unless they are exact moddles"; and as she read she again heard the faint chink-chink-chink of departing bells. "I remember now!" she cried. "Santa Claus—and the Toys, Torquil!"

"What bosh you *are* talking!" he said. "You've been dreaming, Irene; you're not half awake yet!"

"I'm *sure* I haven't!" Irene insisted. "Why, *you* were there *too*, Torquil; you know you were!"

"I've been almost asleep myself," he said. "I've got into such a muddle over this Geography game I've been trying to make. Why, it's just tea-time. Hooray!"

Irene saw that either he really had forgotten all about Santa Claus, or else he didn't care to be reminded just then. "What are you going to do *after* tea?" she asked. "Not finish your game?"

"No, I'm sick of that," he said; "I shall never make anything much of it. What are *you?* Going on with that article of yours?"

"It's too stupid," said Irene; "I haven't said what I mean a bit. I was just thinking," she went on, rather timidly, for she was dreadfully afraid he would only laugh at her, "that we—we might go into the nursery and get out some of our Toys; there's lots of things we could make them do."

"That's not half a bad idea," he said, more graciously than she had dared to hope. "I don't care if I do. I dare say we can get some fun out of them, if we try."

Irene was quite contented. "What *does* it matter," she thought, "whether he remembers or not, so long as he'll come and help me to play with the poor things? And I've some splendid ideas *now!*" . . .

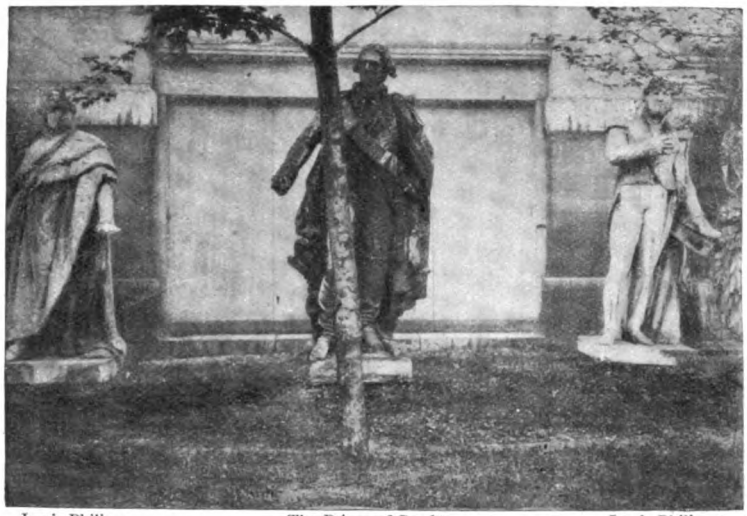
And Torquil proved himself quite able to enter into them and carry them out, and even suggest better ones of his own, which Irene was convinced would never have happened if Santa Claus had not taken all that trouble.

However that might be, one thing is certain: from that afternoon to the end of the holidays there was not a single Doll or Toy in the day nursery which could justly complain of being neglected.

THE END.

Cast-off Kings.

By Albert Hart.



Louis Philippe. The Prince of Condé. Louis Philippe.

From a Photo. by V. Gribaydaf, Paris

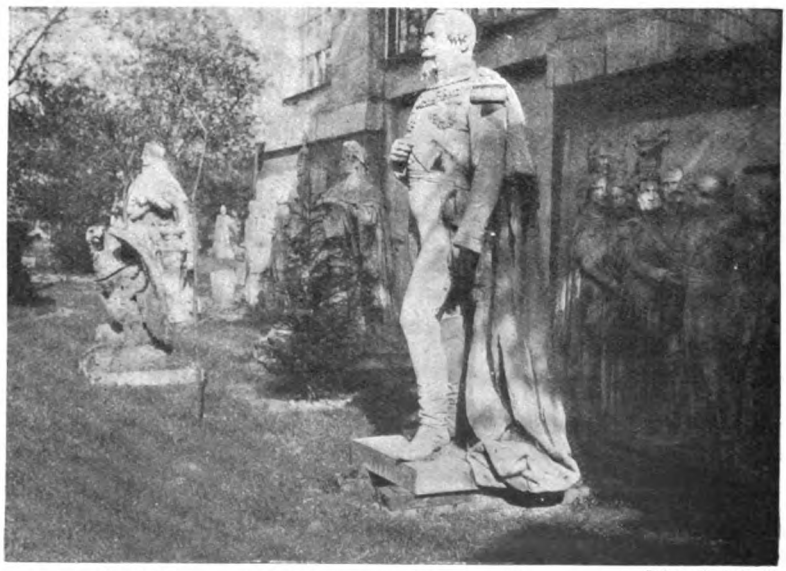
THERE is a little place in Paris, not a thousand miles away from the Eiffel Tower, where the French people keep their cast-off Kings. Their cast-off statues, it might better be said; and these include memorials of Emperors, Empresses, and other people of Royal sometimes of Castilian—blood. It is a place in which human greatness seems a fraud, where the passions and foibles of men are recalled. Were one of these relegated monarchs to enter into this peaceful enclosure, which, from a distance, looks more like an orchard than a museum, and could there see, as others see them, the sculptured remains or fragments of his own august self, he might, indeed, be tempted, with one of the Russian Peters, to remark, "If by good government I could raise a memorial in my people's hearts, that would be the statue for me."

Fame, they say, often follows neglect, but neglect often follows fame, or what passes for it. That is the inner meaning of this little garden. Here, hidden from the ordinary passer-by, lies many a relic of the great, some statue of him which once proudly graced a column in the public square, or a public building, during the brief period allotted to his reign. Some look new and perfect, as if they had been made to grace some grand position, only, through a change of Government, to be relegated, perhaps for ever, to this retired spot. Others are old and broken, like the reputations of their archetypes. Beneath the pose of their flowing robes and under their very feet, in one corner of this garden, hens and chickens pick up their daily food, and, in another corner, near these silent monarchs, vegetables neatly grow. It is an irregular sort of garden, prettily laid out with paths, but in some places so overgrown with foliage that, to see whom one is looking at, one is forced sometimes to push aside the drooping trees.

In one sense it is a kaleidoscope of history. It suggests change; but as there is no consecutivity in the arrangement of these cast-off monarchs, and as in many cases the names of the statues are lost to knowledge, one has to reconstruct that history for oneself. In the rear of an old shed shown in the photograph given above may be seen a typical set of these figures, which seem, the longer one looks at them, to be full lonesome and forlorn. Here, for example, is Louis Philippe—he who walked quietly in one July night on foot from Neuilly, and, entering the Palais Royal by

a back door, passed there the first two years of an unostentatious reign—seated in his robes of State, with sceptre in hand, gazing into the nothingness of a blank wall. Virtually forgotten by the French of to-day, it was this Louis, the "Citizen King," to whom the French should owe a debt of gratitude for the improvements he made in Paris. It was he who gave out from the Hotel de Ville that famous programme which contained the words, "A throne surrounded with Republican institutions." What irony of fate that the throne on which he sits, doubly forgotten in this restful garden of relics, should be surrounded, not with Republican institutions, but with Buonapartes!

From these, however, he looks away, as if in condemnation, and therefore loses one of the best things in this old collection, a magnificent bas-relief which represents the Prince de Joinville bringing back from St. Helena the body of the great Napoleon. This piece of sculpture is to be seen on the right of our second photograph. It is but one of



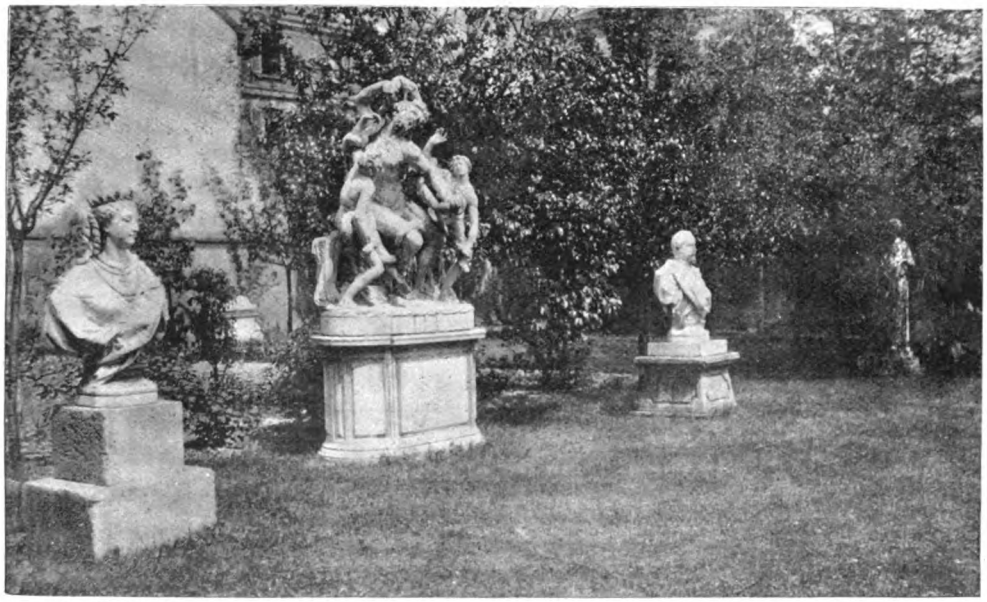
Charles X. Louis Philippe. Napoleon III. Prince de Joinville returning to France with Napoleon's remains.

From a Photo. by V. Gribayédoff, Paris.

many sculptures, some exquisite in detail and finish, showing various scenes in the life of the great commander. Whether because they were subjects that appealed to sculptors at large, or because there were too many sculptors, or because, as is most likely, succeeding rulers and Governments did not care to see too many Napoleons in Paris, the number of these cast-off works is noticeable. If Boulanger, in 1886, could strike off the Buonaparte and Bourbon princes from the army roll, it is not impossible that more powerful agencies may have worked towards the displacement of Buonaparte and Bourbon memorials. The statues of Napoleon III., one of which may be seen in this illustration, may come in this category. Who knows? At least, he figures more than once in the garden, and these memorials of him, as well as a beautiful one of his more beautiful widow, seem the newest of the lot. Undamaged, and finely executed, they stand out boldly in their environment of buildings and trees, pure white. The nearby statues and bas-reliefs seem, in contrast, dirty, as if in one last struggle they were heroically trying to withstand the ravages of time and complete oblivion.

In all there are nearly one hundred statues or groups in the open air. Most, of course, are there for reasons of State, as it is a well-known desire in the French people that traces of a predecessor's reign should be removed. It is one evidence of a sensitive nature, and the modern State takes cognisance of it. In older times they did things a little differently. The populace itself did not hesitate to act. The people melted down a statue of Louis XIV., the place of which was taken by a column, surmounted by a statue of himself, erected by the first Napoleon. When the Bourbons returned to power this

statue was taken down, broken in pieces, and used for a new statue of Henry IV. During the Revolution an equestrian statue of Louis XV. was melted into sou-pieces, and in its place the guillotine was set. These are but a few cases in point—and the history of Paris monuments is full of them—which suggest that we are drawing rapidly away from the days of brute force and rude iconoclasm. If there appear to be few of the ante-Revolutionary monarchs in this garden, it is merely because in the days of their magnificence they were turned by their excited subjects into bullets or money.



The Empress Eugénie. Napoleon III.

From a Photo. by V. Gribayédoff, Paris.

This collection of relegated rubbish, made up not only of statues, but of plaster casts, busts, pedestals, entablatures, and other products of the sculptor's art, serves, however, a practical purpose. Copies are often made of the statues in the collection for the use of provincial cities, and in one of the buildings near the garden may be found a grand aggregation of heads of celebrated Frenchmen, which are often of genuine use to the student of art. The garden contains many specimens of the spread eagle, most of them having been made for the Industrial Arts building in 1855. When this edifice was pulled down to make way for the Grand Palais and Petit Palais, a few years ago, the majority of these eagles were removed, and in several cases badly damaged. In their new home they look incongruous, and so appear in photographs.

Many of the figures are badly damaged. Some have lost arms, or legs, or noses, and some have battered faces. Some stand gracefully by themselves, and others are propped up. Many have been in the grounds for years, having been brought there when too dilapidated to be kept longer in a public position. There are acquisitions every year, and each year the collection becomes more heterogeneous. It was Charles X., we believe, who, in one of his proclamations, said, "Nothing is altered in France; there is only one Frenchman more." Curious to add, this very King figures in our collection, and in deference to his presence his dictum might appropriately be paraphrased in the words, "When anything is altered in France there is one more Frenchman here"—in this garden of discarded Kings.

Curiosities.

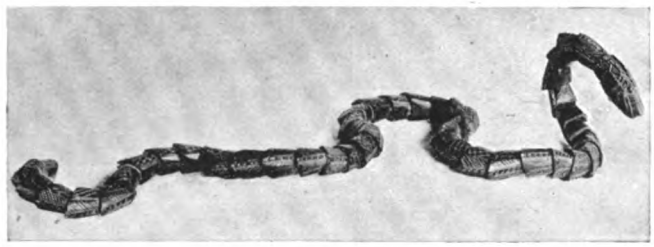
[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

A BEWITCHING WITCH.

"This photograph, which was taken by my wife, is the result of two exposures on one plate. The first effect of the photograph, when held lengthways, is that of a hideous old woman in a sun-bonnet—a witch of olden times, with a skeleton face and horrible eyes; the portrait of a witch whose terrible deeds struck terror in the hearts of old and young long, long ago. Yet it is only an illusion after all! On looking at it from the right-hand side, however, a more pleasing picture is seen."—Mr. Gilbert J. Fowler, Broad Oak, Urmston, near Manchester.

A RELIC OF NEWGATE PRISON.

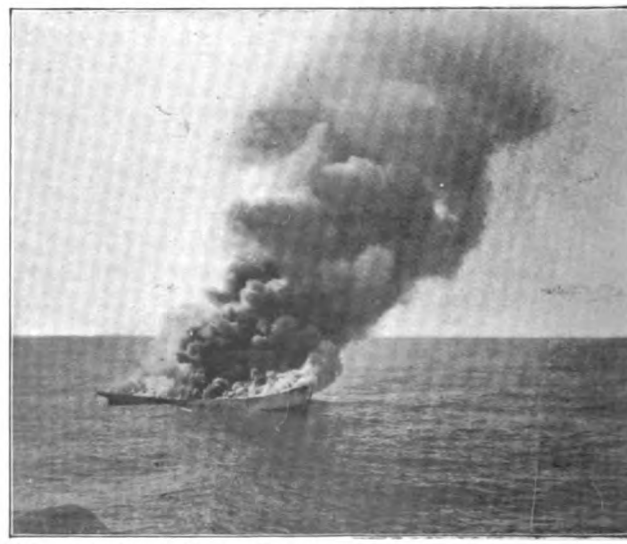
"This is a picture of a snake made entirely out of the shells of some nut by a prisoner in Newgate Prison, probably over seventy-five years ago.



There are just fifty pieces of shell used. They are each one cut off at the ends, leaving one end large and the other small, which allows them to fit together very snugly. Each piece has over one hundred cuts made on it with a knife, and a heavy string runs through them in such a manner as to make the natural position of the snake into a coil, with head raised as though about to strike. In some unknown way this relic came into the possession of an old sea-captain years ago, and he afterwards gave it to a lady in Boston, Mass., who recently gave it as a present to my wife."—Mr. Clifford L. Higgins, Duluth, Minnesota.

A DOOMED SHIP.

"I send you the photo. of a vessel on fire that we met in latitude 31deg. 33min. N., longitude 72deg. 33min. W. We steamed to within a short distance of her weather side to ascertain if there was anyone aboard, and found her a mass of flame fore and aft; her masts, having gone by the board, were floating alongside. There was no sign of life on board, and it looked as if she had been abandoned. The night was one well calculated to strike terror into the hearts of the men 'who go down in ships.' We watched her for a long time—how long you may imagine, since we could see the smoke a distance of thirty miles!"—Jas. A. Murray, Captain ss. *Montreal*, New Orleans.



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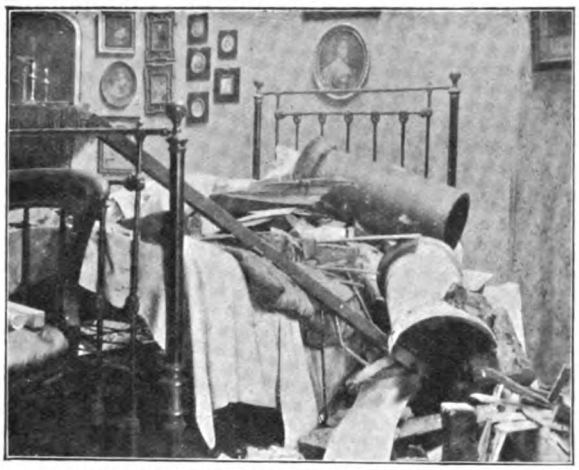
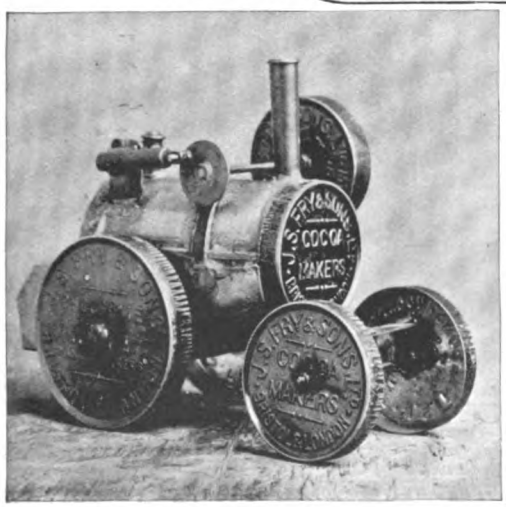


A REMARKABLE ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

"I enclose a photo. of my bedroom taken on the morning of the great storm in Dublin—Friday, the 27th of February, 1903. I was sleeping in this bed when the large chimney-pot fell through the roof on to my pillow. It struck my shoulder, and I jumped out of bed before the great mass of bricks, slates, and timber fell through the hole in the roof. With the exception of a few cuts and bruises I escaped."—Mr. L. E. H. Deane, Inspector L.G.B., Dublin.

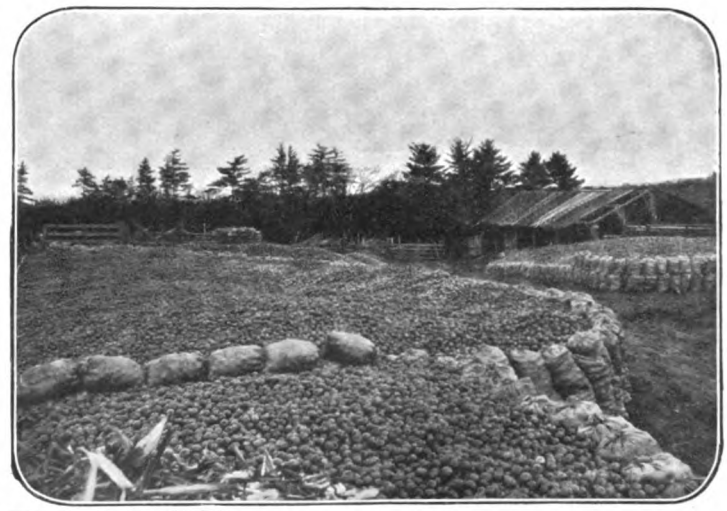
AN ENGINE MADE OF COCOA TINS.

"This model of a traction-engine was constructed principally from Fry's Concentrated Cocoa tins. The boiler consists of a quarter-pound tin, with an empty cartridge-case for the funnel; the wheels are the lids of quarter-pound and half-pound tins; the gearing was constructed from an old clock, and the single-action oscillating cylinder from brass tubing. The model answers its steering-gear, and looks very realistic when under steam. The fuel used is methylated spirit. Photo. by W. Beer and Sons, Bristol."—Mr. W. H. Webb, Bristol.



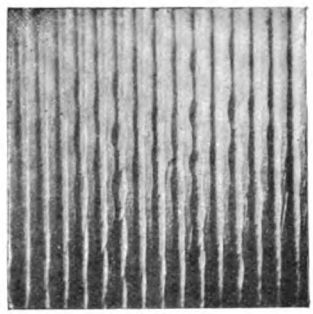
GLORIOUS CANADA!

"I send you a striking photograph of several thousand bushels of apples piled up near and around the canning factory of Messrs. Bowlby Bros., Waterford, Norfolk County, Ont. I thought your readers might like to see in what quantities this fruit is produced out here, and as Waterford is only one little corner of the county, and the county a little corner of the province, the total yield may be imagined. The fruit shown in the picture is intended for canning, and about one thousand bushels per day are treated at the factory. Doubtless many of your readers have seen and tasted the product of this factory, which bears the Horseshoe brand. The photos. were taken by Mr. W. C. Lundy."—Mr. F. E. Tobias, Hamilton, Ontario.

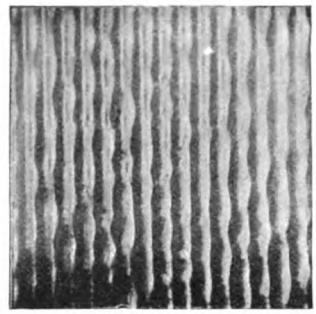


"Y" SPEND IT?

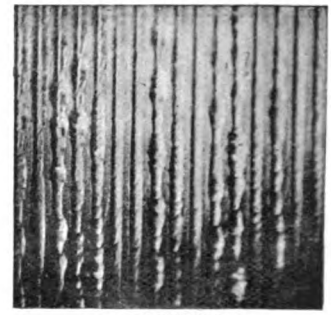
"This is a sixpence which once belonged to a miser, who amassed a large sum of money by its aid. He used to go out with only this one coin in his pocket, and when he was tempted to buy anything the 'Y' on it caught his eye and he put it in his pocket, smothering the temptation."—Mr. W. G. Smith, St. Kilda, Cromer.



PIANO SOLO.
"The Pirates of Penzance."



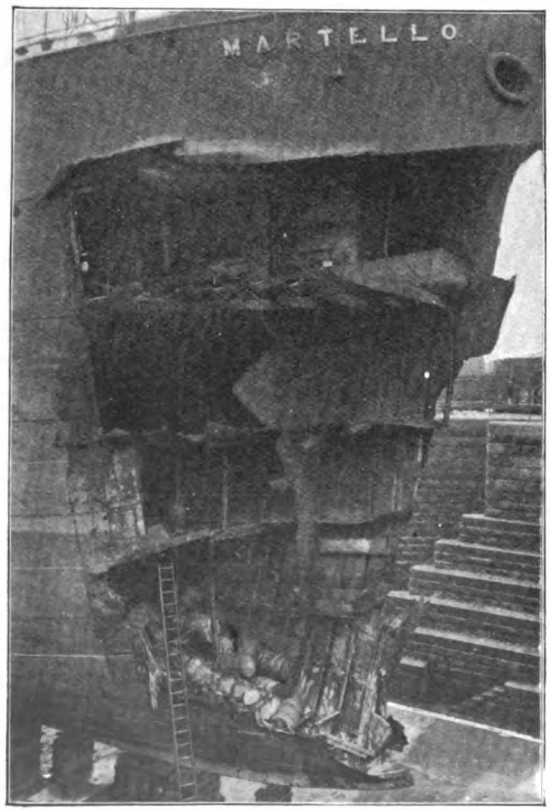
ORCHESTRAL MARCH.
"The Washington Post."



A RECITATION.
"Among the Mormons."

ENLARGING PHONOGRAPH "RECORDS."

"It has occurred to me that the enclosed photo-micrographs of phonograph 'records,' recently taken by myself, might be worthy of a place amongst your interesting 'Curiosities.' The magnified portion of the orchestral 'record' resembles, perhaps, a roughly-ploughed field as much as anything else."—Mr. Louis Berlyn, Elm House, Brixton Road, S.W.

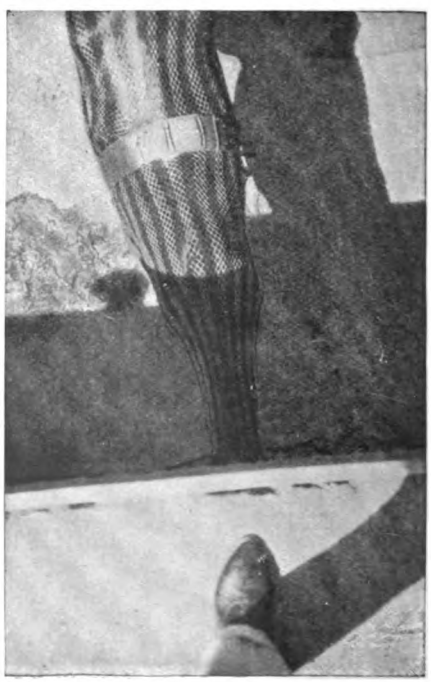


A GOOD SHIP.

"I send you a photo. of the ss. *Martello*, of Hull, after colliding with the ss. *Holywell* in the North Sea recently. The *Holywell* sank after the collision. The *Martello* was kept afloat, and, in spite of very heavy weather, by good seamanship brought, under her own steam, to Hull, a distance of over one hundred miles. As will be seen, the collision-bulkhead has been completely smashed in and one side of it torn away and the bows of the ship have completely disappeared, the vessel only having been kept afloat by the staunchness of the after-bulkhead of the fore-hold, which withstood the pressure of the heavy seas as she slowly steamed ahead. The photo. is interesting as showing the enormous amount of damage a good ship may sustain without foundering and becoming unmanageable." — Mr. C. M. Holdsworth, 151, De Grey Street, Hull.

WHAT IS IT?

"I send you a rather curious photograph which I took the other day, and which might amuse your readers. It is not a snake, or a snail, or a cucumber with an extraordinary pattern on it. It has got four legs, a tail, and a head, is very much alive, a great pet, and the pride of his master. Moreover, it is standing perfectly still, though swarms of mosquitoes are endeavouring to make it fidget. Yet but few will solve the riddle until they are told that the picture represents the back of a horse with a fly net on, the photograph being taken from the roof above." —A British Officer.



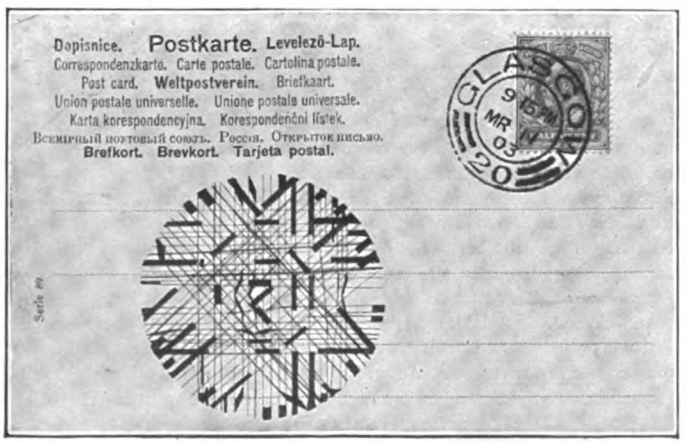
TRAINING FOR A "SAUCER TRACK."

"This picture shows the manner in which a local bicycle rider of Seattle, Washington, has contrived to train in order to get into good condition for the summer's races on eight-lap board tracks. The Seattle track had been recently torn down, and, in order to become accustomed to the sixty-five degree pitch of some of the saucer tracks which abound in the West, he is riding on the upper edge of

an eighteen-foot board fence, and is going something slower than a 2.10 gait. The writer regrets that he is not able to submit a picture showing the rider's manner of vaulting on to the fence, for at the climax the lens of the camera was somehow disarranged, which consequently spoiled that likeness."—Mr. Ellis S. Sandvig, 508, Pike Street, Seattle, Washington.

A CREDIT TO THE G.P.O.

"I send you a post-card which was delivered safely the day after it was posted. I think the address reflects credit on both the ingenuity of the sender and the cleverness of the Post Office officials."—A Folkestone Correspondent.

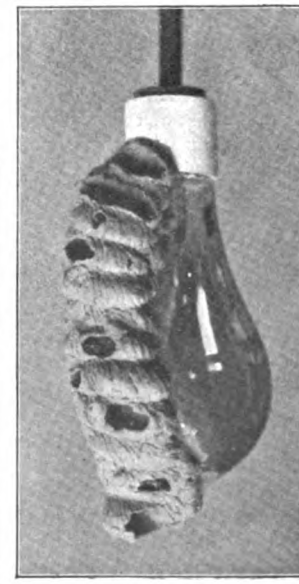


TAX ON LIGHT AND AIR.

"I wonder what the already overburdened income-tax payer would say did the Chancellor of the Exchequer propose a tax on every window of his dwelling. The proposition seems an impossible one, yet I send you a photograph which proves, without a doubt, that our grandfathers were far more unfortunate in the matter of taxation than we are at the present day, for in out-of-the-way farmhouses may still be seen reminders of the iniquitous window-tax, showing that our legislators taxed the windows which let air and sunshine into our grandfathers' houses. The light, however, which came into the windows of dairies was not considered to be a luxury, and was exempt from tax provided a board signifying for what purpose the window was made was fixed outside."—Mr. F. M. Sutcliffe, 25, Skinner Street, Whitby.

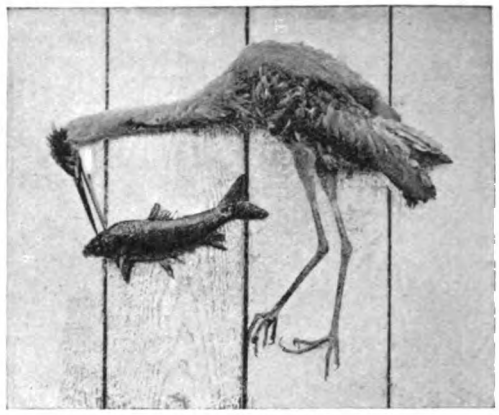
CURIOUS NESTING-PLACE.

"My photograph is of an incandescent electric bulb, upon which some wasps have built their nests. The bulb was hung in the Pasadena Country Club-house for about two weeks, when it was discovered in its present condition."—Mr. George Thompson, 61, East Colorado Street, Pasadena.



SNAIL-SHELL COSTUMES.

"I am sending you a photograph which should be hailed with delight by the thousands of devotees who grace the now famous Covent Garden fancy dress balls by their presence. If my suggestion bears fruit, I expect to hear that a costume made of similar material will have gained a first prize in the near future. The photo. shows a man and woman who appeared in Lisbon at the last carnival dressed in clothes entirely covered with snail-shells. Hats, shoes, and their walking-sticks even, are all covered with the shells."— Mr. J. d'Almeido Lima, Lisbon.



THE BITER BIT.

"My photograph illustrates a peculiar accident that happened to a blue crane on one of the ponds here. The crane in fishing had struck at the carp and driven its bill with considerable force into the bony part of the head, from which place it had been unable to release itself. When found it was quite dead, having been held down and drowned, but the carp (which weighed over a pound) was still alive when photographed. The boards against which this photo. was taken are one foot in width."—Mr. William Gibson, Box 794, Fresno, California.

£1,000 IN PRIZES!

THE Proprietors of *Tit-Bits* offer ONE THOUSAND POUNDS under the following conditions: **Competitors are to send in a list of what they consider the best Twelve Advertisements which will appear in THE STRAND MAGAZINE during the six months—March to August inclusive.**

FIRST PRIZE, £500. | SECOND PRIZE, £250. | THIRD PRIZE, £100.

FIFTEEN PRIZES OF £10 EACH.

The order of merit will be decided by the votes of the competitors themselves.

That is to say, the Advertisement which receives the most votes will be placed at the top of the list, that which receives the second greatest number of votes will be second, and so on, till the complete list of twelve is made according to the public vote. The competitor whose list most nearly corresponds with the list as shown by the public vote will win the First Prize of £500. The other prizes will be awarded on the same principle.

Each list must be accompanied by 26 numbered coupons, one from each copy of *Tit-Bits* which appears during the six months. The first coupon appeared in *Tit-Bits* dated March 7. Back numbers of *Tit-Bits* and of THE STRAND MAGAZINE can be obtained at this office.

The actual advertisements selected from THE STRAND MAGAZINE must be cut out and sent in with each competing list, and numbered in accordance with the position on the list.

Lists may be sent on sheets of paper *written on one side only*.

It will be asked: How are competitors to make their selections? Is it from an artistic or commercial, or some other point of view, that the Advertisements are to be judged?

In reply, we say that the competitor should choose what he thinks are the most attractive Advertisements, likely to make the reader purchase the article which is advertised.

We need hardly point out to our readers that this competition does not require any high order of intellectual ability, such as is demanded for the solution of puzzles, but is open to anyone possessing judgment and common sense. To our advertisers it will be equally obvious that such a competition provides them with unique advantages, seeing that every Advertisement appearing during six months will not only be glanced at, but attentively studied by vast numbers of the public who might otherwise never have looked at them at all.

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Fry's Cocoa
Not a stimulant merely for the moment but a Permanent Agreeable Form of Nourishment
"No Better Food"

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE

EDITED BY Geo: Newnes

OFFICES

No. 150 VOL 25

JUNE 1903

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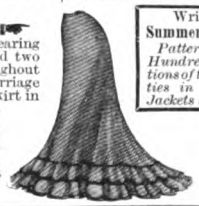

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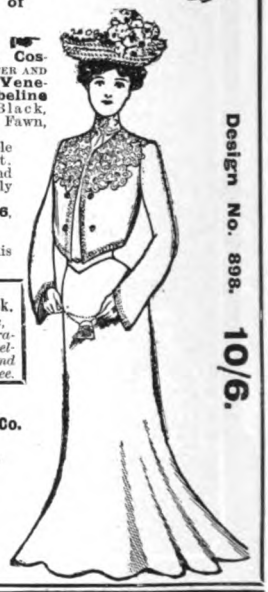

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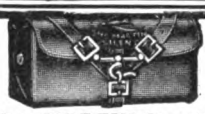

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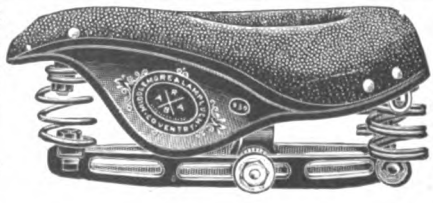

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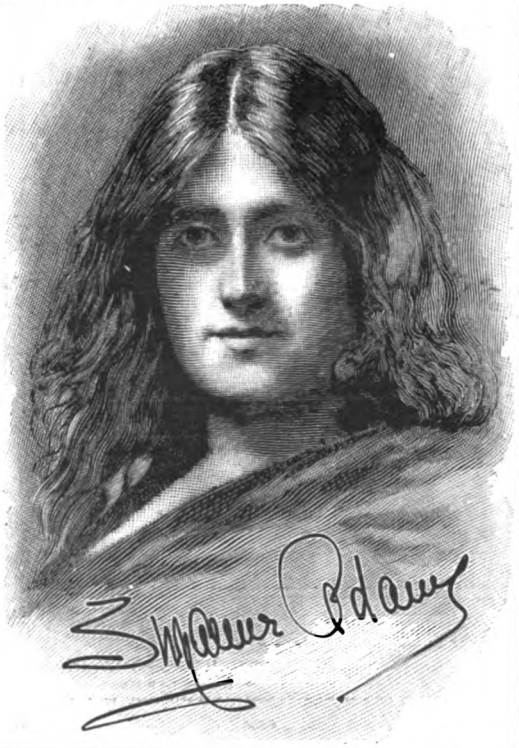

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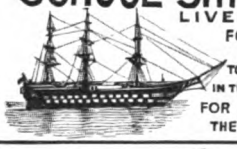

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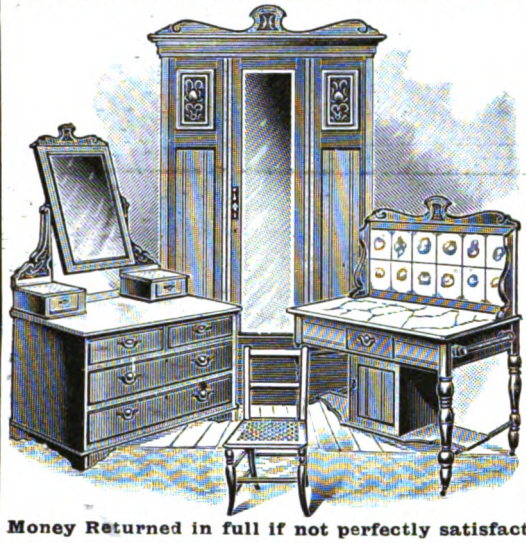

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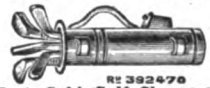

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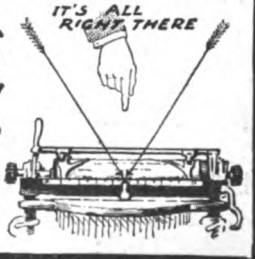

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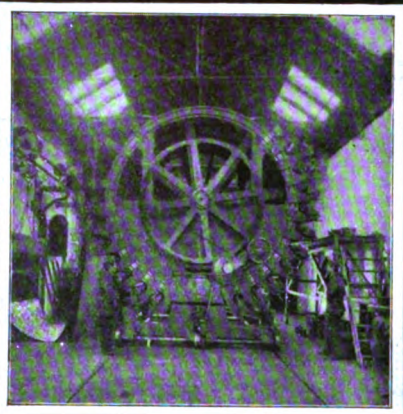

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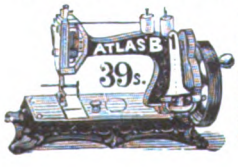

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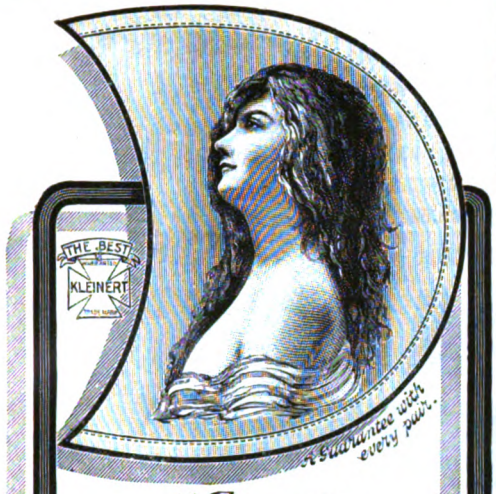

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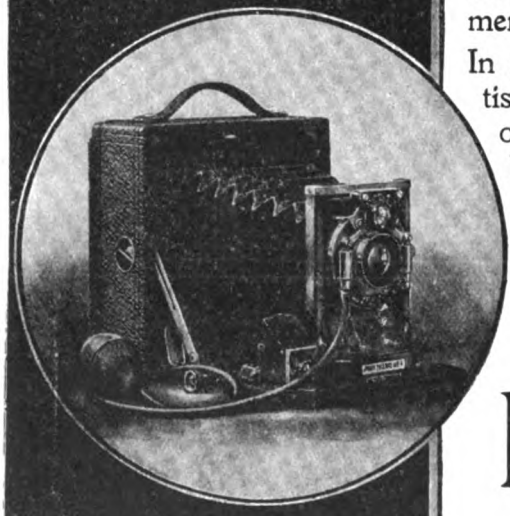

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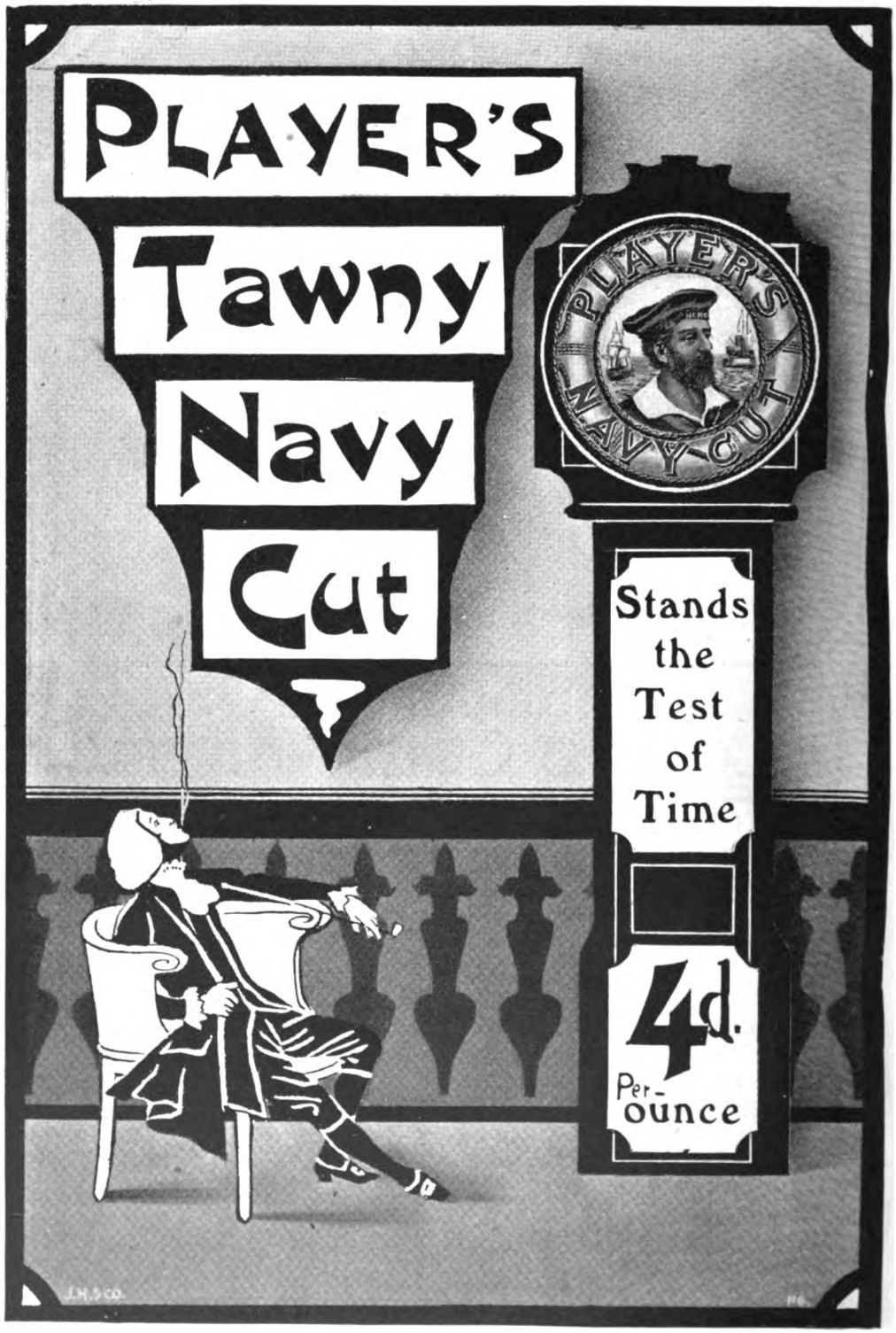
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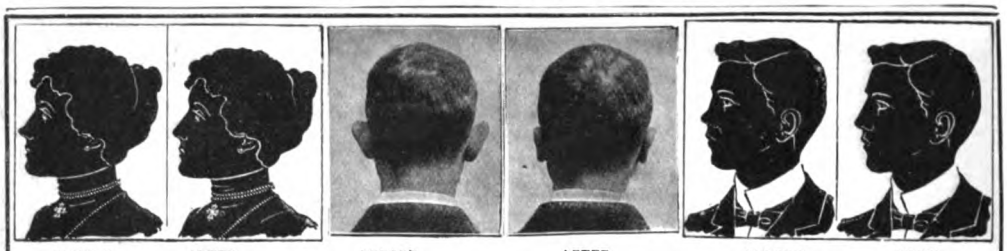

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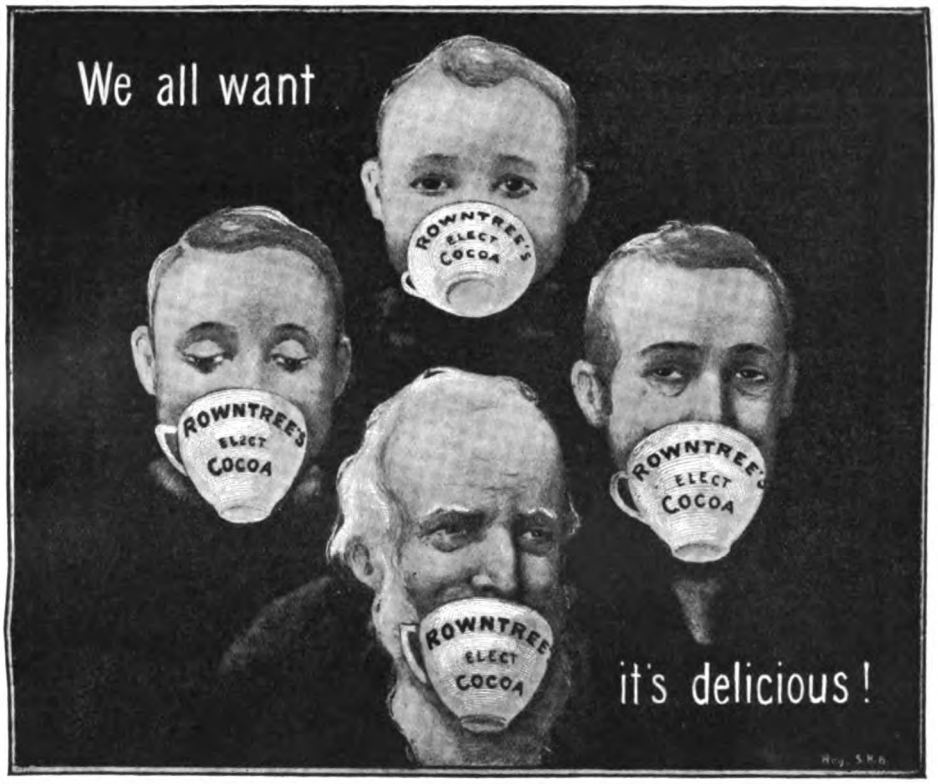

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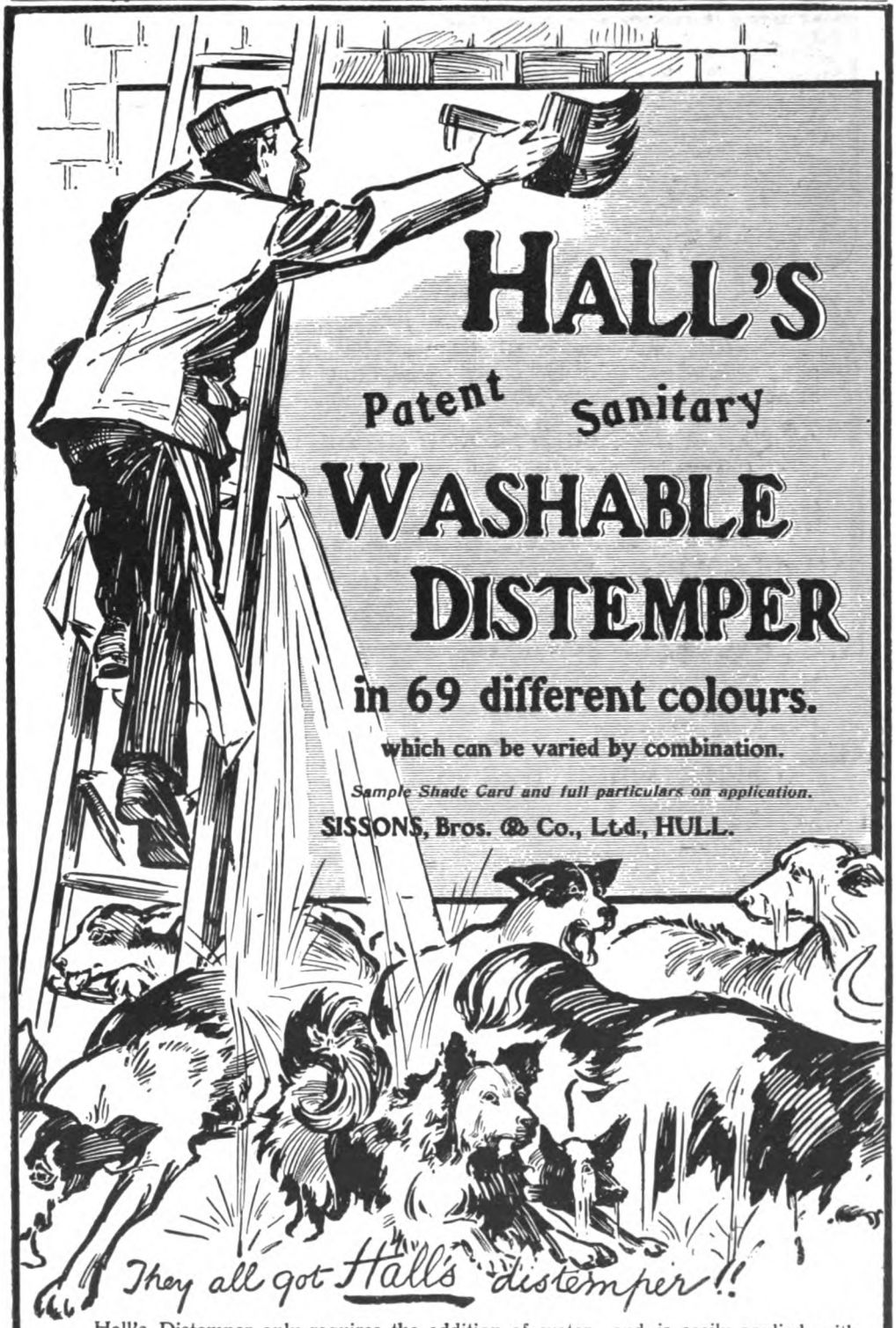

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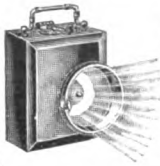

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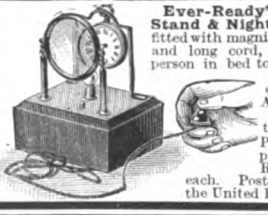

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I *wish* I could put sufficient emphasis into these words to induce every woman who reads this to at least write to me.

I do not **THINK** I can give you these priceless gifts; I **KNOW**. I have given them to many women by teaching them the simple laws of **NATURE.** I can give you Health, Strength, Develop your Bust in the one only natural way without drugs, and give you a Good Figure; Relieve you from **NERVOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHES, INDIGESTION, TORPID LIVER, OBESITY, LEANNESS,** and all so-called chronic ailments, and build up women who are run down. **MY SYSTEM IS TAUGHT BY POST.** Age no object.

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BYROLIN.

Preserves and Beautifies the Skin, Keeps the Complexion Clear, Removes Redness, Irritation, etc., and Prevents and Eradicates Wrinkles. An Antiseptic Ointment. To be had in tubes at **6d.**, **1/-**, **1/6**, and **2/-**, from all Chemists and Druggists, or direct from Dr. Graf & Co., 263, Regent Street, London, W. A trial tube will be sent on receipt of two penny stamps. **USE BYROLIN SOAP.**

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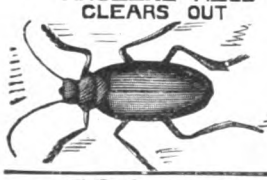

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WHITE MOUNTAIN ICE CREAM FREEZER.

The constant agitation of the mixture causes it to freeze faster and smoother than is possible in any other freezer. You can be shown how easily it can be manipulated, and convinced of its superiority, at Harrod's Stores, Ltd.; John Barnes & Co., Ltd., Finchley Rd., N.W.; William Whiteley, Ltd.; or at any of the leading Stores and Ironmongers throughout the Kingdom.

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AND EVERY BRITISH HOUSEWIFE SHOULD POLISH ALL METALS WITH IT TOO. . . . .

Most Foreign Polishes set up acid, are *sticky* in use, and require much labour in cleaning. **"MATCHLESS" Metal Polish** spreads evenly over the Metal, and produces *easily* and *quickly* a lasting brilliancy. **"MATCHLESS" Metal Polish** is entirely made in England, and by using it you support British Trade.

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The basis of the cure is the liquid, which, while perfectly harmless to the general system, possesses extraordinary properties in the cure of **Asthma, Hay Fever and Nasal Catarrh, etc.** It is converted by means of the **NEBULIZER** into a fine vapour like steam, and sprayed on the affected parts, instantly relieving the bronchial irritation and effecting

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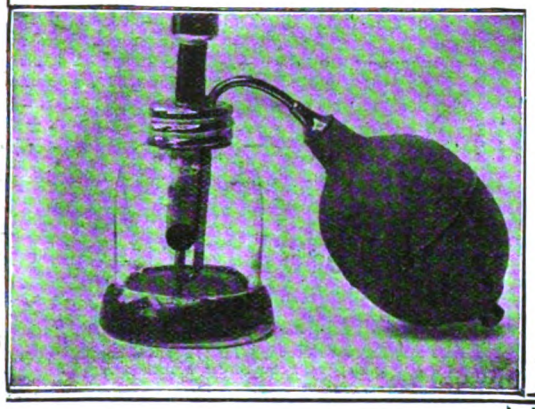

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NAUSEOUS MEDICINES

These are merely tinkering with the disease.

The Cure is complete, ready for use at a moment's notice, and is contained in a neat portable case. The application of the Cure is simple, brief, and effective.

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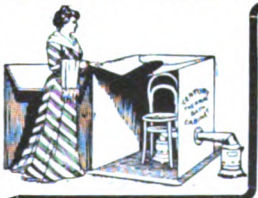

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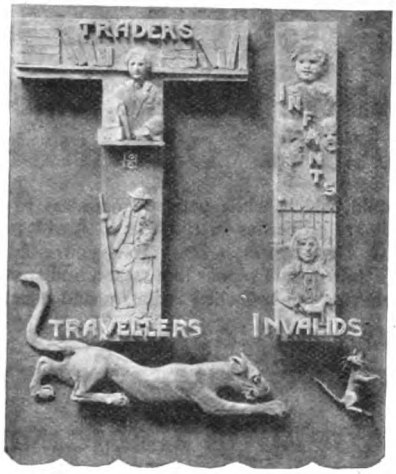

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(*From April until the end of August.*) A handsome tin box of this delightful material together with a modelling tool, will be sent post free to any part of the world on receipt of one shilling.

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Patented.

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USEFUL in the Nursery and Sickroom for clearing the Air.
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USEFUL against annoyance of flies, gnats, and mosquitos.
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Weighs but 5ozs.

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It Registers Every Step You Take.

5/6 Carried like a watch in the pocket, can be regulated to suit step of wearer. **5/6**

The average man has no idea of the number of miles he covers in a day. Everybody should carry a Pedometer.

For Sale by Sporting Goods Dealers, Ironmongers, Stationers, &c., or send us 5/6, and we will post you one in Handsome Nickel Case. EVERY ONE FULLY GUARANTEED.

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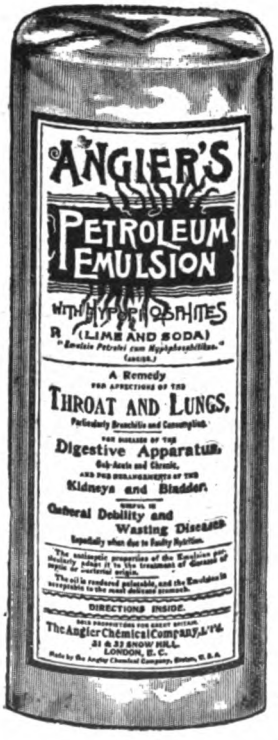
OFFICES—BALDWIN ST., BRISTOL

For Delicate Children



Angier's Emulsion is remarkably effective with delicate children. They all like it and take it readily when they cannot be induced to take Cod-Liver Oil. Bland, soothing, creamy, and a splendid tonic, it is just what the little ones need, and it is really marvellous in many cases to note the rapid improvement. They eat better, digest better, sleep better, and gain in weight, strength, and colour.

Angier's Emulsion

(PETROLEUM WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES)

should be given to the children if they have a cough or cold; if they are pale and thin; if they are scrofulous or rickety; if their food does not digest, or their bowels are out of order. It is invaluable for whooping cough and all troublesome coughs; also after measles, fevers, etc., or after any illness that has left the child's system in a weakened "run-down" condition. The medical profession prescribe it largely for children, and it is used in the children's hospitals.

A FREE SAMPLE

On receipt of 3d. for postage. Mention the "Strand Magazine."

CAUTION.—Do not risk disappointment or worse by trying cheap imitations made with ordinary petroleum, but insist upon having the original.

Of Chemists and Drug Stores, 1/1½, 2/9 and 4/5.

THE ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., Ltd., 32 SNOW HILL, LONDON, E.C.

A Recent Testimonial.

"Dear Sirs, Witley Station, Nr. Godalming, Surrey, *March 2nd, 1903.*

"I feel it my duty to tender my sincerest thanks to you for the great benefit your emulsion has been to my little son. In November, 1901, he caught cold and it developed into bronchitis and inflammation of the lungs. He laid seriously ill for weeks, in fact at death's door. In February, 1902, he had another attack and we pulled him through that, but it left him weak with a cough and sleepless nights. He used to sweat at night and dream, and had a very poor appetite. Last October he had another bad attack. We had a difficult job to pull him through it, and the doctor told us he was afraid he would develop consumption. About that time I saw an advertisement of your Emulsion and determined to try him with it. I got a small bottle and could tell a difference the third day. He could eat better, and sleep well and comfortable. I have given him five large bottles since then and the improvement is wonderful. He has a good appetite, always ready for his meals. His bowels are regular and his nights are comfortable, no sweats or dreams. Both my wife and I join in giving you and your Emulsion thanks for our little son's life and return to health. He is now three years and seven months old and growing fast. You are at liberty to use this as you think fit. We shall always be ready to testify to the merits of your preparation. (Signed) "W. MAYNARD."

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OVER 300 BRANCHES

EACH ONE UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF A QUALIFIED CHEMIST.

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JESSE BOOT,
Managing Director.

It Expels the Uric Acid Poison

AND REMEDIES CONSTIPATION, SLUGGISH LIVER, GOUT, GOUTY ECZEMA, RHEUMATISM, DYSPEPSIA, AND ALL STOMACH, LIVER, AND KIDNEY DISEASES.

SAMPLES SENT GRATIS.

If our readers will glance at the faces of the friends and acquaintances they meet during the day, they will notice few who do not betray evidence of ill-health caused by disorders of the stomach, liver, and kidneys. One face will suggest Gout or Gouty Eczema, another Constipation or Dyspepsia, and another the pangs of Rheumatism, Lumbago, or Sciatica. All this is due to certain poisonous matter in the blood and tissue, which is most commonly produced by the excessive accumulation of Uric Acid. An excess of this acid is generated in the system from drinking strong teas, coffees, wines, beers, and alcoholic beverages, also from the consumption of rich foods, or from food which has not been properly digested. The presence of this acid in the system is not only liable to produce the ailments just referred to, but to accentuate any predisposition that may exist to other stomach, liver, and kidney diseases.

Those whose lives are made miserable by maladies arising from uric acid will find a perfectly safe, pleasant, and effective remedy in Kutnow's Powder, which contains curative and invigorating properties of the Continental Spas, and is equally suitable for the delicate individual as well as for the more robust. Kutnow's Powder is free from all drastic, lowering, and nauseous features. Kutnow's Powder is a boon to the male sex whose system has become deranged from careless living or other causes. It dissolves the acid formations and removes the dissolved products from the system, with the result that the blood is purified, the system toned up, and the individual is again placed in the proper condition for work and pleasure. Kutnow's Powder is also a benefit to the female sex inasmuch as it prevents sick and nervous headaches, which curse so many women's lives; and by remedying a blotchy or generally discoloured skin caused by biliousness, sluggish liver, anæmia, and constipation, it adds an additional charm to personal attractiveness. Kutnow's Powder is a blessing to children in that it eliminates from the child's system all excessive uric acid or baleful matter which may have accrued from a faulty metabolism inherited from its parents.

Kutnow's Powder has been prescribed for members of the Royal Family, which is in itself sufficient evidence of its merits apart from the universal testimony which continually reaches us from every part of the globe.

TO ALL APPLICANTS.

Send Application Form below.

CAUTION.—There are some unscrupulous dealers who for the sake of extra profit try to foist upon the Public substitutes for Kutnow's Powder. These may cost a few pence less, but are worthless, and consequently dear at any price. Do not allow yourself to be persuaded to accept any substitute which will only defeat the object you have in view.

ACCEPT ONLY THE GENUINE KUTNOW'S POWDER.

APPLICATION FORM
FOR
A FREE TRIAL
OF KUTNOW'S POWDER.

To obtain Kutnow's Powder gratis, fill up this Form and send the same to S. KUTNOW & CO. (Ltd.), 41, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

Name.....

Address.....

STRAND MAGAZINE, June, 1903.

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A Free Trial Package of this Remarkable Discovery will be Mailed to all who Write.

Anyone who suffers from a weak disordered condition of the heart, lungs, kidneys, stomach, blood, liver, skin, muscles or nervous system should write at once for a free trial treatment of a new method that is rapidly displacing the old ways of curing disease.

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Gout, partial paralysis, dropsy, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, neuralgia or any other disease resulting from high living quickly and permanently removed by the new method.

Weakness or debility in any form whether in man or woman entirely eradicated from the system by the new treatment.

Consumption, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, impure blood, heart disease, kidney and bladder trouble and liver complaint cured to stay cured by the doctor's wonderful remedies.

If you are the victim of any malady or sickness which you have long wanted to get rid of, try one of Dr. Kidd's free treatments and see how easy it is to be cured when the proper means are employed.

If you have aches or pains, don't feel well at times, if you are despondent and discouraged, tired out, it is because you have some terrible disease lurking in your system.

Why not write to Dr. Kidd, get a free trial treatment, and let him show you how quickly you can be cured by his new method? It makes no difference what your peculiar ailment may be, Dr. Kidd will send you a trial treatment entirely free of charge to prove to you that he can do as he claims.

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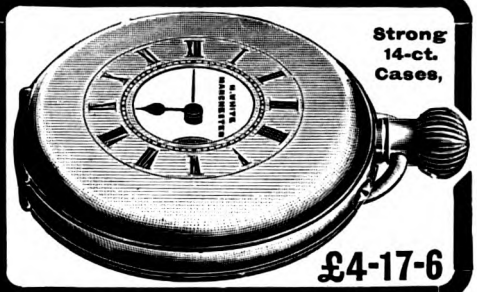

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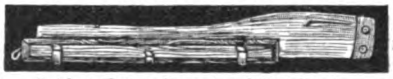

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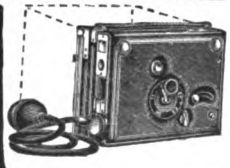

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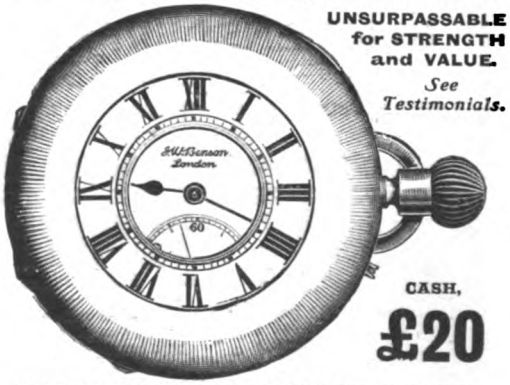

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Icilma is unlike any cosmetic, ointment, or lotion. These have to be carefully applied or rubbed in, and precautions taken against exposure. It is the Oxygen in the air that sets free the constituents of Icilma to stimulate the healthy functions of the skin.

Hence **Icilma** is the most useful remedy for varied ills, and the only preserver of a really healthy skin, secret of the beautiful transparent rose-white tints of a perfect complexion.

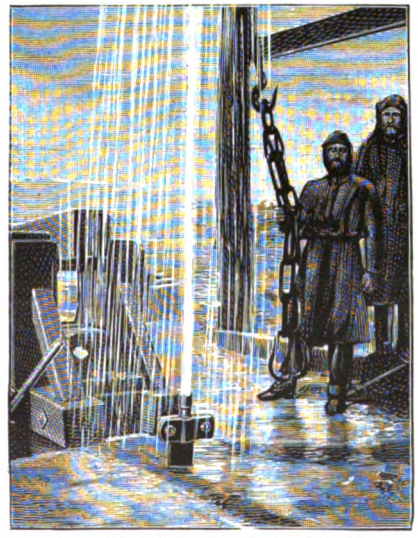
Icilma produces a delightful freshness in the skin, and makes it deliciously soft and firm.

Madame Rejane says: "Icilma is the modern fountain of Youth."

ICILMA IS NATURE'S INVENTION, AND CAN DO NO HARM.

Icilma cures

Insect Stings,
Bruises,
Cuts,
Burns,
Nettlerash,
Sore Eyelids,
Irritations of the tissues of the skin and scalp.



DISCOVERY OF ICILMA SPRING.
(From Photograph) Algeria, 1899.

Icilma prevents and cures

Sunburn,
Sun Freckles,
Wrinkles,
Prickly Heat,
Chilblains,
Pimples, Styes,
Blackheads,
Roughness,
Acne.

Icilma Natural Water Soap (Rose-scented) is an absolutely unique toilet, medicinal, and nursery Soap. It makes hard water soft, lathers even with sea-water, and gives a silky velvet surface to the skin. Each time the soap is used the Icilma constituents in it are acted upon by the water and the air, and so preserve even the skin of gouty persons smooth and free from chalk. A warm bath with this soap gives a deliciously fresh sensation that pervades the whole body.

For those who are in the habit of using cold creams, lanoline, or vaseline, there is a pleasure to come when they use **Icilma Fluor Cream.**

This unites all the advantages of **Icilma Water,** with which it is prepared, to an absence of oily and mineral substances, those insidious enemies of the skin.

Icilma Fluor Cream leaves the skin white, soft, transparent, and cool, without any oily appearance. Has an agreeable, pure flower scent, and is so useful in many ways that no one should be without it.

All who are interested in **Icilma** should send for the booklet, **"Hygiene of the Skin,"** and enclose a stamp for postage of a free sample of **Icilma Fluor Cream.**

Icilma Water, 1/-; **Soap,** 10d.; **Cream,** 1/-. **Vulcanite Spray**—recommended for greater economy and efficacy when using water—to fit the bottle, 1/5. This spray will last a long time, and will fit any 1/- bottle of water.

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Sold by leading Chemists and Stores everywhere.

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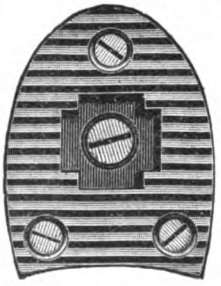

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From all Bootmakers and Rubber Factors, or direct from

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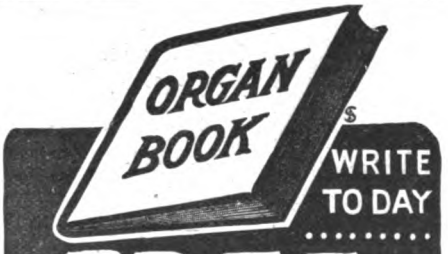

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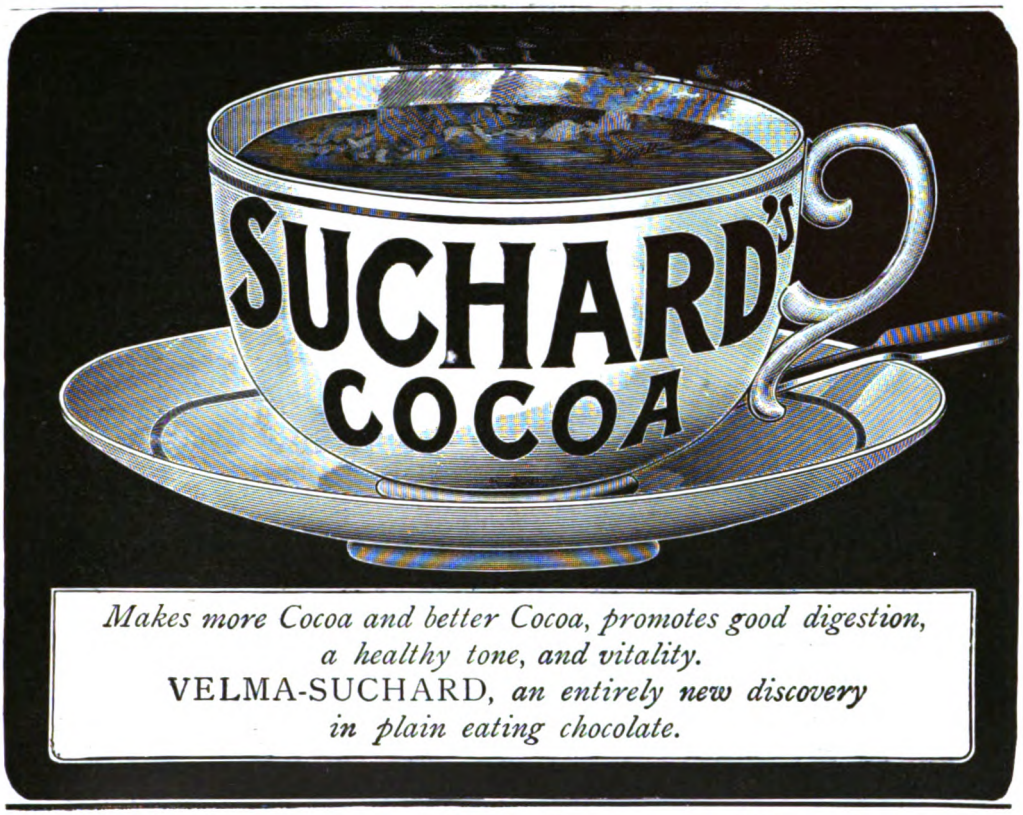

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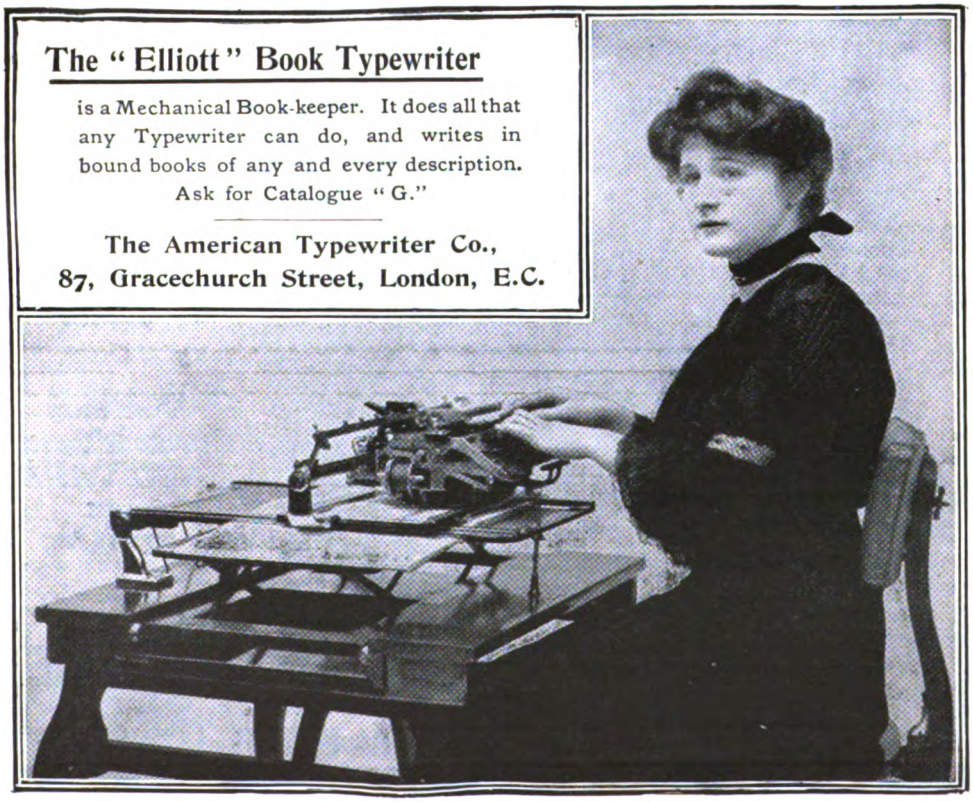
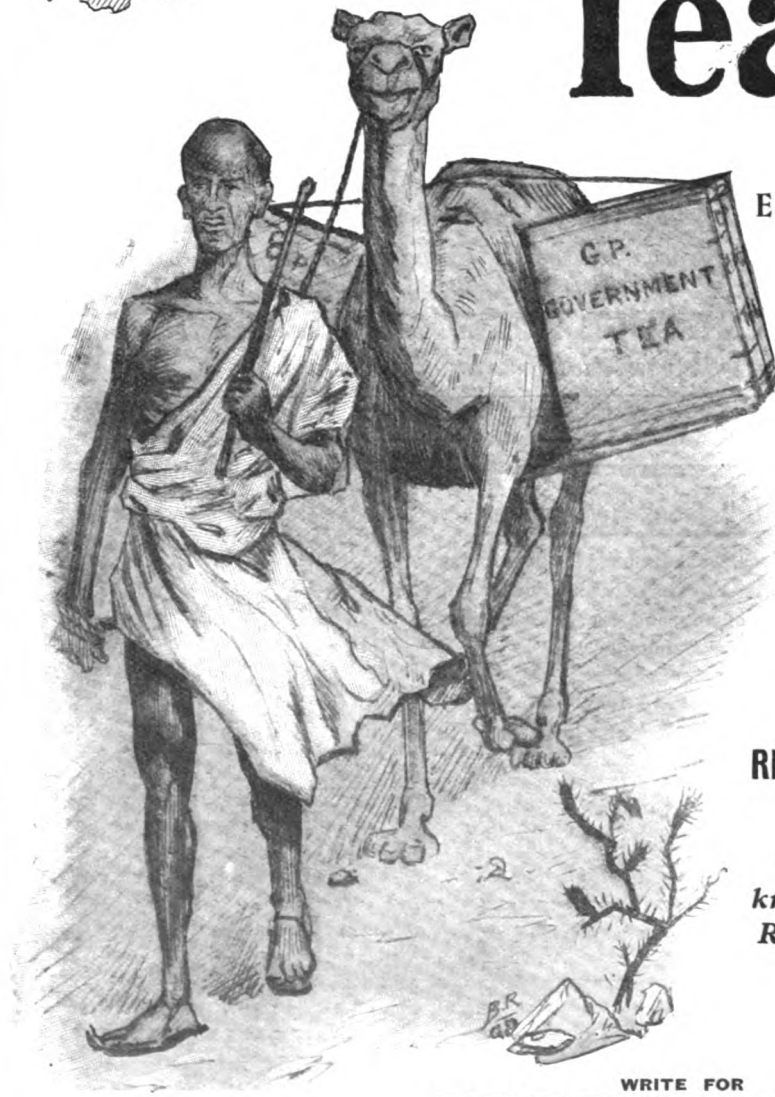


"G.P." Government"

Tea



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FELL'S REDUCING TABLETS.

Registered by Government.

A REMARKABLE REMEDY

That Reduces Weight 28lb. a Month.

Every person who is suffering from too much fat can easily be reduced in weight by this new and remarkable remedy that quickly removes all superfluous fat in either sex at the rate of 7LB. A WEEK.

It is Guaranteed to Reduce Weight a Pound a Day

without the slightest inconvenience. Do not be afraid of evil consequences. It is a vegetable treatment, is perfectly safe, and gives such a degree of comfort as to astonish those who have panted and perspired under the weight of excessive fat. It improves the breathing, gives the heart freedom, takes off the big stomach, enables the lungs to expand naturally, and you feel a hundred times better the first day you try this wonderful HOME TREATMENT.

FROM A TRAINED NURSE.

806. Miss J—— writes:—"I wish to add my testimonial to your list, for the benefit of people suffering from obesity. It is now three years since I was reduced 45lb. with the Tablets I obtained from Mrs. Fell; none of this weight have I since regained. I do not wish you to publish in print the name of the hospital where I am located, but I will cheerfully answer any communication on the subject from any one you like to refer to me."

824. Mrs. H—— says:—"I am glad to inform you that **I am losing weight every week.** Have suffered untold inconvenience from corpulence for the past nine years, but am now fairly on the way, thanks to the Tablets, to be **restored to my original weight.**"

810. Miss J—— writes from Buxton:—"Has taken the Tablets and is most happy to say that **she lost 6lb. in a week,** only taking the remedy once a day, after mid-day dinner."

809. Mrs. Y—— writes from Sheffield:—"I feel that it is doing me good. **I feel better in health, and have lost 5lb. with first box.**"

829. Mrs. T—— writes from Notts:—"Found it difficult to spare the money, but pleased to say am much better for the treatment."

CONSIDER IT A MARVELLOUS MEDICINE.

804. "It was with pleasure that I heard the other day from a lady friend, who has recently commenced your treatment, that arrangements have been made with Mrs. Fell to make more widely known her Reducing Tablets. I consider them **a marvellous medicine,** and every effort should be made to let sufferers from Obesity know of them."

We refrain from making known the full names and addresses for obvious reasons. Each letter has a reference number, and those interested are invited to correspond with these references, and, on request, we will place any person in communication with one or more. In this list which we publish there are many who have expressed their willingness, nay, their pleasure, to correspond with anyone following our treatment.

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Lost 40lb. *Lady —— writes:* **"Since taking your Tablets I am reduced in weight 40lb."**

"MADAM" says: "Those of our readers who wish to reduce their weight should write to the Fell Formula Association for full particulars of the treatment for corpulency. Fell's Reducing Tablets are absolutely harmless, besides being pleasing to take. The tablets are by no means expensive, and a sample box will be sent free on application."

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FREE Just to prove how effective, pleasant, and safe this remedy is, to reduce weight, we are sending free trials. If you want one send us your name and address and two stamps to pay for postage. **It costs you nothing to try it.** Each box is sent in a plain sealed packet, with no advertisement on it to indicate what it contains. Correspondence strictly confidential.

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Patented.

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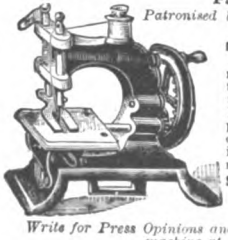

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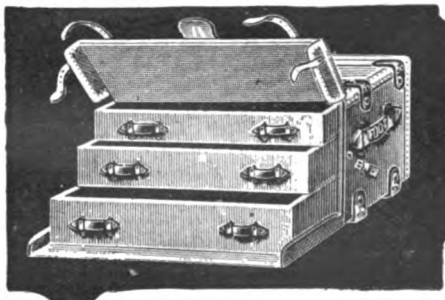

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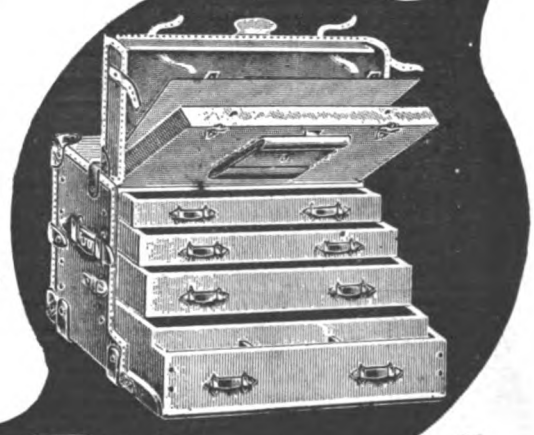

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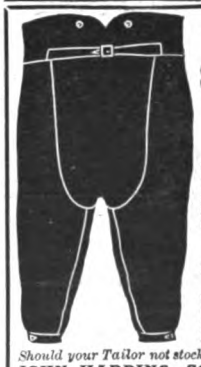

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10½ Guineas

This suite is elegant in appearance, and will prove serviceable in use, being beautifully designed and strongly built to give every satisfaction.

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Orders for this startling bargain are coming in by every post. Lot **850**: Extra strong Bedstead, 4ft. 6in. by 6ft. 6in., 1¼in. pillars, double brass rails, heavy brass knobs & mounts; double woven wire mattress on strong frame; 1 wool-bordered Mattress in striped Belgian tick; 1 mill-puff bolster; 2 well-filled feather pillows. The lot, carefully packed, carriage paid, **58/6.**

FREE. Our Huge Illustrated Album of Bargains sent Post Free to any address. Contains 600 startling offers in **Furniture, Bedsteads and Bedding,** and every description of Household Goods. Write this evening to—

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OLD FALSE TEETH BOUGHT.

Many people have old or disused false teeth. Messrs. R. D. & J. B. Fraser, Ltd., of Princes Street, Ipswich (established 1833), buy old false teeth. If you send your teeth to them they will remit you by return of post the utmost value; or if preferred they will make you the best offer, and hold the teeth over for your reply. The largest and oldest buyers of old false teeth in the world. If references necessary apply to Messrs. Bacon & Co., Ipswich.

IT IS A FACT

that a bicycle made locally by a builder having a thorough knowledge of local conditions will invariably be a better machine than one made in a factory where the output is necessarily stereotyped in character.

It is essential, however, that the Fittings should be of the highest quality. If you specify *Eadie* an easy running and durable bicycle is insured.

Interesting literature on cycle construction sent free.

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NOW HE'S HAD HIS

RIDGE'S FOOD.

Dr. Ridge's Patent Cooked Food gives HEALTH, STRENGTH, and COMFORT to Old and Young.

Children get over their troubles of teething and learning to walk when they are brought up on Ridge's Patent Cooked Food.

SATISFYING.
STRENGTHENING.
SOOTHING FOR INFANTS.
AGREEABLE.
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SOLD EVERYWHERE. *REFUSE ALL IMITATIONS.*

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SELF FILLING
Self Cleaning

Combines all that is best in Fountain Pens, with special features of its own

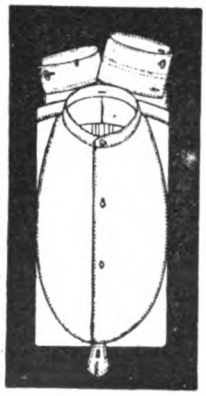
No more Inky Fingers

Every Pen Guaranteed

When ordering please send specimen of nib generally used

THE "POST" TRADING CO.
97, Queen Victoria St., London

White Shirts FITTED WITH OUR Reversible Cuffs



Wear Twice as Long as Ordinary Shirts.

Their economic advantages are apparent at a glance. By permitting the shirt to be worn twice with absolutely fresh cuffs each time, they reduce the laundry bill by one-half, and the shirts with less frequent washing wear twice as long. The invention has commended itself to hundreds of thousands of customers all over the world.

Sample Shirts from Factory—unlaundried—in following styles **3 9** post free.

(Guaranteed equal when dressed to the **6/6** *Shirt of the ordinary Trade.)*

Style A. With Reversible Cuffs.
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Style D. Narrow Wristbands for attaching Cuffs.
Style E. Short "Business" Fronts, Square Cuffs.
Style F. Full Dress Evening Shirt.

SIX SHIRTS FOR **21/6,** POST FREE.

When ordering mention style chosen, size of COLLAR worn, and whether to open at back or front.

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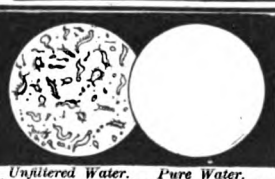
Dept. G, Sauchiehall Street, GLASGOW.



Unfiltered Water. *Pure Water.*

IMPORTANT TO ALL.

TO OBTAIN
PURE WATER
AND
AVOID ILLNESS,
USE
MAIGNEN'S FILTRE RAPIDE.

Made in all sizes for all households, prices from **4/6.** Illustrated List free from **Maignen's Filtre Rapide Co., Ltd.,** 15, Great Marlborough St., London, W.

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Having cured myself from complete baldness from the prescription of a celebrated London physician and specialist, I am offering this preparation to the public **under penalty to cure.** Send two stamped addressed envelopes to **WILLIAM MATLOCK-MATLOCK, 48, Matlock Rd., Coventry.**

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THE "VIN. BULLEN SYSTEM."

The best and most intelligent method of physical culture in the world. Taught by post with perfect success, without apparatus of any kind whatever; takes up but ten minutes of your time each day. For both sexes, ages from 7 to 70, without overtaxing the heart.

A POSITIVE CURE *for* **Constipation, Insomnia, Indigestion, & Nervous Exhaustion.**

It restores **HEALTH,** corrects defects which occur in the human body, imparts **STRENGTH** to the waning energies, restores Nervous Force, and insures **SUCCESS.** I am an **Englishman,** and my system of Physiological Exercises is adapted for **English men and women,** and is **better** than the **best Yankee** system ever devised. I give my personal care and attention to every pupil. Write to-day for full particulars, photos., testimonials, etc., free.

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Cheaper than Ever before offered to the Public.

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Sizes and Prices as undermentioned:—

4ft. 5in. by 6ft. 7in.	**13 3**	**CARRIAGE FREE.**	10ft. 0in. by 12ft. 10in. **79 6**
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When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

Mayland, Hayward's Heath, 21/6/02.
Miss Baxter begs to say she received the Axminster Square on Thursday, and that she is quite satisfied with it.

Montague House, St. Catherine's, Guildford, 18/6/02.
Mrs. Lower writes: "Received the Axminster carpet and rug this morning, with which I am pleased."

Hall Bank, Mobberley, 14/8/1902.
S. Watson, Esq., writes: "The Axminster rug, etc., arrived to-day. Thanks for prompt attention. Well satisfied."

Hemingborough Vicarage, Howden, 11/7/02.
The Rev. J. Paton writes: "Received the Axminster carpet and rug, which are quite satisfactory."

Budbridge Manor, Merstone, Isle of Wight, 25/6/1902.
Mrs. Captain Blake begs to inform Messrs. F. Hodgson and Sons the Axminster carpet and rug arrived safely, and give her every satisfaction.

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All Orders despatched same day as received. *Cheques and P.O.O.'s must be addressed to—*

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"It's MACKINTOSH'S EXTRA-CREAM TOFFEE!"

MACKINTOSH'S
Extra-Cream
TOFFEE

Doctors Recommend it.
Delicious! Delicious!! Delicious?!! SOLD EVERYWHERE.
If any difficulty in obtaining, send us Eight Penny Stamps for a very Large Sample Packet sent Post Free.
Have you tried **MACKINTOSH'S** Old Fashioned **TREACLE TOFFEE?**
J. MACKINTOSH, Ld., The Toffee Mills, Halifax.
Accept No Substitutes.

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Lees Ray invites all who have Ugly or Red Noses to apply to him for relief. His Nose Machines, by His Majesty's Royal Letters Patent, have improved thousands of Ugly Noses. That ugly defect, a Red Nose, can be cured, and the price of the Fundamental Treatment is **3/9.** This cure is medically approved. Prominent Ears altered. **LEES RAY (DB.), Specialist, South Castle Street, Liverpool.**

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£3.10 to £6.10 New Departure Coaster Brake, Front Rim Brake, and highest grade genuine British made fittings and accessories throughout. **200** *Good Second-Hand Cycles* **£1.10** *to* **£2.10. TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL** is allowed on every cycle we sell and the full price with all carriage charges refunded if unsatisfactory in any way. **DON'T FAIL** to get our big illustrated catalogue before deciding on your 1903 machine. We can save you money.—**Mead Cycle Co.**, Dept. 600, **Liverpool.**

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JOHN W. COOPER, *Managing Director.*

A Splendid Opportunity. Direct from the Potteries.

Packed Free **10/6**

Packed Free **10/6**

The "Queen Anne" Combination Tea and Breakfast Service.
This Wonderful Set, in our new "Vert" Blue, Exquisitely Finished in Fine Gold, consists of
6 Tea Cups & Saucers
6 Tea Plates
3 Breakfast Cups & Saucers
3 Breakfast Plates
1 Slop Bowl 1 Cream Ewer
2 Bread & Butter Plates
1 Teapot (our patent Slide Lid)
1 Set of 3 Jugs
1 Hot Water Jug and 1 Hot Toast Dish.
Packed free for **10/6.**

A Triumph of British Manufacture.

The "Queen Anne" Dinner Service.
This Wonderful Set, in our new "Vert" Blue. Exquisitely Finished, consists of
12 Meat Plates
12 Pudding Plates
12 Cheese Plates
5 Meat Dishes (the largest measuring nearly 16in.)
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12 Soup Plates
1 Soup Tureen (holding 3½ pints), and
1 Stand for same.
Packed free for **£1 5s. 0d.**

THE THREE SERVICES (Breakfast, Tea, and Dinner), all in the "Queen Anne" design, COMPLETE FOR **£1 15s.**

A PAIR OF VASES FREE.

PLEASE NOTE.—During this month, to insure early business we will give a **HANDSOME PAIR OF VASES** to every purchaser of the **£1 15s.** Complete Set.

N.B.—Crests, Monograms, and Badges made a Spécialité, either for large Private Families, or for Hotels, Schools, &c.
Sole Manufacturers of the **"UNFRACTURABLE SURFACE PLATES"** for Hotels, Restaurants, Clubs, &c., &c.

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TOILET POWDER

The original *hygienic* and *antiseptic* Toilet Powder.

Delightful after Bathing, a Luxury after Shaving.

Beautifies and Preserves the Complexion.

A Positive Relief for CHAFED SKIN, CHAPPED HANDS, and all affections of the skin. For sore, blistered and perspiring feet, it has no equal; removes all odour of perspiration. Get MENNEN'S, THE ORIGINAL; TAKE NO WORTHLESS SUBSTITUTES. SAMPLE FREE. Sold by all chemists, or sent post free for 1s. 1½d. per box by **Mennen Chemical Co., 11, Queen Victoria St., LONDON, E.C.**

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BRUSSELETTE CARPETS (Regd.)

Woven and Reversible, rich Brussels and Turkey Patterns and Colourings, superior quality, with handsome Border to match. A Marvel of Excellence and Beauty.

These Carpets are superb imitations of Real Brussels, and, except by the closest scrutiny, the difference cannot be detected.

6 ft. by 6 ft.	2/11	10½ft. by 12 ft.	11/6
6 ft. by 7½ft.	3/11	9 ft. by 15 ft.	12/6
6 ft. by 9 ft.	4/9	12 ft. by 12 ft.	12/9
7½ft. by 9 ft.	5/11	12 ft. by 13½ft.	14/6
9 ft. by 9 ft.	7/6	12 ft. by 15 ft.	15/9
9 ft. by 10½ft.	8/6	12 ft. by 18 ft.	19 6
9 ft. by 12 ft.	9/6	12 ft. by 21 ft.	22/6

REDUCED SALE PRICE.

When ordering please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

Prudential Brusselette HEARTHRUGS

6ft. by 3ft., **1/6** each; postage, 6d. extra.

3 for **4/3**; 6 for **8/-**.

10,000 RUGS GIVEN AWAY!

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

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is recommended in the cases mentioned below, by the highest medical authorities. It is carried out in your own home in the privacy of your own room. It is gentle and enjoyable. Write for full explanatory treatise. A handsome volume of 50 pages. It is sent free on application. Write To-day. It will Cost you Nothing.

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and generally the disorders resulting from a sedentary life.

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Adapter, with Focussing Screen and Three Slides for Plates, 13/6.
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FOR PRIVATE HOUSES
40/-
PER SET.

Please write at once for Descriptive Circular

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GLOSSY LINEN
is the pleasing result of successful ironing. The successful way is to mix a teaspoonful of
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with some water, and rub over the linen before ironing. A lovely gloss is the sure result. Ask your grocer; or a large box for a 1/- P.O., or sample for post-card from—S. A. REDFORD & SON, OXFORD ST., LIVERPOOL.

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FOR INFANTS,
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WOMAN'S EXHIBITION, LONDON, 1900.

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FRAME BLADE & HANDLE IN POSITION READY FOR USE

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in your home and save your servants' time and your own. Simple and inexpensive; can be fitted to any existing Electric Bell wires by anyone.

7/6 **15/- for one pair,** and **for each additional instrument.**

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FOOTS' ADJUSTABLE CHAIR.

Fits the figure in any position. Is quickly adjusted by the occupant. A twist of the wrist does it. Rocks or remains rigid. Combines Chair and Couch, and affords complete comfort and rest

BACK reclines to any degree.
SEAT tilts to any angle.
LEG REST (detachable) inclines to varying positions.
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TABLE and READING DESK adjustable and detachable.

The Chair that fits every inclination—suits every impulse—rests every limb.

Booklet, "Chair Comfort," Free.

18

J. FOOT & SON (Dept. R. C. 3),
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Easy Walking Heels

O'SULLIVAN'S SAFETY CUSHION HEEL

IT'S A PLEASURE TO SHOP WHEN WEARING O'SULLIVAN HEELS.
IT LESSENS THE FATIGUE BY HALF.

The only safe cushion to the foot. One pair of these Heels will outwear two of leather, and give ten times more comfort. Secret—MADE OF NEW RUBBER. It is the first—the best—and the most lasting. Many rubber Heels are called, but only the **O'SULLIVAN RUBBER HEEL** is chosen. Merit tells. Order by the **NAME** and avoid cheap imitations made of old rubber.

Can be fitted to all boots, new or old, black or tan. Two thicknesses—heavy or light. **LADIES', 1/- per pair. GENTS', 1/6 per pair.**

Where Dealers fail, an outline of boot heel with P.O. to

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The soothing influences of a good pipe are only apparent to those who smoke

The 'MASTA'

It is the Perfect Pipe, and ensures absolute comfort and pleasure in smoking.

Even if The "MASTA" cost 20/- it would be cheap where a *matter of personal pleasure and health* is concerned, but is sold at 2/-, 3/6, 5/-, 7/6, and upwards.

EVERY PIPE GUARANTEED. Illustrated Booklet, **'Hints to Smokers,' free.** The "MASTA" Pipe can be obtained at Tobacconists', or from **The "MASTA" Patent Pipe Co.** Dept. 21 **153, Fleet St., London,** E.C.

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DOUBLE CREAM CHEDDAR FLAVOUR CHEESE

"To APLIN & BARRETT,
"Yeovil.

"I consider all your goods excellent; as for the 'ST. IVEL' CHEESE, I have never tasted anything so delicious in all my experience.
WILLIAM C. HART."

Master Cook to Her late Majesty Queen Victoria. For 20 years in Her Majesty's Kitchen.

SOLD AT ALL PROVISION STORES

Claxton's PATENT **EAR-CAP**

For Remedying Prominent Ears, Preventing Disfigurement in after life. Keeps the Hair Tidy.

In all sizes. Send measure round head just above ears. Price 3/6. Postage, 1d.

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"FLOR DE DINDIGUL" CIGARS, No. 1 size, 22/- per 100 (4 for 1/-); No. 2, 19/- per 100 (5 for 1/-); Bouquet (small and extra choice), 21/- per 100 (4 for 1/-); Sublimes (large and extra choice), 28/- per 100 (3 for 1/-). "FLOR DE DINDIGUL" CIGARETTES (all tobacco leaf, no paper), a delightful whiff, 8/- per 100; 1d. each. At all good tobacconists, or carriage paid from the Importers, BEWLAY & Co., LTD., Tobacconists to the Royal Family, 49, Strand, W.C. Established 1780.

Something new in Talking Machines

GRAMAPHONE "SOUND ARM"

There is all difference between a machine possessing a **"Sound Arm,"** and a machine without one. By its use that buzzing sound is eliminated, and every note reproduced naturally. Can be turned in any direction while record is being played.

The **GRAMAPHONE "SOUND ARM"** is sold on the following Machines at **£1** extra—not sold separately.

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THE TALKING MACHINE CO., York Street, Glasgow.

OETZMANN & CO.,

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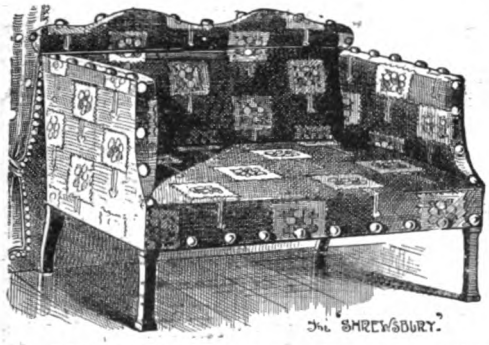
(Continuation North of Tottenham Court Road).

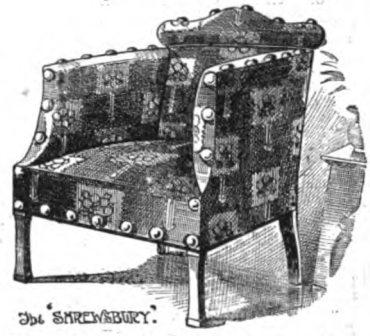
60 & 61, Grafton St., Dublin; 75, Union St., Ryde.

Chairs finished in coverings to match any of the Settees or Easy Chairs, **7/6.**



The "Shrewsbury" Settee, well upholstered, spring stuffed, and covered with artistic tapestry, finished with large oxidized copper nails, **£2 19s. 6d.**

ALL CARPETS MADE UP FREE OF CHARGE.



The "Shrewsbury" Easy Chair, well upholstered, spring stuffed, and covered with artistic tapestry, finished with large oxidized copper nails, **£1 15s.**

See . .

BLACKPOOL

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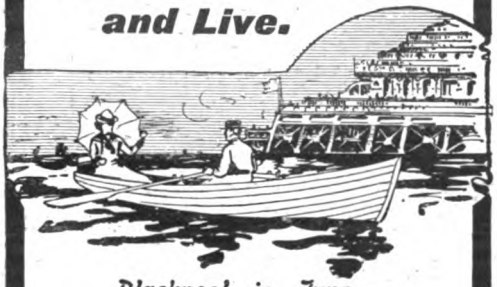

Blackpool in June—
Beautiful Weather.

BLACKPOOL.

The ideal holiday spot. Every taste gratified. Everything to please everybody. A wonderland by the waves. Easy of access from all parts. The children's paradise—firm golden sands. Safe boating and bathing. Mild and equable climate. Illustrated Guide post free, and information. Apply Advertising Manager, Town Hall, Blackpool, or 62, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, E.C. *(London Inquiry Office.)*

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FROM 3 GUINEAS TO £20.

The New No. 3, in Oak Case, **£3 3s.;** wonderfully clear and natural in tone. Records on approval if remittance sent with order for quantity required. Prices—**2/6, 5/-,** and **10/-** each

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

Thousands of Records by: Madame Calvé, Caruso, Kubelik, Mde. Kirkby Lunn, Sarah Bernhardt, Ben Davies, Grenadier Guards, Haydn Quartette, Dan Leno, Geo. Robey, &c.

Send for Illustrated List (FREE).

Makers of Electric Orchestrions, Pianos and Piano Players, &c. *By appointment to the late Queen Victoria.*—**IMHOF & MUKLE, 110, New Oxford Street, London, W.**

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A CONSUL-GENERAL on "Tatcho."

"U.S. Consulate General, Tangier, Morocco, 24th March, 1903.
"I think a lot of your 'Tatcho,' and I can highly recommend it.
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"High Croft, Winchester.
"I find the Renewer excellent, and better than anything I have ever tried in the course of a long life. I could not have believed that any preparation could do so much good in so short a time."

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"'Tatcho' is invaluable. I would not be without it on any account.—Belvedere Hotel, Kensington."

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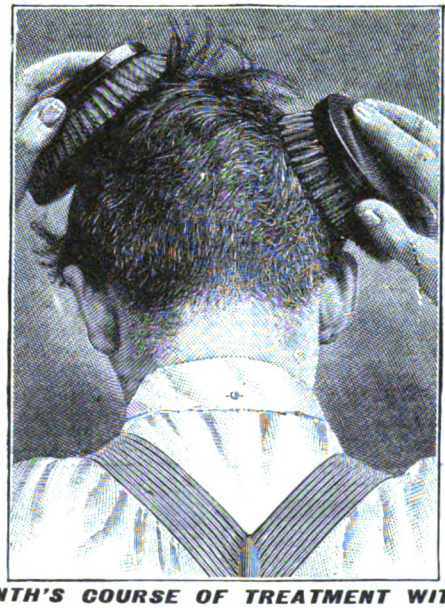
"Ever since I began to use 'Tatcho' and learnt from experience its value, I have recommended it to my friends and acquaintances, and in *no* case has it failed to meet with unqualified approval.
"Col. H. BAGOT CHESTER."



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"'Tatcho' is very much appreciated. I have used it for some time and have found it most beneficial, and have had pleasure in recommending it to my friends.
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"Burleigh House,
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"Dear Sir,—I only use 'Tatcho.'
"CORA URQUHART POTTER."

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"Trobridge, Crediton.
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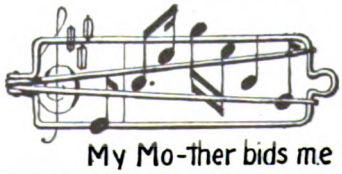
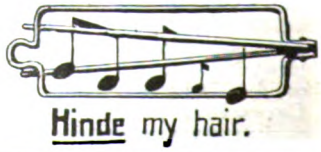


My Mo-ther bids me



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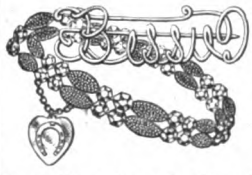

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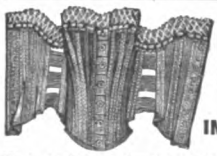

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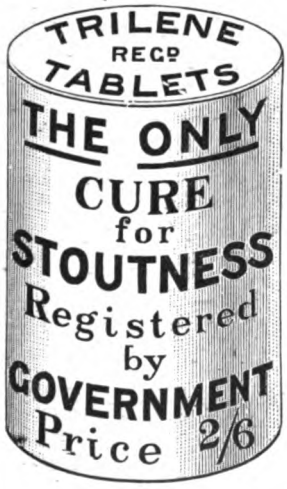

for a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to improve both Health and Figure without change of Diet.

AN ENGLISH COUNTESS writes:—
"Your Trilene Tablets act admirably."

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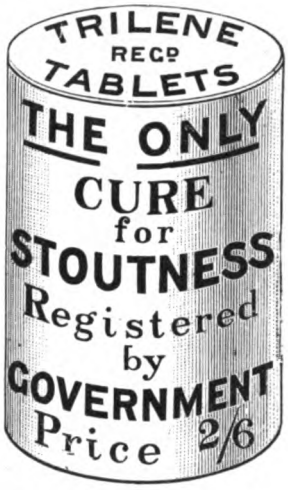

SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct., 1896.
"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them—their action was rapid and exceeded our utmost expectations, as they were also most beneficial to the respiratory organs. My wife was many years growing too stout, but although the disease was, I consider, chronic, the Tablets soon reduced the same completely. "Yours faithfully, **J. R. CANHAM.**"

Extract from **"The Lady,"** 3rd Sept., 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

Miss E. HATTON, of 2, Chepstow Mansions, London, W., writes: "Tablets did much good in every way and reduced me 28lb."

PRINCESS LIECHTENSTEIN OF LANDSBERG, Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

LADY CONSTANCE CONRAD writes from Wiesbaden: "I am highly pleased with your Tablets."
West Cornforth, Ferryhill.

Mr. WILLIAM USHER says: "A sister of mine, who was 17st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15st."

Miss JANE CARTER, of Forthampton House, Tewkesbury, says: "The Tablets are of the greatest value. I am reduced many stone, and shall be pleased to recommend them."

Mr. THOS. BLAKELY, of 37, The Grove, Bedford, writes: "I have lost a little over 42lb. since taking your Tablets, and my case causes much local interest."

COUNTESS SECKENDORFF, of Berlin, says: "I took them myself successfully, and am recommending the Tablets to friends."

Mrs. W. A. RADFORD, of High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, writes: "Before taking Tablets I was 46in. round waist; now I am 32in. I hope soon to be 23. I could hardly move or get up; now I get about easily. Please use this as you wish."

Mrs. T. BOSTON, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston, says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

Mr. J. Y. NEWTON, "The Priory," Elton, Peterborough, writes: "I have lost 14lb. in weight, and never felt better in my life."

COUNTESS FÜRSTENBERG writes: "The Tablets act speedily and well."

Mrs. CROSSLEY, of Rose Hill, Torver, nr. Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted, and cannot speak too highly in praise of Tablets. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

Miss DUGGLEBY, 16, New Road, Driffield, writes: "The girl who took your Tablets is reduced about 2½st."

Mrs. ROLLITT, of North Farm, Letwell, says: "Tablets have done a world of good—reduced 14lb. already without altering diet."

Mrs. WEAVER, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "Have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st., and you may make any use of this statement. I can highly recommend them."

Mrs. PEARCE, Armstrong Road, Benwell: "Reduced from 12st. to 9½st., and do not get any heavier."

Col.-Sergeant WHITTLE, of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs, says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

COUNT EHRENWAUD, of Liatorp, Sweden, writes, 9th Oct., 1899: "The person who took Tablets lost 18lb. during the cure."

Mrs. H. COX, 28, Watnall Road, Hucknall Torkard, says: "I have from one supply lost 19lb. in weight."

Mrs. MARY WILLIAMS, of Old Yard, near Redol, Bagillt, Wales, writes, Nov. 22nd, 1898: "Your Tablets reduced me 2st., and have benefited me greatly."

Mrs. FENTON, 11, Wood Street, Tyldesley, writes: "Been fat all my life, but now your Tablets tell a tale. I have lost 17lb. already and am delighted."

Mr. GIBBS, 147, Richmond Park, Kimberworth, Rotherham, says: "Since I began with them they have reduced me 2st. 3lb., and I am pleased to say I am a great deal better in health and in every way."

Miss LODGE, of Averys, Cowfold, Sussex, says: "Pleased to say that one box of your Tablets reduced me 10lb., and I am much better in health."

Mrs. JAMES, of 46a, Miall Street, Old Radford, says: "Tablets worked wonderfully. All my clothes too loose after one box. I am very much thinner."

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£200,000 FOR A STOMACH.

ATLANTIC CITY (N.J.), U.S.A., January 19.—John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil multi-millionaire, offered Dr. Philip Marvel, a local physician, two hundred thousand pounds if he would provide him with a healthy stomach. Mr. Rockefeller remarked to him that if the doctor could put his digestive apparatus in good working condition it would be worth this amount to him.

£200,000 FOR A HEALTHY STOMACH.

And a physician—a man thoroughly versed in the science of medicine, possessed of all the arts of drugdom, of an accurate knowledge of anatomy—cannot find a remedy which will restore the power of digestion.

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So much for the power of medicine, as used for the purpose of revitalising dormant organs.

Electricity is the remedy! If the offer quoted is open to us, we will accept it, and, as evidence of good faith, will deposit £1,000, to be paid to any public charity selected by the patient if we don't cure him in four months. Let him be the judge.

Professor Loeb, the seeker for the spark of life, says: "Electricity is the basis of human vitality."

In a work which I published in 1896 I used these words: "I hope to be able to demonstrate that Electricity is the basis of all animal vitality; that without it we could not live."

Professor Loeb says that animal heat is Electricity. We get that heat from the chemical action of the acids and juices of the stomach upon our food. That is combustion. It produces a carbonic heat, which is Electricity. This electric current nourishes the vital organs, and is their life.

Healthy digestion depends upon the flow of these secretions in the stomach. By an abundance of "good living" the secretive glands are overtaxed, become sluggish, dormant, and finally stop the supply of secretions. Then the food, instead of taking the course intended by Nature, rots in the stomach, generates a gas, and produces all the horrors of indigestion. Our Electro Vigour gives life to these secretive glands, and restores the natural activity. It fills the stomach with a glowing warmth, generates new nerve and organic life, and produces a healthy action of all the bodily functions.

We want to give proof of this claim. We can give the names and addresses of hundreds of prominent men and women, cured by our method, to anyone who will call or write to us.

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THE KEELEY TREATMENT

FOR ALCOHOL AND DRUG INEBRIETY.

The Keeley treatment has been employed in this country for many years under the auspices of a committee of broad-minded men of affairs who have satisfied themselves by personal investigation, not only of the efficacy of the Cure, but of its permanency in nearly every case. This committee is now composed of the following gentlemen, the Chairman being the Rev. James Fleming, B.D., Canon of York, Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty the King; Mr. W. Hind Smith, National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations, Exeter Hall, London; Lord Braye, and the Lord Montagu of Beaulieu—who keep in constant touch with the operations of the Keeley Institute.

Here are some facts from prominent men regarding the Keeley Cure for the Drink and Drug Habit.

"It really cures. It does what it professes to do." Such is the emphatic testimony of Mr. Eardley Wilmot, the well-known Secretary of the Church of England Temperance Society, who for some ten years has had the Keeley method under close observation in this country. He adds: "I do not wish to use high-flown language, but really and truly I look upon the Keeley Cure as a modern miracle." And then he tells how case after case that had been considered hopeless had yielded speedily to the Keeley Cure, the patients returning to their work full of vigour and happy in the restoration of all that makes life worth living.

Leslie E. Keeley M.D. LL.D

He has sent bad cases which his society were unable to deal with. These cases numbered in all forty, and Mr. Wilmot says that out of these only four have lapsed, while the remaining thirty-six recovered and have been total abstainers ever since.

Furthermore, Mr. W. Hind Smith, of the National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations, declares that in his opinion, after ten years of constant service on the Investigating Committee of the Keeley Cure, it is the only effective cure for chronic alcoholism and drug addiction of which he is aware.

The principles of it are easily explained. The man or woman upon whom has fallen the disease of intemperance goes to the Keeley Institute as he or she would go to any hospital or nursing home. They go of their own free will, or they are not admitted. If they do not wish to be cured, the administrators of the Institute will have none of them. Even when they consent to come, they are left a free agent to go in and out at will, so long as they are there at stated hours of the day when the treatment is administered.

The treatment takes four weeks, and is carried out in England only at the Keeley Institute, at 8 and 9, West Bolton Gardens, London, S.W. It consists of hypodermic injections four times a day, and Dr. Keeley's remedies, which are taken every two hours during the day.

At the beginning of the treatment the patient is provided a liberal amount of the best whisky, if he desires it; or, if the addiction be in the category of drugs, the accustomed dose is allowed, but after two or three days the old craving for alcohol disappears for good and all; for drugs it takes longer.

As a matter of fact, both these conditions are diseases, and have to be treated as such. Dean Farrar has truly said: "Alcohol is one of a number of lethal drugs which have the fatal property of creating for themselves a crave which in many people becomes an appetite; an appetite which strengthens into a vice; a vice which ends in disease; a disease which constitutes a crushing and degrading slavery."

The Keeley treatment here steps in, braces the will, strengthens the physical basis of the patient, and destroys all craving for alcohol.

It sounds almost too good to be true, but the years have proved that it is an absolute fact. Scores of thousands of drunkards, all the world over, have been cured by Dr. Keeley's method, and are still being cured, and it has justified its existence by the incontestable fact that an increasing number of patients are received year after year, and are sent away cured.

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These reports are highly interesting, containing, as they do, authentic information as to the cures effected, whether the trouble has been alcoholism, morphinism, or nervous prostration.

Some of the patients have been victims to the drink or drug habit for very many years. Cures are the rule, and, what is more, they are permanent. Among the patients are physicians, lawyers, clergymen, journalists, and men generally who do the brain work of the world.

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Page XXV. in this Magaziue.

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It is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. In cases of SCROFULA, SCURVY, ECZEMA, ULCERS, BAD LEGS, SKIN and BLOOD DISEASES, BLOTCHES, SPOTS, BLACKHEADS, PIMPLES, and SORES of all kinds, its effects are marvellous.

It is the only real specific for GOUT and RHEUMATIC PAINS, for it removes the cause from the Blood and Bones.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—As Clarke's Blood Mixture is pleasant to the taste and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age, the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value. Thousands of cures have been effected by it. We give below some recent proof of the wonderful curative powers of this splendid medicine.

"THEY SAY THE CURE IS A MIRACLE."

Suffered for Three Years with a Bad Leg.

Mr. WILLIAM RIDING, the proprietor of the Didsbury Hotel, Didsbury, near Manchester, writes: "It is with great pleasure I write and tell you what a wonderful cure Clarke's Blood Mixture has made of my leg. I suffered for three years with a bad leg, and tried almost every ointment there was, and was also under several doctors without deriving any benefit. The last doctor said he could do me no good, and that I should have to go to the Manchester Infirmary and have all the bad flesh scraped away. I really thought my leg would have to come off. I saw Clarke's Blood Mixture advertised, but was no believer in advertised remedies, and was just on the eve of going to the infirmary when I decided to give it a trial. I took three large bottles, which entirely cured me, and I shall never be tired of giving Clarke's Blood Mixture praise. Scores of travellers saw my leg when it was bad, and they say the cure is a miracle. I have been waiting to see if it would break out again before sending this testimonial, but I am now convinced it is a lasting cure."

RHEUMATISM AND BLOOD DISORDER CURED.

"It Works Wonders."

Mr. S. NORMAN HARRIS, writing from the Transvaal Colony (Comet G.M. Coy., East Rand), says: "I write to inform you of the benefit I have derived from your world-famed Clarke's Blood Mixture. Some years ago, when I was abroad, I suffered rheumatism, and my blood got out of order. I used your Mixture, which soon gave me relief, and made a new man of me. Since my experience in this campaign in South Africa the old thing attacked me when on the veldt. I used Clarke's Blood Mixture again, and it had the same excellent effect as before. I can't say enough to praise this world-famed medicine; it works wonders on the human body."

—June 3, 1902.

SOLDIER CURED IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Corporal O. W. MAULE, 4th Durham Light Infantry, writing from South Africa, says: "I can highly recommend Clarke's Blood Mixture, as, after suffering for over two years with a bad leg, it cured me completely. I have had only three bottles."—July 3, 1902.

If sufferers would like to have particulars of other cures, the proprietors will be pleased to send same on receipt of post-card; address as below.

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ECZEMA, SCROFULA, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, OLD SORES, SORES ON THE NECK, BAD LEGS, SCURVY, ULCERATED SORES, GLANDULAR SWELLINGS, and other BLOOD and SKIN DISEASES.

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But has its chord of melancholy."

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A PIECE OF NEWS

The New Book

AND

The Novel Game of Skill

About Which Everyone is Talking

THE eagerness with which a new book is expected and taken up by the public depends either upon the reputation of its author or the attractiveness of its subject, and, according as the one or the other consideration is likely to prove the more tempting, the publisher puts forward in his announcements the name of the writer or the title of the book as the more important item in the news he has to tell. "Who is it by?" or, "What is it about?" are the two possible questions from which the publisher, anxiously putting the best side forward to arrest attention from a public tired of advertisements, must choose the one that offers the more striking answer. He announces "A New Book by" so and so, or, "A New Book about" such and such a subject.

A Public that is weary of Advertisements

The newly completed book, with which this announcement has to deal, is peculiar in this, that neither of the two considerations can be put before the other as conveying the more important piece of news. On the one hand, the authorship of this book is such that, even though its subject matter were the most indifferent, the news of its completion would still remain the most interesting announcement of the publishing season; and, on the other hand, the subject matter is of such eminent interest and of so great and practical importance to everyone, that the question of authorship might be left out of account, and still, granted the treatment of the subject matter were understood to be at all competent, the news that the book was completed and lay ready for distribution would mark a memorable occasion in the history of contemporary literature. But, as it is, the distinction of its authorship and the interest of its subject matter must be coupled together as inseparable in speaking of this book. On both counts it is unique, for it is the outcome of the collaboration of all the great men of our time, and its subject is nothing less than the whole world and all that is in it.

Who is it by? What is it about?

A piece of news

It may seem strange to preface in such terms the announcement that the latest, the Tenth, edition of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA, the national work of reference, is just completed and published. Certainly no other work of reference could be described in terms that suggest that the public will be as impatient to see and to read

it as if it were an enthralling romance, a brilliant study in history, or a sympathetic biography of an interesting personality. A work of reference, it might be supposed, is hardly a book to be read, and read as other books are, for the sake of the author and the interest of the subject. But those who will take the trouble to write for the 225 page descriptive "book of samples" (see below) containing extracts from the articles in the Tenth Edition of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA—a good evening's reading in itself, just as the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA is a good lifetime's reading —will understand that of all the many ways in which one might choose to open a description of this many-sided library, its intense readableness might well count as its most striking and characteristic quality. Even those who have learned the commendable—and with such a book as the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA, the easily-acquired—habit of looking up facts, are not always in need of an immediate answer to a question, whereas everyone is at all times ready to read an interesting book by a great authority. The Tenth Edition of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA has both qualities in the highest degree: it is the most interesting of libraries to read in, and it is the most authoritative and comprehensive library to which to refer. Therefore it is never out of use, it never lies idly in the house that possesses it, it is for ever paying back heavy interest on the money which its possessor has so wisely invested in it.

Singular qualities

What does it cost?

The question as to the high value of the Tenth Edition as an investment leads us to an entirely different consideration. If the consideration of the price of a commodity (and especially of a commodity which is unique) may be considered as subsidiary to the question of its value, the item of expense has yet to be considered by all except a highly favoured minority. And in the case of the newly completed edition of the national work of reference, there are certain very good reasons why this item should, at the very outset, be fully discussed. To begin with, it is obviously unreasonable to make any pretence of giving in a magazine advertisement a description of a work which contains the sum of human knowledge in thirty-five volumes written by all the most acknowledged authorities of the day. A list of the contributions —such a detailing of chapter heads as might be effective in the case of the ordinary new book—would simply be an interminable catalogue of all the knowledge that humanity has gathered for itself. But since the Tenth Edition contains 26,000 articles, merely physical considerations of space would suffice to prevent so reckless a waste of the small room at our disposal. Nor, since the contributors number 2,000, would there be room in these pages even for the more interesting list that might be made of the great men who have collaborated to make the thirty-five volumes.

A treasury of all human knowledge

A 225 page book about a book of 30,000 pages

The description of so vast and important a library would occupy a whole book in itself. Such a book has been prepared. You have only to ask (see Inquiry Form below), and you will get in return a book of 225 pages supplying ample material from which to judge of the new edition of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA for yourself. In these pages, therefore, we are exonerated from the hopeless task of attempting any adequate description. It is enough to announce that "an undertaking of national importance" (as the Prime Minister described the task of bringing the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA up to date) has been finished, that the thirty-five

volumes are to be had—and to be had cheap. Here is the second reason why, in the case of this particular new book, the question of price should be put forward as important. Cheapness and newness are qualities which do not generally go together in the publishing trade. A new book, in the month of its publication, is generally an expensive commodity. The publisher can hardly make much of its price as a recommendation, for the book, if it have any success, will certainly be issued in a cheaper form later on. The book buyer has to pay for novelty. But on behalf of the newly completed ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA *The Times* has to announce not merely that this new book is no more expensive because it is new, but that it will never be so cheap as it is to-day, when the last volume is only just off the press. In this case, therefore, the question of price is one that may well be put forward in the earliest announcements as offering to lovers of good reading an additional inducement of an exceptional kind.

Novelty and cheapness at once

There is a third, and even more urgent, reasonfor bringing the cheapness of the new edition of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA into prominence. Not only is the book cheaper to-day than it ever will be again, but also this "to-day" can only be of short duration. While the volumes were still in the printers' hands an order was given for a certain number of copies to meet the demand for "advance bookings" at especially low rates. Now that the last volume has been issued, this preliminary offer will shortly have to be withdrawn. You should therefore make your inquiries at once, while there may still be time to secure one of the first set of copies.

An urgent reason for dispatch

If an additional incentive to immediate action were needed it might be found in *The Times* competition, which has created so great a sensation during the past few weeks.

When *The Times* first announced a competition, with 93 prizes ranging from one of £1,000 to fifty of £10, everybody asked what had led *The Times* to undertake such a task. The answer was not far to seek. *The Times* has brought up to date, and now offers at half-price, a library of thirty-five volumes, perfect in matter, and perfect in the ease with which this matter may be surveyed by the inquirer who needs a particular reference. What better test of these two qualities, what better proof of the practical merits of the book, what better method of familiarising readers with the use of the volumes, could be devised than this of issuing a set of questions—a sort of "general information paper"—which may be answered from the pages of the new ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA? There is nothing surprising in the notion of such a competition. The surprising thing is to have a book to offer on which such a competition can be based. For, as you will see if you write for the pamphlet containing the rules of the competition, the questions range over the whole world of knowledge, and touch upon the most various subjects. The questions are interesting in themselves, the answering of them constitutes a game of skill as entertaining as it is novel, the process of arriving at the answers will acquaint you with "the greatest book in the world," and provide you with the best possible

Why The Times Competition was instituted

The really surprising point in the Competition

method of proving its usefulness and interest to you individually, and you will always have before you the chance of winning one of the 93 prizes which are tabulated in detail in the book of the rules. The competition, indeed, will show you more clearly than any words of description how it comes that the Tenth Edition of the national work of reference is at once the best of libraries to read in and the most effective of libraries to which to refer. When you take up one of the questions and open the index volume of over 600,000 references, you will realise at once how swift and easy this index makes the business of reference. And when you turn up the required reference on the given page, instead of finding a curt, and perhaps incomprehensible, statement of an isolated fact, you will find the fact given comprehensibly, in its proper connection, as a part of the subject to which it belongs. You will find your fact, whatever it may be, as easily as in a dictionary; but when you come to it, you will read, not the sterile shorthand of a conscientious compiler, but the very words of the original thinker who in the particular province of human learning or activity is acknowledged to be the first authority. You will, in fact, be directed to a particular passage in an article which, if you had opened the volume with another intention, you would have read through with the greatest pleasure and profit.

A £1,000 prize

The best test of all

This is the significance of the competition.

But just as in the case of the book itself it was of importance to note that the advantage would be with those who acted at once, while the copies of the book could still be secured at a low price, and upon easy terms of small payments; so, also, none of the advantages offered by the competition are worth a second thought unless you put yourself in a position to enrol yourself as a competitor, should you decide to do so, **at once.** For the list of competitors will very soon close. Dispatch, then, is the burden of the argument. Whatever your first impression may be as to this new book, and the novel game of skill which has been based upon it, you will be taking the safe course, and insuring yourself against disappointment, if you fill in the Inquiry Form at the end of this announcement **to-day.** The required action is not hard, it commits you to nothing, and it will put you in a position to judge for yourself of an undertaking of which all the world is talking.

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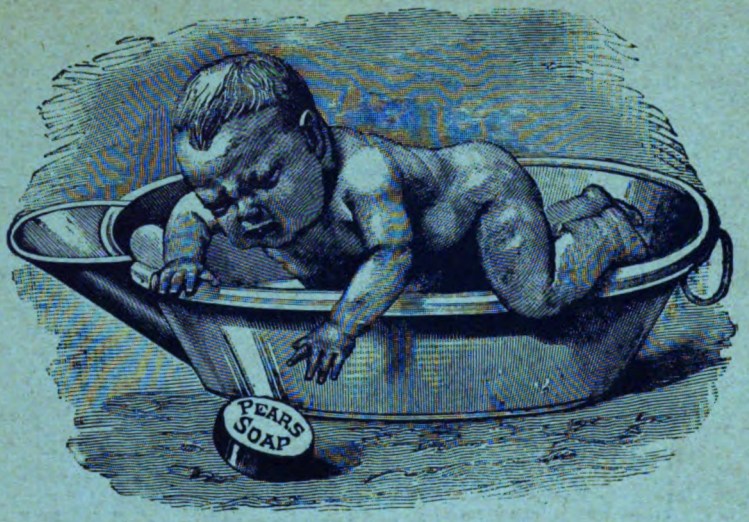

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